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Correspondents are desired to observe, that all Communications must be addressed direct to the Editor.

Rejected Contributions cannot be returned.

FRASER'S MAGAZINE.

JULY 1868.

THE CULTURE OF EMERSON.[1]

IT is now nearly forty years sinc there stood for the first time in a Boston pulpit, a young preacher just *graduated* from Divinity College, Cambridge, with a reputation for ability. A gentleman who heard one of his earliest sermons told me that the solemnity of his manner, and the earnest thought pervading the discourse, had left an ineffaceable impression on his mind. The text of the sermon was 'What is a man profited if he shall gain the whole world, and lose his own soul?' The main emphasis was on the word 'own,' and the general theme was that to every man the great end of existence was the preservation and culture of his individual mind and character. Each man must be saved by his own inward redeemer; and the whole world was for each but a plastic material through which the individual spirit was to realise itself. Aspiration and thought became clear and real only by action and life. If knowledge led not to action it passed away. 'The last thing,' said my informant, 'that any of us who heard him would have predicted for the youth whose quiet simplicity and piety captivated all, was that he would become the religious revolutionist of America.' And, indeed, so quietly did the religious forms slip away from Emerson, it was only with considerable difficulty he was able to persuade his congregation that he was not properly representative of their faith and worship. When he announced that he could no longer administer to them the bread and wine of the communion, they were quite inclined to think that it was somehow all right; and when this step was presently followed by his resignation, his congregation, then as now one of the most conservative in Massachusetts, felt the deepest grief at the separation. No heretic ever seemed so little of a heretic. When Theodore Parker began his assault upon doctrines still held sacred by Unitarians, he bore about all the theological javelins of New England during the first month; but Emerson, with far more sweeping heresies, was followed to his ancestral home at Concord, on his retirement from the ministry, by the devotion of

[1] In a former number of this Magazine (No. 449, May 1867), the writer of the following article gave some account of the recent productions and present influence in America of Ralph Waldo Emerson. The present paper refers to early and not generally accessible writings of the same author, which it is believed the English reader will find interesting in themselves, and valuable as illustrating, to some extent, the history of a mind that has exerted a very important influence upon the intellectual character of the present generation.

his former friends, which, indeed, he has not lost to this day. This difference was due to the fact that while Parker went about as an iconoclast, breaking with his hammer the fairest idols and strewing the floors of churches and homes with their fragments, Emerson bore to them a Promethean warmth under which they were suffused with life and transformed to a new beauty. As Swedenborg made a dictionary of correspondences for the names and words of the Bible, Emerson found a second sense for Puritan beliefs. He looked upon human creeds with the same calmness as upon crystals, flowers, and weeds; they were to him all genuine products of nature; and as a religious naturalist his instinct led him to develop, recombine, transmute, but not—in those days at least—to destroy. He was never really alienated from the faith of his fathers; and felt that when his mind expanded to its flower, albeit so different from any that the same stem had borne before, there was a corresponding movement of the roots deeper into the Puritan soil from which he had grown. For every hard Puritan dogma he unfolded a fragrant tinted petal of thought. He lost nothing, but raised up all to the last day. This was, I take it, the reason why the average religious sentiment of New England was never really alienated from Emerson; he seemed to be giving a consummate statement of fundamental beliefs, a prophet of true lineage announcing the fulfilment of every jot and tittle of the faith delivered to the Puritans.

The popular instinct certainly told true in this. Puritanism is the basis of the culture of Emerson. There was, however, the Puritanism of Cromwell, and the Puritanism of Milton: the theological representative of the former was Theodore Parker; but the Puritanism out of which Emerson grew was that of Milton. An unspeakable awe-stricken reverence for virtue and wisdom; a spirit ever kneeling before the Universe as the transcendent temple of goodness and truth; a horror at the thought of raising private interests before eternal principles and laws; a faith not to be argued with, absolute, in personal righteousness as the primary condition of all worth, involving a sense of corruption in all qualities however brilliant which have not that foundation; these, though coarsely invested, were the essential elements of that Puritanism which in Milton saw the earth and sky aflame with cherubim, and coined winds and seas into anthems of adoration. In the course of two centuries Puritanism had, in the hands of the common people, been moulded and hardened into a grim unlovely dungeon. Abandon it, said Channing; Destroy it utterly, said Parker; but Emerson said, Be not afraid, this also is penetrable to the Spirit: and he led the way beyond the dark mouth of the old cavern to tinted halls and fairy grottos, repeating mystically the foliations and clusters of the bright world without.

The general public knows Emerson only by the works which he has collected and published in volumes. These works, however, are all of them the productions of his later life, and are so far removed from anything theological or puritanical that their reader might easily imagine the author to be an eccentricity in New England rather than its most genuine representative. There are, however, scattered through the pages of old magazines, and preserved by the care of his first admirers, earlier writings and utterances of Emerson's in which interesting traces of his intellectual growth are observable; and from some of these which I have been able to collect I have been chiefly struck with the absence of the ordinary tone of the Unitarian move-

nent under which he was trained. His growth was spontaneous, without violence, not a reaction but a reverential expansion of both mind and emotion. It was impossible to meet with reproaches one who spoke thus for example of the Bible:

The Bible is the most original book in the world. This old collection of the ejaculations of love and dread, of the supreme desires and contritions of men, proceeding out of the region of the grand and eternal, by whatsoever different mouths spoken, and through a wide extent of times and countries, seems, especially if you add to our canon the kindred sacred writings of the Hindoos, Persians, and Greeks, the alphabet of the nations. People imagine that the place which the Bible holds in the world it owes to miracles. It owes it simply to the fact that it came out of a profounder depth of thought than any other book, and the effect must be precisely proportionate. Gibbon fancied that it was combinations of circumstances that gave Christianity its place in history. But in nature it takes an ounce to balance an ounce.

While the humblest of his hearers could not fail to be touched by language uttered in this tone, whatever its tendency, the most advanced were taught and satisfied.

You question me [wrote Margaret Fuller to a friend], as to the nature of the benefits conferred upon me by Mr. E.'s preaching. I answer that his influence has been more beneficial to me than that of any American, and that from him I first learned what is meant by an inward life. Many other springs have since fed the stream of living waters, but he first opened the fountain. That the 'mind is its own place' was a dead phrase to me, till he cast light upon my mind. Several of his sermons stand apart in my memory, like landmarks of my spiritual history. It would take a volume to tell what this one influence did for me, but perhaps I shall some time see that it was best for me to be forced to help myself.

The loss of his first wife—a woman lovely and beautiful in character, mind, and person—soon after their marriage, served, no doubt, to heighten for Emerson the more serious problems of existence at this period of transition. Certainly the reminiscences which we have of that time, seem to refer to one who stood before the people as on a shining summit, under whose radiance the common creeds and aims seemed deformed into idols. And the impression was not different when he spoke in the Lyceum instead of the church. The Hon. Horace Mann, the founder of the educational system in New England in its present form, wrote in a kind of ecstasy concerning a lecture which he heard from him in 1836:

Mr. Emerson, I am sure, must be perpetually discovering richer worlds than those of Columbus or Herschel. He explores too, not in the scanty and barren region of our physical firmament, but in a spiritual firmament of illimitable extent and compacted of treasures. I heard his lecture last evening. It was to human life what Newton's *Principia* was to mathematics. He showed me what I have long thought of so much: how much more can be accomplished by taking a true view than by great intellectual energy. Had Mr. Emerson been set down in a wrong place, it may be doubted whether he would ever have found his way to the right point of view; but that he now certainly has done. As a man stationed in the sun would see all the planets moving around it in one direction and in perfect harmony, while to an eye on the earth their motions are full of crossings and retrogradations, so he, from his central position in the spiritual world, discovers order and harmony where others can discern only confusion and irregularity. His lecture last evening was one of the most splendid manifestations of a truth-seeking and truth-developing mind I ever heard. Dr. Walter Channing, who sat beside me, said it made his head ache. Though his language was transparent, yet it was almost impossible to catch the great beauty and proportions of one truth before another was presented.

There are also, about the same time, some indications of austerity. In some notes of a lecture before students (1837), he is reported thus:

He condensed the commandments, as it regards young men, into two: 'sit alone' and 'keep a journal.' Have a room by yourself; and, if you cannot without, sell your coat and sit in a blanket.

Having left the pulpit, Emerson repaired to his ancestral home in Concord, where he for some time

gave himself up to solitude and study. When the pilgrims of the Mayflower sailed for New England, they left Shakespeare behind, and it was many years before any copy of the works of that profane play-writer followed them. To this day, the religiously trained youth of New England reaches his Shakespeare very slowly. Since his mind had awakened, Emerson, the descendant of seven generations of ministers, had studied chiefly Latin, Greek, Hebrew, and other things more or less related to the theological career. At Concord, he for the first time fairly entered the congenial realms of general literature and philosophy. Never did a student have a fairer opportunity for retiring into himself, and silently mastering the secrets of the work which he was beginning to see beckoning to him. A brief note from Hawthorne's private journal gives us a pleasant glimpse of the life Emerson was living, and his relations with the friends who were already at his side, among whom, Margaret Fuller was already exerting a fine influence on his mind.

I took a walk yesterday to Mr. Emerson's with a book which Margaret had left after a call on Saturday evening. Alas, for the summer! The grass is still verdant on the hills and in the valleys; the foliage of the trees is as dense as ever, and as green; the flowers are abundant along the margin of the river, and in the hedge-rows, and deep among the woods; the days too are as fervid as they were a month ago; and yet in every breath of wind, and in every gleam of sunshine, there is an autumnal influence. There is no other feeling like that caused by the faint, doubtful, yet real perception, or rather prophecy of the year's decay, so deliciously sweet and sad at the same time. Entering Sleepy Hollow, I perceived a lady reclining near the path which bends along its verge. It was Margaret herself. She had been there the whole afternoon, meditating or reading; for she had a book in her hand, with some strange title, which I did not understand, and have forgotten. She said that nobody had broken her solitude, and was just giving utterance to a theory that no inhabitant of Concord ever visited Sleepy Hollow, when we saw a group of people entering the sacred precincts. Most of them followed a path which led them away from us; but an old man passed near us, and smiled to see Margaret reclining on the ground, and me sitting by her side. He made some remark about the beauty of the afternoon, and withdrew himself into the shadow of the wood. There we talked about autumn; and about the pleasures of being lost in the woods; and about the crows whose voices Margaret had heard; and about the experiences of early childhood, whose influence remains upon the character when the recollection of them has passed away; and about the sight of mountains from a distance, and the view from their summits; and about other matters of high and low philosophy. In the midst of our talk we heard footsteps above us, on the high bank; and while the person was still hidden among the trees he called to Margaret, of whom he had gotten a glimpse. Then he emerged from the green shade, and behold! it was Mr. Emerson. He appeared to have had a pleasant time; for he said that there were muses in the woods to-day, and whispers to be heard in the breezes. There was the most beautiful moonlight that ever hallowed this earthly world; and when I went to bathe in the river, which was as calm as death, it seemed like plunging down into the sky. But I had rather be on earth than in the seventh heaven just now.

In the quiet old village of Concord, thus embowered, his own came unto him. As yet, only those who held spiritual divining-rods found him out. Shy as he has always been of alluding to his contemporaries, he has left on record his estimates of 'the heroic heart, the learning and wit of Theodore Parker;' of George Ripley, now literary editor of the *New York Tribune*, 'an accurate scholar, a man of character, and of eminent powers of conversation;' of Thoreau, 'a soul made for the noblest society;' of the fine genius of Ellery Channing the poet, William Henry Channing the eloquent preacher of transcendentalism, of Nathaniel Hawthorne; of several ladies of high artistic excellence and literary culture, and particularly Miss Elizabeth Peabody, 'who, by her constitutional hospitality to excellence, whether mental or moral, has made

her modest abode for so many years the inevitable resort of studious feet, and a private theatre for the exposition of every question of letters, of philosophy, of ethics, and of art.' Concord, for some years after Emerson had gone thither, seemed to realise the original idea of a university, when seven hundred years ago—as Mr. Carlyle reminded us in his Edinburgh address—students flocked to hear from Abelard and others, what could not as yet be obtained from books. In those days the doctrines of Emerson could only be known from his voice. But if he gave much, he received much also, in part directly from the so variously gifted friends that surrounded him; but still more indirectly, because of the development his thought acquired by being stated, and through the purifying influence of conversation. The later afternoon and evening were allotted to his friends; the morning was sacred to study and thought.

He seems to have gone very thoroughly into old English books, from Chaucer to Sir Thomas Browne and Burton, but seems to have valued highly only a few of the earliest of these, and does not hesitate to speak of his reading of such as an 'idle habit.' The fact is, he went among these venerable ones, like the man with the touchstone in Allingham's poem:

Of heir-loom jewels, prized so much
Were many changed to chips and clods,
And even statues of the gods
Crumbled beneath its touch.

The nature of his touchstone, he has himself described:

> There is no better illustration of the laws by which the world is governed than literature. There is no luck in it. It proceeds by fate. Every scripture is given by the inspiration of God. Every composition proceeds out of a greater or less depth of thought, and this is the measure of its effect. . . . . Let us not forget the genial miraculous force we have known to proceed from a book. We go musing into the vault of day and night; no constellation shines, no muse descends, the stars are white points, the roses brick-coloured leaves, and frogs pipe, mice cheep, and wagons creak along the road. We return to the house and take up Plutarch or Augustine; and lo! the air swarms with life; the front of heaven is full of fiery shapes; secrets of magnanimity and grandeur invite us on every hand; life is made up of them.

The chief thing he seems to have learned from the philosophers of the past, is the characteristics of the best thought of his own time—namely, its realism and tendency to scientific statement. The old wives' prescriptions of spiders' legs and amulets recommended for divers maladies by Lord Bacon and Sir Thomas Browne, the aërial devils with which Burton declares the air to be swarming; of these and other cobwebs, he sees the age of science sweeping the world clear. The schoolboys of to-day cannot conceive how their fathers were content with their pin-hole views of the universe. Nevertheless, he has already learned—

> What a dusty answer gets the soul
> When hot for certainties in this our life!

Christendom has now become a vast reading-room, and its library is chiefly remarkable for its miscellaneous character. Every hope, fear, folly, whim, has its organ.

> It prints a vast carcass of tradition every year with as much solemnity as a new revelation. Along with these it vents books that breathe of new mornings, that seem to heave with the life of millions, books for which men and women peak and pine; books which take the rose out of the cheek of him that wrote them, and give him t the midnight a sad, solitary, diseased man; which leave no man where they found him, but make him better or worse; and which work dubiously on society, and seem to inoculate it with a venom before any healthy result appears.
>
> The favourable side of this research and love of facts is the bold and systematic criticism which has appeared in every department of literature. From Wolf's attack upon the authenticity of the Homeric poems, dates a new epoch of learning. Ancient history has been found to be not yet settled. It is to be subjected to common sense. It is to be cross-examined. It is to be seen whether its traditions will

consist, not with universal belief, but with universal experience. Niebuhr has sifted Roman history by the like methods. Heeren has made good essays toward ascertaining the necessary facts in the Grecian, Persian, Assyrian, Egyptian, Ethiopic, Carthaginian nations. English history has been analysed by Turner, Hallam, Brodie, Palgrave. Goethe has gone the circuit of human knowledge, as Lord Bacon did before him, writing true or false on every article. Bentham has attempted the same scrutiny in reference to civil law. Pestalozzi, out of a deep love, undertook the reform of education. The ambition of Coleridge in England embraced the whole problem of philosophy; to find, that is, a foundation in thought for everything that existed in fact. The German philosophers Schelling, Kant, Fichte, have applied their analysis to nature and thought with unique boldness. There can be no honest inquiry which is not better than acquiescence. Inquiries which once looked grave and vital, no doubt, change their appearance very fast, and come to look frivolous beside the later queries to which they give occasion. This sceptical activity, at first directed on circumstances and historical views deemed of great importance, soon penetrated deeper than Rome or Egypt, than history or institutions, or the vocabulary of metaphysics, namely, into the thinker himself, and into every function he exercises. The poetry and the speculation of the age are marked by a certain philosophic turn which discriminates them from the works of earlier times. The poet is not content to see how 'fair hangs the apple from the rock,' 'what music a sunbeam awoke in the woods,' nor of Hardiknute, how 'stately steppes he east the way, and stately steppes he west,' but he now revolves, What is the apple to me? and what the birds to me? and what is Hardiknute to me? and what am I?

Through all this, it is felt that the writer is not one of the sceptical phalanx in whose work he rejoices. There is the undertone in it of a man who holds some affirmation for which the way must be cleared. He does not love the transitional, but finds a promise, at least a possibility, in the motion of a fairer repose in the end. And it seems to me undeniable that the impression which Emerson has made upon his age is mainly due to his great convictions. His idealism rises like a rock, almost alone amid the waves of misgiving and doubt, which in these days have covered nearly all others. Utilitarianism, materialism—these he has noted as they have come, seeing in them shadows pointing to his sun. From first to last, he has never by any sentence compromised his faith in the idealistic philosophy.

I find from these early papers, as compared with his collected writings, that Emerson's mind passed through forms of conception somewhat similar to those which Comte has mapped out as the three stages of the march of the general human mind; only his theology was changed to a very poetical kind of metaphysics, and this in turn to a spiritual positivism that is almost a literal translation from the materialistic philosophy of the French teacher. Those who have read his essays carefully will understand me when I say that the key-note of nearly all of them is in the first sentence of his first series—'There is one mind common to all individual men.' From this point of view he finds 'history' to be a vast expression of the powers and passions of any individual's heart and brain; 'self-reliance,' to be self-surrender and the living for others; and the 'over-soul,' that unity within which every man's particular being is contained and made one with all other. The essay on the 'Over-Soul' is the fullest expression which this central idea of his philosophy has reached. I have never felt satisfied with the finding of many of Emerson's critics that he is indebted to Hegel for this idea, for it has seemed to me to have the same genesis with American Unitarianism and Universalism, which are legitimate—albeit disowned—children of Puritanism. And I have been confirmed in this belief by finding this 'over-soul' at first generalised by him as 'the feeling of the infinite,' a semi-theological phrase which, however, at once passes into semi-philosophic statement.

Another element of the modern poetry, akin to this subjective tendency, or rather the direction of that same on the question of resources, is the Feeling of the Infinite. Of the perception now becoming a conscious fact,—that there is One Mind, and that all the powers and privileges which lie in any, lie in all; that I as a man may claim and appropriate whatever of true or fair or good or strong has anywhere been exhibited; that Moses and Confucius, Montaigne and Leibnitz, are not so much individuals as they are parts of man and parts of me, and my intelligence proves them my own,—literature is far the best expression.

The reader will readily perceive that this 'feeling of the infinite' is essentially one with that 'depth of thought,' from which every scripture, as it more or less comes, is more or less immortal, already described as the touchstone with which Emerson went among the great names of literature. He finds in it, indeed, the dawn of a coming literature, and estimates the writers of the past according to some gleam caught by them here and there of this ascending glory:

Scott and Crabbe, who formed themselves on the past, had none of this tendency; their poetry is objective. In Byron on the other hand it predominates; but in Byron it is blind, it sees not its true end—an infinite good, alive and beautiful, a life nourished on absolute beatitudes, descending into nature to behold itself reflected there. His will is perverted, he worships the accidents of society, and his praise of nature is thieving and selfish. . . . Shelley, though a poetic mind, is never a poet. His muse is uniformly imitative, all his poems composite. A good English scholar he is, with ear, taste, and memory; much more he is a character full of noble and prophetic traits; but imagination, the original authentic fire of the bard, he has not.

The poet, by Emerson's estimate, was he who stood at the shining point where all things converge to One. Fancy may deal with fragments of the universe, and invest them with fine conceits; but the imagination is conversant with the whole, and sees truth in universal relations. The poet attained by insight the goal to which all other knowledge is finding its way, step by step, and has anticipated Buffon's declaration, 'there is but one animal,' and Faraday's faith that in the end there will be found but one element with two polarities. The globule of blood and the rolling planet are one; and a little heat more or less makes of a bit of jelly a fish or a human brain. The poet was therefore necessarily a pantheist, and it was only because his pantheism was too theological and intellectual that he could not recognises the 'authentic fire' in Shelley. In Wordsworth, with whom pantheism was unconscious, overpowering his intellectual beliefs —a feeling rather than a philosophy —he recognised the true poet of the age; and to this day he alludes to him in his lectures as 'the great modern poet.' It is not wonderful that the poet of Rydal Mount should have been the chosen companion of those dreamy walks through the vales around Concord, quiet enough to be called Sleepy Hollows, at a time when the young seer's mind was burgeoning forth toward its spring. Of him he wrote thus:

The fame of Wordsworth is a leading fact in modern literature, when it is considered how hostile his genius at first seemed to the reigning taste, and with what feeble talent his great and growing dominion has been established. More than any poet his success has been not his own, but that of the idea which he shared with his coevals, and which he has rarely succeeded in adequately expressing. The *Excursion* awakened in every lover of Nature the right feeling. We saw stars shine, we felt the awe of mountains, we heard the rustle of the wind in the grass, and knew again the ineffable secret of solitude. It was a great joy. It was nearer to nature than anything we had before. But the interest of the poem ended almost with the narrative of the influences of Nature on the mind of the Boy, in the first book.

The exhaustive unity which dominated all this purely poetical phase of Emerson's culture found a happy expression in his philosophisings concerning art. Here also he begins

with a statement of the law of identity—a theme of which no other writer has furnished so many and such exquisite variations. Trade, politics, letters, science, religion, art, are the rays of one sun; they translate each other's laws into new languages. The law as it appears in art is this: the Universal Soul is the alone creator of the useful and the beautiful; therefore, to make anything useful or beautiful, the individual must be submitted to the universal mind. He speaks first of the omnipotence of nature in the useful arts:

It was said, in allusion to the great structures of the ancient Romans, the aqueducts and bridges,—that their 'art was Nature working to municipal ends.' That is a true account of all just works of useful art. Smeaton built Eddystone lighthouse on the model of an oak tree, as being the form in nature best designed to resist a constant assailing force. Dollond formed his achromatic telescope on the model of a human eye. Duhamel built a bridge by letting in a piece of stronger timber for the middle of the under surface, getting his hint from the structure of the shin-bone. . . . . The first and last lesson of the useful arts is that Nature tyrannises over our works. They must be conformed to her law, or they will be ground to powder by her present activity. Nothing droll, nothing whimsical will endure. Nature is ever interfering with art. You cannot build your house or pagoda as you will, but as you must. There is a quick bound set to our caprice. The leaning tower can only lean so far. The verandah or pagoda roof can curve upward only to a certain point. The slope of your roof is determined by the weight of snow. It is only within narrow limits that the discretion of the architect may range. Gravity, wind, sun, rain, the size of men and animals, and such like, have more to say than he. It is the law of fluids that prescribes the shape of the boat,—keel, rudder, and bows,—and, in the finer fluid above, the form and tackle of the sails. Man seems to have no option about his tools, but merely the necessity to learn from Nature what will fit best, as if he were fitting a screw or a door. Beneath a necessity thus almighty, what is artificial in man's life seems insignificant. He seems to take his task so minutely from the intimations of Nature, that his works become, as it were, hers, and he is no longer free.

But if we work within this limit, she yields us all her strength. All powerful action is performed by bringing the forces of nature to bear upon our objects. We do not grind corn, or lift the loom by our own strength, but we build a mill in such a position as to set the north wind to play upon our instrument, or the elastic force of steam, or the ebb and flow of the sea. So in our handiwork, we do few things by muscular force, but we place ourselves in such attitudes as to bring the force of gravity, that is, the weight of the planet, to bear upon the spade or the axe we wield.

The same law our author finds prevailing over the intellectual worker in the fine arts:

So much as we can shove aside our egotism, our prejudice, and will, and bring the omniscience of reason upon the subject before us, so perfect is the work. . . . A masterpiece of art has in the mind a fixed place in the chain of being, as much as a plant or a crystal . . . . There is but one Reason. The mind that made the world is not one mind, but *the* mind. Every man is an inlet to the same, and to all of the same. And every work of art is a more or less pure manifestation of the same. Therefore we arrive at this conclusion, which I offer as a confirmation of the whole view: That the delight which a work of art affords, seems to arise from our recognising in it the mind that formed Nature again in active operation. . . . . Arising out of eternal reason, one and perfect, whatever is beautiful rests on the foundation of the necessary. . . . . In the mind of the artist, could we enter there, we should see the sufficient reason for the last flourish and tendril of his work, just as every tint and spine in the sea-shell pre-exists in the secreting organs of the fish.

After illustrating the subject by the discovered origin of the Doric, Gothic, and other architectures in the characteristics of nature as surrounding the peoples among whom they arose, the essay concludes with these pregnant thoughts:

This strict dependence of art upon material and ideal nature, this adamantine necessity, which it underlies, has made all its past and may foreshow its future history. It never was in the power of any man, or any community, to call the arts into being. They come to serve his actual wants, never to please his fancy. These arts have their origin always in some enthusiasm, as love, patriotism, or religion. Who carved marble? The believing man, who wished to symbolise their gods to the waiting Greeks.

The Gothic cathedrals were built when the builder and the priest and the people were overpowered by their faith. Love and fear laid every stone. The Madonnas of Raphael and Titian were made to be worshipped. Tragedy was instituted for the like purpose, and the miracles of music;—all sprang out of some genuine enthusiasm, and never out of dilettantism and holidays. But now they languish because their purpose is merely exhibition. Who cares, who knows what works of art our Government have ordered to be made for the Capitol? They are a mere flourish to please the eye of persons who have associations with books and galleries. But in Greece, the demos of Athens divided into political factions upon the merits of Phidias.

In this country, at this time, other interests than religion and patriotism are predominant, and the arts, the daughters of enthusiasm, do not flourish. The genuine offspring of our ruling passions we behold, Popular institutions, the school, the reading-room, the post office, the exchange, the insurance company, and an immense harvest of economical inventions, are the fruit of the equality and the boundless liberty of lucrative callings. These are superficial wants; and their fruits are these superficial institutions. But as far as they accelerated the end of political freedom and national education, they are preparing the soil of man for fairer flowers and fruits in another age. For beauty, truth, and goodness are not obsolete; they spring eternal in the breast of man; they are as indigenous in Massachusetts as in Tuscany, or the Isles of Greece. And that Eternal Spirit, whose triple face they are, moulds from them for ever, for his mortal child, images to remind him of the Infinite and Fair.

For many years after he had left the pulpit, and entered upon the study of philosophy and poetry, Emerson was almost untouched by the distinctively literary spirit. Indeed he did not conceal his sense of a certain frivolity attaching to 'the profession of letters.' This trait, again, was hereditary. For seven or eight horizons back of him there had been no literature but what one part of the population preached to the other, or as he himself has plaintively said, 'ministers and ministers.' Even in Emerson's time the puritan suspicion of intellect remained, and to be simply literary was yet slightly revolutionary. None of his admirers would probably be satisfied to have him described as a 'man of letters,' though all would feel that his style is more that of the purely literary than of the philosophical class. My belief is that from the time when Emerson met with the writings of Walter Savage Landor his tone became less fervid and prophetic, and more secular. Whatever eccentricity threatened him was dismissed in the presence of the clear and classic style of Landor—the only style whose influence seems to me at all traceable on that of Emerson. There is something almost naïve in an apology for literature with which he introduces a paper on Landor:

> This sweet asylum of an intellectual life must appear to have the sanction of nature, so long as so many men are born with so decided an aptitude for reading and writing. . . . . Let us not be so illiberal with our schemes for the renovation of society and nature as to disesteem or deny the literary spirit. Certainly there are heights in nature which command this; there are many more which this commands. It is vain to call it luxury, and, as saints and reformers are apt to do, decry it as a species of day-dreaming. What else are sanctities, and reforms, and all other things? Whatever can make for itself an element, means, organs, servants and the most profound and permanent existence in the hearts and heads of millions of men, must have a reason for its being. Its excellency is reason and vindication enough. If rhyme rejoices us, there should be rhyme, as much as if fire cheers us we should bring wood and coals. Each kind of excellence takes place for its hour and excludes everything else. Do not brag of your actions as if they were better than Homer's verses or Raphael's pictures. Raphael and Homer feel that action is pitiful beside their enchantments. They could act too if the stake were worthy of them; but now all that is good in the universe urges them to their tasks. Whoever writes for the love of truth and beauty, and not with ulterior ends, belongs to this sacred class.

Of this class he regarded Landor as chief among his contemporaries, and with him he went, as it were, upon a summer excursion, into the land of letters, somewhat as he now occasionally passes a few weeks with Agassiz, Lowell, and others in the Adirondack mountains. The

memoranda of that excursion, however, are particularly interesting:

We sometimes meet in a stage-coach in New England an erect muscular man, with fresh complexion and a smooth hat, whose nervous speech instantly betrays the English traveller; a man nowise cautious to conceal his name or that of his native country, or his very slight esteem for the persons or the country that surround him. When Mr. Bull rides in an American coach, he speaks quick and strong, he is very ready to confess his ignorance of everything about him,—persons, manners, customs, politics, geography. He wonders that the Americans should build with wood, whilst all this stone is lying on the roadside, and is astonished to learn that a wooden house may last a hundred years, nor will he remember the fact so many minutes after it has been told him; he wonders they do not make elder-wine and cherry-bounce, since here are the cherries, and every mile is crammed with elder bushes. He has never seen a good horse in America, nor a good coach, nor a good inn. Here is very good earth and water and plenty of them,—that he is free to allow,—to all other gifts of nature or man his eyes are sealed by the inexorable demand for the precise conveniencies to which he is accustomed to in England. Add to this proud blindness the better quality of great downrightness in speaking the truth, and the love of fair play on all occasions, and moreover the peculiarity which is alleged of the Englishman, that his virtues do not come out until he quarrels. Transfer these traits to a very elegant and accomplished mind and we shall have no bad picture of Walter Savage Landor, who may stand as a favourable impersonation of the genius of his countrymen at the present day. A sharp dogmatic man with a great deal of knowledge, a great deal of worth, and a great deal of pride, with a profound contempt for all he does not understand, a master of all elegant learning and capable of the utmost delicacy of sentiment, and yet prone to indulge a sort of ostentation of coarse imagery and language.

Further on, in alluding to Mr. Landor's coarseness, he attributes it to a disgust at 'niceness:'

Before a well-dressed company he plunges his fingers in a cesspool, as if to expose the whiteness of his hands and the jewels of his ring. Afterward he washes them in water, he washes them in wine; but you are never secure from his freaks. A sort of Earl of Peterborough in literature, his eccentricity is too decided not to have diminished his greatness. He has capital enough to have furnished the brain of fifty stock authors, yet has written no good book.

After putting thus all his discontent, the critic becomes almost the eulogist. It is the foremost delight he finds with Landor that he is devoted to pure literature. He finds Landor a man of thoughts rather than of ideas—enumerating particulars but not seizing the generic law; 'but as it is not from the highest Alps or Andes, but from less elevated summits, that the most attractive landscape is commanded, so is Mr. Landor the most useful and agreeable of critics.' One more fine passage of general interest I must transfer from this critique:

In the character of Pericles he has found full play for beauty and greatness of behaviour, where the circumstances are in harmony with the man. These portraits, though mere sketches, must be valued as attempts in the very highest kind of narrative which not only has very few examples to exhibit of any success, but very few competitors in the attempt. The word Character is in all mouths; it is a force which we all feel; yet who has analysed it? What is the nature of that subtle and majestic principle which attaches us to a few persons, not so much by persons as by the most spiritual ties? What is the quality of the persons who, without being public men, or literary men, or rich men, or active men, or (in the popular sense) religious men, have a certain salutary omnipresence in all one life's history, almost giving their own quality to the atmosphere and the landscape? A moral force, yet wholly unmindful of creed and catechism, intellectual, but scornful of books, it works directly and without means, and though it may be resisted at any time, yet resistance to it is a suicide. For the person who stands in this lofty relation to his fellow men is always the impersonation to them of their conscience. It is a sufficient proof of the extreme delicacy of this element, evanescing before any but the most sympathetic vision, that it has so seldom been employed in the drama and in novels. Mr. Landor, almost alone among English living writers, has indicated his perception of it.

To the literary period of Emerson's life I should assign two essays, entitled respectively 'The Comic' and 'The Tragic.' They are the most free-and-easy, so to speak, of his compositions, and in some of their sparkling passages might well represent that Concord table talk

which so many have reason to remember. The first of these opens with a paragraph which would have made Lavater rub his eyes:

> It is a nail of pain and pleasure, said Plato, which fastens the body to the mind. The way of life is a line between the regions of tragedy and comedy. I find few books so entertaining as the wistful human history written out in the faces of any collection of men at church or court-house. The silent assembly thus talks very loud. The sailor carries in his face the tan of tropic suns, and the record of rough weather; the old farmer testifies of stone-walls, rough woodlots, the meadows, and the new barn. The doctor's head is a fragrant gallipot of virtues. The carpenter still measures feet and inches with his eye, and the licensed landlord mixes liquors in motionless pantomime. What good bargains glimmer on the merchant's aspect! And if beauty, softness, and faith in female forms have their influence, vices even, in slight degree, are thought to improve the expression. Malice and scorn add to beauty. You shall see eyes set too near, and limited faces, faces of one make and invariable character. How the busy fancy inquires into their biography and relations! They pique, but must tire. Compared with universal faces, countenances of a general human type, which pique less, they look less safe. In such groups the observer does not think of heroes and sages. In the silentest meeting the eye reads the plain prose of life, timidity, caution, appetite, ignorance, old houses, musty savours, stationary, retrograde faculties puttering around (to use the country phrase) in paltry routines from January to December.

Having laid down thus the precincts of comedy, our author maintains that whilst a taste for fun is all but universal with the human species, it is limited to it, and gives the very questionable premiss that the lower orders neither do nor perceive anything ridiculous. Manifestly Concord had no zoological garden. Is it not certain that an old fox or opossum, an ostrich, an ape, and, measurably, a donkey, are among Nature's jokes? The touch of farce in all the 'transitional' animals justifies Emerson's subsequent definition of comedy:

> The essence of all jokes, of all comedy, seems to be halfness; a non-performance of what is pretended to be performed, at the same time that one is giving loud pledges of performance. The baulking of the intellect, the frustrated expectation, the break of continuity in the intellect, is what we call comedy; and it announces itself physically in the pleasant spasms we call laughter. With the trifling exception of the stratagems of a few beasts and birds, there is no seeming, no halfness in Nature, until the appearance of man. Unconscious creatures do the whole will of wisdom. An oak or a chestnut undertakes no function it cannot execute, or if there be phenomena in botany which we call abortions, the abortion is also a function of Nature, and assumes to the intellect the like completeness with the farther function, to which in different circumstances it had attained. The same thing holds true of the animals. Their activity is marked by unerring good sense. But man, through his access to Reason, is capable of the perception of a whole and a part. Reason is the whole, and whatever is not that, is a part. The whole of Nature is agreeable to the whole of thought, or to Reason; but separate any part of Nature, and attempt to look at it as a whole by itself, and the feeling of the ridiculous begins. The perpetual game of humour is to look with considerate good nature at every object in existence *aloof*, as a man might look at a mouse, comparing it with the eternal Whole; enjoying the figure which each self-satisfied particular creature cuts in the unrespecting All and dismissing it with a benison. . . . The presence of the ideal of right and of truth in all action, makes 'the yawning delinquencies' of practice remorseful to the conscience, tragic to the interest, but droll to the intellect. The activity of our sympathies may for a time hinder our perceiving the fact intellectually, and so deriving mirth from it, but all falsehoods, all vices seen at a sufficient distance, seen from the point where our moral sympathies do not interfere, become ludicrous. The comedy is the intellect's perception of discrepancy. Thus Falstaff, in Shakespeare, is a character of the broadest comedy, giving himself unreservedly to his senses, coolly ignoring the reason, while he invokes its name, pretending to patriotism and to parental virtues, not with any intent to deceive but to make the fun perfect by enjoying the confusion betwixt reason and the negation of reason, in other words, the rank rascaldom he is calling by its name. Prince Hal stands by, as the acute understanding, who sees the Right and sympathises with it, and in the heyday of youth feels also the full attractions of pleasure, and is thus eminently qualified to enjoy the joke. At the same time he is to that degree under the Reason, it does not amuse him as much as another spectator.

After showing that a perception of the ludicrous is the balance-wheel of our metaphysical structure, and that the absence of it fatally insulates a man, the writer proceeds to specify the directions in which the comical is usually found in religion, in science, and literature. John Smith despatching to the society in London, that worried him about converting savages, an Indian, telling them to convert him themselves, and the New Englanders, as related by Hudibras, compromising with the Indians, who wished them to punish a teacher and cobbler that killed one of their number for being an infidel—who

> Maturely having weighed
> They had no more but him of the trade,
> A man that served them in the double
> Capacity to teach and cobble,
> Resolved to spare him; yet to do
> The Indian Hogan Mogan too
> Impartial justice, in his stead did
> Hang an old weaver that was bed-rid—

are instances of the religious joke. The pedantry of science is illustrated in its ludicrous bearings thus:

> The physiologist Camper humorously confesses the effect of his studies in dislocating his ordinary associations. 'I have been employed,' he says, 'six months on the *Cetacea*; I understand the osteology of the head of all these monsters, and have made the combination with the human head so well, that everybody now appears to me narwhale, porpoise, or marsouins. Women, the prettiest in society, and those whom I find less comely, they are either narwhales or porpoises to my eyes.' I chanced the other day to fall in with an odd illustration of the remark I had heard, that the laws of disease are as beautiful as the laws of health; I was hastening to visit an old and honoured friend, who, I was informed, was in a dying condition, when I met his physician, who accosted me in great spirits, with joy sparkling in his eyes. 'And how is my friend, the doctor?' I inquired. 'Oh, I saw him this morning; it is the most correct apoplexy I have ever seen; face and hands livid, breathing stertorous, all the symptoms perfect;' and he rubbed his hands with delight, for in the country we cannot find every day a case that agrees with the diagnosis of the books. I think there is malice in a very trifling story that is going about, and which I should not take any notice of, did I not suspect it to contain some satire upon my brothers of the Natural History Society. It is of a boy who was learning his alphabet. 'That letter is A,' said the teacher; 'A,' drawled the boy. 'That is B,' said the teacher; 'B,' drawled the boy, and so on. 'That is W,' said the teacher. 'The devil!' exclaimed the boy; 'is that W?'

With relation to the humours that come of the condition of men in life or society, the writer finds that it depends upon pretension. If the man is not ashamed of his poverty, for example, there is nothing ridiculous in it: as in the poverty of the saint, of the rapt philosopher, or the naked Indian. But the surrender of the man to his appearance is ludicrous, like infinite courtesy displayed to one's shadow on the wall:

> It affects us oddly, as to see things turned upside down, or to see a man in a high wind run after his hat, which is always droll. The relation of the parties is inverted,—hat being for the moment master. The multiplication of artificial wants and expenses in civilised life, and the exaggeration of all trifling forms, present innumerable occasions for this discrepancy to expose itself. Such is the story told of the painter Astley, who going out of Rome one day with a party for a ramble in the Campagna, and the weather proving hot, refused to take off his coat when his companions threw off theirs, but sweltered on; which, exciting remark, his comrades playfully forced off his coat, and behold on the back of his vest a gay cascade was thundering down the rocks with foam and rainbow, very refreshing in so sultry a day: a picture of his own, with which the poor painter had been fain to repair the shortcomings of his wardrobe.

A companion piece to the above is a brief paper, written shortly after it, entitled 'The Tragic.' The first portion of this is somewhat in the same vein with the essay on 'Fate' in the *Conduct of Life*. More, however, than in the latter essay, the author seems to regard the tragical elements of life and nature as superficial and transient. The bitterest of them, he maintains, are derived from a belief in a brute fate—that the order of nature is controlled by a law not adapted to man, nor man to that, but which

holds on its way to the end, serving him if his wishes chance to lie in the same course, crushing him if his wishes lie contrary to it, and heedless whether it serves or crushes him:

> This is the terrible idea that lies at the foundation of the old Greek tragedy, and makes CEdipus and Antigone and Orestes objects of such hopeless commiseration. They must perish, and there is no over-god to stop or to mollify this hideous enginery that grinds or thunders, and takes them up into its terrific system.

In all this, penalties are not grounded on the nature of things but on arbitrary will; or, indeed, this destiny is not will at all, but an immense whim. It is discriminated from the doctrine of philosophical necessity in that the last is an optimism, wherein the sufferer finds his good consulted in the good of all of which he is a part. The old idea of fate disappears with civilisation, and so the antique tragedy can never be reproduced. Coming to real life, the author finds the essence of tragedy in a terror that relates not to particular but to indefinite evils:

> A low, haggard sprite sits by our side casting the fashion of uncertain evils,—a sinister presentiment, a power of the imagination to dislocate things orderly and cheerful and show them in startling disarray. *Hark!* what sounds on the night-wind, *the cry of* Murder in that friendly house; see these marks of stamping feet, of hidden riot. The whisper overheard, the detected glance, the glare of malignity, ungrounded fears, suspicions, half-knowledge, and mistakes darken the brow and chill the heart of men. And accordingly it is natures not clear, not of quick and steady perceptions, but imperfect characters from which somewhat is hidden that all others see, who suffer most from these causes.

All of this lies in a low plane, haunted with illusions. These things, though real to modern as brute fate to ancient faith, clear away also as phantoms before the healthy spirit:

> Time, the consoler, time, the rich carrier of all changes, dries the freshest tears by obtruding new figures, new costumes, new roads, on our eye, new voices on our ear. As the west wind lifts up again the heads of the wheat which were bent down and lodged in the storm, and combs out the matted and dishevelled grass as it lay in night-locks on the ground, so we let in time as a drying wind into the seed-field of thoughts that are dank and wet, and low-bent. Time restores to them temper and elasticity. How fast we forget the blow that threatened to cripple us. Nature will not sit still; the faculties will do somewhat; new hopes spring, new affections twine and the broken is whole again. . . . Most suffering is only apparent. We fancy it is torture; the patient has his own compensations. A tender American girl doubts of Divine Providence whilst she reads the horrors of 'the middle passage;' and they are bad enough at the mildest; but to such as she these crucifixions do not come: they come to the obtuse and barbarous, to whom they are not horrid, but only a little worse than the old sufferings. They exchange a cannibal war for the stench of the hold. They have gratifications which would be none to the civilised girl. . . . The intellect is a consoler, which delights in detaching or putting an interval between a man and his fortune, and so converts the sufferer into a spectator, and his pain into poetry. It yields the joys of conversation, of letters, and of science. Hence also the torments of life become tuneful tragedy, solemn and soft with music, and garnished with rich dark pictures. But higher still than the activities of art, the intellect in its purity, and the moral sense in its purity, are not distinguished from each other, and both ravish us into a region whereinto these passionate clouds of sorrow cannot rise.

It was, probably, while on his pleasant excursion with Landor, that Emerson met with one of the two men who alone can be regarded as his masters. After Goethe had looked him in the eye he never saw Landor more. To Goethe more than all others is traceable his optimism, with the disposition implied in it of looking upon conventional society with the eye of a naturalist rather than that of a moralist. The devil became a fossil monster for Emerson when Goethe appeared with his sparkling wickedness. But after all his optimism was only a new application of the Puritan faith, which held that 'the earth is the Lord's and the fulness thereof' in a sense that would change space to a meeting-house

and eternity to a Sabbath. It has interested me to compare the first criticism he ever wrote upon Goethe with his lecture on the same in his *Representative Men*. In those earlier days Goethe 'held him with his glittering eye,' but there are plain signs of misgiving as to the influence. Dazzled by the great German's various power, and the wonderful range of his knowledge, he nevertheless feels that he has no faith, no loyalty, to any sovereign aim, and is especially aggrieved by his new friend's fondness for stars on the breast and his low bows to artificial society. When he wrote the lecture, Emerson had come to care more for the quantity than the quality of what he could gain from any teacher. In the early criticism to which I have referred he says:

To look at him one would say, there never was an observer before. What sagacity, what industry of observation! To read his record is a frugality of time, for you shall find no word that does not stand for a thing; and he is of that comprehension which can see the value of truth. His love of nature has seemed to give a new meaning to that word. There was never man more domesticated in this world than he. . . . If we try Goethe by the ordinary canons of criticism, we should say that his thinking is of great altitude, and all level; —not a succession of summits, but a high Atlantic table-land. Dramatic power, the rarest talent in literature, he has very little. He has an eye constant to the fact of life, and that never pauses in its advance. But the great felicities, the miracles of poetry, he has never. It is all design with him, just thought and instructed expression, analogies, allusion, illustration, which knowledge and correct thinking supply; but of Shakespeare and the transcendent muse no syllable. . . . Poetry is with Goethe thus external, the gilding of the chain, the mitigation of his fate; but the muse never assays those thunder-tones which cause to vibrate the sun and moon, which dissipate by dreadful melody all this iron network of circumstance, and abolish the old heavens and the old earth before the free-will and godhead of man.[1]

The saunter into the pleasant land of letters has ended with Goethe, under whom senses were sharpened, implements of the finest kind fashioned and polished, an apprenticeship in their skilful use served; but who, when the *Cui bono?* came, could only reply—Culture. Here Emerson and his guide parted. With all his optimism, our Concord man could not consent that Plymouth Rock was laid to be the corner-stone of a boudoir for the conversation of fine ladies and gentlemen. So, soon after the last paragraph quoted, he turns again, it may be sadly, yet hopefully also, and writes these closing words:

Man is not so far lost but that he suffers ever the great Discontent which is the elegy of his loss and the prediction of his recovery. In the gay saloon he laments that these figures are not what Raphael and Guercino painted. Withered though he stand, and trifler though he be, the august spirit of the world looks out from his eyes. In his heart he knows the ache of spiritual pain, and his thought can animate the sea and land. What then shall hinder the genius of the time from speaking its thought? It cannot be silent if it would. It will write in a higher spirit, and a wider knowledge, and with a grander practical aim than ever yet guided the pen of poet. It will write the annals of a changed world, and record the descent of principles into practice, of love into government, of love into trade. It will describe the new heroic life of man, the now unbelieved possibility of simple living and of clean and noble relations with men. Religion will bind again those that were sometime frivolous, customary, enemies, sceptics, self-seekers, into a joyful reverence for the circumambient Whole, and that which was ecstasy shall become daily bread.

The truest master of Emerson, however, he who became the strongest influence outside of his own mind in determining the form that his work in this world should take, was Carlyle. The lonely scholar of Craigenputtock had from the first had no reader more responsive than this unknown brother of his at Concord. The papers that now make Carlyle's *Miscellanies* had guided his studies, to a great extent, and he was the first to recognise the genius which pervaded those strange papers in *Fraser* about Teufelsdröckh, which were bewildering so many English readers.

These, however, more and more allured the young man who had just withdrawn from public life to solitude and speculation. By these fine dreams his horizon seemed for the time bounded. But meanwhile Carlyle, the secrets of his 'art and mystery' gained, started forth an English Prometheus, resolved to bear to men the fire which the Teutonic deities were reserving to themselves. His brave effort to animate the cold still forms of trade and politics was an irresistible appeal to the American dreamer, and in a paper he wrote on the appearance of *Past and Present* there is the prophecy of his career, and the omen of revolutions that are now historical. This paper of seven pages comprises, I believe, all of the direct criticism which Emerson has written on his friend's works. It is, however, not so much a criticism as a happy celebration, the principal theme of which is an outburst of admiration at the nobleness and generosity of the thinker who had addressed himself to a great human task:

> Here is Carlyle's new poem, his Iliad of English woes, to follow his poem on France, entitled the *History of the French Revolution*. In its first aspect, it is a political tract, and since Burke, since Milton, we have had nothing to compare with it. It *grapples honestly* with the facts lying *before* all men,—and with a heart full of manly tenderness, offers his best counsel to his brothers. . . . It is not by sitting still at a grand distance, and calling the human race *larvæ*, that men are to be helped, nor by helping the depraved after their own foolish fashion, but by doing unweariedly the work we were born to do. Let no man think himself absolved because he does a generous action and befriends the poor, but let him see whether he so holds his property that a benefit goes from it to all. A man's diet should be what is simplest and readiest to be had, because it is so private a good. His house should be better, because that is for the use of hundreds, perhaps thousands, and is the property of the traveller. But his speech is a perpetual and public instrument; let that always side with the race, and yield neither a lie nor a sneer. His manners,—let them be hospitable and civilising, so that no Phidias or Raphael shall have taught anything better in canvas or stone; and his acts should be representative of the human race, as one who makes them rich in his having and poor in his want.
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> It requires great courage in a man of letters to handle the contemporary practical questions; not because he then has all men for his rivals, but because of the infinite entanglements of the problem, and the waste of strength in gathering unripe fruits. The task is superhuman; and the poet knows well that a little time will do more than the most puissant genius. Time stills the loud noise of opinions, sinks the small, raises the great, so that the true emerges without effort and in perfect harmony to all eyes; but the truth of the present hour, except in particulars and single relations, is unattainable. . . . The poet cannot descend into the turbid present without injury to his rarest gifts. Hence that necessity of isolation which genius has always felt. He must stand in his glass tripod if he would keep his electricity. But when the political aspects are so calamitous that the sympathies of the man overpower the habits of the poet, a higher than literary inspiration may succour him. It is a costly proof of character that the most renowned scholar of England should take his reputation in his hand, and should descend into the ring, and he has added to his love whatever honour his opinions may forfeit.

He expresses frankly his sense of a fault in the work. The picture is over-coloured, lacks universality, the tone exaggerated; it is not serene sunshine, but everything is seen in lurid stormlights. It is Emerson's optimism, afterwards to stretch into the great gulf between him and Carlyle, that wrote thus:

> One can hardly credit, whilst under the spell of this magician, that the world had always the same bankrupt look to foregoing ages as to us,—as of a failed world just recollecting its old withered forces to begin again and try to do a little business. It was perhaps inseparable from the attempt to write a book of wit and imagination on English politics that a certain local emphasis and effect, such as is the vice of preaching, should appear, producing on the reader a feeling of forlornness by the excess of value attributed to circumstances. But the splendour of wit cannot outdazzle the calm daylight, which always shows every individual man in balance with his age, and always able to work out his own salvation from all the follies of that, and no

such glaring contrasts or severalties in that or this. Each age has its own follies, as its majority is made up of foolish young people; its superstitions appear no superstitions to itself; and if you should ask the contemporary, he would tell you with pride or with regret (according as he was practical or poetic) that it had none. But after a short time, down go its follies and weakness, and the memory of them; its virtues alone remain, and its limitation assumes the form of a beautiful superstition, as the dimness of our sight clothes the objects in the horizon with mist and colour. The Revelation of Reason is this of the unchangeableness of the fact of humanity under all its subjective aspects, that to the cowering it always cowers, to the daring it opens great avenues. The ancients are only venerable to us, because distance has destroyed what was trivial; as the sun and stars affect us only grandly because we cannot reach to their smoke and their surfaces, and say, Is that all?

Yet the gravity of the times, he is reminded, may easily excuse some overcolouring of the picture; and Americans are not so far removed from any of the specific evils, and are deeply participant in too many, not to share the gloom, and thank the love and courage of the counsellor.

The book is full of humanity, and nothing is more excellent in this, as in all Mr. Carlyle's works, than the altitude of the writer. He has the dignity of a man of letters who knows what belongs to him, and never deviates from his sphere; a continuer of the great line of scholars, and sustains their office in the highest credit and honour. If the good heaven have any word to impart to this unworthy generation, here is one scribe qualified and clothed for its occasion. One excellence he has in an age of mammon and of criticism, that he never suffers the eye of his wonder to close. Let who will be the dupe of trifles, he cannot keep his eye off from that gracious Infinite which embosoms us. As a literary artist he has great merits, beginning with the main one, that he never wrote one dull line.

The article closes with the following note on Carlyle's style:

We have in literature few specimens of magnificence. Plato is the purple ancient, and Bacon and Milton the moderns of the richest strains. Burke sometimes reaches to that exuberant fulness, though deficient in depth. Carlyle in his strange half-mad way has entered the Field of the Cloth of Gold, and shown a vigour and wealth of resource which has no rival in the tourney play of these times;—the indubitable champion of England. Carlyle is the first domestication of the modern system, with its infinity of details into style. We have been civilising very fast, building London and Paris, and now planting New England and India, New Holland and Oregon—and it has not appeared in literature,—there has been no analogous expansion and recomposition in books. Carlyle's style is the first emergence of all this wealth and labour, with which the world has gone with child so long. . . . How like an air-balloon, or bird of Jove, does he seem to float over the continent, and stooping here and there pounce on a fact as a symbol which was never a symbol before. This is the first experiment; and something of rudeness and haste must be pardoned to so great an achievement. It will be done again and again, sharper, simpler, but fortunate is he who did it first, though never so giant-like and fabulous. This grandiose character pervades his wit and his imagination. We have never had anything in literature so like earthquakes as the laughter of Carlyle. He 'shakes with his mountain mirth.' It is like the laughter of the genii in the horizon. These jokes shake down Parliament-house, and Windsor Castle, Temple, and tower, and the future shall echo the dangerous peals. The other particular of his magnificence is in his rhymes. Carlyle is a poet who is altogether too burly in his frame and habit to submit to the limits of metre. Yet he is full of rhythm not only in the perpetual melody of his periods, but in the burdens, refrains, and grand returns of his sense and music. Whatever thought or motto has once appeared to him fraught with meaning, becomes an omen to him henceforward, and is sure to return with deeper tones and weightier import, now as promise, now as threat, now as confirmation, in gigantic reverberation, as if the hills, the horizon, and the next ages returned the sound.

I think that the chief influence exerted by Carlyle upon Emerson was derived from his political writings, the tendency of it having been to quicken in him the feeling of the practical relation of his genius to his age and country. The ancient creed of the Puritans, that the worker must think, the thinker must work, revived in his perception that literature is but a blossom and must pass away unless it can fulfil itself in fruit. It is wonderful with what energy he threw himself into the work of teaching the grow-

ing generation. It has often been claimed that the doctrine of necessity must engender inaction and passiveness; and not even such examples as Paul, Mohammed, Calvin, Cromwell, the Puritans, and others who were at once the greatest workers and the sternest believers in destiny, have been enough to remove this opinion of those who, not having reached that faith, cannot see the ideas that accompany it. It is another lesson on this subject, that the two most energetic exhorters of this time are men whose works are pervaded with the spirit and ideas of the necessitarian philosophy. This is more notable in the case of Emerson than that of Carlyle; for Emerson was both by thought and temperament an optimist. Nevertheless, among the things predestined was this—that he should stand before his countrymen as the apostle of a new idea whose recognition implied a reorganisation of society and of individual aims. In addition to his own religious principle and the noble example of Carlyle, the American philosopher's spirit was plainly stirred by the sad and dreary state of mind to which he found the young people around him reduced. Unitarianism had unsettled everything and settled nothing; or perhaps it might be better deemed in itself an expression of the fluid shoreless condition of the popular mind. In a letter written at that time, Emerson speaks of the young men of America as stricken by a mental malady and melancholy which 'strips them of all manly aims and bereaves them of animal spirits.'

The noblest youths are in a few years converted into pale caryatides to uphold the temple of conventions. They are in the state of the young Persians when 'that mighty Yezdan prophet' addressed them and said, 'Behold the signs of evil days are come; there is now no longer any right course of action, nor any self-devotion left among the Iranis.' As soon as they have arrived at this turn there are no employments to satisfy them—they are educated above the work of their times and country, and disdain it. Many of the more acute minds pass into a lofty criticism of these things, which only embitters their sensibility to the evil, and widens the feeling of hostility between them and the citizens at large. From this cause companies of the best educated young men in the Atlantic States every week take their departure for Europe; for no business that they have in that country, but simply because they shall so be hid from the reproachful eyes of their countrymen, and agreeably entertained for one or two years, with some lurking hope, no doubt, that something may turn up to give them a decided direction. It is easy to see that this is only a postponement of their proper work, with the additional disadvantage of a two-years' vacation. Add that this class is rapidly increasing by the infatuation of the active class, who, while they regard these young Americans with suspicion and dislike, educate their own children in the same courses, and use all possible endeavours to secure to them the same result.

Such, most faithfully delineated, was the regeneration to which Emerson came. The result proved that he had come to his own, and they received him. He lectured frequently to the most educated audiences, and made the most of every opportunity. He had then, apparently, far less faith in the possibilities of the prevalent society and government, and pointed his hearers to an ideal New Jerusalem coming down from the clouds. To his transcendent vision the old forms were as a village of wigwams to the City of God. He was earnest and eloquent; there was no forgetting what he said; to hear him was, for the young, to be a convert and an enthusiast. His mind gained reinforcement from this contact with the popular mind; his imagination was steadied by his successes; and his artistic faculty was largely cultivated.

In a casual paper written many years ago in the *New York Tribune*, Margaret Fuller inserted a brief reminiscence of these lectures, which is worthy of preservation:

If only as a representative of the claims of individual culture in a nation which is prone to lay such stress on artificial organisation and external results, Mr. Emerson would be invaluable here. History will inscribe his name as a father of his country, for he is one who pleads her cause against herself. If New England may be regarded as a chief mental focus to the New World, . . . we may hail as an auspicious omen the influence Mr. Emerson has there obtained, which is deep-rooted, increasing, and, over the younger portion of the community, far greater than that of any other person. . . . The audience that waited for years upon the lectures was never large, but it was select, and it was constant. Among the hearers were some who, though attracted by the beauty of character and manner, they were willing to hear the speaker through, yet always went away discontented. They were accustomed to an artificial method, whose scaffolding could easily be retraced, and desired an obvious sequence of logical inferences. . . . Others were content to be benefited by a good influence without a strict analysis of its means. 'My wife says it is about the elevation of human nature, and so it seems to me,' was a fit reply to some of the critics. . . . Those who believed no truth could exist unless encased by the burrs of opinion went away utterly baffled. Sometimes they thought he was on their side; then presently would come something on the other. The partisan heard but once, and returned no more. But some there were—simple souls,—whose life had been, perhaps, without clear light, yet still a search after truth for its own sake, who were able to receive what followed on the suggestion of a subject in a natural manner, as a stream of thought. These recognised, beneath the veil of words, the still small voice of conscience, the vestal fires of lone religious hours, and the mild teachings of the summer woods. The charm of elocution, too, was great. His general manner was that of the reader, occasionally rising into direct address or invocation in passages where tenderness or majesty demanded more energy. At such times both eye and voice called on a remote future to give a worthy reply; a future which shall manifest more largely the universal soul as it was then manifest to this soul. The tone of the voice was a grave body tone, full and sweet rather than sonorous, yet flexible and haunted by many modulations, as even instruments of wood and brass seem to become after they have been long played on with skill and taste; how much more the human voice! In the more expressive passages it uttered notes of silvery clearness, winning, yet still more commanding. The words uttered in those tones floated awhile above us, then took root in the memory like winged seed.

His influence became incomparable. In that day the destinies of hundreds were decided by a single sentence of his about 'the grave absurdity of a youth of noble aims, who can find no field for his energies, whilst the colossal wrongs of the Indian, of the negro, of the emigrant, remain unmitigated, and the religious, civil, and judicial forms of the country are confessedly effete and offensive.' Many rushed into the anti-slavery movement, and have since become its orators or martyrs, and all philanthropic schemes were reinforced. But as Emerson went on with the utterance of such thoughts as I have been quoting in this paper, there came virgins both wise and foolish from the east and west to light their torches at his fire, and bear them through all lands. Socialistic and other communities sprang up, and the projects for the regeneration of society—from cold water movements to such as kept everybody in hot water—were innumerable. It was observable at all the meetings for peace, progress, or solidarity, whoever rose to his feet, it was always Emerson that spoke with vigour more or less diluted. His was the first American voice that ever invaded England; and it made people here restless enough. Such were the letters that came pouring in from all parts of Great Britain, that Mr. Alcott, an organism of the Emersonian spirit, and the chief apostle of Transcendentalism, came over as a mild missionary to anxious inquirers. But lately, walking across Ham Common, I paused before 'Alcott House,' and reflected how far the light of a clear spirit will shine, albeit its ray will sometimes fall into a fog. On July 5, 1842, the London *Morning Chronicle* contained the following advertisement:

PUBLIC INVITATION. An open meeting of the friends of human progress will be held

to-morrow, July 6, at Mr. Wright's Alcott-House School, Ham Common, near Richmond, Surrey, for the purpose of considering and adopting means for the promotion of the great end, when all who are interested in human destiny are earnestly urged to attend. The chair taken at three o'clock, and again at seven, by A. Bronsen Alcott, Esq., now on a visit from America. Omnibuses travel to and fro, and the Richmond steamboat reaches at a convenient hour.

In response to this invitation, the great rolling world of these islands sent about a score of men and women—some from London, others from various points, sometimes very distant—who sat on the lawn, aiming at 'nothing less than to speak of the instauration of Spirit, and its incarnation in a beautiful form.' Three papers were read on (1) Reformation, (2) Transition, (3) Formation. The conclusion of the meeting was absurd enough:

In order to obtain the highest excellence of which man is capable, the generation of a new race of persons is demanded, who shall project institutions and imitate conditions altogether original, and commensurate with the being and wants of humanity. The germs of this new generation are even now discernible in human beings, but have been hitherto either choked by ungenial circumstances, or, having borne fruit prematurely or imperfectly, have attained no abiding growth. It is proposed to select a spot whereon a new Eden may be planted and man may, untempted by evil, dwell in harmony with his Creator, with himself, his fellows, and with all external natures. Providence seems to have ordained the United States, more especially New England, as the field wherein this idea is to be realised in actual experience.

Such was one of a thousand dreams that hovered on purple cloud in the West as the Prospero of Concord waved his wand. Of those who left all and sailed the seas to find the new Eden and its fit inhabitant, what account can now be given? America ground them, their Brook Farms, Fruitlands, and the like, into paint for an ideal of her own, which she is resolved to put on canvas. As for Prospero, he was at no time the victim of any particular project for the regeneration of society ever proposed; to him the finest of them were such stuff as dreams are made on. And though through long years he seemed to have little hope in the reformation of the old world, looking rather for a transformation of it, in these later ones it would seem that the pictured curtain of a new society has lifted and revealed to him the gods seated round on the old mistrusted earth. And I cannot, perhaps, better conclude this study of Emerson's earlier thoughts and works than by quoting the closing words of his latest address to the young men of America, given before the students of Harvard University at their commencement in July last:

Gentlemen, I draw new hope from the atmosphere we breathe to-day, from the healthy sentiment of the American people, and from the avowed aims and tendencies of the educated class. The age has new convictions. We know that in certain historic periods there have been times of negation,—a decay of thought, and a consequent national decline; that in France, at one time, there was almost a repudiation of the moral sentiment, in what is called, by distinction, society,—not a believer within the Church, and almost not a theist out of it. In England, the like spiritual disease affected the upper class in the time of Charles II., and down into the reign of the Georges. But it honourably distinguishes the educated class here, that they believe in the succour which the heart yields to the intellect, and draw greatness from the inspirations. And when I say the educated class, I know what a benignant breadth that word has,—new in the world,—reaching millions instead of hundreds. And more, when I look around me, and consider the sound material of which the cultivated class here is made up,—what high personal worth, what love of men, what hope, is joined with rich information and practical power, and that the most distinguished by genius and culture are in this class of benefactors,—I cannot distrust this great knighthood of virtues, or doubt that the interest of science, of letters, of politics and humanity, are safe. I think their hands are strong enough to hold up the Republic. I read the promise of better times and of greater men.

A CONVERSATION—THE PORTRAITS AT SOUTH KENSINGTON.

Third Exhibition.

Persons—Bernard, Fleming, and Aycliffe, at the Galleries.

Fleming.—Here we are. But where is Aycliffe?

Bernard.—You know he is never the most punctual of mankind, and South Kensington is a terribly long way from the Temple. We may as well begin our stroll through the galleries without him, and no doubt he will turn up presently.

Fleming.—I was here alone the other day, and found it rather melancholy work. The collection is, on the whole, I think, less interesting than those of former years. The pictures do not take one so much out of one's self, and out of the present. Coats and waistcoats predominate; there is no armour, no wigs, or ruffles, or velvet, or swords—all has faded into the light of common day. Then the presence of so many faces regarding us from the canvas, who might naturally have still been with us in life, creates a feeling of sadness which it is difficult to shake off. Death only could sign the pass for admission to these halls; and in how many instances is the sight of well known features in a frame a painful reminder that in their pictures only can we now see them? Why have we not still among our living statesmen Head and Cornewall Lewis, the Duke of Newcastle, Sidney Herbert, Cobden, Dalhousie, and Lord Canning, and others whom fate has taken from the world? Macaulay, Thackeray, might still be living writers, instead of having been summoned to join the non-militant ranks of the great literary hierarchy of England. And in other departments besides those of politics and literature there are many whose careers have been untimely arrested by the fell sergeant from whose caption there is no release.

Bernard.—You are too gloomy. But twilight is always depressing; and such is the condition of those who are between the light of the present and the coming light of history, which has scarcely yet begun to shine upon them.

Fleming.—Your illustration is somewhat obscure, and in itself crepuscular, but I suppose I understand what you mean; or at least, I understand that you mean to say something which you suppose I ought to understand, and I will not therefore trouble you for any further explanation. But you must allow that a fearful gap has been made within the last few years in the foremost ranks of our statesmen; and without disparaging those who have stepped in to fill their places, or those who are now ready to do so, we cannot expect soon to remedy the loss. Ability alone is not enough without experience, and confidence is a plant of slow growth. Then there are qualities which cannot be commanded or produced to order, which may or may not exist along with great genius and talent, but which are most conducive to success. Voltaire accounts for Zadig's advancement and popularity by saying that: 'Il n'avoit point toujours raison, et savoit respecter la faiblesse des hommes.' It is in this that Gladstone differs so notably from what Palmerston was. He will always be so confoundedly in the right himself, and thinks every one who differs from him must be a blockhead or a rascal. His great rival is at any rate exempt from this fault.

Bernard.—What a good speech he made at the Literary Fund dinner this year—a thing to be remembered after the occasion has passed

sway: original on a trite theme, and full of the good English and well turned periods to which it is a pleasure to listen in these days of slang and slipshod. One or two persons blamed him for not alluding expressly to his own very distinguished connection with literature; but I own it seemed to me the better taste not to do so.

Fleming.—His father's portrait is here; and the elder Disraeli was a specimen of the literary man *pur et simple*, of rare occurrence in this country, and hardly likely to be repeated as pursuits become more mingled, and distinction in any one is accepted with increasing appreciation as a proof of general ability, and becomes an introduction to public life.

Bernard.—Have you noticed some of the curious collocations that have been made of portraits in this year's Exhibition? The arrangements are generally speaking good in this respect, and the people are put together in the same compartments whose memories would naturally be associated in the mind. But sometimes there is a touch of humour, if not of cruelty, in the placing of the portraits. Lady Hamilton is put between Lord Nelson and his reverend father, who does not look at all happy under the circumstances. Then George IV. is not allowed to escape from Mrs. Robinson, and in more than one place the features of Perdita are seen to smile upon him. His portrait, too, by Wilkie, in Highland costume, is accompanied by one of Sir William Curtis, as the original was accompanied by the worthy alderman—'the witless Falstaff of a hoary Hal'—when that dress was worn, during the royal visit to Edinburgh of famous memory.

Fleming.—In the same way, too, may be seen placed together three criminals, two of high and one of low degree—a duchess, an earl, and a char-woman: the great lady done by Cotes, Lord Ferrers by some nameless hand, and Sarah Malcolm a fine study by Hogarth. Elizabeth Chudleigh, however, maid of honour, bigamist, and Duchess of Kingston, ran no great risk, for she prayed her peerage, and so escaped further consequences—such was then the law.

Aycliffe (joining them from behind).—Poaching on my manor, I rather think—but fire away, and say what you please against our venerable legal fabric; although that part of it is long since pulled down, and a person under trial for murder is no longer (as poor Lord Ferrers had to say in defending himself on the ground of insanity) driven to the miserable necessity of proving his own want of understanding, in the very case where legal assistance was most wanted.

Bernard.—There is plenty of room still left for improvement, and I must own that the lawyers themselves now offer no obstruction to it. But what do you say to the legal portraits here?

Aycliffe.—Lord Campbell in his Chancellor's robes, by Watts, is an excellent likeness, and gives you the perfect individuality of the man. If the voice could be added it would be himself. The Lyndhurst head, too, is grand, but rather suggests the notion that the old lord had suffered the fate of Marsyas. There is a good Follett too, by Say; and Sir William Grant, by Sir Thomas Lawrence, is a fine picture. The portrait of Lord Abinger does not do him justice, and is chiefly remarkable for representing him in his robes but without a wig. The acute and genial intelligence in the face, which so penetrated the minds of jurymen, is quite lost. Did you ever hear the story of a juryman in Yorkshire who accounted for Scarlett's success in getting verdicts over his great rival Brougham, on the Northern Circuit, by saying, 'Brougham's the cleverest chap of

the two, but then Scarlett's such a lucky one, he's always on the right side.' Perhaps this was the best compliment ever paid to the skill of an advocate at the bar.

Fleming.—We were rather hard upon Sir Thomas Lawrence last year, but he is very uncertain, and about his best things there is something flashy, as in his Sir Humphry Davy and his Sir Jeffrey Wyattville, which are unquestionably clever pictures; and the well known young Lambton is, I venture to say, not at all a great work.

Bernard.—In the number of his portraits exhibited, Lawrence is at the head of the collection. Sixty-eight of his works appear, and this would no doubt correspond with the position he held for so many years as the most fashionable and popular painter, unapproached, indeed, by any rival in these respects; nor, indeed, much pressed by others, at least in London, in point of real ability. Some of his best pictures of Englishmen are here from the Queen's collection at Windsor Castle, but the Pope and Cardinal Gonsalvi are entitled to their reputation of being the best of the portraits painted by order of George IV., to celebrate the political events of 1814 and 1815, and of course they cannot be seen under the conditions of this exhibition. I must confess, however, that none of Sir Thomas Lawrence's portraits ever move me much, or seem to bring before me the persons represented by them. They belong more to the class of *simulacra*, than of verities.

Aycliffe.—There is some very good work by old Phillips here, and many well known names occur among the portraits painted by him. There is a great deal of truth and solidity about them. Particularly I like the Blake, the Davies Gilbert, and the Crabbe. The visionary look of the painter poet and dreamer of dreams is finely given, and this picture well deserves its place in the National Portrait Gallery from which it comes.

Fleming.—I heartily wish that it might stay here, or in some other place of equal security, rather than return to its home in Great George Street. Delighting as I do in the formation of the National Portrait Gallery, I almost regret to learn that any really great work of art is added to it.

Aycliffe.—You speak in paradox.

Fleming.—The reason is, that I do not like to know that the number of the pictures exposed to such constant risk of destruction is increased. The rooms devoted to the reception of the portraits form a portion of an ordinary private house in an old street; a fire might break out in the same house, or on either side of it, and if this were to happen, it would be impossible to save them. Besides, from the small extent and bad light of the rooms, it is very difficult to see the portraits. It is a reproach to the nation to allow one of its most interesting public collections to remain so badly and so dangerously lodged.

Aycliffe.—You may be easy on this point—order has been taken to lodge the national portraits securely. Your complaint is of the past. The future, I hope, is all right.

Bernard.—There is a good portrait of Mr. Senior, by Henry Phillips, who is a worthy successor to his father's fame. It is well painted and very like.

Aycliffe.—What an increase there is this time in the number of portraits of literary and scientific men, replacing as they do the peers and bishops and mere persons of quality in the exhibitions of the two former years. In science the engineers, and in literature the journalists, form an entirely new feature, and denote the corresponding growth and development of the age. Of the men of science, it seems to me that Dalton is the best represented.

It is a good picture by B. R. Faulkner, and, like Blake, comes from Great George Street.

Fleming.—Yes. It gives one a great notion of the intellect of the man to whom we owe one of the greatest advances in chemical knowledge. I am glad to hear that a statue of him is to be one of those that will adorn the architecture of the new building of the London University.

Aycliffe.—Do you remember the story told by Babbage of the way in which the Quaker philosopher was got to court? He was to be presented to William IV., but there was a difficulty about his costume, which for a short time seemed insuperable. A member of the peaceful society of Friends could not, of course, wear a sword, and it was suggested that this might be avoided by using the robes of an Oxford doctor, which Dalton was entitled to put on by virtue of his honorary degree. This, however, was worse and worse, for how could a man of drab appear in a panoply of blazing scarlet? At this juncture Babbage came to the rescue—'Don't you recollect,' he said, 'that Dalton is *colour blind?*—he will never be aware of the gaudy hue of the academicals, and nobody need tell him of it.' This was accepted as a solution, and the unconscious professor was taken off in triumph to St. James's.

Bernard.—Brande and Faraday are here too—but the Brande is an early portrait and does not present the features of his later days that would be most familiar to the majority of those who will see him on these walls, and can remember the face and figure so often to be seen in the lecture-room of the Royal Institution. But except for their joint connection with Albemarle Street, they ought not to be named together. No one was ever so long engaged in scientific pursuits as Brande, and left so little trace of it behind him. He was a good teacher and repeater of experiments, and at one time had almost the monopoly of chemical lecturing in London, but he made no discovery of any note, and added nothing to the subjects which he spent his life in expounding. Faraday, on the other hand, was a man to light up the whole century to which he belonged. His discoveries are unrivalled in their importance and variety, and the example of his life and character beyond all estimation. The piety of his mind, and his personal modesty, should exalt his memory as much as the thought of his vast intellectual resources, and the skill and patience with which he brought them to bear upon the physical problems offered to him for solution. He was the greatest of experimental philosophers, and looking to those of his researches which have borne immediate fruit, he may be justly classed with the foremost benefactors of mankind; for the advantages arising from the practical applications of electrical science, can hardly be deemed inferior to those derived from the use of the printing press, or of the steam-engine. But it was not in this view that Faraday himself most preferred to be regarded. In the true nobility and far reaching sweep of his genius, truth was the constant cynosure of his voyage across the phenomenal ocean—towards and by that light he always steered his course. If utility followed in the wake of pure discovery, so much the better; but utility was not to be the first object of the adventure. His whole private life was an illustration of this. Title and wealth were at his command; and if he had chosen to carry his knowledge and reputation to the markets where gold, to get more gold, buys brains, no limit can be assigned to the riches that would have been within his grasp. But he chose the better part; he died as he had lived, plain Michael Fara-

day; and kept himself pure and unspotted from the world.

Fleming.—He is here in two places. There is an early painting by Pickersgill, and a late drawing by Richmond, like and full of animation; but it would be almost impossible to have secured upon canvas or paper all the flashing brilliance of those eyes, and all the moving intelligence and charm of that face.

Aycliffe.—Peacock and Whewell form another scientific couple, associated as both formerly tutors of the great college, from whose Lodge the portrait of Whewell is now sent. This is one of Samuel Laurence's best things, and, presenting the late Master of Trinity in his milder aspect, is a fine picture, and very like that multiscient man.

Fleming.—You may add munificent; which, by the way, has a sort of continuous rhyme all through it to your epithet. Trinity College, Cambridge, must ever think well of him. He was a Bentley in reputation, without his scandals, and a Neville in his collegiate generosity. Long may men keep in Whewell's Hostel, to rival and, if possible, surpass those who have been nurtured in Neville's Court. His was a great rise, and a great use he made of his opportunities:

Quem pater ardentis massæ fuligine lippus,

&c. &c. as Juvenal hath it.

Bernard.—Yes, he and Faraday both stand recorded in the same page of the catalogue, as 'son of a blacksmith.' England may be proud of the forges where such reputations are first laid on the anvil.

Fleming.—Are you at all afraid of the coming time when we are told to expect that the blacksmiths and the rest of the artificers will have the chief power in the state, and from their forges and workshops will furnish the main element of political influence in the country?

Bernard.—If the wealthier and more highly educated classes do their duty there is no ground for fear. The working man will have his vote to a greater extent than at present, but I doubt whether his interest will be better represented or better taken care of, than they are now. Title, social position, leisure, and independence of labour for the means of life will always afford the most natural passage to political leadership; and unless these claims are forfeited by misconduct on the part of those who possess them, they will always hold their ground. I have read, and heard of some of the wonderful prophecies that were made of the speedy downfall of England after the Reform Act of the last generation, and yet, here we are, as a nation, better and happier, and richer, and wiser than ever. The other day I came across an old volume of the *Quarterly Review*, for December 1832, and glanced over one of Nimrod's clever articles on carriages and horses. After describing the show of equipages in Hyde Park, it goes on in this manner: 'Old Seneca tells us, such a blaze of splendour was once to be seen on the Appian Way. It might be so: it is now to be seen nowhere but in London, and we must own we consider it as extremely doubtful whether anything like it will be visible in London the second spring of the first reformed parliament.'

Fleming.—More than thirty springs after it, two gentlemen walked through Hyde Park on their way to South Kensington, and saw something very like it—only displaying better carriages, better horses, and more of them.

Bernard.—The passage looks as if it was an editorial interpolation, not being very germane to the matter in hand——

Aycliffe.—Which seems to have been fours-in-hand.

Bernard.—'Peace, chewet, peace'

—and I think one can recognise the touch of Croker in it. But be that as it may, it proves what predictions were made after the old Reform Act, and what value need be attached to similar croakings now.

Aycliffe.—I don't know that we came here to hear you talk politics. Let us go back to our pictures, if you please.

Bernard.—With all my heart; and I will say what has been for some time on my mind—that it seems to me the Scotch portrait painters have some of the best things here. Raeburn and Watson have many first-rate works, and Graham Gilbert has three good pictures. The full-length of Watson Gordon by him stands well, and is a fine example of modern work. Altogether, the productions of these men seem to belong more to a uniform school than those of any English artists, and to exhibit a definite purpose and method of execution not to be found to the south of the Tweed. Their portraits, I should say, are distinguished by their manliness and truth, always giving one the notion of embodying individual character with fidelity and general success. Of Raeburn's performances, I like the least the famous large picture of Sir Walter Scott, which is rather ineffective and *monotonous*. But he must have been a difficult subject for treatment by an artist, as may be judged by the attempts to be seen here. But his Francis Horner is good—very solid—although rather too heavy in the shadows on the face. So are his Thomas Gladstone and his William Tytler. There is, however, such a uniformity of excellence about Raeburn that it is not easy to select examples of merit superior to the rest.

Fleming.—I agree with you, and am also not disposed to contradict you about Watson Gordon. All his canvas carries real men. How good are his Lord Cathcart, his Christopher North, and his Lord Dunfermline; his Lord Cockburn and Principal Lee, too, are fine full-lengths. How securely the old lord of session stands on his own ground, with the house of Bonally in the distance; and what an air of natural life and action there is in the advancing figure of the divine, giving one assurance of the man as he was. His forms are not perhaps always finely modulated, but they are generally well blocked out, so to speak, and he conveys the idea of a workman who knows what he is about, and achieves a distinct purpose. Compared with such a master as Gainsborough there is a want of variety in his colour, and occasionally of absolute truth in the tone of his shadows—and the same remark will apply to Raeburn also; but looking at the collected works of these Edinburgh men, and of the fashionable Sir Thomas of London, posterity must reverse the judgment which, during the first quarter of this century, gave the preference to the President of the English Academy.

Aycliffe.—It is satisfactory to think we are better off now than in the days when Sir Thomas Lawrence reigned supreme. The standard of criticism is higher, and there are more men capable of reaching it. We have the refinement and colour of Boxall, never perhaps surpassed; the perfect mastery of drawing of Watts; and others, already mentioned, have each their own peculiar excellences. But to Gainsborough we must still go back to find the union of qualities which could produce the works which alone can challenge actual comparison with the living face.

Bernard.—Do you think that Gainsborough was in possession of any secret mode of working, which perished with him?

Aycliffe.—Some people say so, but there is no evidence of it, except what lies in the fact of his

superiority to others; and we know how hard he worked, with his sketch-book always in his hand, and how constantly he was drawing nature. There is, too, a kind of limit to the recurrence of the highest human genius, and one must not expect a painter like Gainsborough to turn up again in a hurry. For my own part, I doubt whether he was in possession of any *arcanum* to insure good painting; and I always hold by what Fuseli said to the young student who teased him about vehicles, and wanted to know the best thing to mix his colours with. 'Brains, sir, brains!' answered the professor. Nothing can equal them. But there can be no doubt that Gainsborough, in common with all his great predecessors, had a fixed method of procedure—what we lawyers would call a 'practice' to supplement the pure law of art; and by adhering to this he saved a great deal of time, and got his effects with a certainty almost as perfect as that of an ordinary mechanical craftsman, turning out his work in the accustomed course of his occupation. The old men could not have done the quantity of painting they did without some fixed methods to guide themselves by, and under which, also, they could get assistants to work upon their pictures, in the security that their part of the performance would fall into its proper place and harmonise with their own. Can any one do this now? Can the pluralist portrait painter of the present day employ a curate with any satisfaction to himself? Something there was which seems to have stopped with Gainsborough—which he, at any rate, was the person who exercised, not only best, but last, and which did not survive him. The pictures in his manner, executed by his nephew after his death, do not satisfy me that Gainsborough was the depository of some secret known only to himself, as the latest heir of a long line of masters, which died with him, or was for a time feebly perpetuated by his younger relation. But I do suppose that he worked out a system of practice for himself, and having satisfied himself upon it, stuck to it; and I venture to suppose that the grand modern fault is to be found in not taking pains enough to insure success, and in not sticking to one good method when found.

Fleming.—'Praise the works of Pietro Perugino, and say that the picture would have been better painted, if the painter had taken more pains.'

Bernard.—Pains and brains are the two essentials—but why cannot accumulated experience be handed down,[1] and why should every young artist have to construct a method for himself? What is the use of schools and academies of art if they do not save all this trouble?

Aycliffe.—Probably you do not expect your last question to be answered—on the spot. But I have piles of blue books in my chambers which might assist you; and there have been one hundred annual exhibitions of the Royal Academy, and not quite so many dinners: and we are told that next year in the new buildings at Burlington House, there will be nearly twice as many pictures exhibited as now; and most painters covet the R.A. after their names as much as we long for our Q.C. In each case I fancy the significant letters lead to the marking of larger fees, although they cannot alter the quality of the art or of the law.

Fleming.—That is a very interesting little frame containing the portraits of the four young men whose names have since become so famous in English literature. Coleridge seems to look most like him-

[1] Sir B. Brodie used to say that the best part of every man's knowledge died with him.

self. There is an eloquent exuberance about the mouth, indicative of the great talker of later days. Wordsworth does not look like a poet—his face is hard and almost stolid. Southey is wild, and seems to be looking for another world across the Atlantic. Lamb gives one the notion of a good-looking young man.

Aycliffe.—What a tragical picture that is of Lamb and his sister. It brings very forcibly to mind the sad story of his life, and the indomitable love for the poor sister to whom his earthly being was one long and devoted sacrifice.

Fleming.—The later portraits of Southey and Wordsworth are poor enough. There is a head of Coleridge by Washington Allston, the American, which is good, but rather idealised. Byron is ill represented; Keats and Shelley look like the great poets they were, in days when it was expected that poetry should have both sense and sound, and should present intelligible thoughts clothed in a beautiful and attractive dress of words and metre.

Aycliffe.—*Apropos* of Keats, has any one been to see Holman Hunt's Isabella?

Bernard.—Yes, I am one who has been to see it, and I would advise you to go too. I like the picture much better than the Christ in the Temple, which was more of a pictorial encyclopædia of Jewish costume, than the transcript of an important event in the life of our Lord. Nearly everything was there sacrificed to the accurate detail of the accessories, and to the display of technical ability in dealing with them. 'Isabella or the Pot of Basil' is more free from these objections, and indicates a partial escape into a less artificial region. Still the furniture and the dress, and the glass and crockery proclaim themselves too much, and destroy the poetry of the subject. The model, too, for the poor lady, has been unfortunately selected. She is a great strapping woman apparently from the labouring class, with large hands and feet; and Isabella, as we know from Keats, was the daughter of a wealthy merchant of Florence.

Aycliffe.—Boccaccio says, of Messina—but I won't raise a question of *venue*; it is not material.

Bernard.—Then the subject itself does not seem to me a fit one for pictorial illustration, nor is the best part of the story chosen to paint from. The suggestion of the horrid contents of the pot, where 'the thing was vile with green and livid spot,' may be made in poetry, but the appeal to the sense, even of sight, is too much. And I can find no beauty in the picture to redeem the unfitness of the subject. The law of the Thebans, quoted by Lessing in his *Laocoön*, has always been slighted by the so-called pre-Raffaelite school of painters, which recommended the artist to use imitation as a means of arriving at ideal beauty, and prohibiting its use for the advancement of ideal ugliness—the ideal ugliness having been in fact rather a favourite end and object of theirs. In this work I admit that the principal figure asserts itself, more than in the Christ in the Temple, over the properties and scenery; but there is still too much prominence given to these.

Fleming.—The poem of Keats is indeed a beautiful expansion of the old Italian tale. What a stanza is this:

> When the full morning came, she had devised
> How she might secret to the forest hie;
> How she might find the clay, so dearly prized,
> And sing to it one latest lullaby;
> How her short absence might be unsurmised,
> While she the inmost of the dream would try.
> Resolved, she took with her an aged nurse,
> And went into that dismal forest-hearse.

Can anything surpass the meaning and the music of these lines? Was there ever so exquisite an image

conveyed in such choice words as that of the 'dismal forest-hearse'? Keats has improved on Boccaccio, but Holman Hunt could scarcely improve on Keats.

Bernard.—I wish one could sometimes hear of Keats without allusion to the everlasting *Quarterly Review* article, for which, I believe, he cared as much as it deserved, and no more. Yet in the short biographical account of the present catalogue, occupying altogether four lines and a half, the equivalent of one line is devoted to, 'felt deeply hurt by the severe criticism of the *Quarterly Review*'—not but what the bad use of a reviewer's power may do infinite harm. There is a portrait not far from that of Keats, the original of which suffered signal injustice and injury distinctly due to review articles. I mean Dr. Thomas Young, whose researches in the undulatory theory of light place him in the foremost rank of physical philosophers. Yet a couple of articles in early numbers of the *Edinburgh Review*, then in its powerful youth and insolent strength, deprived Young of the honour and reputation due to his labours, and postponed the examination of his theory for full twenty years. It was ultimately due to the generosity of an illustrious Frenchman that Young's researches were properly recognised; and English philosophers owe a debt of gratitude to Arago for the vindication of his predecessor's fame, aspersed and stifled as it had been by a fellow-countryman. The articles in the *Edinburgh* dealt largely in ridicule and invective, and were scientifically also quite unworthy of the late distinguished writer to whose versatile pen they have always been ascribed.

Aycliffe.—Brougham, I suppose: but for the present we must obey the reverent precept of the ancients, and abide by the old 'De mortuis nil nisi bonum.' For my own part, I am always afraid of these great discoverers in nature. It seems to my weak apprehension that they are going too far. With my poor faculties I am alarmed at the notion of getting so near the edge of our knowledge, and being made giddy by looking over into the abyss beyond and below.

Bernard.—Beyond and above would be better: the gaze at truth is ever directed upwards; and you need not fear that we are too rapidly approaching the confines of what is to be known. There are really no 'flammantia mœnia mundi' to circumscribe or coerce the free range of discovery; and the more we learn the less we seem to know. Newton's modest comparison of himself to the child who had secured a single shining pebble from the infinite numbers on the sea beach is seen to be more true and beautiful, as other children of science pick up other pebbles, but leaving a vast and inexhaustible supply of similar treasures for countless generations of unborn mankind. But let us rest our eyes a little before we look at the old pictures, and sit down in this quiet corner, and have some rational conversation.

Fleming.—What do you call rational conversation?

Aycliffe.—Why, conversation like ours, I suppose. Only I don't want that always to be too rational. There ought to be a good deal of play in the talk of busy men, or it will not do them much good by way of recreation.

Fleming.—But there should always be some kind of design in good, and even in mere amusing talk, which I don't mean to say is not good. There should be a ground for the pattern to grow upon—a connected outline, as it were, to be filled up and coloured—a skeleton to be clothed with muscles and flesh.

Bernard.—Skeleton indeed! How often one gets nothing but disjointed

dry bones thrown at one, by way of intellectual food in conversation. Some people, however, have a wonderful art in picking such bones, and finding some nutriment in them, or at least can discover amusement in turning them over and over again, when even with the aid of a Papin's digester there is really nothing to be got out of them.

Aycliffe.—The weather is the great bone of talk in England, and might indeed be properly enough called the back-bone or vertebral column of British conversation.

Bernard.—Weather talk is useful sometimes, and is as good an opening of the game as any other. It is like the move of 'king's pawn, two squares' at chess, which however trite it is as a commencement, may lead to every variety of skilful and beautiful play.

Fleming.—Even weather talk is not so bad as shop talk; and of that I don't know which is the worst variety; but it is all bad.

Bernard.—I have no doubt which is the worst. Lawyers, artists, and doctors may from their professional stores often make interesting conversation, if they abstain from too much detail and technicality; but of all things, save me from clerical *shop*. How infinitely small and petty may be made the functions of a great calling! Parish squabbles; the amount of the last collection; the latest novelty in ecclesiastical millinery; getting *duty* done, and so forth.

Aycliffe.—I certainly flatter myself that the talk at any circuit table is better than at an average visitation dinner. But then it ought to be better, because the lawyers are more in the world, and have more to talk about. It is the want of interesting subjects in common which starves conversation, and reduces it to the most degraded condition. It is the love of talking, and the fact of really having nothing to say, which lies at the bottom of much mischief in the world. Victor Hugo, in his great work, *Les Misérables*, has a striking passage on this: 'Certaines personnes,' he says, 'sont méchantes uniquement par besoin de parler. Leur conversation, causerie dans le salon, bavardage dans l'antichambre, est comme ces cheminées qui usent vite le bois; il leur faut beaucoup de combustibles; et le combustible, c'est le prochain.'

Fleming.—Very good! And for this purpose it is easy to answer the question, 'Who is my neighbour?' That is, after all, the great and inexhaustible subject with the great mass of those who in conversation employ the sublime gift of articulate speech. From the palace to the cottage, the grand subject is to talk of one's neighbours and their affairs.

Bernard.—'Homo sum, humani nihil a me alienum puto.' I cannot see why my neighbours and their affairs should not very frequently afford me the best opportunities for good conversation. What else is politics and all the most striking news of the day, which you can hardly wish to banish altogether from the domains of cultivated talk? The man who has good information on these topics, or can comment upon them well, without borrowing his remarks from the newspapers, is always welcome, and deservedly so.

Aycliffe.—Not to be a bore is perhaps after all the safest, if not the highest, object of conversational ambition; and that, if true, is rather a humiliating conclusion to arrive at.

Bernard.—But what is a bore? Everybody can spot one when he is met with; but it is not so easy to define his essential qualities beforehand.

Fleming.—I must protest against this. Surely we all know well enough, only too fatally well, what a bore is.

Aycliffe.—No, you don't! You must remember that, in order to have the general reputation of being a bore, a man must be a good deal in society, and pretty well known, or he could not have acquired his fame; and to maintain his place in society, in spite of the reputation of being a bore, must mean that a man has some good qualities for the sake of which he is worth having, and which save him from universal elimination. It is a mysterious dispensation, involving no doubt many curious adjustments and special adaptations, under which the bore, in the great struggle for existence, manages to thrive and maintain his place, not only by mere sufferance, but almost with something like distinction.

Bernard.—The difficulty is in determining where boredom begins:

Great wits and great bores closely are allied,
And thin partitions do their bounds divide.

Aycliffe.—For my part, I always envy bores, even if I do not admire them. They are so happily unconscious of their own delinquency. Indeed, it seems hardly fair for people who are not bores to sit in judgment upon them. At the trial of a flagrant bore, there should always be a jury *de medietate*. Half of the jurymen should be themselves duly qualified bores; only it would be a difficult and delicate thing to frame the jury list from which to summon them.

Fleming.—Clearly impossible, unless you began with an Act of Parliament declaring certain persons by name to be statutable bores; otherwise you would never get your jury to start with, or be able to proceed to convict fresh offenders. The first set might be tempted to allow their names to be put in the schedule of the act, in order to be the first to enjoy the pleasure of sitting upon others.

Aycliffe.—And it would at once lead to great social successes. Everybody would ask them to their houses, to see what they were like. They would be positively fêted.

Bernard.—A bore should have good manners; and a great charm of manner lies in the constant display of the wish to agree with your interlocutor; but it must not be carried to the length of perpetual assentation. A happy medium must be preserved. Nobody has a right to be always telling me that he concurs in all I say. It is rather worse to bear than perpetual contradiction. If you know a man to be a fool, it is irritating and degrading to find that your own views and opinions are all the same as his; whereas, if you are contradicted, a very pleasant amount of self-complacency may be obtained by the opportune reflection that your opponent is an ass.

Fleming.—I am afraid you go into society in a very selfish frame of mind, and think more of being amused or pleased yourself than of trying to please and amuse other people.

Bernard.—You are becoming personal, but I accept your challenge, and I confidently maintain that no one in society can be amusing who is not amused, any more than one species of electricity can exist without its opposite. There is a natural and necessary duality or reciprocity about it. Therefore, it does not in the least matter where one begins to think about it; and as I know better what will amuse myself than I know what will amuse other people, it is safer to think first of myself. In this way the greatest happiness of the greatest number is most certainly secured. The anecdote that I tell best will give me the most pleasure in telling it, and is safe to give the greatest pleasure to those who hear me tell it. Of course, I do not mean to affirm that the person the most amused is always the most amusing, and I may as well say

that myself, as leave it to be said against me by one of you.

Fleming.—Your theory depends on the assumption that a man always knows what he does best. How do you know but that the anecdote you think you tell best, is the very one that bores your friends most? Indeed, it seems to me that your argument is a slenderly disguised defence of bores, who naturally think they are always doing their best, and certainly always suppose themselves to be amusing.

Bernard.—I believe that what Fleming has just said, suggests a new and subtle definition of the essential distinction between a man that is a bore, and a man that is not a bore. A bore may be defined as a person who thinks himself always amusing; or at least that other people ought to think him so.

Aycliffe.—According to which, modest merit would not be included in your definition of bores. Now, to my thinking, modest merit is in itself the greatest of bores. Why should I be put to the trouble of discovering it? If a man has a good picture, he ought to hang it where it can be seen, and in a good light, and not turn it with its face to the wall, and leave his friends to seeing it by accident.

Fleming.—You are of course speaking socially, and so far I am disposed to agree with you. But the article in question is so rare that we need hardly provide a place for it in the discussion. Lights I have known many, varying in intensity from magnesian wire to a farthing taper, and I have never known one of them voluntarily put under a bushel by its owner, though I have seen many doused by other people with more or less quickness and success, knocked out of their hands and trampled upon, quenched in torrents of ridicule, quickly puffed out, silently extinguished, and sometimes sputtering on to their own death, and finally going out with a stink, but always against the will of the light-bearer, and with no contribution of a bushel by himself for the eclipse of his own luminary.

Aycliffe.—There is no doubt this fault in Bernard's proposed definition, that it includes only active bores.

Bernard.—I deny the existence of any others. People may be passively disagreeable to their fellow creatures, unfortunately, in a variety of ways, but then I maintain they are not properly to be called bores. The word implies in its origin, an active, persistent, incessant, continuous operation by which way is made into the heart of the social system. Think of a carpenter working a centrebit with a somewhat blunt cutting-tool in it, and you have the best possible conception of a bore; and the best illustration of the fundamental truth that a bore cannot himself be bored.

Fleming.—No, confound them! that is the fact; and that is what makes one almost envy them in their powers of inflicting evil and never suffering it, at least, not in this world.

Aycliffe.—In another world perhaps their punishment may consist in having to listen to other bores upon their own favourite subject; just as Quevedo in his vision of the infernal regions makes the bad fiddlers endure the torture of hearing other bad fiddlers play.

Bernard.—Poor bores! I can almost pity them, in prospect of such a frightful fate for eternity.

Aycliffe.—Poor us! that have to listen to them now. I steel my heart against them, and can only thirst for revenge.

Bernard.—Which you will never get; and you had better therefore restrain your evil passions and endeavour to make the best of this best possible of all possible worlds. The only revenge of which I can hold out any reasonable prospect is,

that you may yourself in your old age become a bore; but even then you would not taste it, and would only fancy, according to your own theory, that you were giving pleasure, when in fact you will be doing the very reverse.

Fleming.—Now let us go back to the portraits. I want you to look at the so-called Sir Francis Drake, by Antonio More. It is a very fine picture, and probably by the master to whom it is ascribed, of whom there is another good specimen in the head of the first Viscount Montague. More died in 1575, when Drake would be from thirty to thirty-five years old—the date of his birth being uncertain—and a weather-beaten sailor might easily look older than his age. But although Drake did not return from his famous circumnavigation of the globe until 1579, he had achieved much previous notoriety, so as to have been a likely subject for More's pencil. He had been with Hawkins in the Spanish main; he was there a second time on his own account before 1572, and in 1573 he came back from his exploit at the Isthmus of Darien, and then served as a volunteer under Essex in Ireland. On the whole I see no reason for doubting that the picture is by Antonio More, but it is very doubtful, as a portrait of Drake, although, so far as dates go, it might be one. The absence of the jewel seen in other portraits of Drake is a circumstance in favour of More's having painted it, because it was not until 1581 that it was thought wise to acknowledge Drake's services at court, and it was then that Drake was knighted, and then also probably received the jewel from Elizabeth. The features are certainly not like those of the authentic portrait of Drake; and there is a peculiar action of the hand, twitching the ring suspended by a cord from the neck, which must be after nature; which I do not remember mentioned as a habit in Drake. The armillary spheres on the sleeves of the dress must not of course be appealed to as evidence, because if it is not really a portrait of the great navigator and astronomer, it is their presence which has led to the naming of the picture.

Aycliffe.—What magnificent Holbeins! the Reskimer, the Earl Delaware, the Lady Guildford! What perfect work in drawing, colour, light, and shade, and due subordination of the elaborate jewellery and dresses to the faces!

Fleming.—No one seems able to explain the strange costume of Sir Henry Lee of Ireland, standing in the open air with nothing on but a richly embroidered shirt, with shield, helmet, petronels, &c., slung about him. In Scotland the bare legs might have been exhibited to conciliate the natives, but here they are unaccountable.

Bernard.—That portrait, by an unknown hand, of Lettice Knollys, is worth studying. It is an evil face, and the contemplation of it, as drawn by a painter evidently of no common power, may help one in arriving at a conclusive determination of the lady's true character, if one otherwise were inclined to doubt it.

Fleming.—The Cromwell portraits are interesting and good. Baby Oliver looks as if he would generally get his own way with his nurse, and the features are unmistakably those of the future victor of Naseby and Protector of England. Henry Cromwell's is a fine face. Things might have gone, perhaps, a little differently, if he had been the eldest brother, and had had the chance of perpetuating his father's dynasty.

Aycliffe.—Rather a vague speculation, and we have no time now to rewrite in imagination that chapter of English history. Here is a sort of fancy piece of General Wolfe, as

a boy studying a plan of the battle of Blenheim, which has no other merit except of showing how a comparison of dates may sometimes lead to the erroneous condemnation of a genuine thing. The picture is marked as having been painted by West in 1777, whereas Wolfe was killed before Quebec in 1759, and it is probably intended to represent him at the age of fourteen when he entered the army. The picture, however, cannot be called a portrait, and has no right to be here, except to point the moral which I have endeavoured to draw from it.

Fleming.—Byron was unjust on West when he called him—

> Europe's worst dauber and poor Britain's best;

but it was not creditable, surely, to English art that he should have been placed at its head as President of the Royal Academy.

Aycliffe.—There are some good remnants of Reynolds, a fine Sheridan, and the grand Admiral Keppel from the National Portrait Gallery: but I am disappointed that more old pictures have not been forthcoming. However, we cannot stay here for ever. I see a man moving towards a bell, evidently with the view of ringing it to turn us out. It will be more dignified and less ignominious if we go of our own accord.

Bernard.—Will there be any more portraits here next year?

Fleming.—This is called the third and concluding exhibition of portraits, and I am sorry for it, as I have spent many pleasant hours among the old faces here. But I suppose we may expect to see other pictures in a similar way. The British Institution, which used to afford the best picture exhibition in London when it displayed its old masters, exists no longer. The gymnastic art has displaced the art of painting. The athletic mania has broken out there under very exalted patronage. It will be a pity if there is no opportunity of seeing the treasures of our private collections sometimes, by the kindness of their owners, and I hope that we may hereafter look to have an occasional 'old masters' loan collection, either here or in connection with the National Gallery.

Bernard.—It would be a very good plan.

Aycliffe.—I wish one could silence that dreadful bell. I thought we should have escaped its clang, and, indeed, you ought on other accounts to have left sooner. You know you are both to dine with me, and although we keep no person waiting, I cannot answer that the dinner itself can be put back without injury. So come along, and as three cannot go in a hansom, we must charter a four-wheeler.

[*Exeunt in No.* 4367.]

BOLSOVER FOREST.

By the Author of 'The Autobiography of Salmo Salar,' &c.

CHAPTER I.

MASTER B.'S YOUTHFUL REMINISCENCES.

'MASTER B.! Master B.! where *can* Master B. be?' Where indeed? Chin-deep in the hogs-wash, standing tip-toe on the inverted bucket which had happily been left floating in the greasy liquid, my dirty, chubby, tear-furrowed cheeks and streaming eyes just visible above the rim of the tub, into the depths of which my innate love of natural history had plunged me. To watch the movements of the rats in the pig-sty, I had crept along the rotten, treacherous boards forming the cover, which breaking had well nigh committed me to a direr fate than that of 'maudlin Clarence in his Malmsey butt!' Out of this delicious bath I was rescued, sobbing and half-choked, by my much-enduring nurse, Mrs. Bedwyn, scolded, shaken, soothed, kissed and put to bed, from which I rose the next morning neither a sadder nor a wiser child.

I think that during my infancy and boyhood I went through every species of danger and met with every mishap that child or boy could be exposed to. I was tossed by the cow, kicked by the donkey, scratched by the cat, and bitten by the dog (strangers all, for the home creatures knew and loved me); I tumbled off the haystack, and into the pond, and down the well, and out of the cart, and off the apple-tree, and into the bee-hive. I was run away with by the pony, and blew my eyebrows off with gunpowder. I was lost, and found, and strayed away, and sent home again, and went through as many adventures before I was twelve years old as many a quiet individual might experience through a long lifetime. All and each however had some reference to my favourite pursuit of natural history, and though, as in the case of the rats in the pig-sty, my attempts to watch wild animals and learn their works and ways occasionally ended in discomfiture, I was ever ready to renew the essay, and neither time nor trouble, labour nor pain, was taken into account if in my own mind I could add but one page to the science of which as yet I knew not even the name, Natural History—

> I could watch from morn till gloom
> The lake-reflected sun illume
> The yellow bee in the ivy bloom.

Yes! and the rats, though not so poetical and not so proverbially industrious or ostensibly useful, were worth watching in their way. When the rotten old boards which had played me such a scurvy trick had been removed and the strong new lid fixed in their place, I would lie at full length upon it, and peeping stealthily over the mud coping of the wall, observe how warily, when the gluttonous hogs had finished their repast and could stuff no longer, the old rats would send the young ones forward like doves from their ark of refuge, and watching them as they stuffed their little skins out, assure themselves of their own safety by the immunity of the baby marauders. Then the half-grown rats, wiser in their generation than the infant brood, would issue forth, rush to the trough, snatch a mouthful, and—find themselves robbed of it by their despotic seniors as they sought to regain their homes. Finally, when assured that there was no immediate danger,

the grey-whiskered, yellow-toothed, bright-eyed patriarchs of the horde would run silently and swiftly forth, and having snatched a hasty meal, perform their careful after-dinner toilette before my delighted eyes. In truth there is no animal so cleanly as the despised rat. Whether he live in pig-sty, farmyard, drain or sewer, his face and his whiskers and his pretty paws will be kept clean and white and pure as, nay more so than, any lady's pet, be it of what race it may.

Master B.! but I have not given the reader the etymology of my curt name. B. is short for Benjamin. My mother's younger brother, who rejoiced in that name, a wild and wayward youth, had gone off some years since to what my nurse called generally 'the Injies.' He had left the country under a slight cloud and at variance with both my father and mother, but the latter cherishing a secret hope that 'Uncle Benjamin' would one day return laden with gold and make his namesake, if he found one, his heir, or possibly go through the latter part of the programme without troubling himself about the former, had insisted on christening one of her sons Benjamin. My father, who hated the name, generally abbreviated it by the use of the initial, and commonly referred to me as 'little B.' The servants and the villagers took it up, and I was universally called Master B.

Master B.'s chosen playmate was little Bill Belt, the cowboy, and deep was the grief that swelled the gentle bosom of his somewhat exclusive nurse at witnessing this, as she considered, degrading intimacy. What would she have said had she been aware that at the moment she was anxiously seeking Master B., that young gentleman was engaged behind the barn in a pugilistic encounter with Bill in defence of the two surviving children of tortoise-shell Tip?

> The cat's kittened in Charlie's wig,
> There's twa of them living, there's four of them dead;
> T'ane's a son, t'ither's a darter,
> The four dreed their weird in a bucket of water.

Bill, to whose tender mercies Tib's progeny had been confided, was minded to drown the 'whole biling,' as he called it. I resisted successfully, and at the expense of a black eye rescued the unconscious innocents and restored them to the embraces of their fond mother.

Perhaps in these early days my notions of morality and the strict obligations of truth were undeveloped; at any rate the account I rendered to Nurse Bedwyn of the cause of the disfiguration of my ruddy countenance bore no relation whatever to the real facts of the case. However, the story, whatever it was, was taken as fact, and old Nathaniel, or Nat Belt, the gamekeeper, Bill's father, a man of strict probity and strong religious feelings, was so pleased with my pluck in not splitting on Bill, that he became thenceforth my fast friend; and many a pleasant hour I spent in his cottage, and many a wrinkle on the subject of dogs, game and wild animals in general, I got from the good observant old man and treasured in my memory.

The kittens, I may here state, throve and grew into cathood; and though Sandy, the son, went the way of all cats in early life, and contributed his mite of utility to the scale of creation in the shape of a keeper's cap, young Tibbie, the daughter, lived to a good old age, and was famous among cats for many good and for some bad qualities. She was a splendid mouser and extraordinary bird-catcher, but, I am bound to own, a terrible thief and poacher. Nat Belt out of gratitude, however, condoned her offences in that line; and though she was more than once caught in his traps, he always, after some practi-

cal admonitions, set her free. Eventually Tibbie became thoroughly up to trap, and gins and snares were in vain set for her in the neighbouring woods and coverts to which, for a great distance round, she paid frequent visits. Indeed, Tib's powers of locomotion were wonderful. She loved me with an intense and enduring love, such as I have never seen exhibited by any other cat; she would follow me long distances across country wherever I went, running up half the trees we passed in our wanderings in search of birds' nests, and then go off poaching at night as if she had only purred on the hearth all day. Tib's principal employment on my behalf was the bringing up the stray or supernumerary young animals, scions of my prolific and diverse happy family. The 'storgè' or natural love of offspring was deeply implanted in Tib's breast, but it was not of an exclusive kind. Her own young ones, of which she produced a litter about every six months, being destroyed, she would nurse *à discrétion* young rabbits, young squirrels, young ferrets, and I verily believe, if I had tried her, young rats. She made no coquettish scruples on the subject, affected no natural reluctance, but on the blind helpless young of any of these animals being presented to her, she at once took them up in her mouth, and, retiring to her favourite corner, performed the maternal office with as much apparent satisfaction as she would have done in the case of her own murdered innocents. The young ferrets were the most valued by me. They came as do the oysters—but once a year;[1] and the old doe had the knack of producing, like an Irish peasant, more than she could possibly maintain. Tib was the America to which the redundant population was carried for support, and very proud she was of the charge, and well she sustained it. Her foster-children in after life repaid her care by bolting the rats from their holes, which Tib—who alone among cats had learnt the art and mystery of ferretting—would catch and kill like a terrier. Very few, if any, cats will *face* a rat (I am not sure that Tib would); but, sitting motionless near the mouth of a hole while the ferret was working within, she would seize at a bound the terrified fugitive as he fled from his hole, and run off with him to devour or torment at leisure.

Rat-catching is a noble pursuit. Mr. Buckland has declared there are two descriptions of fishing—salmon fishing and gudgeon fishing; I say there are two kinds of hunting—fox hunting and rat hunting. Of the first we have treated elsewhere; of the second no trustworthy record or elementary treatise exists.

Caret vate sacro.

Would it were otherwise! The rat is the wariest, craftiest, and boldest of beasts. Skill, and caution, and experience, and good ferrets, and well trained dogs, are essential to the successful pursuit of this noble though as yet unhonoured phase of sporting, and not less hunting strategy than in the chase of bold Reynard. We may in a future chapter give an account of a rat hunt on scientific principles; for the present we proceed with our own, to us, more interesting memoirs.

CHAPTER II.

PUPIL AND PRECEPTOR.

Nat Belt had two children besides my friend Bill — Sam, the eldest, a fine young man, who acted as aide-de-camp (I mean under keeper), and, as his father asserted, 'knew a'most as much of game and

[1] The pole-cat ferret. The common white ferret breeds twice.

dogs and vermin as he did himself;' the other, Barbara or Baby Belt, a rosy-cheeked, bright-eyed lass of eighteen, the bosom friend of Patty the nurserymaid, who, under Mrs. Bedwyn's superintendence, had the charge of Master B. Baby was not idle; she kept the lodge clean and tidy, waited on her mother, who was an invalid, fed the fowls, reared the pheasants, taught in the Sunday school, and led the choir in the parish church, besides coming in to work at the Great House, as ours was called, whenever a county ball or some home festival brought with it more work than my sisters' maid could possibly get through. She was one of the prettiest girls I ever saw, and as good as she was pretty. Indeed, the whole family were good in their way, well bred, well brought up, and well conducted; and it was evidently considered that I should take no harm from a rather unusual degree of intimacy with them; and my visits to the keeper's lodge were rather encouraged by my excellent mother, who did not share in Mrs. Bedwyn's class prejudices. I generally had tea at the lodge about once a week; and a present of a pound or two of Souchong now and then may have been intended as an equivalent for the inordinate quantity of hot bread and butter which I consumed on such occasions. Tea was eight shillings a pound in those days.

'Can you read, Mr. Belt?' said I one afternoon, sitting over the fire after tea, while Baby was washing up the cups and saucers, and Sam had gone out on his rounds. 'Can you read, Mr. Belt?'

'Well, Master B., I can read *my* Bible.'

'Or any other person's Bible, I suppose?'

'No, I won't say that, Master B. I was taught to read in *this* Bible here,' reaching down an old, red-covered, brazen-clasped book from the shelf beside him. 'It was given me by master's brother, the parson I mean, when I was a boy at his school, more than forty years ago, and I don't know as I could read out of any other.'

I took the book in my hand, and found that though the Gospels were well thumbed and somewhat dirty, the rest of the book was perfectly clean, and the leaves slightly adhered to each other as if they had been rarely, if ever, opened. Young as I was, I concluded at once that Mr. Belt's powers of reading were limited to the chapters he had thumbed over in the Sunday school forty years before.

'Then, Mr. Belt,' said I, 'you can read no book but the Bible?'

'No book but the Bible, Master B.'

'I read,' said I, 'beautiful books about natural history every day; and if you like I'll teach you.'

'Let's know what natural history's all about first, Master B.'

'All about birds, and beasts, and trees, and volcanoes, and flying fish,' said I.

The suggestion appearing to find favour in Mr. Belt's eyes, I immediately ran home, bringing back with me a beautifully bound book with coloured prints of British birds, and descriptions of their manners and habits, 'for the instruction of children.' Opening the book, and pointing to the picture of a bright blue-backed kingfisher, Nat begged me to read what was said about a bird he was in the constant habit of watching by the little river forming on one side the boundary of the manor. According, perched on a three-legged stool by the chimney corner, Baby, who had finished washing up the tea things, sitting opposite, old Belt smoking his pipe with a somewhat critical expression on his countenance, I commenced:

'"The kingfisher, *Alcedo hispida*——"'

'What's that, Master B.?'

'That's the Latin name of the kingfisher, Mr. Belt.'

'And what's the use of a Latin name, Master B., when we're talking English?'

'Yes; but we might talk to a foreigner, you know, and then he'd know what bird we meant.'

'All right, Master B.; and when I talk to a furriner I'll call it "Hispider"—only I don't want to. I hate them furrineering papishers.'

——'"is one of the most beautiful of the British aquatic birds."'

'What's "a quatic," Master B.?'

'A bird that lives in the water, I think, Mr. Belt.'

'But the kingfisher don't live in the water. But go on, sir! I beg pardon for interrupting.'

'"Its usual habitat"'—I saw old Belt's mouth twitch, but innate good manners restrained him, and he said nothing—'"is the bank of some meandering stream or silent lake. Its principal food consists of small fish, which the bird catches with singular dexterity. For the purpose of attracting its prey within reach of its unerring aim, Nature, which does nothing in vain, has clothed the kingfisher with brightest feathers of cerulean hue——"'

'I wonder, then,' muttered Belt, 'that Nature didn't put the blue on the bird's breast, where the fish could see it, instead of on its back, where they can't.'

'"The kingfisher's nest is composed of fish-bones and similar substances, cemented together by a sort of glue with which the bird is furnished. She takes possession, for the purpose of nidification, of some deserted rat's or sand-martin's hole, always in the close vicinity of water. She lays three or four pinky-coloured eggs, on which she sits alternately with her mate until they are hatched. If taken from the nest it is difficult, not to say impossible, to bring up the young birds."'

'And you believe all that, Master B.?'

'Why, yes; it's here in print, you see.'

Mr. Belt's face wore an expression that made me ask whether he found anything wrong in the account I had read of the kingfisher and its habits.

'Anything wrong, Master B.? Why it's all wrong altogether—leastways all I can understand of it, as I know who have watched them for these forty years. Kingfisher!—why she makes her own hole; I've seen her at it year after year. She lays *seven* eggs, no more, no less; they are white eggs, they are, and the shell so thin you can see the yolk shining through them; she hatches them all, too—there are seven young kingfishers in the nest as sure as there are seven days in the week. Made of fishbones!—she don't build no nest at all, but as she sits on her eggs she throws up the bits of bones around her, and the young ones afterwards they do so too, and that makes a sort of wall round them, and a very bad smell it has. I've found a nest a mile from the water or more, and brought up the young ones, too! But go on, Master B., and read about something else, please!'

'Shall I read about pigeons, Mr. Belt?' and taking up another book, I commenced: '"We have now arrived at the third order of birds, the *Rasores*——"'

'What's they, Master B.?'

'I'm sure I don't know. Oh yes, I see, they are *scratching* birds; the same as cocks and hens, and pheasants, and partridges, you know.'

'Well, they *are* scratching birds, they are, and running birds, too. Pigeons neither scratch nor run, their legs aint made for it.'

'"The nest consists of a few sticks laid across, so thin in substance that the eggs or young may sometimes be distinguished through them from below. This structure

is usually sixteen or twenty feet above the ground" '—('I have seen it five and I have seen it fifty,' muttered Belt)—'"and sufficiently broad to afford room for both parents and their young." '—('There's room for one old bird at a time, and hardly that.')—'"Two eggs are laid" '—('That's true!')—which are hatched in sixteen or seventeen days." '—('Depends on which they count from.')—'"The young are supplied with food reproduced from the crops of the parent birds, who, inserting their own beak between the mandibles of the young bird, thus feed them with a soft and pulpy mass." '

'Read that again, Master B., will you?' I did so. 'Well, I thought I understood it right; and now don't read any more. Why, every one who has ever seen a young pigeon feed knows that it shoves its bill *into* that of the old one, cock or hen, and sucks away, just as a young calf does at his mother. I have seen two young ones with their heads half down their mother's throat, pressing down till they a'most choked her. That's one of the many differences between pigeons and all other birds that ever I knew; and what's the use of your books, that teach such nonsense as you've been reading to me, Master B.? Better come out on the rounds with me or Sam—Sam knows a thing or two, he does!—and see for yourself, than to go wasting your time in reading books full of ignorance, like them.'

Slightly nettled at Mr. Belt's contemptuous rejection of the knowledge I had been so anxious to impart to him, I asked in what respects pigeons differed from other birds, especially birds of their own class.

'Well,' said Belt, 'look at a pheasant or a barndoor fowl, Master B. He has strong legs for running and strong claws for scratching, but weak wings for flying. Look at a pigeon: he has weak legs for running and weak claws for scratching, but strong wings for flying. Then pigeons pair, fowls don't; pigeons build on trees, fowls on the ground; pigeons lay two eggs *always*, fowls a lot of eggs never alike in number. The cock pigeon sits and helps to feed its young, the cock pheasant don't do either. Chickens can pick and feed themselves as soon as they are born, young pigeons—I have told you how they are fed—are as helpless as any birds I know. Pigeons *drink* like a horse, the others are forced to lift up their head and let the water trickle down their throats. Pigeons have no gall, fowls have. But I've told you enough of differences, haven't I, Master B.?'

I confessed he had considerably enlarged my views on the subject, and began in my heart rather to despise my books.

'And now I'll tell you, Master B., how the young pigeons you eat in pies are fed; and you won't find that in your books, I'll be bound. They are brought up by hand, or by mouth rather. They are taken as squabs from the nest, packed by dozens in a large shallow box or basket, and fed by a dirty ragged boy, who chews boiled peas and bread and stuff in his mouth, and when it is full of pulp, he takes them up two at a time, and lets them routle with their bills, one at each corner of his mouth, till they have sucked their little crops as full as they will hold. Then he takes up two more, till his mouth is emptied and their crops filled. That's the way pigeon pies are made, Master B.!'

CHAPTER III.

DOG-BREAKING.

Mr. Belt had hardly done talking when Sam entered the room, accompanied by a young man of about his own age, who was cordially

greeted by Mr. Belt as 'Charlie,' and by Baby as 'Mr. Bond;' the greeting of the young lady being accompanied by an arch, not to say meaning, smile. We had just seated ourselves round the crackling hearth when Baby's especial friend Patty made her appearance, in search, as she said, of Master B., who was sure to be in mischief when he was out of her sight. Patty was evidently quite taken by surprise at the presence of the stranger, whom, however, she appeared to know, and greeted very demurely, blushing at the same time more than the occasion seemed to require. Baby giggled, and a somewhat awkward pause ensued, which was broken by Sam's novel remark, that it was a cold night for the time of year; which proposition being assented to, the conversation became general.

Mr. Charles, or, as Belt called him, Charlie Bond, was the subject of no little gossip and speculation in our little world. Whether Mr. Belt or his son knew who or what he was was uncertain, but assuredly no one else did. He was a good-looking young man, with light hair and whiskers, and his hands showed no signs of hard work; indeed, their complexion and that of his face were those of one who is not much in the open air. He lived at Slowton, our market town, about five miles distant, and that was all that was known of him. Some said that he was a brewer's clerk, some a sign-painter; others, again, that he was a 'literary gent.' He seldom came among us, but was always welcome when he did come. Charlie was a proficient in all athletic sports; when in the mood he would perform the most extraordinary gymnastic tricks, which enthralled my youthful imagination. He could bend himself backwards, and pick up a sixpence off the floor; he could touch the back of his head with his toe, place a glass brimful of water on his head, and stooping down, take a pin from the ground in his mouth without spilling a drop; he could twist himself backwards round the balusters like a snake, or, tying himself as it were in a knot, peep at you from between his legs. I never saw his equal on or off the stage. He was quiet and reserved, and rarely spoke of himself; but I once overheard him tell Mr. Belt that he had a permanent position, a guinea a week, and a good house over his head.

It was, as I afterwards understood, pretty well known that Charlie Bond 'kept company' with Patty, who, though she seemed to me to be as old as the patriarchs, (for what child's nurse or mother is not old in its eyes?) was a particularly nice-looking young woman. An hour had been passed very pleasantly when Patty declared it was time for me to go to bed. Charlie offered to see us safe home, and Patty acceded to the proposition, on condition that Baby accompanied us; the result of which arrangement was that the short path being very narrow, Baby and I walked first by ourselves, and Patty, my natural protector, with Charlie Bond, followed at some little distance. There was a little scuffling and confusion at parting, and Patty for the rest of the evening seemed unusually thoughtful and pensive.

I took my accustomed walk to the keeper's lodge immediately after breakfast next morning, and found Mr. Belt engaged with two of his latest pupils, Shot and Grouse, a brace of promising pointer puppies, well bred and handsome. Shot at my entrance was cowering in a corner, evidently in disgrace and suffering under a consciousness of it; his head, nay his whole body, seemed pressed against the sanded floor, as though he would hide himself, and his beseeching eyes, which alone showed signs of life, appeared to ask piteously for some token of

forgiveness. Grouse, on the other hand, sat upright on his haunches, with a self-satisfied expression of countenance which seemed to exult over his humiliated brother, and with little Jack Horner, to cry, 'What a good boy am I!'

'What's the matter with Shot, Mr. Belt?'

'He's misbehaved himself, and I've punished him. That's all.'

'Did you flog him, Mr. Belt?'

'Flog him! No; I'd never train a dog that wanted flogging. I aint like that brute Jerry Cant that flogs his dogs before he goes into the field, to make them mind what they're about, he says. I've got a dog-whip up there, as you see, Master B., and I touches 'em with it at times just that they may know what the whip is; but I'll have no dogs about me as wants flogging, and I won't flog dogs as don't want it.'

'But how do you break your dogs in the field, Mr. Belt?'

'Break's a bad work, Master B.; I *train* my dogs, and I train 'em in this very room'—the room was about twelve feet square. 'Look'ee, sir, a dog only wishes to know one thing, and *that* is what you want him to do; and he only wants to learn one thing, and that is how to do it. Come here, Shot.'

Shot, twisting his body into impossible contortions, came wriggling towards his master, his hazel eyes full of moisture, and his thin tail vibrating with a rapidity of motion that made you dread it would break into pieces like a stricken slowworm. Having received the seal of pardon in the shape of a slight caress from Belt's horny hand, the dog at once recovered his natural bearing, and giving a yelp of delight, which was echoed by his now sympathising brother Grouse, sat intently watching his master's eye. Surely man is the dog's god!

'Hold up, good dog!' said Belt, and the creatures at once bounded about the room. 'To ho!' holding up his hand, and at the word both dropped motionless on the sanded floor. As they lay, Belt took up a gun, capped, but not loaded, and snapped both barrels over their heads. Grouse pricked up his ears, but on receipt of a reproving 'Down charge, sir!' lay perfectly motionless, until the old man had gone through the form of loading his gun, when another 'Hold up, good dogs!' set them on their legs again. I was much interested in the lesson, and begged Mr. Belt to repeat it, but he declined, saying it was quite possible to have too much of a good thing, and it was always unwise to weary a puppy by the repetition of a lesson he had already learnt.

'I shall take them pups into the field to-morrow, Master B., and you'll see how they behave.'

'But how do you teach them to point?' I asked.

'Nature teaches them that, Master B. I expect that at first a point was only a pause that a dog made to be sure where the game lay before he sprung upon it; but the pause has been lengthened out, first into a stop and then into a point; and the habit has descended from one generation to another till a well bred puppy points on coming on the scent of the game just as naturally as he curls himself up to sleep, or shakes himself when he awakes.'

'But if he point on the scent of game, why should he not on the scent of anything else—a lark or a sparrow, a cat or a mouse?'

'Why, so he will, Master B., but he soon learns to take no notice of 'em when he sees you don't. He'll do so all the sooner if he's well treated, mind ye; for where's the use of beating a dog for ignorance, like Jerry Cant does? A dog, like a child, must learn what he is to do, and what he isn't, and flogging only confuses and cows him and keeps him looking at the whip, and thinking of it instead of what you want

him to think of. When a puppy points at a lark, or a sparrow, or a mouse, or a snake, just take no notice of him, turn away, or, what he feels most of all, just laugh at him quietly—sneer like: neither dog nor horse can abide being laughed at. There are only three things I *teach* my dogs, and every one knows they're the best in the country: to keep to heel till they're told to hunt; to hunt when they *are* told; and to drop to hand. All the rest comes by nature. And now, Master B., if you'll take my old single barrel, I'll show you a bit how to use it, and give you a lesson indoors first, just as I do the puppies. Lay hold of the gun, sir, and cock it—you know how. Very good; only don't cock it another time until the muzzle has got well away from my line, over my head or down on the ground. You can't have a gun in a better position for cocking than when it's nearly upright; and now, Master B., let's see you put it on half-cock.' Touching the trigger with my finger, and holding the hammer with my thumb, I let it gradually down until it caught at the half cock. 'That's a dangerous plan, Master B.; always let the hammer down pretty close upon the cap, and then draw it back till you hear the click. Look here, sir,' said he pointing to a detached lock he was cleaning; 'this is the tumbler, and the trigger, you see, catches in one or other of those fine nicks, which make the whole or the half cock. Letting it down as you did is just like shutting a door by turning the handle: it very often catches without going into the groove, and a shake or a jar will make the lock fly open, or set the gun off. Let the *spring* act, and whether it is door-lock or gun-lock it will hold fast. And now, Master B., go to the other end of the room, and for this once take aim at my eye; and mind, you're never to take aim at any living thing again unless you mean to kill it. But this is a lesson, you know, so put your ramrod down to make sure there is nothing in the barrel, and take your place.'

I did so, and the clear ringing sound of the ramrod striking upon the breeching, showed that, as he well knew, the barrel was empty.

'Now sir! turn the muzzle away; cock your gun, place your left hand close to the guard, your right forefinger on it. Look straight at my right eye (no! keep both yours open) and bring your gun up to your shoulder. Very good, sir! and now shut one eye and squint down the barrel and you'll see that it bears straight upon mine. Now sir! do the same again, and when you have brought the gun up to the shoulder pull the trigger.' I followed my instructions and had the pleasure of hearing the old man say, 'Well done, Master B.! you've a true eye, and if your gun had been loaded I should never have heard the report. And now, never let me see the inside of your barrel again as long as I live, except when I'm cleaning of it. How should you carry your gun? some say up, some down, some on the hollow of your arm, some on the shoulder; they are all right at times, but the real safe way of carrying a gun is *never*, even for a moment, to have the muzzle pointed towards man or beast. And now Master B., to treat you as I do the puppies, I won't give you too much lesson at once.'

Early in the ensuing morning Mr. Belt, the puppies, and myself, were on our way to the trial ground, a large field off which a crop of barley had been taken, the short stubble now hidden by a crop of young clover.

'No, no, Shot! softly, Grouse! go to heel, good dogs,' said Belt as we approached the gap. 'Ware fence, ware fence,' and the puppies, who were coupled together, slunk behind

their master as he passed into the barley ash. 'And now puppies,' taking off the couples as he spoke, 'let's see what you're made of.' At a wave of the hand the high-bred dogs bounded forth, and it was both a beautiful and an interesting sight to watch the development of what I must consider the reasoning power as apart from, or in addition to, instinct. At the signal they dashed forward as I have said, seeking with their noses up-wind for something, they knew not what—but still in obedience to their master's signals, quartering the ground and seeking on in blind but undoubting confidence of finding it. Grouse took the lead, Shot following closely, the two running, stopping, turning together, as though animated by one spirit. 'Shot is shy and modest you see, sir, but he'll soon take to hunting on his own account; he has the finer nose of the two, Shot has. So-oftly, puppies! so-oftly!' as with a bewildered, anxious air Shot came to a half stop, and Grouse, who was a few yards ahead, turned towards him. A moment of indecision and then both dogs stood erect, stiff, rigid, and immovable. Excepting that the muscles of the nose quivered they might have been carved out of stone. How beautiful they looked—every muscle at its full tension, living but apparently spell-bound. 'There, sir,' whispered Belt, 'that's nature, that's breeding. All the breaking in the world couldn't teach that. They'd stand like that for an hour.' Then making a considerable circuit we passed round so as to have the birds between us and the dogs. When within ten yards my companion stopped and pointed out to me a brace of partridges which lay crouched close to the ground within six feet of the dogs' noses, their bright eyes fixed upon us. As my eye met the birds, they rose with whirring wing. Grouse plunged forward but instantly dropped, as Shot had instinctively done at Belt's warning, 'To ho! To ho! Down charge!'

A minute elapsed and they were allowed to hunt again, their first impulse being to rush frantically about the spot, drinking in as it were the lingering scent; but without rating, they were gradually removed from the spot, and commenced hunting if possible more systematically than before with a like result.

In accordance with Nat's practice this lesson did not last too long and I found myself at home again before half the family were out of bed.

Were it not that I fear to tire the reader with honest Nat Belt, I could recount many excellent lessons I received from him on every point connected with shooting and dog-breaking, from the loading of my gun to the management of my pointers and the carrying home of the game. The first mainly regarded the safety of myself as well as of others, the second the development of the instincts of the dogs and keeping them in subjection without cowing them. To come up to call or whistle, to keep to heel, to drop to hand or shot, were the essentials. All the rest, Mr. Belt affirmed, came from observation, encouragement and experience. Certainly I never saw dogs that excelled those broken by Nat Belt, in the ordinary or extraordinary qualities of a pointer. They took the wind, they quartered the ground, they backed, they stood, they dropped to shot, and sometimes a very old and wise one was allowed to retrieve, a young one never.

Nat Belt's dogs were not to be excelled.

CHAPTER IV.

BOYHOOD'S PLEASURES.

I forget what the story is in which a little boy, his face ruddy

from sliding, his hands red-hot from snow-balling, rushes in and proclaims to his mamma his simple wish that it might always be winter; he writes down his wish, and again in the spring after a butterfly chase, and the manufacture of a cowslip ball, he writes down, 'Would it were always spring!' He does the same in summer, and the same in autumn, and the beautiful and truthful moral is, that all seasons have their especial pleasures, and properly enjoyed are equally delightful. It is the same with life; that season on which retrospection is fixed for the time, appears to have been the most delightful, and it is then that we seem to have truly enjoyed life. Certainly this was a happy time in mine; I had got beyond the age of childhood, and my mind was sufficiently open to enjoy, if not to appreciate, the beauties and wonders of nature.

When my brothers were at home from school, our daily pastimes and pursuits were of a rough, boisterous character, as befitted healthy lads of our age—

> Turning to mirth all things on earth,
> As only boyhood can.

We flew kites and drove hoops, and played leap-frog, and foot-ball, and quoits and cricket, according to the seasons. We jumped with poles and without poles, we ran races and performed many pedestrian feats, we scampered over the country on rough ponies, and made life as far as possible one long holiday. A favourite pastime, I remember, was to burrow through the huge heaps of straw which, in those days of indifferent farming, were piled up in the yard after harvest. There was a sense of mysterious loneliness and concealment when we arrived at the centre and formed a sort of nest, wherein we held high council, and matured deep-laid plans of fun or mischief. Hither, too, we conveyed sundry unconsidered trifles of an esculent nature, and enjoyed our feast beyond any measure which the subject matter could justify. Stolen waters are sweet, but I think that a bottle of unsugared green gooseberries I once got hold of, fairly beat us.

Dragging the pond was one of our greatest delights. We always knew when that event was coming off by the presence of a large tub filled with water at the brink; this was to keep those fish alive which had the good fortune to be returned to their native element. The drag was a source of infinite enjoyment. Mr. Belt superintended, and Sam and Bill and the gardener, and the grooms and George the good-natured footman—sometimes even Mr. Stokes the butler himself assisted. Then there were such splashings at the sides to drive the great fish to the middle of the pond; such hauling to get the net through the weeds; such anxious pauses to allow it to work; and such intense excitement when, as it approached the shore at the remotest corner, the fish appeared floundering, splashing, and gasping amid the black liquid mud which filled the bag. Hauled ashore, each boy seized by hand, or net, or pot, or pan, such fish as he could appropriate: great sulky pike, gasping carp, slimy tench, slippery eels, one and all were conveyed, amid shouts of laughter, to the big tub, and the best being selected for food or presents, the rest were returned to be dragged forth on some future festive occasion. Bathing was another of our boyish delights. I think the clay-bottomed pond in which I learnt to swim, must have been of most modest dimensions, but it was a lake in my eyes, and the first half-crown I ever earned was given me by my father for swimming across it. That half-crown, by the way, I presented in the fullness of my delight to the

itinerant proprietor of a Punch and Judy exhibition at Slowton. I occupied the dress circle, that is, I sat on the churchyard wall and witnessed this, the first theatrical exhibition I had ever seen. The manager, who had received my liberal donation in his hat, voted me a young brick, a word just then coined, and after spitting upon it, pocketed the money with great glee. It appeared at the time, and I am not sure even now that my impression was incorrect, that a horrible act of tyranny was performed when my grandfather, a J.P. for the county, happening to pass by, peremptorily ordered the grumbling vagrant to return the money, under a threat of instant incarceration as a rogue and a vagabond.

Our swimming in the pond excited the curiosity of those strange, harmless creatures the water-rats, sole representatives of the ancient family of beavers, a colony of whom —rats, I mean, not beavers—had settled in the banks. They would come out of their holes and, their light bodies half out of water, glide among us, apparently actuated by simple wonder at our appearance and proceedings. Their reception was not such as their simple confidence deserved, but we were generally too eager and excited to hurt them, and the stupid beasts, after diving once or twice among us, would regain their holes in safety.

Bird catching, by means of brick traps and wicker baskets, snares, and springs, was among our favourite winter pursuits, and many a score of sparrows, larks, and thrushes were caught by these means, or by the bat-folding nets held against the eaves of the stacks, or the dense evergreens which crowded the house. The gardener generally held the net, one boy carried a lighted lantern suspended on a stick behind it, whilst the other beat the bushes or poked under the eaves in front. The barns and cow-houses, nay, the church tower itself, was visited, and some lighted candles being fixed on the beams on which we were perched, the scared birds, naturally seeking the light, were struck down by sticks or caught in the hand. Hedge hopping, too, was a favourite pursuit: we would separate on each side of a hedge, and finding a small bird, chase and pelt and drive him till he was fairly beaten into a corner and fell a quaking victim into our hands. We would wake an old white owl from her dreamy slumber in some lone field barn, and as she flew forth blinded by the sun and frightened by our shouts, pursue with little less than her own speed, until we had captured or destroyed her. Cruel all this, I know, but boys think little of the pain they inflict; they are cruel because they are thoughtless, and their thoughtlessness seems to increase in precise proportion to their numerical force. I question whether any boy would alone, under any circumstances, take the life of bird or beast. I know that for myself, the moment that my brothers and their wild companions had left me, I relapsed into a silent loving contemplation of nature, and would sit for hours quiet and motionless on the branch of an old pear tree, a favourite resort of mine, and mark the humble-bee as he went buzzing by, or the sharp, sudden turn of the swallow snapping the winged insect I had disturbed, or watch the pretty, lady-like little tree-creeper as it ran like a mouse up the tree against which I leaned; or the beautiful nut-hatch, fixing within a cleft of the bark the nut which, making a fulcrum of his tail and using his sharp bill as a hammer, he would break, and devour the kernel. I took pleasant walks with Belt as he visited his traps, and learnt the habits of the wild creatures stigmatised as ver-

min, then, as now, the objects of a war of extermination. I learnt to distinguish the track of every four-footed beast, the song, or note, or flight of every bird, and there were many birds then common which, alas! are now extinct or passing rare. The fork-tailed kite sailed gracefully with outstretched, motionless wings aloft in the blue air; the kestrel hovered over the field, the sparrow-hawk sat wakeful and watching on the dry branch of the oak at the end of the hedgerow, the hen-harrier beat the low ground with the skill and patience of a setter, and the graceful merlins hunted in pairs. Wild notes of the woodpecker, the jay, and the magpie were heard at every corner: and the presence of a dead horse or beast, not then as now sent to market for human food, was attested within a few hours by the deep croak of the raven, whose mission, with the carrion-crow, the buzzard, and birds of their kind is, like that of the vultures in the East, to remove from the face of the earth decaying animal matter, which might otherwise pollute the wholesome air.

My 'joy of youthful sports' was birds'-nesting. Cruel again! I hear some excellent old lady of either sex exclaim. I deny it; there is no cruelty in birds'-nesting, though, as in every other pursuit of boy or man, where he is brought into relation with birds or beasts, it may be made the instrument of cruelty. A vast quantity of mawkish rubbish is talked about the agonies of the bereaved mother, the vain flutterings around the desolate home, and twaddle of that sort. Surely such persons should abstain from eating eggs for breakfast, and eschew batter puddings. Do they suppose that an old hen *likes* to have her newly laid egg abstracted from the nest? Surely not; she *dis*likes it. She protests against it, she pecks the hand or flies at the face of the hen-wife who removes it, she looks disconsolate when it is removed—for a minute or two, and then—forgets all about it, and prepares to lay another. Why, the Bible itself expressly forbids the Hebrew to stretch forth his hand against the sitting bird, and as expressly permits the taking of the eggs or the capture of the young. Birds'-nesting, I venture to say, brings out more good qualities, mental and physical, in boys than any other pursuit to which they addict themselves. Patience, observation, and endurance are brought into play; a keen eye, a cool head, strong muscles, and well strung nerves are essential to the pursuit. What system of gymnastics comes up to tree-climbing? It is like a paper chase to a foxhunt, a sponging bath to a free swim in the sea.

But we are not writing an essay, but a history. I repeat, my 'joy of youthful sports' was birds'-nesting; and the woods and well timbered hedgerows which abounded in our neighbourhood afforded ample scope to my favourite pursuit. Scarce a copse but held at least one magpie's or crow's nest, frequently both; and Thorney Wood was never known to be without a buzzard's. In the distant forest of Bolsover, a birds'-nesting paradise in my eyes, all wild birds had their eyries and all wild beasts their lairs. There the kites bred, and the raven and the heron; hawks of all kinds, jays, magpies, and woodpeckers. The bald-headed coot, the merry little grebe, and the graceful moorhen tenanted the lone pools which nestled in its depth; and even woodcocks, snipes, and sandpipers were reported at times to breed within its precincts. Foxes, badgers, hedgehogs, stoats, weasels, and their congeners were safely nurtured within its deep recesses, and from thence spread themselves over the country. My notion of the happy hunting grounds, was a dream of Bolsover Forest.

Mr. Belt entered fully into my enthusiasm on this subject, and besides assisting me to feed and bring up the young birds I brought home, generally of the order *Raptores*, kites, hawks, or buzzards, gave me most useful hints as to the whereabouts and the construction of their nests.

'You talked, Master B., the other day about 'classing,' as you call it, the pigeons along with the cocks and hens. If you had thought of their nests, you would never have made that mistake.'

'Why, Mr. Belt,' said I, 'would you class birds by their nests?'

'And why not, if they are to be classed at all? There is no one thing that birds are so constant and regular in as the making of their nests, more especially in their lining. Who ever saw a wren or a tit's nest that was not full of feathers, or a warbler's with a feather in it? Did you ever know a blackbird line its nest with aught but fibrous roots, or a song-thrush collect any soft lining at all? Did you ever see a finch's nest that was not finished to a hair, or a missel thrush that had not left a lock of wool hanging over the side? Many a missel's nest has escaped taking from the belief that it had been taken already. The lining of a rook's nest is always slovenly, moss and wool mostly; a carrion crow's is round and smooth as a basin, cow and horsehair. Then look at the little grebe—the didopper, as you call her—she dives down to the bottom of the pool for every morsel of weed with which she lines her nest; the coot and the moorhen fetch theirs from a distance; while the swan sits on her nest and catches the floating pieces as they pass.'

I acknowledged the uniformity of birds in this matter, and remarked that birds were very clever in the art of concealing their nests; but the old man would not admit this.

'I don't believe, Master B., that they ever think of hiding their nests at all, at least not until they have been taken once or twice; and then, as in everything else, they profit by experience. Why should a bird think that you and I want to take its nest? If they did, they would never come, as they do, near houses and homesteads to build. Nine tenths of the blackbirds' and the thrushes' nests in a wood are within ten feet of the ride. Nature provides for the protection of the eggs by colouring them like the substances near which they are laid. Eggs on the ground are dark; eggs in the bush are green or blue; white eggs are always hid in holes of trees or banks. There are such like differences in the eggs of different birds; but the same birds line their nests the same way, just as they lay the same eggs.'

This axiom I verified in numberless instances in after years. I remember an especial one in a wild part of Ireland called Ballycroy, where I lived for some years. There is not a tree in the barony, not one, I think, within four miles of where I was located. I had observed that the water-ouzel invariably places four or five dried oak leaves beneath the first lining of her nest. On examining one taken close to my house, I found the five leaves, *oak* leaves, as usual. Where did they come from?

CHAPTER V.

BIRDS'-NESTING.

One morning in the early spring, I had obtained permission to spend a long day in the forest birds'-nesting. Bill was to accompany me, as well to 'look after' me as to carry a basket of provisions for our al-fresco dinner, consisting of cold fowl, hard-boiled eggs, and plenty of bread and butter.

Light were my slumbers the night before, and at the first rattle of the

gravel against the panes I started from my bed, and throwing the casement open, inhaled the sweet cool air of the morning, and viewed on the horizon the first streaks of the dawn. Short were our orisons, limited our ablutions; hastily swallowing the cup of still hot tea, placed providently by kind hands on the hob, and taking semi-circular bites out of a thick piece of bread and butter, I had within five minutes joined my companion on the lawn; and, full of gleeful anticipation, we turned our faces in the direction of the distant forest. Our road lay through the Dene, as the beautifully wooded narrow valley which stretches away to Thorney Wood was called, and passed close to the Grange, an ancient stone-built house surrounded by a moat now partially filled up. It had been a place of note in its time; a pair of massive pieces of masonry showed where a heavy gate once stood, and local antiquaries could trace the remains of fosse and wall, and other defences. The Grange was now nothing more than an excellent farm house, and Mr. Stubbs, with whom I was an especial favourite, its owner and occupant.

As we approached the Grange by the southern entrance, the labourer earliest at his work saluted me with a kindly 'Good morning, Master B! Up betimes, sir!' and looking over the low wall, I recognised the burly form of Mr. Stubbs himself, standing with his hands in his pockets in the only corner of the yard as yet touched by the early sunbeams, contemplating, apparently with much satisfaction, a cluster of two year old Devon beasts, some of which were lazily stretching themselves, the majority lying asleep, but still chewing the cud, among the thick, dry straw. A greyhound sat on its haunches, nestling his long nose against the flap of Mr. Stubbs's pocket, in search of the hidden hand; and a little rough terrier at his feet, aware of my approach, growled wickedly. Some well bred short-faced, fine-coated breeding sows poked their heads out of the litter as they heard the gate-latch rattle, anticipating breakfast; a long line of white Dorking fowls were stepping, in apparently endless succession, in single file, jerkingly out of the henhouse; and a multitude of pigeons overhead emerged from their cote in little clusters of threes and fours, and commenced ruccattuctooing and bowing to each other in most absurd fashion. A picture of peace and plenty and animal comfort was that farmyard, and dearly did Mr. Stubbs, its presiding genius, love it. I was received with a warm grasp of the hand; and a hearty invitation to breakfast having been declined on the ground of my recent meal, we proceeded together to the house, where my refusal was condoned by the acceptance of a tumbler of rum and milk. We found Mrs. Stubbs and her daughter Susan in the large hall which served for the general sitting-room of the family; and Mrs. Stubbs, who prided herself on being a farmer's wife, as she was a farmer's daughter, proceeded to the dairy to bring the milk with her own hands. Susan, whose delight it had been to play at nursing me as a baby some ten years before, gave me a hearty kiss, at which Mr. Stubbs laughed, and made some allusion to somebody being jealous. Susan Stubbs was about twenty, a good-tempered, fresh-coloured, smiling girl, with the brightest of eyes and the softest of hair, her nose slightly turned up and her mouth rather too wide for perfect beauty; but as the only daughter and heiress of Mr. Stubbs of the Grange, generally recognised as such. It was understood that amongst her numerous admirers Susan had but to pick and choose. For my own part, I may confess that next to Baby Belt, I adored Susan Stubbs.

Her mother soon returned with the milk, sweet, warm, and frothing from the pail; a bottle of rum and a sweet cake being produced from a corner cupboard, I, for the first time in my life, tasted that delectable compound, rum and milk. It was possible I might have liked the milk pure and simple better, but there was a charm in the novelty, and rum and milk sounded so manly. I swallowed my tumbler at a draught; Bill, to whom, sitting by the kitchen fire, Mrs. Stubbs had kindly taken a similar jorum, sat prolonging the enjoyment by sipping it slowly, and with intense delight.

'How's the fox, Mr. Stubbs?' said I; 'how's Charlie?'

'*Oh!* he's right enough, Master B. Crafty vagabond! Come and see him.'

Truth to tell, a visit to Mr. Stubbs' fox had been almost as much in my mind as the visit to himself and his charming family. 'Charlie,' the only fox I had ever seen, was an object of unceasing interest to me. His kennel was under the old moss-grown stone steps, constructed long ago to aid the heavily attired horseman to climb to his bulky steed; they stood beneath a huge elm tree which grew on the north side of the house. Charlie, a collar round his neck, with chain attached to a strong post, was seen as we approached stretched on the topmost step, his nose hidden between his forepaws, his ears laid flat to his head, his bushy tail at full length in a line with his body. As we came nearer he retained his position, but seemed to press himself closer and closer to the stone, and remained motionless.

'Charlie, you rascal!' said Mr. Stubbs, 'what mischief have you been up to now? Eh, Charlie?'

The creature seemed to realise the fact that no compliment was expressed or intended; he opened his mouth to the utmost stretch of which it was capable, displaying a formidable array of sharp teeth, and made a very peculiar noise which came from his throat, and gave the idea of his having a bone stuck in it.

'Look at him, Master B. Look at him now! The cunning of that crittur beats all I've ever seen or heard of. Would you believe it, he has made two runs round his kennel, so as to cheat the chickens?'

There certainly were two—an inner and an outer, whatever might have been Charlie's intention in making them.

'You see, the fowls soon learnt by experience how far Master Charlie could spring, and always kept outside the ring he had made by running round and round at the full stretch of his chain; so what does he do but make an inner ring, and when the chickens come to pick a bone or any bit of food he may have left (I believe the villain leaves it on purpose), he is down upon them in no time. He killed two last week and buried them. Eh, Charlie? You rogue, you!'

Charlie hawked up another snarl from the pit of his stomach.

'Buried them! Where?'

'Why, under those two stones he has managed to loosen in the pavement; and he will take them up and replace them, too, in less time than it takes me to tell you. I one day laid a pheasant and a rabbit down just here, and turned away but for a moment to speak to a labourer; the pheasant had vanished, and it was only one of his tail feathers sticking out from under the stone that saved me from thinking I was bewitched.'

'That looks as if foxes liked pheasants better than rabbits, Mr. Stubbs?'

'So my lord's keeper said; but it's no such thing. The pheasant lay the handiest, so he took it and buried it, as I told you; he had no time for choice. There's nothing,

excepting a rat, that a fox likes so much as a rabbit.'

We were soon on our road again, our spirits, mine especially, buoyant, boiling over. Perhaps the unaccustomed stimulant had something to do with it; but there was enough to make me joyous without that. Healthy and strong, without fear or care, engaged in the pursuit I loved best, why should I not be happy? It was a lovely morning, the newly risen sun made the dewdrops glisten like diamonds on the twigs, the birds sang around and above us, the air was fresh and wholesome, and all nature seemed to rejoice with us; why should we not be happy?

'Can you sing, Bill?' said I. Bill thought he could, but didn't know any words except those of the Morning Hymn, which he had learnt at Sunday school, and which he believed was only sung 'to the praise and glory of God.' I proposed that he should sing to the praise and glory of God then and there, which Bill did; and I still think that the hymn was neither out of season nor out of place. After that I sang 'How doth the little busy bee,' to the same tune, and so we went rejoicing on our way. 'Arcades ambo et cantando pares,' as I afterwards learnt to quote.

Bolsover Forest was reached at last, and we lost no time in plunging into its deepest recesses—down long natural avenues, beneath oldest moss-grown oaks, crooked thorns, and ancient nuts with trunks like forest trees, and so on by copse and thicket, dell and dingle, wild waste, and swampy, rush-grown pasture. Our search had been most successful with regard to the number of eggs, but those which we had found were generally the more common ones. The summer birds indeed, although they had arrived, had not as yet built their nests. Our collection comprised nothing beyond blackbirds' and thrushes', hedge sparrows', chaffinches', and robins' of the smaller birds; a few rooks', magpies', and a single kestrel's, of the larger. As we passed along the dank, sedgy outskirts of a deep black pool which, fringed with alders and tussocks of grass, covered many acres of ground, a wounded duck started at my feet; the poor thing could scarcely fly, and with difficulty fluttered along just out of reach of my hand. What I meant to do with it I cannot tell; but a boy, like a puppy, runs after every living thing that runs away from him. In a moment, shouting to Bill to keep near the edge and cut her off from the water, I was in hot pursuit, dashing over the stumps, tumbling over the tussocks, splashing through the pools, ever on the point of catching the wretched bird which, with terrified cries, still managed to keep just out of reach. I came to a place where the pool, stretching into a sort of bay, intercepted my further progress, when to my surprise, after fluttering for a few yards along the water, she took wing, and flew strongly and rapidly away, leaving Bill and myself to stare at each other in mute amazement. We had had just the same kind of chase after a lapwing while crossing the bleak common which lay between Thorney Wood and the forest as we approached it in the morning, and we agreed that it was a singular coincidence. As we walked round the bay, our attention was attracted by two or three nests, not unlike rooks' nests but larger, built in a little clump of picturesque Scotch firs. As we approached, some herons, their long legs stretched behind them and forming a counterpoise to their prominent necks, took wing and with wild cries of alarm flew far away. How my heart beat! This must be the heronry which I had heard and dreamt of, but never hoped to see. A heron's egg was the

grand desideratum for my collection, and now the great prize seemed within my grasp! On our examining the trees however, one, and one only, appeared possible to be climbed, but on this was a nest from which we had seen the old bird depart, so we knew for a certainty there were eggs in it. The tree grew on the bank overhanging the tarn and leaned over the water at a very considerable angle, the great roots which held it being twisted into the bank like the shrouds of a raking schooner-rigged vessel. There were no boughs until near the top, and the nest was at the extremity of one of the lowest of them, but after the first twelve or fifteen feet there were broken spikes sticking out, the remnants of former branches which had been broken by the tempest or by the weight of the snow. Bill wished to venture, but I would not allow it; the honour of taking a heron's nest was too great to be surrendered. In three seconds my jacket was off, and Bill pushing behind, I had commenced swarming towards the coveted prize. The girth of the tree was considerable, but, as I said, it leant over the water at a great angle, the bark too was rough, affording finger-hold betwixt its interstices, and the sugar-loaf buttons on my waistcoat, of which, as was the fashion in those days, there was a favourable eruption, rather assisted me. The spikes though dead were not rotten, and eventually I found myself at the base of the branch on which, at the distance of a few feet, the great flat nest was placed. The branch, either naturally or from the weight placed upon it, bent rather downwards, and I could see its contents, three green eggs, larger than a crow's and much longer, indeed so long in proportion to their breadth as to be unlike any other birds I had ever seen. I suppose a heron requires a long egg wherein to pack its long legs.

Pausing for a moment to recover my breath and to steady my nerve, I commenced the dangerous process of climbing along the nearly horizontal bough towards the nest. This, as every birds'-nester knows, is a very ticklish and difficult operation. As you look downwards there is nothing betwixt you and the ground to break your fall should an accident happen, and the ground looks such a terrible depth below you! In this case it was doubly terrifying, for I was immediately over the deep silent pool I have described, and as I involuntarily cast my eyes downwards for a second it seemed as though a fathomless abyss were beneath me, a new sky somewhere in the remotest depths, and a chubby-faced boy suspended in mid-air gazing upwards at me. Closing my eyes for a second and repressing with some difficulty a feeling of giddiness, I scrambled onwards, fixing them steadily on the goal of my hopes, and striving, though not with entire success, to close them upon all beside. I reached the nest at last; it was a large, flat structure, composed like a rook's, externally of sticks and lined almost entirely with wool. It contained as I have said three eggs, two of which I managed to transfer wrapped up in my little blue pocket-handkerchief to that general receptacle of a boy's treasures my cap, and replaced it carefully on my head, tying the strings beneath my chin. How to carry the other was the question. It was too large for my mouth, and after some reflection I put it into my trousers pocket and prepared to descend from my perilous position. Alas! this was no easy matter; the 'facilis descensus' is all very well under certain circumstance, but under existing ones the 'descensus' was exactly the reverse and 'revocare gradum' was indeed the work. Lying full-length flat upon the bough and carefully dragging my-

self backwards, I had got safely over some four or five feet and was hoping to feel the trunk of the tree I dared not turn my head to look for, when from the tightness of my trousers I felt the egg in my pocket break with a crunch. An involuntary start threw me off my balance, and in an instant I had swung round beneath the bough, and unable to retain my hold found myself traversing the air towards that mock heaven I had contemplated a few seconds before.

When consciousness returned, I found myself stretched at length on the sunny bank to which the devoted Bill, having rescued me from the pool at the imminent risk of his own life, had dragged me. He was leaning over me, uttering ejaculations of grief and despair, for the lad loved me well and he thought I was dead. Possibly some dread of personal consequences might obtrude itself, and add intensity to his grief, for human motives are never absolutely pure, but his grief was genuine and extreme. 'What'll missus say? Oh dear! oh dear! What'll missus say? Master B., Master B.! Pray look up, sir! Oh dear, oh dear!' and then 'da capo.' Gradually I found strength to comply with his request, and Bill's joy was unbounded when at last I opened my eyes and gazing dreamily upon him asked, 'Are the eggs broken?' The answer that they were all right did more to revive me than any ordinary restoratives had they been at hand could have done, and I was soon able with Bill's assistance, and wrapped in his dry coat, for he had fortunately carried that garment in his hand, to reach the edge of the forest, where he left me to proceed at my leisure, and running on to the Grange speedily returned with Mr. Stubbs in the dog-cart who brought Susan with him, and wraps and shawls and much condolence and kind words, and was taken home and put to bed, from which, for some sort of fever ensued, I did not rise for a month, and then I learnt that in recognition of the spirited act by which he had saved my life, my father had promised to bind Bill apprentice to any trade he might select. Bill was delighted, for he had always had a soul above cow-boying; Mr. Belt and his wife were grateful, Baby charmed, and I was reconciled to the loss of my playmate by the pleasing intelligence that I was to be sent at once to school.

Bill at his own request was bound 'prentice to Mr. Allonby, the well known white and blacksmith at Slowton, a master of his craft, whose fame extended many miles beyond the town he lived in. Mr. Allonby was especially great as a locksmith; and Bill, who was a handy lad, and had a natural turn for practical mechanics, could hardly I think have chosen better for himself. Some years elapsed before we met again.

ELEMENTS OF ROMANISM.[1]

THE personal controversy between Dr. Newman and Professor Kingsley has been closed by Dr. Newman himself. Seldom does the press show so much unanimity as reviewers have shown in awarding to Dr. Newman the victory in that affair so much to be regretted; nor can it occur to us for a moment to reopen the question. But after all, it is wonderful to reflect for how small a concession Dr. Newman was contending; how limited has been the victory awarded. He has satisfied his readers that at no part of his career was he guilty of conscious insincerity! It is truly hard to believe that Mr. Kingsley, even in the utmost heat of the crisis, would have grudged this narrow admission; but unfortunately plenty of smoke mixed with the flame between the combatants. Dr. Newman, having been now withdrawn from official influence in Oxford and in the English Church for more than twenty years, is to it in a wholly honourable, though hostile position. Owing to the greatness of the movement in which he was the chief actor, he belongs to history; and we might review his whole course with just the same impartiality as though the grave had long closed over him. Yet we do not purpose here to analyse any part of it for its own sake, but only because he is an eminent and noble type of a very considerable party, against whom, for scores of years at least, and possibly for centuries, a hard battle will have to be fought. All that we have to say of him will lie within a narrow compass, without any possible ambiguity as to facts. Only for historical justice two remarks on the more recent controversy seem to us proper. *First*, we do not at all infer that those who now feel kindly towards Dr. Newman, pass thereby judgment on themselves for animosity against him a quarter of a century ago. Then he was to them as a wolf in the sheepfold. He professed to be saving the lambs from Rome, while in fact he was leading them thither. Indignation against him was then natural, inevitable, justifiable, whether he *knew* or did *not* know what he was about. In the excitement of such a time, some would take one, others the other alternative. It is neither wonderful nor blamable if many then thought he designed what he effected, who now admit that he deluded himself as well as his followers. But now that he has discovered and long displayed his true colours, they can honour all that they see admirable in him without fear that any will mistake an open foe for a friend. *Next*, even the *Apologia* does not appear to us to bring out anywhere sharply and shortly the true apology which lay in the fact that Dr. Newman's intellectual position was false from the very first day; of which he was long profoundly unaware.

It is hard to conceive a more pitiable mental history for an earnest man, whose talents make him in early youth the premature leader of a party, than to discover very gradually, that he is fundamentally out of place. No one can possibly escape from such a position, without the appearance of hypocrisy and treachery. We do not need to rest on the veracity of Dr. Newman's details. We know *à priori*, without his aid, how trying, delicate and unmanageable was his problem. Those who saw these events from the outside, as did in-

[1] *Verses on Various Occasions.* By the Very Rev. Dr. J. H. Newman. Burns, Oates and Co. 1868.]
Apologia pro Vita Sua. By the same.

telligent Dissenters, understood Dr. Newman's very distressing struggle more easily than those who stood within.

Universal agreement ascribes to Dr. Newman a wonderful acuteness, subtlety and energy of logic; but it is the logic of a lawyer,—of an advocate,—who argues only from what is *written*, or from what his opponents *concede*, not the logic of a philosopher who cautiously searches after first principles, and verifies, establishes, corrects, or abandons them. Men who have no pretensions to philosophy are alarmed when their reasonings lead to very novel, perhaps frightful results; and a certain common sense then leads them to review, and *sit deliberately in judgment on*, their first principles. We have never been able to discover that this was in any case Dr. Newman's procedure. With him honesty and bravery seem to have consisted in plunging on and on to whatever conclusions came from his principles, which (as far as we can judge) he has always regarded as sacred and unquestionable ever since he adopted the doctrine of Apostolic Succession. Thus alone could be explained the wonderful phenomenon, that an active, rich, subtle and powerful mind was so slow to discover the character of his own doctrines. They are depicted to us in a very concise and undeniably clear form in two pieces of poetry now republished, with the dates of November and December 1832. These show, that at least as early as 1832, Dr. Newman's doctrine was essentially that of Rome, against that of all the Reformers in every country of Europe. Herein is wrapt up the controversy still to be undergone in the English Church. We may first quote the piece of December 11, 1832:

PRIVATE JUDGMENT.

Poor wanderers! ye are sore distress'd
To find that path which Christ has bless'd
Track'd by his saintly throng.
Each claims to trust his own weak will,
Blind idol! so ye languish still,
All wranglers and all wrong.

He saw of old and met your need,
Granting you prophets of his creed,
The throes of fear to swage.
They fenced the rich bequest he made,
And sacred hands have safe conveyed
Their charge from age to age.

Wanderers! come home! obey the call!
A MOTHER pleads, who ne'er let fall
One grain of holy truth.
Warn you and win she shall and must;
For now she lifts her from the dust,
To reign as in her youth.

The second stanza seems to allude to the canonical Scriptures as the bequest conveyed by *prophets*. These can be none but the Christian 'fathers,' from Irenæus downward. Not to press the word *prophets* in poetical diction too severely, we accept this stanza as expressing the cardinal point in which the Reformers and the Church of Rome cordially agreed, viz., as to the sanctity and preciousness of the canonical books—omitting only the question of the Apocrypha, which does not here come forward. But the main controversy was, Who is to interpret the sacred books? How is an individual to discover what they mean? Here the Reformers replied, that each man and woman must judge for themselves, as they best could, by the best helps they had or could get; and this was called Private Judgment. On the contrary, the Traditionary Church insisted that no individual had duty or right of private judgment, but was bound to *submit* to that which the Church laid down. No one definite tenet separated, or could separate, the contending parties so sharply as this general difference. Not only was no room whatever left open for a public reformation by the laity and inferior clergy, if the doctrine of the old church was admitted; but no right or duty was left for the freedom and activity of individual conscience. If individuals must not judge, it is folly in

them to think and examine. The Roman doctrine strikes indeed at the root of all personal religion (which it merges in a corporate religion), and at all personal responsibility. The very statement of it suffices to show, that, whoever believes it, condemns the English Reformation and every other Reformation which has taken place in Europe. Yet Dr. Newman in 1832 plainly espoused that side, and in deliberate set phrase condemned Private Judgment. Nay, he identified it with personal *wilfulness*, calling it, 'a trusting in that blind idol, our own weak *will*.' After this, it is curious to find that we were all entitled by him *wranglers* and *wrong*, while the writer of the poetry imagined that he was himself (by some divine good fortune) exempted from the common sentence and was *not* judging for himself in selecting the form of his creed. Moreover, to prevent all mistake as to his meaning, he put forth a figurative personage called *Mother*, who is about to *reign* over us *as in her youth*; and it is plainly taken for granted that all who do not submit to her decrees are truant children, *wanderers*. Not only so: but considering that this *reign* of the Church was not so absolute in the second century as in the third, nor in the third as in the fourth, and that the energy of the Church's reign was greatest under Gregory VII. and Innocent III. while the rod of her power was not broken until the Reformation—nothing can be clearer than that this whole piece protests against the Reformation, and aspires to go back to the preceding ages, when men had faith in the Church instead of faith on personal conviction.

Is there any obscurity about this 'Mother?' There is and there is not. *First*, there is: for any one, who knows even superficially the course of controversy in Ireland, is aware that to get any intelligible explanation who and where the Mother is, and what are her decrees, is a prime insuperable difficulty. She is called the Church; but that does not mean the entire body of professing Christians, nor the invisible body of all the faithful, but some fraction of ordained priests; yet again no body of priests at which we can point, literally or figuratively; nor is it at all mere priests, but, it seems, bishops only; and not all bishops, but only bishops in general council; yet not all general councils, for you must exclude heretical ones: and then we have to learn what authority decides which councils are heretical and which orthodox, and which are really general. We have in short to find our 'Mother' before we can obey her. It further peeps out that a *consensus* of the learned is supposed to decide what councils are authoritative; hence it is not really the councils that constitute the 'reigning Mother,' but certain doctors behind them, who (by this logic) are higher and greater than the councils, and are empowered to reject some of them as heretical. But when we ask who these doctors are, there is no reply, except that one must spend many laborious years in trying to find them out, with no criterion, after all, to check our errors; while we are forbidden to use private judgment on anything in detail. Besides, there is the theory of the Pope's infallibility, which sums up the Church into the Pope, and makes *him* the Holy Mother. In one who is aware that such is the cloudiness of this metaphor, such the difficulty of assigning to it any practical meaning that can satisfy a conscientious inquirer,—it might seem to be sheer insanity to propose as a *first principle* of religion to submit one's understanding to the 'Holy Mother.'

But, *secondly*, every Romanist knows from his cradle that this practical difficulty presses on no

one but the unhappy Protestant, who suffers a torture like that of Sisyphus or Tantalus if he struggle to discover where is the Mother and what are her infallible decrees. To the Romanist layman all is clear, all is easy. He needs not to trouble his head with searching after an impalpable fiction. He has but to submit to a *living director* at his side—the priest; leave to him all these obscure questions, and pass on without disagreeable responsibility or the labour of thought. It therefore occurs to ask: Had Dr. Newman secured this subsidiary but very necessary part of the system, without which the doctrine of an authoritative Mother cannot possibly *work*? He had already gone to that perfection of Romanism in November 1832, when he wrote the following:

PERSECUTION.

Say, who is he in deserts seen
Or at the twilight hour?
Of garb austere and dauntless mien,
Measured in speech, in purpose keen,
Calm as in heaven he had been,
Yet blithe when perils lower.

My Holy Mother made reply:
'Dear child, it is my Priest.
The world has cast me forth, and I
Dwell with wild earth and gusty sky.
He bears to men my mandates high,
And works my sage behest.

'Another day, dear child, and thou
Shalt join his sacred band.
Ah, well I deem, thou shrinkest now
From *urgent rule* and *severing vow.*
Time hath a taming hand.'

We cannot suppose that this piece was intended to satirise the English bishops, yet certainly not one of them has much outward likeness to the priest here described. Our bishops may (for aught we know) dress *in garb austere* when in private, but in public they appear in fine linen, with a feminine and smooth aspect, rather to be called courtier-like than *of dauntless mien*; nor is it easy to say that *the world has cast them forth* or that they endure *persecution*, while they have seats in the House of Lords and at least 5,000*l.* a year. Evidently the church to which the poetry calls us to submit is *not* the Reformed Church of England, but a church under *persecution*. As it is quite impossible to interpret this persecuted church to mean the English Reformers under Queen Mary, or the Lollards, or the Waldenses, we seem to be carried back at least to the days of Athanasius. Not but that, as Athanasius and Arius were each in turn persecuted, it is dangerous to take persecution as a *note* of the true Church. It is here more needful to insist, that in spite of the wealth, rank, and freedom from persecution which give to our bishops so unapostolic an aspect, the PRIEST in this degenerate Church is supposed to retain not only his unimpaired status, but a direct communication with that invisible potentate the holy *persecuted* one, the Church in the *wilderness*—the Church (are we to say?) of the fourth century—from whom (and not from our modern bishops) the priest receives *mandates high*, and *works the sage behest* of the distant spiritual queen. Of course such 'mandates high' are given to be obeyed, not to be despised. Thus the authority of the priest is established, and the missing link is found, which enables every layman to obey the Holy Mother by simply obeying his priest. It is also remarkable that religious orders and vows are, with a frankness so gratuitous to the argument, here paraded before us. *Urgent rule*: what is that, but severe asceticism? *Severing vow*: what means that, but a system of celibate priests, so 'severed' from the interests of the laity, that they will, in pursuance of Hildebrand's craft, be devoted to aggrandise ecclesiasticism?

On Dr. Newman himself nothing of this can have any bearing at all, ever since the day that he discovered his false ground, and publicly joined the church of tradition;

but on those who then went along with him, and still remain in the English Church, these topics bear very heavily. Do the doctrines taught in these two poems move sympathy or grief in such men as (if for his eminence we may name one) Dr. Pusey?

The questions that here arise are far too great to admit of being softened down by any amiable considerations. Oil and water will not mix; nor, when principles are essentially opposed, is anything gained by disguise. The only hope of reconciliation lies in faithful simplicity of speech, divested as much as possible of all unkindness and of all arrogant assumption; and in truth, the whole case may be stated with entire clearness in the compass of very few pages.

We do not at all overlook the fact that there have always been among our High Church individuals essentially Romanistic in theory. Hence, also, as Conyers Middleton remarked, Rome has always had a steady crop of converts from them. But until the reform of Parliament in 1832 threw into the Legislature a powerful body of Dissenters, and caused panic in the Church, Romanistic teaching could not effect any energetic or national movement. Terror lest Lord Grey's Church Reform, aided by Dissenters in Parliament, should prove a reality, made hundreds overlook the danger of Rome, while clutching at Roman theory for defence against the State. Dr. Newman might have taught the same doctrines with the same ability and the same energy twenty years earlier, with only one twentieth part of the result. Moreover, ever since his own example proved that the doctrine came from Rome and led to Rome, its impetus is stayed. Nevertheless, the Ritualist clergy remain as the fruit of his movement; and it now becomes a very grave difficulty how the State is to deal with them.

Dr. Newman perfectly understands the intense contrariety of Romanism and Protestantism. The one may conquer the other, but you cannot make an Eirenicon between them, any more than between two opposing astronomical or medical theories. It is important to look into this broadly, from its historical side. One has but to read the New Testament, however cursorily, to see that the religion preached by Jesus, by Paul, by every apostle so far as noticed, was pre-eminently a personal religion. Individuals were called on to listen with their own ears, to judge with their own consciences, to cast aside the creeds or ceremonies in which they had been trained and as it were born, and devote themselves to a nobler morality and to a creed which would intensify and develop that morality. Each convert exerted his private judgment most emphatically in casting off the *cultus* of his youth and manhood and adopting a new creed. To have preached submission to a 'Holy Mother' could only have secured that there would be no spiritual conversions, nor was such a form of preaching morally possible to Judaism or to the earliest Christianity. Each of these religions attracted proselytes by the purer and nobler doctrines which it presented to their intellects and consciences, in contrast to those of the national traditionary religions; and nothing can be more opposed to this than to lay down that private men must not judge of the doctrine, but must look for an external body which is to judge in their stead; of which body they are (forsooth) to furnish themselves with outward *notes* or tokens. It is hard to deal argumentatively with the extravagantly imbecile notion that it is easier to decide by *private judgment* that a certain indefinite Invisible Corporation is infallible, and is entrusted with the Divine prerogative of judging for us, than to decide by

the same *private judgment* the special questions of morality or, it may be, of dogma, on which the laity are expected to consult their spiritual directors. Nor are we here called on to *argue* about it, but simply to point out that the doctrine, which, after some centuries, became Catholic, and is now specifically Roman, is in utter contradiction both to the facts and the possibilities of the early ages. A pagan *cultus* was sometimes propagated by the same methods as the Jesuits attempted in Asia; methods essentially theatrical, such as the displaying of emblems and performing of processions or dances with special utterances, or legends to explain the *mysteria*, that is, the sacred apparatus. Not unlike this are the sacred relics of Romanism. The point on which we insist is this: that one who preaches an infallible Church, which is to supersede men's judgment of moral and spiritual controversies, *cannot* address men's moral and spiritual faculties. He can only speak to their sensuous imaginations, by theatrical display, by music, by processions, by incense, by wreaths of flowers, by gorgeous dresses—to say nothing of idols or Virgins dressed up, holy coats or other relics, and periodical miracles like that of St. Januarius. He can address nothing but the outward senses of those whom he would convert; for to address the intellect and conscience is to admit the propriety of using private reason to sit in judgment on the doctrine of the preacher. The movement called Ritualism in the Church of England at this day is nothing but the legitimate and necessary development of forbidding private judgment. It is but a mark that the religion is a pagan cultus, and does not stand on the ancient apostolic foundation. Of course we are well aware that special texts can be quoted from the New Testament in favour of ecclesiasticism. Had it contained absolutely nothing capable of being turned to this service, perhaps the transformation which the doctrine of James and Paul underwent into that of Cypril and Augustine would have been impossible. But the glory and the strength of early Christianity (at least according to all its defenders) lay on its moral and spiritual side, and emphatically in the freedom of soul which it bestowed on those who had but one Lord, and Him in heaven. Without these elements Christianity is as salt that has lost its savour; and in the frightful history of the Papacy, with its crusades, its wars, its Inquisition, its massacres, its impurities, its avarice, we see what a curse in its perversion it became. The Reformation, though nearly everywhere imperfect and halting, whether from the infirmity of leading reformers, the intrigues of princes, or the convulsive struggles of war, yet everywhere *of necessity* became a revolt of personal private reason against authority, and in so far was a return to original Christianity. The ecclesiasticism against which it thus necessarily revolted is essentially pagan, inasmuch as it cares for outward obedience more than for inward intelligence; also, does not seek to 'minister the Spirit' to individuals and rear them into a manhood which can judge for itself, but to keep them in a perpetual childhood, amused by theatrical displays. Of what possible avail to morality can a religion be which is not in the intellect and soul, but is only outwardly stamped on the skin? The metaphor may seem extravagant; but when tested in genuine examples it will justify itself. Take the case of a man, who in good earnest supposes religion to consist, not in feeling with his heart and seeing with his eyes, but in obeying a priest who is to feel and see for him. Suppose him to avow

that he believes theft and murder and lying to be sins only because the priest tells him so, but that otherwise he would see no harm in them: will any one care a straw for his *morality*? So, if he say that he believes God to be good and all-knowing and truthful, only for the same reason, viz. because the priest so tells him, but that if the priest told him that God is cruel and lying and ignorant of man's actions, he would believe it: will any one care a straw for his *religion*, or think any spirituality possible to him? Nothing can be clearer than that such a man's religion (so called) is outside of himself—is (as we say) printed on his skin by the priest, and has neither life nor value. A man or a child does not begin to be religious at all until he begins to have private judgment; and he cannot grow up into spiritual life, except in proportion as his independent intellect grows up. When he believes, not because he *is told* something, but because he sees it, then at last he believes to some purpose, because 'he believes with his heart,' in Hebrew metaphor. To believe merely because a *priest* tells us, or merely because a *sacred book* tells us, makes but little practical difference in a single case of belief, though the former reduces the intellect to tenfold slavery. But no faith is perfect or trustworthy until it is spiritual; that is, until it is lodged in the man's own spirit and is discerned by his own faculties.

It is easy to attempt refutation of this cardinal axiom, by adducing on the one side questions of wisdom, and on the other, dogmas of faith, which no man of limited education can treat. But questions of wisdom are not here to the purpose. As to dogmas of faith,—for instance if no man can discern, so as to 'believe with his heart,' the immaculate conception as propounded by Pope Pius IX., it will only prove that this is not a religious truth at all; but, that if it be true, it belongs to some other class of truth. On the other hand, if it *can* be so discerned by an accomplished priest, as to enable him to say, 'I believe, not merely because Pope Pius IX. has affirmed it, but because I discern it for myself,' one thing at least becomes certain, that the priest has attained his discernment by spiritual and intellectual development, and not by external ceremonies, such as laying on of hands; so that laymen equally exercised in pious thought may attain the same discernment. Another thing may be laid down, that if the spiritual doctrine be ever so true, ever so discernible to the faculties of the spiritually exercised and advanced; yet if it be undiscernible to true-hearted beginners who in scripture language are babes, it then ought not to be made a *dogma* at all; but it suffices to say, whosoever can receive it, let him receive it. To Protestants we may better illustrate our meaning by another example. The doctrine of the millennial reign of Christ upon earth was all but universally believed by the very early church; and in the sincere opinion of many now alive, is most distinctly taught in the New Testament. Yet no man can possibly so attain discernment of this doctrine, as to believe it independently of the book. This fact suffices to make it improper to account the doctrine a dogma of religion, be it ever so true.

But in the last paragraph we have touched on another great topic, in which Romanism identifies itself with Paganism, namely, in its belief in charms and magic, such as the spiritual efficacy of an outward act. No corruption entered the Christian church at an earlier date: none was more fatal. Surrounded by an atmosphere of Paganism, and filled by converts drawn chiefly from the most ignorant part of society, not excluding the slaves,

the church with great rapidity misinterpreted and perverted into magic every emblematic rite; insomuch that all *emblems* may be justly regarded as equally dangerous with *images*. When a church parted with two of its beloved instructors, to go on mission among the neighbouring heathen; when with full hearts and anxious souls they took solemn leave of them, what more agreeable to natural piety than, while commending them to God in prayer, to breathe blessings upon them, and accompany that blessing by the well known emblematic paternal act of laying hands upon their heads? Such a mode of blessing did the church in Antioch use towards Barnabas and Saul, already accepted and active among them as prophets or teachers. Pious and proper as was the practice was in its beginning, pernicious in the extreme has been the mimicry of it. So again, when Paul and the elders commended Timothy to the divine blessing, and in symbol thereof laid their hands on his head with prayer, it is, and was (we suppose), an open question with Christians, whether their prayer actually *drew down* upon Timothy some *immediate* increase of spiritual energy, which in scriptural language would be called a bestowing of the Holy Ghost. To believe this would be, if an error, yet a venial, and in some sense a noble error, as being the error of a noble soul; and so long as the efficacy of the laying on of hands was not separated from the efficacy of the prayer and the holiness of those who prayed, the symbol was incapable of degenerating into a charm. For a revered teacher to lay hands on a younger man, was early interpreted as a solemn *commendation* of him to others; and it is so understood at present among churches who look with contemptuous disgust on the idea that a ceremony has any spiritual efficacy. To lay hands on the head, as to grasp the hand or to kiss, has its appropriate meaning, easily understood; but one might have thought, no one who had not been nursed in paganism could pervert the symbolic actions into charms. 'Lay hands suddenly on no man, neither be partaker of other men's sins,' says Paul to Timothy: that is, 'Beware of *recommending* to the brethren a man who may turn out worthless, lest you become responsible for his mischief.' What more simple or more sensible? Yet out of such a text is elicited the monstrous idea that Timothy's hands had a magical virtue, nay, and *transmitted* to even worthless men a spiritual power which had come into Timothy from the hands of Paul. Such is the ecclesiastical doctrine of Apostolic Succession! It maintains that every bishop in the English church *transmits* by his hands a spiritual power; (which is indeed defined as the power of remitting or retaining sin!) transmits it from a predecessor, who got it from one before him; and so back to the apostles. It insists that the wickedness, ignorance, or unbelief of any bishop who is a link of the chain, does not stop the downflow of holy influence—that a bishop, as such, holy or wicked, wise or silly, transmits the influence equally well, so that it is not impaired by time, but every modern bishop is on a par with Timothy himself; while on the other hand a pious Lutheran minister or Scotch Presbyterian has not this mysterious (and as they add, strictly necessary) gift, but is a mere layman. Sydney Smith expresses his contempt of this theory, by calling the imaginary gift 'the true virus;' and it is indeed hard to blame coarseness towards such a dogma. But here it occurs to us to express our wonder how any man can imagine himself ever to have held in his heart the evangelical doctrines, if he has accepted baptismal

regeneration and apostolic succession without a struggle or a shock. Such evangelicalism can have been only skin deep. Evangelical theories, like other theories, may lie on the surface of the mind, may be believed because they are (or are supposed to be) in a book. But a genuine evangelical can as well believe paganism outright, as believe that a profane, ambitious, sensual, misbelieving man, called a bishop, can bestow the Holy Spirit; or that any person can in any circumstances receive a spiritual gift by purely physical manifestations. He totally disbelieves it, not merely because it is not in the New Testament, nor merely because it is utterly opposed to all the principles which pervade the New Testament, but also because his intellect and heart reject it with contempt and loathing. He regards it as unprovable, for it attacks the very essence of his faith. If texts were alleged in proof, to which he had no reply, he would have to say, 'So much the worse for the scripture;' inasmuch as he reveres the New Testament for its spiritual doctrine. Of course, he does not really put the hypothesis of its teaching a paganism which would force him to reject it, when the fact is, that there is not the shadow of pretence there for this portentous fiction.

Nearly the same may be said for the two other great perversions of Christian practice, though in extenuation it must be admitted, that the metaphors are in one or two texts undoubtedly harsh, in regard to Baptism and the Lord's Supper. New birth is itself a harsh metaphor, and has been overstrained, not by the High but by the Low Church everywhere. Remission of Sins is coupled with the baptism of *adult believers* in one or two texts. The new birth is in numerous passages referred to faith without mention of baptism. In spite of this, out of two figurative texts has been built up a mystical theory concerning the influence of baptism on infants, who do not and cannot believe. Hereto have been added, an apparatus of sponsors who *believe* and *reply* vicariously, and a doctrine of 'sin' which the infant has *not* committed, but has to get arbitrarily washed off, because it is arbitrarily imputed! Men who have been reared in such a belief, and in the still more monstrous fictions concerning the Lord's Supper (as we see in the case of Luther), may be puzzle-headed about them to their dying day, just as pagans brought their paganism into the Church. Nevertheless such theories are not the less certainly a base superstition. They involve the incredible absurdity that a physical mechanism generates spiritual results; nay, in the grossest, that is, in the Roman development of doctrine, the Sacraments are supposed to move heaven and hell. We do but give the right name to all such theories, by calling them magical. The Christianity of the New Testament is one great protest against the whole. It was a system erected on directly the opposite assumption, that all spirituality acts in the heart, by the heart, and proceeds from heart to heart, never by the manifestations of the conjurer, nor by outward transmission, any more than by birth. The living word, piercing the heart deeper than the dissector's knife, is there the only instrument that conveys the Spirit from man to man, subduing, purging, and enlightening.

To reason with a Romanist *from the Scripture* is generally a great mistake. You cannot convince him, for his convictions rest on the Church, not on the Scripture. You cannot silence him; and you cannot make him understand how hopeless it is to convert you. But, try the experiment of arguing with him from natural morality and from first principles. Tell him that if

Jesus or Paul had blessed an auto-da-fé or a St. Bartholomew massacre, it would simply destroy in you all reverence for them; that your conscience so detests the doctrine of persecution preached by Pius IX. in his Encyclical, that if it be part of Christianity, you can no longer be a Christian; and, if the Romanist have a conscience, you will get a chance of striking home to his conscience. At least you will silence him, for he will not fight with you about morality without an ecclesiastical tower of refuge; and he suddenly discovers that he has no weapon at all to use against you.

To the leading Reformers themselves must be attributed the lamentable tendency to value sacred texts as mere weapons of war. It rose almost inevitably out of their controversy with Rome. While we can seldom blame it in detail, yet the general result was evil, by directing more attention to isolated texts than to the general scope of arguments. The laity perhaps often argued the more wisely against Rome from their narrower erudition. When an entire population abandoned the ancient Church, the arguments influencing it were not mainly scholastic or biblical; but men had been shocked by cruelties, scandalised by avarice or licentiousness. They discerned that a Church which either connived at or actively supported tyranny and immorality, could not be from God; and convictions thus arising sprang from a profounder source than any derived from text-quoting, which after all does not easily reach the millions of a nation. A man who with simple heart studies the translation of an ancient book, is liable to make gross error in interpreting separate texts, and one moderately humble is so conscious of this, as to get but a feeble conviction out of an argument based on them. It is only when he learns to go rapidly through a whole chapter or a whole epistle, and to gather up the general purport, that he can imbibe the spirit of the writer, and feel sure that he has mastered it. Then also he becomes independent of erudition and surmounts the delusiveness of bad translation. And the preacher who can teach his hearers so to reason, imparts to them a valuable education. Nevertheless, still better is it, if he can use sacred books only as his inspiration and not as his argument; but rest his argument on that of which the hearers can judge by their own moral powers, their consciences, and limited intellects. Minds thus addressed become far livelier, and quickly gain increase of ability: religion is brought down into the living world, and no longer rests in foreign books and in the rust of antiquity. Moreover it ought not to be overlooked that the whole spiritual energy of the New Testament is found in those parts which address the consciences of readers or hearers directly, and that by far the least satisfactory passages are those in which the writer or speaker rests an argument on Old Testament quotations. Paul indeed may sometimes seem almost reluctantly to act the rabbi, in a desire to meet rabbinical argument with its own weapons. That Jesus did *not* thus imitate 'the scribes' was a phenomenon which much impressed the multitudes. If any one desire to oppose Romanism, he must cultivate the *private judgment* of the multitude, and he can only cultivate it by eliciting its activity on its own proper ground and within limits to which it is competent.

In the United States, the evils of slavery have led very many ministers of religion, ever since the day when the war gave hope of the removal of that awful incubus, to make the practical duties of the day a leading subject of pulpit address. The drink traffic has

become equally prominent. Wesley and Whitfield, and all their associates, preached largely against public iniquities, great as was also their zeal for special doctrines called evangelical. Is there less need of such moral preaching now? What of our criminals, our swilling of intoxicating liquors, our trade frauds, our trade violences, our lost women, our infamous houses, our suspicious masses of bachelors, with a population called *demi-monde*? What of our immoralities at elections? What concerning luxury, and haste to get rich? It may seem that there is plenty of material for a preacher who has the heart of old Bishop Latimer, to speak within the comprehension of his audience. But is it not the fact that as, at the time of the Reformation, the reformers damaged their cause, as against Rome, by desiring to retain for themselves some right of persecution; so now, those who reject the essence of the Roman creed as in fact unspiritual, yet dread to invoke against it that which alone can crush and quench it—the energetic development of men's moral judgments? dread to invoke it, lest perchance it sweep away some portion of their own creed!

A little cloud is on the horizon, from which may come at no distant time a formidable tempest. The whole question of the relations of the sexes is already unsettled in many minds. Advertisements and private missives, inserted in books without printers' name, show us from time to time what literature is abroad, not indecorous more than medical treatises are indecorous, not profligate in intention, yet totally subverting received moralities. Events will show whether any existing clergy will know how to meet the difficulty. An unmarried clergy can only make themselves and their flocks worse by meddling in it at all. Ritualists may sport, like Nero with his lyre while Rome was burning. One thing to us is manifest, that the *moral* basis of religion must be cleared wider and dug deeper; the consciences of the laity must be called into greater activity; the principle of private judgment must be sacredly revered and diligently elicited as essential to any worthy religion; ceremonies and officialism must be brought to their *minimum*, in order that the real virtues and wisdom of clergymen may produce their *maximum* of result. Let us hope, that as belief of ghosts and witches fled howling into darkness on the rise of modern science, so will the belief of magical religion fade away, when the religious conscience of the nation becomes more robust.

OATNESSIANA.

Part I.—Captain Ord's Return.

CHAPTER VIII.

THERE came, shortly after this time, a memorable day, or rather the eve of a memorable day, to the Park, though the dawn was exactly like other dawns. There had been for Charlotte Wedderburn the usual awaking at the housemaid's light tap. This was followed by an inquiry concerning the weather; then there was a deep consultation between Charlotte and Miss Murdoch, while both ladies were still in white dressing gowns, with hair falling in elf-locks down their backs. The discussion involved the sending of deputations from room to room to ascertain the state of the tide, and whether there was not too much of a ground swell to render it advisable for the Misses Wedderburn and their governess to have a sea bath before breakfast. It was ended by an imperative message from Mrs. Wedderburn, forbidding the bath, and quelling the incipient rebellion of Louisa and Laura, who were as wild as spaniels for the water. There they were come out, and had as much, rather more, freedom than Charlotte and Miss Murdoch.

At breakfast Mrs. Wedderburn was slightly out of temper. To do her justice, she was not habitually peevish, or even overbearing. Like all astute rulers, as a matter alike of policy and inclination, she reserved her forces. Martinet as she was, she stopped short of petty tyranny. But this morning she delivered a lecture on young ladies having care not to endanger their health of body, mind, or estate, and by so doing avoiding giving unnecessary trouble to their relatives and friends. She characterised such conduct as that which became ladies, and Mrs. Wedderburn was right, wise, and refined in that opinion.

After breakfast there was a rupture for Charlotte to patch up speedily and secretly between Miss Murdoch and Louisa. The question was, whether Louisa had any right of private judgment with regard to her own drawings, or whether Miss Murdoch was entitled to rub out whole towns, castles, and reaches of rivers, two gipsy children, the haunches of a horse, and the head of a dog, without so much as Louisa's knowledge and authority? The belligerents were about equally headstrong and violent. Miss Murdoch affirmed it was Louisa's part to give in. Louisa put in parenthesis that it was a detestable part, and she was heartily sick of playing it. However, teacher and pupil agreed in a strong disinclination to take the dispute to the highest court—appeal to Mrs. Wedderburn, and be snubbed and scolded, not in an uncivil or an unmotherly, but in a summary unmistakable manner.

Charlotte Wedderburn was clever at a great many things to those who could penetrate her retired position and character—clever with the cleverness of delicate subtle perceptions, quiet humour, fresh intelligence, and a tender heart. But Charlotte was specially clever at reconciling chief foes, and smoothing over difficulties. From the last young servant, uncouthly strange to everything and everybody at the Park, to Mrs. Wedderburn, driven to groan under some intolerable grievance at her depressed provoking husband, Charlotte's talent in this respect was not suffered to rust. Many a vial of

the oil of gentle tact, courtesy, and sympathy she poured on troubled waters. She had earned the blessing of the peacemakers. Ecstatic admirers were not altogether wrong when they averred that, whoever was in fault, whatever went amiss at the Park, there was not a man or woman there, 'gentle or simple,' who would not willingly have put his or her hair beneath Miss Wedderburn's feet, if that would have done the young lady any good.

The mended quarrel resulted in a trivially busy morning. The items were writing notes, carrying messages to the gardener, gathering and arranging flowers, reading half a dozen pages of Tasso, Uhland, and an abridged purified Molière, helping the elder girls with their halting translations and their drudging pianoforte practice—aiding and consoling not only them, but Miss Murdoch. Women know many such mornings, with their minute details. In the abstract they sound valueless, but in reality they form parts in the pure and beautiful whole of a gentle, single-hearted, contented, Christian girl's life, better in their full obedience and perfect charity than one or two sensational acts of burnt-offering and sacrifice.

At luncheon the mark was made which separated this day and the following day from the rest of Charlotte's life—now and when her brown hair was grey.

Mr. Wedderburn, in his taciturnity and reserve, then announced for the first time—but as abruptly and publicly when he did announce it, as if Mrs. Wedderburn considered he had not the qualities of presence of mind and reflection in his composition—that he had received a letter from Tommy Spens by the morning's post, informing him that Tommy had got his step and attained his company unexpectedly and gratifyingly, though it had been through a chapter of accidents—even of offences. One officer had died an untimely death; another infinitely more wretched fellow had so signally disgraced himself that he had been requested to retire from the professedly honourable ranks of her Majesty's army; a third, who had no end of a private fortune, and had professed to buy himself up and up far above Tommy Spens' head with all expedition, had suddenly taken it into his own head that he was under an obligation to Tommy, and had not only refrained from preferring himself to another, but had spoken a word to a man mighty at the Horse Guards, who was under an obligation to him, and got Tommy his captaincy. Further, the regiment was under immediate marching orders, with the announcement of Burmah for its destination, and Tommy was coming down all the way from Southampton to the Park, to arrive that very night by the boat, to bid them good-bye once more, and to venture at the last moment on a suggestion which he had more at heart than his captaincy.

All this had happened and was happening, and Charlotte had been engrossed with the question of matutinal sea-bathing, with passing-away German stock and coming-on dahlias, with the adventures of Godfrey of Bouillon and the different degrees of pathetic remembrance bestowed on the *Wirthin's Töchterlein*, with the troubles of demi-semi-quavers and triplets, while one person in the house had known the great event all the time.

That was the first electrified wondering sensation; the next was more startling and discomposing still. Tommy Spens had taken leave of his cousins already, being aware of the fact that it was in the programme of his regiment to go abroad. How great must be the inducement which could open the slender purse of an upright economical young officer to come all

the way from Southampton, even though the mail coaches were as good as seven-league boots, for what must be the briefest of clouded sojourns to him. Above all, what could be the nature of the suggestion, at the last moment, which was of more consequence to a reasonably ambitious prudent young man than his own hardly hoped for but much craved promotion?

Charlotte was flushing red and waning white in a manner which rendered her fair healthy paleness fine beyond the tints of ordinary flesh and blood, to be compared to nothing but a maundy rose arrested in one of its quarterings, while the quarterings succeeded each other with dazzling rapidity. Charlotte's complexion was a most enlightening disclosure to Miss Murdoch. That young woman was quite well disposed to the family in general, and extravagantly attached to Charlotte. She suffered, nevertheless, from the plague of inevitable repression in her situation. She had no sooner escaped—at any time—to spend an afternoon with Miss Spottiswoode or the Misses Rogers, or any other friend of her own in Oatness, than she was betrayed into the amplest, most imprudent, revelation of what Mrs. Wedderburn called the decencies and sanctities of private life. Following close on these revelations, Miss Murdoch was not an hour back in her schoolroom when she became filled with dismay and remorse for her indiscretion and treachery. The last act of the little drama resolved itself into flights of twisted cocked hats of notes, begging and binding the recipients of Miss Murdoch's gossip never to reveal a syllable of the stories which had been told in all the confidence of friendship.

Thus Oatness was certain to ring with all the details of Captain Spens' unexpected return, and all the inferences to be drawn from Miss Wedderburn's suddenly painted cheeks, within a week at the latest. Mrs. Wedderburn had received a disagreeable surprise, but she was too much mistress of herself to treat the incident as one of moment. She left the agitation (unhappily) to Charlotte, and the little ebullition of excitement and wonder whether Tommy Spens' arrival would interfere with a family picnic to-morrow, and a trifling dispute as to the capital and productions of Burmah, to Misses Louisa and Laura.

'What a boy Tommy Spens is yet,' was all the remark Mrs. Wedderburn made, 'with his affectation of caring nothing for his little step and his absurd pride in it, bringing him down to make a display of the change in his uniform when he might be occupied with more serious concerns before his rout. Oh! by the bye, he hints at some business arrangement, poor Tommy, stiff and sententious as usual, with the solemnity fit for a national alliance or a loan of the Rothschilds. Very likely he wants you, Mr. Wedderburn, to sign a bill to his tailor till his first increase of pay is due.'

'He never wanted me to sign a bill for him before. Tommy knows he would be coming to the wrong quarter for such an accommodation,' objected Mr. Wedderburn with a little private shake of the head.

'He has nobody nearer to him to be interested in his success,' Charlotte was brave enough in comparative ignorance to plead,

'Nonsense, child,' Mrs. Wedderburn put her down with a lively effusion; 'depend upon it he has one chum or more in his mess—I should not think much of him if he had not; then he has his single man's club, though it is not Brooks's, somewhere, and he may have scores of private houses where he is intimate, for anything we can guess. Young men, boys especially, are not so frank in mentioning their friends and the families they frequent, as

chattering girls. There are his old tutors for instance, and particularly the English clergyman in Inverness-shire. I used to imagine if Tommy had not been such a mere unformed, unpledged subaltern with no certainty but that of not knowing his own mind, that there was some attraction for him besides the charms of grouse and trout at that Highland parsonage.'

Mrs. Wedderburn was not so skilful a shot as to escape the commonest mistake of good shots, that of shooting too far. For Charlotte could have pledged herself that she was intimately acquainted with Tommy Spens' haunts and familiar friends. She remained triumphantly and half scornfully apprised, though her mother was ignorant, of the circumstance that the wedding of the only sister of the Reverend Edward Balmer (and she was ten years older than Tommy Spens) had been celebrated at the little parsonage in Badenoch the last time Tommy Spens had penetrated into that region of mists and heather, and attempted to dance reels of Tulloch and strathspeys in honour of the occasion.

Mrs. Wedderburn only succeeded in vexing Charlotte a little by her judgment on the boyishness of Tommy Spens at five and twenty, her careless contempt for his captain's commission in its freshness, and her conviction of the trifling nature of the errand which was bringing the young man from the southern extremity of England back to Oatness before he set sail for Burmah.

Captain Spens came duly with the boat, and though nobody dared watch for him as all Oatness had watched for Captain Ord, and only Mr. Wedderburn went down to the pier to meet him, there were not only roses and ribands added in inspired, exquisite touches to the girl's white evening gown, but there was a fair face fain to don anew the colours of the maundy rose for him. If the fashion was highly interesting to Miss Murdoch what must it not have been to Tommy Spens?

Tommy Spens recognised both the flattering sign of Charlotte's tell-tale face and the unflattering sign of Mrs. Wedderburn's coolly friendly manner. The contradictory tokens tempted him to as varied and keen demonstrations as those made by the old ballad hero when he read the letter which matched the crisis of his fortunes. At the first line.

> A loud laugh laughed he,

at the second:

> A tear blinded his ee,

at the third:

> He garred the table flee.

The boat came into the harbour too late in the evening for discussions whether of love or war at the Park. The household there, especially Charlotte—it was whispered to preserve her budding charms for some great conquest which Mrs. Wedderburn had in store for her eldest daughter—had been impressed with the morality of early hours and the discreet old adage that 'beauty goes to bed at ten o'clock.' Miss Murdoch declared to her cronies that when she sat up till half-past eleven to finish a piece of work or a chapter of history, or to write to some of her innumerable correspondents, she felt exactly like Frederick the Great's lieutenant, when his was the only light in the camp, and he heard Frederick's dreadful voice behind him. At the same time Mrs. Wedderburn need not mind preserving Miss Murdoch's beauty, of which beyond a round singleness of aim and good-naturedness there was exceedingly little to preserve.

Neither was Mrs. Wedderburn stingy with a stinginess extending to ends of candles, only she hated to lay down the least little law and

have any member of her family break it.

Tommy Spens caught Mr. Wedderburn so thoroughly betimes next morning that the gentlemen met on the terrace with the dew lying thick on the statues of the sun god and the moon goddess, and the early rays reflected from the waves of the bay. From the interview with Tommy Spens, Mr. Wedderburn, who was always a nervous man, came in more perturbed than Tommy, and it was by an effort that he kept up even the form of conversation while breakfast lasted and before Miss Murdoch and the younger children. After they had quitted the breakfast room, when Charlotte was about to follow them with the little shiver of the sense of an impending stroke of destiny, he forced himself to say, 'You had better remain, my dear, Tommy Spens has something to say, which it concerns you to hear.'

'What can Captain Spens have got to say before Charlotte?' inquired Mrs. Wedderburn with a politeness which she could not keep from being snappish.

Charlotte, as modest a girl as her father was a shy man, shrank and trembled on her chair.

Tommy Spens had consideration for her, and himself, and for the audience. He did not detain them long, he had only to say to Mrs. Wedderburn what he had already said to Mr. Wedderburn, that he liked Charlotte—surely Charlotte's father and mother must have seen it—and he had some hope that Charlotte liked him. He had not spoken of it before, because where was the use when he had not even got his company? But now that he was promoted, though the promotion only argued a small increase of income, small as it was, he thought he could make it enough for two if Charlotte would have him, and they lived together very quietly. Of course, it would be a humble marriage, far below what Charlotte might expect in a worldly point of view; still, if Charlotte liked him, was it too late for Mr. and Mrs. Wedderburn to think of it? He had thought of it the moment he was gazetted, and dared to make his calculations. Was it too late for Charlotte to give up everything else for a time, to go to the ends of the earth with him, where, so far as it rested with him, so help him, she should never repent it?

Mrs. Wedderburn sat, unmoved to all appearance, with a set smile on her firm, rather than thin lip, as she had a habit of smiling, even in her angriest moments.

Charlotte raised her head quickly, leant forward and looked at the young man with glistening eyes wistfully, longingly; then she drew back and glanced around her ruefully,—as what young, dutiful, affectionate woman would not be rueful for the ties she must break, and the associations she must abandon, though it were to form a stronger tie and enter upon sweeter associations?

Mr. Wedderburn tried to look from one to the other with the crimson mounting painfully to his white blue-veined forehead, and spoke with his usual hazy indecision: 'Your income, a captain's pay without a shilling of private fortune, will be hugely inadequate for your object, Spens, and Charlotte is very young to take care of the bread and butter to which all love matches tend. Burmah is far away, and not quite the climate I would choose to broil in. At the same time, as you are aware, I can give so little of a fortune to any of my daughters, I am not entitled to demand that you should be a colonel or a major, at least. I admit it would be a satisfaction to see one of the girls safely cared for, as I am satisfied you would care for Charlotte.'

Mrs. Wedderburn took the ball

of conversation from her husband's relaxed hand before he committed himself, and in doing so, according to her view, committed irreparable mischief. She took the ball and played it neatly and gracefully.

'Therefore, Tommy Spens, as we are sensible that your proposal is perfectly disinterested, and has been made in a manly, gentleman-like spirit, we cannot regard it otherwise than as the highest compliment, and an honour to Charlotte of which, I hope, she and her friends will always be sensible, and for which I trust they will be grateful, though such a marriage is out of the question, my dear boy—utterly out of the question. You and Charlotte have been fond of running about and getting together, in a boy and girl attachment—more like that of brother and sister than anything else. When you have attained my experience, you will understand that such a fancy and a kindness are something different from the devotion and the reverence which are needed to authorise man and woman in going to the ends of the earth (as you very properly term it, sir, in warning to Charlotte), and in taking upon them the serious, solemn duties and responsibilities of life. For Mr. Wedderburn and myself to permit you and Charlotte prematurely to enter on such cares, hampering and harassing you with burdens which you have not strength to bear, would be to my mind, not only foolish, but wicked.'

Tommy, or Charlotte, or Mr. Wedderburn, might have argued in reply to Mrs. Wedderburn's sweeping statement, that very many young couples not very richly endowed, were guilty of the crime of matrimony, both in staying at home and in going abroad. In addition, by far the greater part of these young couples had not a tithe of the promise of the devotion and the reverence which are certainly bred of riper knowledge and years, that the couple before her could have boasted.

But no one was sufficiently master or mistress of the situation to argue in reply. There is seldom immediate argument after the presiding genius of a nation, company, family, has spoken with the force of an oracle.

Tommy Spens did ask as his indefeasible right, 'Am I not to have an answer from Charlotte?'

And Mrs. Wedderburn assented with perfect readiness and fairness, 'Of course, you may go out on the terrace and hear what Charlotte has to say in addition to her father's and mother's opinion. You cannot think, Tommy Spens, that I am not acting in this matter to the best of my judgment, in a womanly and motherly spirit towards you both, as your best friend in the end, poor things.'

Mrs. Wedderburn finished with natural feeling; she had never thought that she cared much for the young man's esteem before, but now she discovered that she hated he should count her heartless.

'Come, Charlotte, and speak to me.' Tommy Spens summoned Charlotte as he had often summoned her before, and the two went out together on the terrace.

But the terrace lay under the broad light of noon, when, for all the breadth of the light, or because of the hard metallic blaze of the sunshine, the hopes and the fears of life, like the gleaming lights of morning and the long shadows of evening, seem to withdraw from the inner world. The outer earth at such a season is reduced to bare, often under such a glaring exposure—more untrue in its effects than the dim silvering of a veil of moon-light—ugly realities. In sympathy with nature, the spirit is apt to experience more of a dead level whether of light or of darkness, a dull mediocrity of wants

and desires, than at any other time. High noon, like middle age, is prosaic and in danger of presenting grossness and haggardness in dropping fruit and withering flower.

When Mr. and Mrs. Wedderburn were left alone, little as Mr. Wedderburn was given to disputing the dictates of his partner, or coping with his superior, he showed himself staggered and faltering with regard to the judiciousness of her verdict. 'I believe Tommy Spens is an honourable young fellow, a nice young fellow, Louisa; I am sure he means well by Charlotte and the whole of us. You yourself admitted that he has behaved unexceptionably in his very natural attachment, since there is an attachment between the lad and the girl. After what I said about the satisfaction of having one of the girls provided for—the eldest, too, who might get on in time to look after and lend a helping hand to the others—had you not better think twice over his proposal?' stuttered the poor gentleman, wiping his white forehead with his cambric handkerchief delicately; nice and clean in his habits, nice and clean in his heart, but without the stamina in him to exert lawful authority. 'I have done something for Tommy Spens in my day; I could receive his assistance without a sense of degradation whether I rested in my grave or were still dragging out my life, weighed down by the rate of interest, the necessity of improvements and repairs on the property, and the expenses of a large family. My dear, if we give Lowson a new steading along with a new lease, and still send out instalments to Harry, I don't see where even two thirds of our present income is to come from, and if we cannot live here, how are we to scrape together money to carry so many of us abroad, since I cannot retire to the Abbey, where Scotch gentlemen still took sanctuary within my day? I am afraid you have been hasty in rejecting Tommy Spens' generous offer and poor, but certain, provision for Charlotte.'

'Not at all hasty, Hume.' Mrs. Wedderburn smiled down on him with the cheerfulness and the resolute will and power to take the rule into her own hand, which were qualities so welcome in brightening and shifting every load of care to the despondent, weak man. She laid her strong-wristed, finely jointed, taper hand—more beautiful in point of mechanism than Charlotte's soft, slightly shapeless, easily crushed hand—on the shoulder of his morning coat, well worn, well brushed, and well fitting, like his light, grizzled hair. 'I have seen this catastrophe all along, while I could pledge my word, my good man, that it has come in a shock upon you, this very morning. No, no, Hume, you are grown timid and scrupulous, poor fellow; I don't blame you for it, but we are not going to sacrifice our eldest girl—my dear, good, bonnie Charlotte, the flower of our flock—without excellent reasons for it. We know that poverty is no joke, although *you* know that I for one rarely grudge having made its acquaintance, since without it I should have missed another acquaintance—I trust a more life-long acquaintance, Hume, than its proud, pinched, wrinkled face. But we will not expose Charlotte to it in the flower of her youth and her personal attractions, with who knows what fine, smooth, sunny, prosperous fortune awaiting her acceptance? I am sure she deserves it, the darling, instead of having to "hain every penny," as you call it, in the two or three miserable, tight-fitting rooms apportioned to a captain's family in a barrack—and out in that horrid, pestilential climate, to begin with. My love, Charlotte and Tommy Spens will be the very first persons to thank us in the long

run for sparing them such a cruel ordeal.'

Out on the sun god's esplanade, when it was Phœbus's hour, and he did not use it generously, as his twin sister Cynthia dealt with her glamour, but beat down on and oppressed his creatures, while the sea glittered and scintillated like a serpent which would not be looked upon, Tommy Spens was appealing to Charlotte desperately, well nigh sternly: 'Have you nothing to say to me, Charlotte?' He was seeing himself vanquished, he was setting his teeth against the pang and the humiliation of defeat, more intolerable to him than to another, and he was not inclined to be altogether just and generous in his misery.

'I suppose it cannot be, as mamma says, though I am so much obliged——,' faltered Charlotte, not knowing very well what she said, till he forbade her imperiously going any further in that direction. 'No, no, none of that,' he negatived, grimly.

'What can I say, Tommy?' pled Charlotte, unable any longer to help crying; and though she was incorrigibly gentle—a poor moral coward—she so seldom considered herself, and therefore so seldom cried on her own account, that her tears acted as a peculiar aggravation to the offender who caused them. 'You would not have me disobey papa and mamma?'

'Your father made no great objection—he would have been brought to consent but for Mrs. Wedderburn. It is women who are so cursedly artificial and worldly.'

'Oh, Tommy, don't; and whether mamma settled our lot or not, I could not disobey mamma any more than papa; and I am afraid she is right—I am afraid we would make but a feckless couple,' confessed Charlotte, trying in her womanly way to be reasonable and magnanimous, and to induce him to bear and forbear, stumbling on a homely word to express her meaning as she spoke, with a little shake of the head and a little pitiful smile on her tear-stained face, where the maundy rose was all blurred and dimmed. 'I am afraid you would be disappointed in me, as you are already.'

He did not deny the charge, neither did he own the impeachment; but he tacitly granted that it was all over, and there was nothing left for them unless to look forward to better days. He vindicated under difficulties a fraction of his manliness and tenderness by refraining from pressing her to no purpose, and reproaching her to hurt her. But he could neither make allowance for, nor forgive her passiveness in the affair; so he let her go, without allowing her a chance of binding herself to him—if a girl grown up so directed and governed as Charlotte Wedderburn could have been bound without her father and her mother's consent.

After Tommy Spens' dismissal as a suitor, it could serve no purpose but pain for him to prolong his stay at the Park as a friend. Besides, he really wanted all the few intervening weeks till his embarcation for the business of his company and his outfit. Had the Wedderburns accepted Tommy Spens for Charlotte, and had there been a marriage this autumn at the Park, it must have been the veritable, unceremonious 'mount and go' of a soldier's wedding—quick work with settlements, trousseau, and leave-taking. Miss Wedderburn, the eldest daughter at the Park, must have been packed off with less consideration than any crofter's daughter would have put up with in these superfine days. It was quite a man's, and a young man's, idea, and not to be thought of even by Miss Murdoch, who was strong for sentimental love passages, but who was equally strong for formal,

announced engagements, terminating in grand galas of marriages. These interludes in the families in which Miss Murdoch lived formed a natural, agreeable diversification of the dryness and the dust of her school-room duties. Miss Murdoch herself would not have liked to have given her hand to the rising professor of music who had paid her marked attention the last time she was with her brother in Edinburgh, without at least three months' mingled preparation and leisure, in order to commemorate the great occasion by extra fine stitching and wreaths of embroidery, and to leave the last few weeks free for receiving congratulations, paying farewell visits, and making a display of bridal presents. 'Good gracious! it would not be a marriage without a great deal of gaiety and finery, not to speak of an immense amount of final family petting. That is, it might be a legal marriage, no doubt, but it would not be a marriage worth having—unquestionably very far from what dear, sweet, lovely Miss Wedderburn had every right to expect.'

There was only a leave-taking, sadder and more hopeless between the two than what would have taken place between Charlotte Wedderburn and her family, had they parted, because it was the acknowledged end of all love, and love's future, to the couple. There was no word of a long engagement. Nobody interested thought of it, except it might be Charlotte, who did not rightly understand yet what havoc of war or disease must prevail before Tommy Spens, who had waited, and by one stroke of good luck attained his company, could reach the rank of major, say at forty; how seldom there were looting and prize money to supplement deficient incomes. Not even Tommy Spens dreamt on the spur of the moment of taking refuge in the doubtful by-way of a protracted conditional engagement. He had been too much affronted and injured by being not merely refused positively, but scouted at—so far as common sense and knowledge of the world professed to treat his proposal of taking at once the fair, bold leap of matrimony.

When the crisis came of giving up Tommy Spens—not as Charlotte would have given up her family for his regiment's time of foreign service, but for ever—the victim had a suspicion that she had been induced to take the worse alternative; but it was only a suspicion then. Charlotte could not realise her loss at once, not even when Tommy Spens wrung her hand, and no more, and ran off, catching up his travelling bag to be in time for the flory-boat, in order to row out to one of the remoter Aberdeen and London steam-boats. She had but a *dim* impression that he was on the eve of starting for India, and she would not see him again for months and years, if cholera, yellow fever, stormy surf, the jaws of tigers, the spears of the Burmese, did not intervene and prevent her ever seeing him again in the body. And when they did meet she would be no longer anything more to him than Mrs. Wedderburn, or Louisa, or Laura would be—at least so it had been decreed. To save the girl's loving heart from breaking, it could not, stunned and sick with grief as it was, realise that in a moment.

Mrs. Wedderburn loved the principle of *noblesse oblige*, dignified self-control, well bred calmness in her girls as the daughters of the Park; but she was liberally, tenderly, indulgent to Charlotte on this painful occasion, this weariful bright afternoon. Mrs. Wedderburn would not see the haggard look which had come into the soft, round face—till yesterday retaining something of the baby charm that is associated with buttercups and

daisies—the absence of mind and the flighty fits of attention, altogether different from the girl's quick and quiet habits of observation and consideration for others. With her own heart smiting against her side Mrs. Wedderburn like a good mother stood in the breach between Charlotte and remark or criticism, and put down beyond being controverted Louisa's and Laura's and Miss Murdoch's curiosity and suspicions. Although she had a just aversion to young ladies' nervous headaches and small illnesses, and was wont to put them down impatiently and contemptuously, Mrs. Wedderburn lent herself with the greatest meekness to Charlotte's plea of giddiness and megrim on the day Tommy Spens left for good and all, and suffered her to go and hide in her own room and remain there in the sad comfort of being left alone to have her cry out, or mope in peace for hours.

When her mother did join Charlotte it was with a fond fuss about the girl's health, and only the most delicate allusion to the disaster which was at the root of her illness, till she was able to listen without breaking down in a paroxysm of distress that would render her blind and deaf to counsel. Then Mrs. Wedderburn dealt with Charlotte as a rational creature, soothed her by taking her into her mother's confidence and withholding all blame even from Tommy Spens. But Mrs. Wedderburn was explicit and pathetic as she dwelt with genuine tears in her fine eyes on the trial it would have been to Charlotte's parents to resign her at a moment's notice, so that it came near to a wrong done to their life-long regard to have thought of the step. Mrs. Wedderburn spoke eloquently of the anxiety which she and Mr. Wedderburn and Charlotte's sisters as they grew older would have suffered with Charlotte in that wild, strange, intensely tropical Burmah. The climate did not seem to harm men's constitutions, but Charlotte must remember the sickness and the early deaths of the missionaries' wives, the two—or was it the three?—Mrs. Judsons and their friends. How could the family at home have borne to think of their Charlotte in a baggage waggon or on a raft, or in 'a black hole,' if the rajah, or sahib, or whatever he might be in Burmah, were offended, and chose to shut up the English ladies at Rangoon while their husbands were up the country exploring or fighting, as Lady Sale was shut up in the fort during the Sikh war? Charlotte's father and mother could hardly have borne it. Surely she had done well not to require such torture of their tenderness. She knew poor papa and mamma had doubt and dread enough already with no letter from Will by the last mail and the natives restive and murderous about Hugh's station.

Then an early imprudent marriage was a mill-stone round a young man's neck. Mrs. Wedderburn was willing to allow Tommy Spens a superhuman amount of steadiness, resource, philosophy, but would Charlotte like to see them tried and strained to the last degree to provide her with the mere necessaries she had been accustomed to? Would she like to see her husband harassed and fagged out of all pride, progress, spirit,—to see him denied a young man's honourable aspirations and lawful gratifications,—all to keep their two heads above water? Perhaps after all had been done if there were much sickness or dishonest servants in the family, or if the country were visited by floods, bad harvests, wrecks of ships, failures of banks, with provisions at famine prices, and corners of his pay cut off, she would have to live to see him ruined at last. If papa had been able to give Charlotte ever so small a fortune to fall back upon, the prospect might have been

different, but papa could not help himself; poor papa was terribly worried as it was, and Mrs. Wedderburn whose own people had been opulent so that she had been called an heiress—which was rather an invidious distinction, meaning a money inheritance and no more—did not know where to turn to in order to help him. But she would be the last to reflect upon papa, and so she could swear would Charlotte.

In truth Charlotte kissed her mother eagerly and grew quiet and still after she had shed her last tears at the reflection how ungrateful and self-engrossed she had been to think so little of her father's and mother's life-long troubles, and make so much of her own troubles of yesterday.

Miss Murdoch was affected by a vehement sympathy with Miss Wedderburn and by the fidgety curious propensities which were born of her shallow accomplished type of womanhood, and of a governess's isolation, leaving her with all her woman's fine-edged perceptions and interests, for ever in a family, and never of a family. To relieve her own mind Miss Murdoch managed in spite of Mrs. Wedderburn to visit Miss Wedderburn in her room the last thing for the night in order to inquire and prescribe for Miss Wedderburn's head-ache and bid her good night. Without the most distant idea of being a domestic spy and traitor in the camp, Miss Murdoch in her next rush for five minutes to the Misses Rogers to unburden herself of her budget and enjoy the sensation created by the disgorging of her prattle, described the love-sick sufferer with a minuteness graphic as well as breathless.

Miss Wedderburn was sitting listlessly in her morning gown all dragged and crumpled—so unlike Miss Wedderburn's neatness and Mrs. Wedderburn's particular ways—with a book (Miss Murdoch rather thought the poor darling had taken up her Bible to read her evening chapter) held loosely in her lap, forgetting that the candle was not lit, looking far away over the dusky twilight sea at the reflection of the planet Jupiter, shining as it had done when Captain Spens was arriving the evening before, but on so changed a world! When the light was brought in, Miss Murdoch, all but overcome by her commiseration, saw great rings round young eyes, which had become lost in their own shadow, and lips—not wont to pout, they had been too sweet, but to curve with the fresh fullness of a child's lips,—contracted and drawn in their lines and quivering still; Dear Miss Wedderburn looked so patient and mild in her forlornness, that she was like a love-lorn saint,—if saints ever cared enough for anything, save their sins, to be love-lorn.

CHAPTER IX.

The Aikenheads' shop was a good shop for Oatness. It was not in the bazaar block in the High Street, but was independent and exceptional, like the Aikenheads themselves, and was situated in the Low Street. It commanded a sea view by the medium of the Dort Wynd, which was of consequence to the large flat above the shop; that was also Aikenhead's property, and could be let to sea-bathers when Mrs. Aikenhead felt inclined. Mrs. Aikenhead did not often feel inclined, as the Aikenheads were well to do, and Mrs. Aikenhead was as lazy as she was greedy in everything but serving and gossiping in the shop. She preferred tantalising her lodging-letting neighbours and the public generally by keeping her rooms empty, with a ticket 'To let' up, and by refusing all applications. She had the native prejudice against the summer invaders by whom a third of Oatness lived, and con-

sidered it served them right for being strangers and 'upsetting dirt,' to strain their limbs ascending her stair, falsely invited by the board without, and summarily rejected at the door within. The Aikenheads, however, were not above supplying the sea-bathers with groceries, and enticing them by a show of dainties —plump, juicy hams; rich, delicately flavoured English cheeses, besides the home-made cheeses and butter from Sandycroft; tooth-breaking ship biscuits; full and fresh foreign fruit, for which Oatness, like other seaports, offered peculiar advantages; casks of London porter and Edinburgh ale; even cobwebbed bottles of port and Madeira from the cellar. But to do justice to the Aikenheads' consistency, the excellence of their goods was the only inducement to employ their owners which they threw out to their customers. They entered into keen competition with the rest of the upper tradesmen of Oatness, as to which of them should bear the bell for indifference and ungraciousness of manner. They gave first-rate commodities to the public, they did not ask an immoderate price for them; and, as virtue's reward, they rejoiced to be entitled to reply when angrily found fault with, or sardonically recommended to be more attentive to their own interests, that they had more sale than they wished, and that they were in that happy and philosophic position of business people who did not care to extend their business. It followed that at Oatness buying and selling were practices conducted on an uncommonly spirited footing for the sellers, since the buyers were pushed to the admission that they bought to serve their own ends, unless they took refuge in the bravado that they found a certain piquancy infused into the transaction by the absurd equality on which the parties dealt. It seems immoral to suggest such a thing, but the virtue of the Aikenheads had the air of being their bane. Certainly, Aikenhead's judgment and honesty in his business fanned and fomented the license, self-conceit, and selfishness of himself and his wife, till they were 'easy' to all opinion, human or divine, save their own; and the wholesome restraint of not flinging stones because they inhabited a glass house, was entirely removed from them.

As one disadvantageous result of their confidence, the Aikenheads did not condescend to clean and set out their shop more than they could avoid. While it groaned with good things, it was a sluttish shop; dusty, mouldy, with odours, partly sweet and fermented, partly pungent, as if from a combination of ether and decayed cheese. The window, in addition to its slovenly stores, would have delighted a Huber in wasps, for it offered to view whole clusters of these insects, alarming to less enthusiastic entomologists, but not to its occupants, who were used to them, and were wont to say, with a little pride, the wasps never stung them.

'G. Aikenhead, dealer in tea, sugar, spirits, and wines,' sat behind his counter, in his pepper-and-salt coloured coat, his apron tied round his waist and tucked below his arms, his hat on his head, reading the county newspaper. He was a heavy man with a tallow complexion, as if he had eaten a great many Italian sardines, American sprats, and West Indian preserves out of his shop, and they had not suited his digestion. He had full lips, prominent eyes, and bushy black hair and whiskers, not getting grey. By dint of his size and his whiskers, Mr. Aikenhead was thought a very personable man in Oatness, and he and Mrs. Aikenhead together passed for a fine-looking couple. He was a sober, crafty, plodding man, who had done well for himself, and

therefore men spoke well of him; he was close in his tongue, and so his reputation for sound sense was at a premium. He was on calculation as well as principle a lover of peace, and went ordinarily where Mrs. Aikenhead led, and was thus accounted douce as the Misses Quhair of Sandycroft themselves. Mrs. Aikenhead indeed complained of his doggedness, and Mrs. Aikenhead ought to have known best; besides there was a door-nail expression in his round, somewhat blank eye, in the bulldog shape and set of his head, and even in the unbleaching colour of his hair, which did not belie his wife's words.

Mr. Aikenhead was reading his newspaper, relieving the severity of his study by leisurely serving a customer, or by looking over jottings of engagements in his pocket-book. For Aikenhead was a man of consequence and in request when he was at home, a member of the packet company and of the steamboat company (both of them profitable concerns), and he held shares in one or two of the fishing boats, and was in the habit of farming several of the fields belonging to the town, which were let yearly in detached portions. It was customary for the thriving tradesmen of Oatness in this manner to lend a salt flavour and a rural tinge to their experience, and to increase their importance in the community. Mr. Aikenhead held himself a good townsman, and he might be pardoned the estimation, since his townsmen held him so also.

The summer sunshine barred the street. The fresh sea breeze blowing with the brimming tide scoured the Dort Wynd, and ventilated the closeness of Aikenhead's shop. Troops of girls came giggling and hurrying along in limp skirts, hoods for hats, hair flowing down their backs, sometimes even pink and white feet thrust naked into loose boots seeking their bath. Aikenhead looked at them, criticisingly, disapprovingly, not that he was of such austere virtue that he could not bear to catch a glimpse of the gleaming, soft, supple little feet and ankles, but that these belonged to the natural enemies of him and his, the sea-bathers, and it was treating Oatness disparagingly, as if it were a village and a nowhere, to defraud it at any time of a regular toilette. None of the real Oatness ladies would venture abroad so giddily. Mrs. Aikenhead never went out without her parasol or her muff, according to the season, though she was not a particular woman in the house. A cart with sea-weed, brown and glistening, with long olive fronds and black sea grapes dropping a welcome shower, rumbled along in coolness and depth of colour. Two cadgers' carts, ten times more odoriferous in their load than the cart with tangle, but twenty times less fresh, drove up from opposite directions and had their wheels locked. The cadgers swore considerably, backed their horses, grew reconciled, and stopped to gossip, leaning forward from the respective cart 'heads,' and shouting their news with liberality, and with Mrs. Aikenhead's royal unconcern for consequences, in their broad Doric, not only to each other, but into all the neighbouring houses. Mr. Aikenhead put down his newspaper and listened keenly.

The Aikenheads, who cared for nobody but themselves, and did not so much as dream of professing to do anything else, took a lively interest in town's gossip, particularly if it were of the nature of scandal. Let it be submitted that the gossip if not the scandal was a desirable, humanising influence for the Aikenheads, unless a bold and sweeping reformer could work a revolution in their whole nature. They never read, unless Aikenhead in the county paper, and the couple in a chapter of the Bible, treated as a solemn spell in the course of family wor-

ship. They never thought abstractly. So, as to be turned in upon one's self is the most morbidly destructive of all processes, alike mentally and morally, it is probable the single safety-valve of gossip saved the Aikenheads from a vicious or a crazy career.

Miss Eelen Quhair stepped into the shop with her careful face, her bonnet having bows of ribbon instead of flowers in the border, and her usual Saturday basket of cheese and butter hanging on her arm.

'Come away in, Eelen. 'How are you all at Sandycroft?' asked Mr. Aikenhead in a friendly tone, rising and bestirring himself. He was on excellent terms with his wife's relations. He was sincere in admiring in them those qualities which resembled his own, and he counted on being ultimately rewarded for his brotherliness to the Quhairs and his assistance rendered to them in their dairy farm, by his children's succeeding to their savings. 'Will you settle first with me, Eelen, or will you go in by and take a rest beside Bell?'

'I'm wanting to speak to you, Geordie,—but it's not about the butter and the cheese,' said Miss Eelen, hesitatingly and huskily.

Now Aikenhead was perfectly aware of the fact. In the universal neighbourly knowledge of each other's concerns, common to the folk of Oatness, a sough of Suffie Quhair's disappointment,—even of the compromising step which the homely woman had taken, and the rebuff and crush she had received,—had spread like the effect of magic over Oatness, accompanied by lively comments, condemnations of Miss Suffie's want of proper pride, tosses of the head, indignant ejaculation, and laughter both shrill and hoarse. Public opinion was not nicely balanced, but began at once to decline to the wrong side. Suffie belonged to Oatness it was true, but so did Captain Ord; and he was a man and had made a fortune. Suffie had been unreasonable in her expectations and low-lived in her tactics. In that class, above all, to which the former lovers belonged, success is apt to be the test of merit. With the freedom and the unconstraint of the class, the rumour did not fail to reach the Aikenheads, although they had a reflected interest in it. The Aikenheads had been, in the person of Mrs. Aikenhead, very jealous of poor Suffie's promised promotion; they were not the less irate at the injury done to them by her plain rejection.

'A slur on every member of the family, Aikenhead,' Mrs. Aikenhead defined it and then gave it a pithy marital application, 'you'll be a calf and a tame cuddie-ass if you do not seek amends.'

It had been agreed between husband and wife that waiving the little difference which so often arose like a mist between Mrs. Aikenhead and her sisters, and which she deepened or dissipated in a moment, according to her despotic will and pleasure, Mr. Aikenhead should throw off his apron on shop-shutting and take a walk out to Sandycroft, that very night, to be at the bottom of the story.

Notwithstanding the discussion and the subsequent arrangement, Mr. Aikenhead, for no conceivable reason unless from constitutional caution and as a sop to his dignity, put on a manner of utter unconsciousness, and even said with an undertaker kind of humour peculiar to him, under the influence of which he neither laughed nor smiled at his own jokes, 'Eh! what is it, Eelen? If it be not about the butter and the cheese, when I would have taken the first word of flyting, for I can say with a safe conscience that they were free from both motes and cream the last time.'

Mrs. Aikenhead spoilt Aikenhead's game by distinguishing her

sister's voice and bursting out of the back parlour in her slatternly house attire: her stained gown, soiled cap, and shoes down at the heel. She had been roused out of an afternoon's sleep, and though she was eager and excited, her great eyes were still heavy, and her sandy brown hair, as well as her cap, tumbled and in disorder. 'So you're glad to come back to us, Eelen, when your fine friends have deserted you. What is this that has come over Suff?'

'I dinna ken what you mean about coming back, Bell,' remonstrated Eelen, 'I was here the last Saturday. As to what has come over Suffie'—she went on still more reluctantly, because they at Sandycroft were the chief sufferers, and she found it hard to speak of the wrong, even to Aikenhead and Bell —'and Bell with such a taunting tongue,' she said to herself, before she said aloud with a gulp, 'Do ye not ken Captain Ord has given her up?'

'I ken he's a villain and she's a fule,' protested Mrs. Aikenhead in exasperation, 'but I should like to ken what title he has to break with her, and her not consenting, and Aikenhead and law to the fore.'

'Let us hear all the sides of it, Eelen,' enjoined Aikenhead before he would commit himself. 'Come in by to the room, and the shop can wait.'

As well as her slow powers of thought and speech and Mrs. Aikenhead's imperious interruptions would permit, Eelen gave the details, and the shop did wait, though there issued from it surly thumps with the fist, peevish rings of coin, and even irrepressible cries of 't'shop, t'shop!' at intervals.

'Well, I never heard sic impudence!' cried Mrs. Aikenhead, boiling over with wrath; 'but Suffie should have set me or Aikenhead at him. And, Eelen, ye ken I never approved of that English pock-pudding whom the mean sorra Mrs. John was not ower blate to cast in Suffie's teeth. I never thought much of his buying your calves: Aikenhead says he picked your pouch, as well as ate your cake and pudding.'

'He never got cake and pudding at Sandycroft,' Eelen made a literal denial of the accusation. 'He got his tea whiles, and ance his kail, that was all. And his money was as good as another's, forby taking it saved trouble when Geordie was laid up with his leg, you mind.'

'You may well say I mind. I had plenty of plague with leeches and lotions (they give me a scunner to think of them yet) to make me mind. And all because him there would spiel the sea braes after he was telled they were slippery, and sprain his coot like a ne'er-do-well callant. But the Englishman came enough about you for you to get the word of him to Jean or Suffie. Dinna say a word against it, Eelen, because women of your years have so little to do with lads, that ae single man going backwards and forwards raises a speculation. It was a different thing when father came after me. I had never a conceit of yon land-louper, and a lad that swithers between lasses wants none of them. Question but the rascal with his high English, which minded me of rogue's language, had a wife, or three wives, in England all the time.'

'That's not to the purpose,' objected Aikenhead. 'But if folk could not tell whether it was Jean or Suffie the fellow was for, I do not see how Suffie could have given the folk great ground to speak or done herself a serious damage. A hair's wanted to make a tether of, that's it, Eelen. We'll maybe be their match, however,' announced Aikenhead with a show of sympathy and vindictiveness impressive in so quiet a man. 'I'll not say that we'll not beat them—Tam Ord,

Mrs. John, other men and women that are wanting him for their dochters or themselves, lawyers who may get scent of the job, before all is done. Now, I'll tell you what we'll do, Eelen,'—at this point, even his wife listened and deferred to him. 'You'll come in the morn's nicht, after the chapel, and Suffie will bring her letters, and we'll have a look at them. I may ask the writer lad George to call in and let us have his opinion if they are actionable. It will make no odds, though the Captain has spoken to George already, woman, that's my outlook, and I want Captain Ord to hear what we're about. He may change his tale, or compound with Suffie, ony way it will do no harm though the case should gang to a court. If the lad George refuse to let us have his opinion—but he'll no refuse, he's ower feared for losing the making out an account, or the prosecuting a body who is behindhand with his bill—we'll soon get other advice.'

'I'm sure I'm much obliged to you, Geordie; I was certain you and Bell would take it up,' Eelen assured him gratefully and confusedly. 'I ken a man is free to make his choice, but I dinna think he's free to change his mind and break his word to a lass, and without making her amends, and he a rich sea captain. He spoiled our Suffie's chance when he took her promise and sailed, and she stopped at hame thinking of him when she might have gone out and forgathered with others—he should mind that now; I say no more. But,' added Eelen doubtfully in the place of a postscript, 'do ye not think sic work is no very bonny for the Sabbath nicht?'

'Eelen,' said Bell severely, 'I'm a religious woman, you'll not take it upon you to deny that, and I pay for my minister to preach the gospel to me, while you're content to be fed with the chaff of the word at the will and the expense of the state; but I hate affectation and cant.'

'As you like, Eelen,' acquiesced Aikenhead, even more cannily than before. 'You can go and hear the evening sermon at the chapel, where I'll engage you'll get a sermon and not a moral essay. If George come in on the Sabbath nicht to eat a dish of tripe, or a parten or two, and to drink a tumbler of punch, he'll come as a friend, and he'll be willing to pay with a piece of friendly advice for his entertainment. If he come on Monday nicht he'll come as a lawyer with his charges to a doit, and George can run up his charges and his six-and-eight-pences as well as any Edinburgh solicitor. I've a meeting for Monday nicht, forby, and I am not free to fix ony other nicht. The short and the long of it is, Eelen, you'll either have to take my time, or you'll excuse me meddling in the business.'

'Eelen,' warned Bell, 'you're as well aware as I am by this chap of the knock, that if Aikenhead once says the word, the seed of Adam will not move him from it.'

This imposing sentence swept away the scruple and clenched the appointment. Still Eelen reflected a moment, 'Jean and Suffie will come, and I will bide at Sandycroft. I came the nicht because I was the auldest, and it was my part to inform Suffie's relations, but I could not be away from the kye two nights on end, leastways, I would not be easy, though Jean and Suffie are discreet lasses, I must say that for them.'

'They have come to the years of discretion,' observed Bell, ironically. 'Tout! Eelen, you forget.'

'Jean and Suffie will do,' granted Aikenhead condescendingly, then he perpetrated another of his grim jokes without a muscle of his face being disturbed. 'Woman, Eelen, do you mean to take the kye to the

other warld with you? If you were in the deid-thraw, I believe you would get up and mind the kye.'

'Ye may say that, Aikenhead,' chimed in Mrs. Aikenhead, shaking her head in righteous reprobation; 'they make gods of the kye out at Sandycroft.'

Eelen did not attempt to contradict Bell, but she took Aikenhead's speech as if he meant it, and answered it in simple earnestness while she retied her bonnet strings, which she had loosened for the heat of the conversation, and refused to stay for a cup of tea to her four hours, but accepted a handful of 'mixtures' to put into her pocket and eat to refresh her on the way home. 'Ay, as long as I'm to the fore, and have any ability, I maun look after the kye. My father committed them to me and his last words were, "Eelen, you're the auldest, you'll be a gude lass and look after the kye."'

POLITICAL ECONOMY AND THE RATE OF WAGES.

By T. E. Cliffe Leslie.

'THE premisses of the political economist,' says Mr. Senior, whose conception of the science is that of an influential school of economists, 'consist of a very few general prepositions, the result of observation or consciousness, and scarcely requiring proof or even formal statement; and his inferences are, if he has reasoned correctly, as certain as his premisses.' According to this view, political economy not only is purely a deductive science, but its deductions follow from premisses obtained without labour of investigation, lying on the surface of the mind or of things; and they need no verification by comparison with facts; indeed Mr. Senior especially protested against its being considered by continental economists a science *avide de faits*. Considering how numerous and diverse are the things comprised under the denomination of wealth, how various the passions and motives relating to them, how numerous and complicated the conditions which control their production and distribution, it does appear to us amazing that it should ever have been thought possible to construct a science of such a subject with little or no inspection of the phenomena whose laws it aims to interpret. The shortest compass within which the ultimate problem of all science can be comprised, the fewest premisses with which the investigators ought to rest satisfied as complete, Mr. Mill defines thus: 'What are the fewest and simplest assumptions, which being granted, the whole existing order of nature would result? or, What are the fewest general propositions from which all uniformities which exist might be deduced?'[1] Every great advance in the progress of science is a step, Mr. Mill adds, towards the solution of this problem; and if this be a proper definition of the general problem of scientific investigation, and political economy be a branch of it, it surely follows that its fundamental laws ought to be obtained by careful induction, that assumptions from which an unreal order of things and unreal uniformities are deduced cannot be regarded as final or adequate; and that facts, instead of being irrelevant to the economist's reasoning, are the phenomena from which he must infer his general principles, and by which he ought constantly to verify his deductions.[2] The main object of this article is to examine the conditions which govern the great department of the production and distribution of wealth, indicated by the word wages; but it is hoped that the investigation may not only elicit some information on that special subject, but also afford evidence of the necessity of study-

[1] *System of Logic*. Book iii., chaps. 4 and 13.

[2] Mr. J. E. Cairnes accordingly defines political economy as 'the science which traces the phenomena of the production and distribution of wealth up to their causes in the principles of human nature, and the laws and events of the external world.'—*Logical Method of Political Economy*. By J. E. Cairnes, Esq.

Mr. Mill's definition is equally comprehensive: 'Writers on political economy profess to investigate the nature of wealth, and the laws of its production and distribution, including directly or remotely the operation of all the causes by which the conditions of mankind or of any society of human beings in respect to this universal object of desire is made prosperous or the reverse.'—*Principles of Political Economy*; Preliminary Remarks.

ing every economic problem in conformity with the universal canons of the logic of science—of accepting no assumptions as finally established without proof, none as adequate from which conclusions untrue as matters of fact are found to result, and no chains of deduction from hypothetical premisses as possessing more than hypothetical truth, until verified by observation.

The theory of wages propounded by economic writers in general, though rejected by Mr. Thornton, and subjected to important practical modifications and corrections by Mr. Mill, Mr. Fawcett, and Mr. Waley, may be said to consist of two propositions. (1.) That there is a general wages fund, the proportion of which to the number of labourers fixes the average rate of individual earnings; (2.) That competition distributes this fund among the working classes according to the nature of their work, its difficulty, severity, unpleasantness, &c., so that allowing for differences in the quality of the labour there is an equality in the rates of wages in different employments. Mr. M'Culloch's treatise *On the Circumstances which determine the Rate of Wages*, states the first of these two propositions as follows (chapter i.):

> Wages depend at any particular period on the magnitude of the fund or capital appropriated to the payment of wages, compared with the number of labourers. . . . Let us suppose that the capital of a country annually appropriated to the payment of wages amounts to 30,000,000*l.* sterling. If there were two millions of labourers in that country, it is evident that the wages of each, reducing them all to the same common standard, would be 15*l.*; and it is further evident that this rate could not be increased otherwise than by increasing the amount of capital in a greater proportion than the number of labourers, or by diminishing the number of labourers in a greater proportion than the amount of capital. Every scheme for raising wages which is not bottomed on this principle, or which has not an increase of the ratio of capital to population for its ultimate object, must be nugatory and ineffectual.

The second proposition is stated in the same treatise thus (chapter v.):

> Were all employments equally agreeable and healthy, the labour to be performed in each of the same intensity, and did they all require the same degree of dexterity and skill on the part of the labourer, it is evident, supposing industry to be quite free, that there could be no permanent or considerable difference in the wages paid to those engaged in them. . . . . Hence the discrepancies that actually obtain in the rate of wages are confined within certain limits; increasing or diminishing it only so far as may be necessary to equalise the favourable or unfavourable circumstances attending any employment.

We maintain in opposition to these propositions that no funds are certainly appropriated by employers either collectively or individually to the hire of labourers; that the 'average rate of wages' is a phrase without practical meaning; that competition does not equalise wages; that the actual rates of wages are not determined solely by competition, or by any one general cause; and that the aggregate amount of wages is merely the sum of the particular amounts of wages determined in each case by its own special conditions. We maintain too that the theory we controvert discredits political economy with the labouring class, and diverts the attention alike of labourers, employers, and economists from the investigation of means by which the wealth of the working classes might be increased and their relations with employers placed on a more satisfactory footing.

A remark which the first of Mr. M'Culloch's propositions might have suggested to his own mind at once is, that supposing it true that the average rate of wages depends on the proportion of an aggregate fund to the number of labourers, small light is nevertheless shed on

the subject by the statement of the problem in that way. Has it ever been propounded as the theory of the rate of profit that it depends on the ratio of the aggregate amount of profit to the aggregate quantity of capital? or as the theory of rent that the average rent of an acre depends on the proportion of the total amount of rent to the total number of acres? Were M'Culloch's proposition true to the letter, the question put in a very instructive article in the *North British Review* would remain, 'How does the amount of the wages-fund happen to be what it is? What will make it rise or fall?'[1] By Mr. Dudley Baxter's estimate of the amount and distribution of the national income, 10,961,000 manual labourers have an aggregate income of 334,645,000*l.*, while 2,759,000 persons in other classes have an income of 489,364,000*l.*; but Mr. Baxter does not pretend that these statistics afford an explanation of the facts they succinctly express, namely, that there is such a total national income, such a distribution of it, and such an aggregate amount of wages received by so many labourers. How is it—it remains to be ascertained—that the many have so little while the few have so much? Why is it that both together have no more? Could any causes alter the total amount of the national income, or its distribution, or both, in favour of the labouring class; or, on the contrary, to their disadvantage? The doctrine of Mr. M'Culloch either means that the total revenue of the labouring class, 'the aggregate wages-fund,' is fixed and invariable in amount, or it does not. If it does not, if the working classes might earn more or less collectively than they actually do, the doctrine in question evidently leaves untouched the very problem it professes to solve, namely, what are the causes determining wages? If, on the other hand, it means that there is a fixed quantity of wealth appropriated exclusively and certainly to the labouring class, it must be seen in a moment to be false by any one who reflects that capital can emigrate, and that the place and manner of its employment depend on individual estimates of profit; that in husbandry there is the alternative of pasture or tillage; that in both manufactures and agriculture, machines, animals, and natural agents may be substituted for labourers; and that the amount of income, as well as of capital, expended on labour or service is as variable as the tastes and dispositions of different individuals and different periods. The successor to a large income may spend more or less than his predecessor in the hire of labourers or servants; moreover, as there will be occasion to notice more particularly hereafter, the expenditure of any given amount of income upon commodities causes a greater or less expenditure of capital upon labour according to the kind of commodities and their mode of production. Again, the same collective amount of capital and income expendible upon labour may yield very different rates of wages, according not to the number of labourers only, but to the number also of employers, and the manner in which the whole amount is divided among them. If engrossed chiefly by a few, they may fix wages by combination at a minimum; if very unequally shared among a large number of employers, the rate determined even by competition may be much lower than it would be

[1] *North British Review.* March 1868, p. 6.

upon a nearly equal partition, since the poorer employers may be unable to afford more than a very low rate, and the richer may thereby get the pick of the labour market for a rate very little higher. Lastly, so far is a reduction in the number of labourers from necessarily raising individual rates of wages, as it must if the total amount of wages were fixed, that if those rates are already as high as the majority of employers can afford, the removal of one half the labouring population by famine or emigration could not raise wages one farthing, supposing the competition of other countries to prevent a rise in the price of commodities. A great diminution of labourers may, on the contrary, lower wages; just as in a particular case the loss of a few overlookers and mechanics may stop a whole factory; or as a strike on the part of a small number of puddlers may throw four or five times as many heaters, rollers, and other hands out of work.

We may pass then to the second of the two propositions into which, as already said, the theory of wages commonly received may be resolved, namely, that the total amount of wages is distributed equally among the whole labouring class by competition, allowing for differences in the quantity and quality of their labour. Now, whether competition does really regulate and equalise wages in this manner is, we must observe, altogether a question of fact, and by no means one which the inner consciousness of the political economist can answer. He cannot even assume without examination of facts, and careful consideration of the character and results of all the actually determining causes of wages, that competition *ought* to determine them. 'Though it is impossible,' says Mr. Mill, 'to furnish any test by which a speculative thinker, either in political economy or in any other branch of social philosophy, may know that he is competent to judge of the application of his principles to the existing condition of his own or any other country, indications may be suggested by which he may well and surely know that he is not competent. His knowledge must at least enable him to explain and account for what *is*, or he is an insufficient judge of what *ought to be*.' Will the theory that competition regulates and equalises wages stand this test? Will it explain and account for what wages actually *are*? The moment we compare it with facts, it will be seen to break down. Why does the farm labourer in Dorsetshire earn 7*s*. or 8*s*. a week, in Northamptonshire from 11*s*. to 14*s*., in Northumberland and Durham from 15*s*. to 20*s*.? Why have wages not risen for several years in some parts of Ireland, notwithstanding large emigration, while in other parts they have risen notwithstanding large immigration? Why do cabinet-makers in East London earn only 7*s*. 6*d*. a week, and 30*s*. in other places? Why does the bricklayer earn more in some towns than in others, and in some towns more than the higher skilled carpenter, in others less? Why are women's wages in general, by comparison with men's, so disproportionate to their exertions, assiduity, anxiety, and the quality of their work? How is it that wages are much more unequal in England now than they were when the *Wealth of Nations* was written? At that time Adam Smith states that they varied considerably more in England than in the lowlands of Scotland; but so confident was Mr. M'Culloch of the absolute sway of competition and its levelling power, that he placed a note under Adam Smith's statement in his own edition of the *Wealth of Nations* affirming that the facilities of com-

munication have brought the wages of labour 'much nearer to a common level than at the period of the *Wealth of Nations*;' and that they are 'nearly the same all over the country.' Now what are the facts? While Adam Smith was composing his treatise in Scotland, Arthur Young was collecting statistics of agricultural wages in England; and in the 26 counties he traversed the lowest rate was then 6*s*. a week, in two counties only being so low; the highest rate was 8*s*. 6*d*., in one county only being so high; the rate varying generally between 6*s*. 6*d*. and 8*s*. Eighty years afterwards (in 1850 and 1851) Mr. Caird traversed the same counties and found the minimum rate still 6*s*., but the maximum raised to 15*s*. In Lancashire, again, wages had risen from 6*s*. 6*d*. to 15*s*.; but in Suffolk they had fallen from 7*s*. 11*d*. to 7*s*., though meat, butter, and milk had greatly risen, and cottage rents 100 per cent.[1] The real increase of inequality in wages, in 1850, compared with 1770, was indeed considerably greater than the money rates show, for Adam Smith was altogether mistaken in supposing the prices of food to be nearly the same throughout the kingdom in his time, but they had become nearly the same in 1850. In 1860 they are still nearer a perfect equality, but the inequality in wages continues, as the following evidence proves:

In the parish of Chester-le-Street, for example, a very large parish, with a population of more than 20,000 inhabitants, the rate of wages, whether from farmers or gentlemen, for an able-bodied agricultural labourer is at least 15*s*. a week, and for 'hinds' about 19*s*. to 20*s*., with house free, and very often coals also. I may mention also that the rate has never varied since I recollect looking into these matters, namely, from 1843; and I may say the same rate exists in the greater part of the county of Durham and the south part of the county of Northumberland. The labourers eat meat almost every day.

With regard to Dorsetshire, where I am now living, wages are in many places now as they have been for 30 years, namely, from 7*s*. to 8*s*. a week; and out of this they have often to pay 4*l*. a year for a cottage, generally a wretched one. These labourers hardly know what meat is; they have perhaps a pig, but if so have to spin out the bacon; they live chiefly on cheese, bread, and potatoes. Occasionally they may have a small patch of land near their cottage, or a piece of allotment land for which they pay a small rent. Although the price of bread, meat, &c., has risen so much in late years, the rate of labour has not varied. There are no manufactories of any kind, and the labourers are a very unenterprising race, getting through much less work than a Northumbrian who has his 15*s*. to 18*s*. a week and eats meat.[2]

Take next an intervening county between Northumberland and Dorsetshire, with intervening rates of wages. The rector of a parish in Northamptonshire writes:[3]

Wages in Northamptonshire ranged in 1848 from 9*s*. to 10*s*. a week, 9*s*. being the most common rate; in 1858 from 10*s*. to 12*s*., the latter prevailing generally near large towns. In 1868 I know of two parishes in the county where wages are only 11*s*. a week; generally in the richest parts of the county they are about 12*s*. They rise as you get near the towns; being in my parish 14*s*. for ordinary agricultural labourers.

The rate is ruled in this county chiefly by two causes, the price of wheat and the amount of competition. In the neighbourhood of railway works, for example, the farmers are obliged to keep their wages in fair proportion to their profits from prices; and in such places, when a farmer gets good prices, he generally raises the wages of his men spontaneously. For instance, in 1867 the farmers about here told their men they would raise wages from 12*s*. to 13*s*.; in 1868, from 13*s*. to 14*s*. In out of the way places, where there is no competition of other employments, I fear wages

[1] *English Agriculture in* 1850 *and* 1851; second edition, pp. 473, 510–515.
[2] Communication from a landed proprietor, April 22, 1868.
[3] April 17, 1868.

are kept at old rates of 11*s.* and 12*s.*; much too little for a labouring man at present prices. One woman in this parish showed her books lately, from which it seems that she paid 13*s.* 4*d.* each week this winter for bread and flour, her husband's wages being 15*s.*: not much left for rent and clothing, &c.! Harvest pulls them through.

Political economists might many years ago have reformed the poor law, improved the cottages of the rural population in many counties, and done much to raise wages in the counties where they are lowest, if, instead of assuming a fictitious equality, they had applied themselves to discover the causes of a real inequality. But it is one of 'a profound kind of fallacies in the mind of man,' says Lord Bacon, that it 'doth usually assume and feign in nature a greater equality and uniformity than is in truth.' We have seen how far agricultural wages are from that equality and uniformity which Mr. M'Culloch assumed: the following evidence, given before the Trade-Unions Commission, relates to wages in towns:

Wages all over the country vary in a most unaccountable manner, as far as any reasons arising from the circumstances either of the trade or the locality would lead one to expect. For instance, masons' wages are at Chester 6¾*d.* per hour, at Shrewsbury 5*d.* per hour; those are two towns which of course are very similarly situated as far as expense of living is concerned, and as far as other circumstances are concerned. At Clevedon they receive only 4*d.*, at Penzance they receive 6*d.*, at Exeter 4½*d.*, at South Shields 7¼*d.*, at Newcastle-on-Tyne 5⅝*d.*, at Preston 7⅝*d.*, at Lancaster 6*d.* . . . . . At Blackburn bricklayers' wages are 8*d.* per hour, at Liverpool 6½*d.*, at Stafford 6½*d.*, at Walsall 5½*d.*, at Huddersfield 8*d.*, at Barnsley 5⅜*d.*; in different parts of England the wages vary from 8*d.* to 4½*d.* per hour. . . . Carpenters and joiners at Chester get 6*d.* per hour, at Shrewsbury 4⅞*d.*, at Southport 6¾*d.*, at Wigan 5⅜*d.*; and wages vary from 8*d.* to 4⅜*d.* per hour. Plasterers' wages at Durham are 6½*d.* per hour, at Darlington 5⅜*d.*, at Barrow-in-Furness 7½*d.*, at Wigan 5⅜*d.*, at Chester 5¾*d.*, in the Staffordshire Potteries 7¼*d.*, at Scarborough 7½*d.*; and wages vary from 8*d.* to 4¾*d.* per hour. As far as the plumbers, painters, and glaziers are concerned, it is difficult to institute a comparison; but as far as I can distinguish, they vary just as much as the other trades. Slaters' wages vary in different parts of England from 8*d.* to 4⅜*d.* per hour. Bricklayers' labourers' wages are at Chester 3½*d.* per hour, at Shrewsbury 3*d.*, at Barrow-in-Furness 5⅜*d.*, at Liverpool 4⅜*d.*, at Preston 3½*d.*, in London 5*d.*, at Hereford 3¼*d.*, and at Gloucester 2¾*d.*; and wages vary from 5⅜*d.* to 2¾*d.* in different parts of England.

The secretary of the General Builders' Association, who gave the foregoing evidence, speaking on behalf of employers, attributed the striking inequality in wages he described to the disturbing influence of trade-unions. The secretary of the Amalgamated Society of Engineers, on the other hand, speaking on behalf of working men, though affirming in like manner that wages vary in quantity from town to town, maintained that the operations of the union tend to equalise them.[1] Whether this be so or not (and the information unions collect and the objects they have in view seem to tend to equalisation), the fact of great inequality remains. It is, moreover, much greater in the case of agricultural labourers, who have no unions, than of town operatives,

[1] *Earl of Lichfield*: Have the operations of your society had the effect of equalising wages in different districts where you have branches?—They have had the effect of equalising wages to a very considerable extent, but have not made a uniform rate of wages.

Do they vary very much in different towns of the same district—say Lancashire, for instance?—Yes.

Do you mean more than the expense of living will account for?—I believe that the cost of living is pretty near the same, go where you will, if you live upon the same diet.

who have; and the very existence of unionism is enough to disprove the theory that individual competition is the sole regulator of wages, and that labour naturally finds its own level, like water.

'The spirit quickeneth, but the letter killeth.' The followers of a philosopher owe him no literal sequence: they owe it, on the contrary, to his fame and example, and to the science or system of investigation which he establishes, to give it all possible correction as well as expansion; but in political economy it has been the fate of both Adam Smith and Mr. Mill that the letter of general propositions found in their pages has been pushed with pitiless logic to the utmost extreme, without even the qualifications in those very pages, as though a *reductio ad absurdum* of the master were the object of the disciple. Adam Smith, for example, laid it down as a general principle, that 'the whole of the advantages and disadvantages of different employments of labour must, *in the same neighbourhood*, be either perfectly equal or continually tending to equality, in a society *where every man was perfectly free to choose what occupation he thought proper, and to change it as often as he thought proper.*' But he was so far from treating this very limited proposition as true without exception, even within its specified limits, that he has expressly said: 'The wages of labour, it must be observed, cannot be ascertained very accurately anywhere, different prices being often paid at the same place and for the same sort of labour.' Yet his doctrine now commonly takes the form of an unqualified assumption that competition exactly adjusts payment in all cases to the quality and quantity of labour; that wages are equal in proportion to work all over the country; that the whole island is 'the same neighbourhood' to every man, like his parish; and that every man is able both to choose what occupation he pleases, and to change it as often as he pleases. Mr. Mill has been no less unfortunate than Adam Smith in the fate of his teaching. Instead of assuming that wages are equal, that free competition is the universal condition of the labour market, and that every disadvantage or difficulty is accordingly compensated by proportionate payment, Mr. Mill actually says, 'that wages are generally in an opposite direction to the equitable principle of compensation erroneously represented as the general law of the remuneration of labour. The really exhausting and the really repulsive labours, instead of being better paid than others, are almost invariably paid worst of all, *because performed by those who have no choice.*' In the employments of women, again, he observes that 'the remuneration is greatly below that of equal skill and equal disagreeableness in employments carried on by men;' the reason in some cases being, as he adds, that women's wages are not determined by competition but by custom, and, in all cases, their wages being lowered by their exclusion by men from many employments for which they are by nature eminently fitted. Speaking, on the other hand, of the effect of combination in some of the employments of men, Mr. Mill remarks that 'the journeymen typefounders are able, it is said, to keep up a rate of wages much beyond that which is usual in employments of equal hardness and skill; and even the tailors, a much more numerous class, are understood to have had to some extent a similar success.' Concurring, then, as we do with a critic of Mr. Mill's doctrine, as to the matters of fact in the following sentence, we maintain that they are matters of fact exactly analogous to those to which

Mr. Mill has himself drawn pointed attention:

> How could the shoemakers compete with the tailors, or the blacksmiths with the glassblowers? . . . . So far as trade and competition are concerned in the matter, the capital applicable at any particular time for the employment of additional labourers in any particular trades in this country—such, for instance, as the iron trade or the watch trade—is far more accessible to the ironworkers of Belgium or the watchmakers of Geneva, than to any unfortunate members of our own population who, not being wanted in the trades for which they are skilled, are not skilled in the trades where the demand for labour is unsatisfied.[1]

In the case of cognate or similar trades, an interchange or migration from one to the other is not unusual. 'A man who was a shipcarpenter,' to take an example from the evidence collected by the Trade-Unions Commission, 'at the time the census was taken, very likely a month afterwards was a house carpenter, and *vice versâ*; and such is the case with certain branches of the cabinet-making trade and carpenters.' Yet even between cognate trades there is often no migration; sometimes, no doubt, because of purely artificial and indefensible obstacles,[2] yet not the less real even then; sometimes because of natural differences in the work and the men; sometimes, again, because it is by no means easy to compare the relative advantages even of trades closely related. 'Take sashes and floors,' says Lord Elcho, 'the sash requires a more skilled workman than the floor?' 'Yes,' Mr. Potter replies; 'but the floor requires a stronger man.' Sashes and floors are sometimes made by the same men; but a classification and separation of workmen is sometimes founded even on this comparatively slight difference in the work and the qualities it requires; which illustrates the principle that there are, in the nature of things, obstacles to that perfectly free choice and change of occupations which many economists have assumed. The very division of labour creates, in its natural consequence of special skill, a barrier between one trade and another. Special skill, in fact, would possess no value, and would not be acquired, if it did not limit competition. Those who possess it are nevertheless liable to changes both in demand and in the modes of production; and wages are therefore by no means uniformly proportionate to skill, or to the labourer's cost of production; a point on which we must venture to differ from the theory of wages in a new *Manual of Political Economy* by Mr. Rogers. Besides, how is the workman to estimate the real earnings in every other trade in the country? It is by no means always easy to judge what the earnings are even in another branch of his own trade at the same spot. The secretary of the Sheffield United Joiners' Toolmakers, having stated to the Outrages Inquiry Commissioners that some of the branches of the trade were over-handed, was asked:

> Which of the four is the most highly paid branch?—That is a very disputed point. If I had to decide it, I should think the grinders were the best paid branch.
>
> And what would a grinder make per week?—Well, 2*l.* perhaps; but not being a grinder, I cannot speak exactly. Then he has heavier expenses than other men.

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[1] *A Refutation of the Wage-Fund Theory of Modern Political Economy.* By Francis D. Longe.

[2] In some parts of the country lathing is done by labourers, while in other parts of the country it is not. For instance, in London lathing is done by men who do nothing but lathing. I pointed out that in Liverpool plasterers and slaters went together, and in Manchester plasterers and painters. In Scarborough the plasterers tried to prevent the bricklayers from carrying on one part of that which they had been brought up to.—*Trade-Unions Commission*, 1 Rep. 3278.

The fact is, that the workman no more has a perfectly free choice of occupations than the barrister has a power of becoming whenever he pleases an editor, or the manager of a bank or a factory, or a Queen's messenger, or a clerk in the Admiralty. The impediments to the changes of occupation and the resulting inequalities in wages are partly, no doubt, unjust and pernicious, and so far as they are so, it is by detecting and not by ignoring them that the economist will really further equality; but they are also partly inherent and natural. There is, in fact, a much freer migration between some bordering grades of capital and labour than between different departments of labour; and the doctrine that a general tax upon profits must be borne by capitalists alone requires revision accordingly—a point which we notice as an example of the manifold errors resulting from reasoning on assumptions founded, not upon facts, but upon general terms. The line of demarcation in terms between 'capitalists' and 'labourers' no more separates the two orders impassably than the term 'competition' places all the members of each order in a position to compete with each other. The number of servants who become shopkeepers and lodging-house keepers in London is very considerable—even in the country we have known the same man become a butler, a grocer, and a butler again—and a heavy tax upon profits would thus fall partly on wages, by increasing the number of servants; while a carpenter or joiner rarely becomes a bricklayer or a mason, though the pay of the latter is in some places better.

The stickler for the doctrine of labour finding its level will probably answer that the level is found, not by old hands changing their trades, but either by a greater competition for the better paid trades on the part of new hands, or by a flow of capital into employments in which labour is abnormally cheap. But the answer, like the doctrine itself, is in conflict with facts, and therefore untrue. Four generations since Adam Smith and Arthur Young have widened the actual differences of wages in England. Mr. Mill's theory of international values, it is well to observe, is entirely based on the *fact* that 'there are still extraordinary differences both of wages and of profits in different parts of the world. Between all distant places in some degree, but especially beween different countries, there may exist great inequalities in the earnings of labour and capital, without causing them to move one from the other in such quantities as to level those inequalities.' But it is evident that the economist who accepts this international theory cannot reasonably or logically disregard the fact that there *are* likewise extraordinary inequalities in wages in the same country without causing a movement of labourers such as to level these inequalities.

That instead of one common cause determining and equalising wages, different causes determine them in different cases, and produce the great inequalities found in fact to exist, is easily shown. In Northumberland and Durham good wages and good food make, as we saw, the farm labourer efficient, and his efficiency along with the good market for his produce afforded by mines, enables the farmer to pay the high price for labour which the competition of the mines on the other hand compels him to pay. In Northamptonshire, near railway works and large towns, the competition of employers in other trades compels the farmer to raise wages when his own profits are high on the one hand from the prices of produce, and when, for the same reason, food is dear to

the labourer on the other hand; but in retired parts of the country old rates of farm wages continue from the absence of all other employment. In Dorsetshire the agricultural labourer's earnings are determined mainly, not by the competition of employers, but by that tacit combination on their part not to raise wages above their actual rates, which Adam Smith declared in his time to be the constant and uniform practice.[1] Not many years ago, rates of wages even lower than in Dorsetshire, were current in Wiltshire from the same cause. 'The wages of labour are lower on Salisbury Plain,' Mr. Caird wrote in his *Letters on Agriculture*, 'than in Dorsetshire, and lower than in the dairy and arable districts of North Wilts. An explanation of this may partly be found in the fact that the command of wages is altogether under the control of the large farmers, some of whom employ the whole labour of a parish. Six shillings a week was the amount given for ordinary labourers by the most extensive farmer in South Wilts, who holds nearly 5,000 acres of land, great part of which is his own property. Seven shillings however is the more common rate, and out of that the labourer has to pay one shilling a week for the rent of his cottage.' The truth is that instead of competition for labour being the universal condition of trade and the universal regulator of wages, there is rarely competition for labour on the part of employers *within* a trade in a particular place unless there be competition for it from *without*. And in the absence of competition for labour from without, what competition there is on the part of employers within a trade often tends to lower wages by lowering prices and diminishing the cost of production. 'If one single employer succeed in screwing down wages below the rate previously current, his fellow employers may have no alternative but to follow suit, or to see themselves undersold in the produce market.'[2] When indeed wages are thus screwed down to a minimum, the probable consequence doubtless is minimum work, and the labourer becomes worthy of little more than his hire. The selling value of the labourer's work, it ought not to be forgotten by either employer or labourer, determines the maximum of wages; but it is seldom the sole consideration of the employer. 'How much can I give?' is his first consideration, but 'How much less can I make him take?' is generally his second. A great productiveness of labour and capital, high prices for the produce of both, security to reap a liberal profit on a liberal outlay, are the causes which enable employers to pay high rates of wages; but either competition for labour in other employments or places to which it can migrate, or the combination of labourers, is requisite for the most part to compel employers to pay labour either so as to make it highly efficient, or in proportion to its efficiency, if highly efficient. But competition for labour is not necessarily limited to competition on the part of employers. It affords an important illustration of the variety of the conditions determining wages, that in the United States land is a competitor for labour with capital because it offers the labourer an agreeable and lucrative employ-

[1] 'Whoever imagines that masters rarely combine is as ignorant of the world as of the subject. Masters are always and everywhere in a sort of tacit but constant and uniform combination not to raise wages above the actual rate. Masters, too, sometimes enter into particular combinations to sink wages below this actual rate.'

[2] Thornton on the Rate of Wages. *Fortnightly Review*, May 1867, p. 562.

ment, while in the United Kingdom land is not only out of the labourer's reach as an independent resource, but actually, under the system which prevails, often competes with labour instead of for it, by offering to capital employments which supersede labour, as for example, when arable land is converted into pasture or deer forest. The following evidence of an American employer, respecting the influence of land upon wages in the States deserves the particular attention of the labouring classes of this kingdom:

Chairman: Have you at all considered what is the reason of the fact that there is so much higher a rate in America?—Yes; it is a problem which faces us at every turn, because in consequence of this difference in wages, you make iron in England a great deal lower than we can possibly make it. It comes into our country and undersells the iron of our manufacturers, and we are periodically ruined. And the sole cause that I know for that, is the ability of Great Britain to make iron at a less cost than we do, in consequence of the lower rates of labour in this country. You ask me the cause of this difference in the rates of labour. In the first place, there are what I should term the natural causes. We have a new country of immense extent, a very fertile soil, sparsely populated even in the populated parts, and to a very large extent unoccupied. Every enterprising man can, even near the centres of population, purchase land upon credit if he has not any capital; or he may go west and have land for nothing, by simply filing his intention to occupy it with the registrar of the land office, and he has 160 acres under the homestead law for nothing. Of course the rate of wages is regulated substantially in our country by the profits which a man can get out of the soil, which has cost him little or nothing except the labour which he himself or his family have put upon it. That is the element which in my judgment determines the standard of wages in the United States which an ordinary labourer will derive, from the fact that the man who thinks that he is not getting enough takes to the land; and if he finds that the land does not yield him so much as he could get in some other branch of industry, he goes from the land back to that industry. Therefore the governing element in our country is the annual profit which a man can derive from land which has cost him nothing beyond the labour which he himself has put upon it. In other words, what you call rent to some extent enters into the question of the value of labour in our country. You add to what would be the ordinary value of labour in this country the element of the land, and you arrive nearly at the value of a day's labour in America.

Your theory is, that as every man in America can hold 160 acres free as the gift of the State, a man is constantly making the experiment: 'How do I get my subsistence out of that 160 acres?—If I can get more by being a puddler in an iron manufactory, I will give up my 160 acres?' —Yes.

Mr. Merivale: I understand you to say that the natural rate of wages is fixed in America by the abundance of land, and cannot fall below that standard?—Yes; on the average it is so.[1]

In this country, on the contrary, instead of competing for labour, land offers to capital investments, whereby the demand for labour is diminished. It is among the unfortunate results of the almost exclusive attention of trade-unions to a single, and by no means invariably successful, mode of operating upon wages by combination, that the working classes bring nothing of their great political power and intellectual influence to bear on the liberation of land from restrictions which prevent its being within the reach of the labourer, and at once a competitor with capital for the use of his powers of production, and a powerful contributor to his welfare as a consumer as regards the cost both of his dwelling and of his food. The interests of the working classes as consumers, indeed their common interests of all kinds, seem hitherto to have obtained from them scarcely any attention. The whole 110,000,000*l.* of annual profit on

[1] Second Report, Trade-Unions Commission, pp. 3, 5. Compare Seventh Report, p. 57.

capital divided among the 11,000,000 labourers of the United Kingdom would add but 10*l.* a year to each labourer's income, supposing capital to stay in the country on such terms; while money wages might be much more largely augmented, and their purchasing power perhaps doubled, by legal, financial and administrative reforms, to which the labouring class give no heed. Among the considerations affecting their interests to which their attention seems never to be drawn, is that the aggregate amount of their revenue depends in a great measure on the modes of expenditure customary with all classes, including their own. They may, for example, spend a great part of their own earnings on things such as spirits and beer, the price of which consists chiefly of the profits of distillers, brewers, and publicans; or they may limit the bulk of their purchases to articles made mainly by labour and sold in co-operative stores. A good part of their income may thus either go back to other classes, or be redistributed among their own class, according to their own habits of consumption. An assailant of Mr. Mill's theory of wages referred to in a previous page, has himself fallen into the same curious fallacy with Mr. Senior, that all the funds expended upon commodities of whatever kind, are expended on labour.[1] Criticising Ricardo, Mr. Senior argued, 'Mr. Ricardo's theory is, that it is more beneficial to the labouring classes to be employed in the production of services, than in the production of commodities; that it is better for them to be employed in standing behind chairs, than in making chairs.' Mr. Longe, in like manner, ridicules the doctrine that the rich can make any addition to wages by diminishing their personal expenditure on commodities, and purchasing labour instead, 'a process,' Mr. Longe exclaims, 'very analogous to that of lengthening a stick by cutting off from the top a portion to be added at the bottom.' The error of both Mr. Senior and Mr. Longe lies in supposing that labourers get the whole price of all the things they contribute to produce, without any deduction for profit or rent. Take Mr. Senior's own instance of the price of a chair: part is the price of the wood, and this part is nearly all interest and rent—rent to the owner of the ground in which the tree grew, and interest to the planter, who had to wait for his money until his plantation grew up; part, and perhaps a very large part, is profit to the workman's employer, the remainder only, and it may be a very small remainder, is wages to the maker or workman himself. It is actually a very small remainder to the cabinet-maker in East London. 'The cabinet-makers at the East End, a very numerous body, are in what is called the slop trade, and are ground down by the dealers, who own what are called "slaughter-houses," in which they take advantage of the small manufacturers, and compel them to sell their upholstery at little more than the cost of materials. Between dealers and want of work, I am told that numbers of the slop cabinet-makers are not earning 7*s.* 6*d.* a week.'[2]

Nearly two millions, that is, nearly one fifth of the entire number of labourers in the United Kingdom, are maintained directly as servants and labourers out of the incomes of the other classes of society, and probably their total receipts in wages and board may

[1] *A Refutation of the Wage-Fund Theory of Modern Political Economy.* By F. D. Longe.

[2] *National Expenditure.* By R. Dudley Baxter, p. 65.

amount to forty millions a year. Does Mr. Longe suppose that, if these forty millions were spent by employers on commodities, instead of on labour, the labouring classes as a whole would be nothing the poorer? The difference would be that other classes instead of labourers would get a good part of the forty millions' worth of commodities which servants and labourers now buy with their wages, or receive directly in board. We may add that Mr. Senior's theory that the average rate of wages depends on the quantity and quality of commodities appropriated to the use of labourers on the one hand, and their number on the other, confounds two perfectly distinct classes of causes—those which affect the labourer as a producer, and those which affect him as a consumer; those which determine the general value of his labour, and those which determine its specific value, that is to say, its purchasing power over the particular commodities which he consumes. The sale of his labour is one exchange; the purchase of the commodities he buys with the fruits of that sale—that is to say, with his wages—is another; and these two separate exchanges are subject to quite different laws or conditions. Reductions of taxation on tea and sugar, for example, improve the quantity and quality of some of the articles labourers consume without necessarily increasing their incomes as producers, or their purchasing powers over things in general. Thus it happens that a proceeding which benefits the labouring class, considered as producers, may possibly injure them as consumers;—for instance, the conversion of sheep runs into deer forests in the highlands of Scotland. More men are employed as gamekeepers and gillies than would, in most cases, be employed as shepherds were the same land under sheep; but, on the other hand, labourers neither rent shooting grounds nor eat venison, while they do consume mutton, if its plenty and cheapness place it within their reach. Were the deer forests, however, restored to the spade and the plough, the labouring class would benefit both as producers and consumers; there would be both a greater demand for labour, and a greater production of the food which labourers use. We advert to such points, not only for whatever may be their special importance, but also to illustrate the great variety of the causes which affect the value of labour; and we do so, both because while employers commonly err in regarding competition as the labourer's only legitimate process, the labouring classes themselves err in laying almost exclusive stress upon combination.

Mr. Mill, Mr. Fawcett, Mr. Thornton, and Mr. Waley have demonstrated that without combination labourers would in some cases be completely at the mercy of employers. In the words of the first, 'How can they stand out for terms without organised concert? What chance would any labourer have who struck singly for an advance of wages? Associations of labourers of a nature similar to trade-unions, far from being a hindrance to a free market for labour, are the necessary instrumentality of that free market; the indispensable means of enabling the sellers of labour to take due care of their own interests under a system of competition.'[1] Accordingly when Mr. Jevons vindicates the right of labourers to combine to shorten the hours of labour, on the ground that 'the single workman, dependent for his living upon his week's wages, is utterly incompetent to enforce any conces-

[1] *Principles of Political Economy.* By J. S. Mill. Book v. chap. 10, § 5.

sion from his wealthy employer,"[1] we think he must logically go further and admit that it may be as necessary for workmen to combine in order to get a fair price for their labour, as in order to shorten its hours. It is sometimes said that if the profits of a particular business are abnormally high, a consequent accumulation of capital resulting must raise wages in proportion; but there is nothing to compel the recipients of high profits to make that particular use of them. They may buy lands, or increase their personal expenditure, or speculate in other, it may be in foreign, investments. On the other hand, for labourers to rely exclusively on combination, seems to us a mischievous error. In many cases there is no room, in either profits or prices, for an increase of wages;[2] and in at least one case of first rate importance, combination is in practice impossible. Increased powers of competition, rather than of of combination—by education, by the collection of statistics of wages, and by the reform of the land laws—are the powers the working classes should seek to confer on the agricultural labourer.

But in all cases there are two questions to which both employers and employed should attend. One is, what is the utmost that can be made by capital and labour together? The other, how is the total produce of both to be divided between them? The mistake into which both employers and labourers commonly fall is, of attention only to the latter of the two questions: neither looking to the means by which the total amount to be divided may be raised to the utmost; both looking to extort the utmost possible share of the actual total; —neither treating the problem as one of production; both treating it as one only of distribution.

In submitting such considerations we venture to propound no universal rule respecting the conditions which do or which ought to regulate wages. In place of competition being the only condition by which the value of labour is determined as a matter of fact, we find competition, combination, and co-operation all active, and each in a variety of forms; nor dare we deny that there are cases to which each is the arrangement specially appropriate at present. Sometimes we see employers alone combining, and labourers competing; sometimes it is employers who compete and labourers who combine. In some cases each of the two classes combines against the other; in some, both combine against consumers. In some cases labour is not its own sole competitor, but machinery, animals, or natural agents compete with it and diminish its value; in other cases these agencies co-operate with it or compete for it, and add to its value. In some cases, instead of a conflict between labour and capital, there is co-operation, and that in various ways: for example, sometimes by arbitration of wages and sometimes by regular partnership in profits.

So various and variable being the causes which determine the rates of wages in particular cases, it is evident that wages in many cases might be different from what they are; that the aggregate amount of wages is merely the total sum of the particular amounts in particular cases taken together; and that the average rate of wages is a phrase

[1] *A Lecture on Trades' Societies.* By W. Stanley Jevons, M.A.

[2] We cannot agree with the writer of the excellent article on Trade-Unions in the March number of the *North British Review*, before referred to, that wages may be raised by means of a reduction of interest on borrowed capital. Its owners are under no necessity to make that investment of it, and will not accept a lower interest from employers of labour than they can obtain elsewhere.

without practical meaning or relation to the actual earnings of labour. The investigation establishes likewise, we presume to affirm, Mr. Senior's protest notwithstanding, that political economy is, or ought to be, a science *avide de faits*. It has suffered much from that tendency towards mere abstract speculation of which Lord Bacon said: 'As for the philosophers, they make imaginary laws for imaginary commonwealths; and their discourses are as the stars which give little light because they are so high.' By no means concurring with all the criticisms of a powerful censor of the science, we cannot but join in his protest against its being put forward as one 'definite, distinct, and exact, the axioms of which are as universal and demonstrable as those of astronomy; the practical rules of which are as simple and familiar as those of arithmetic.'[1] Political economy must be content to take rank as an inductive, instead of a purely deductive science; and it will gain in utility, interest, and real truth, far more than a full compensation for the forfeiture of a fictitious title to mathematical exactness and certainty.

[1] *The Limits of Political Economy.* By F. Harrison. *Fortnightly Review*, June 15, 1865.

LIFE OF SIR PHILIP SYDNEY.

By the late Robert Southey.

In Three Parts.—Part III.

NO person figured more conspicuously than Sydney in those triumphs (as they were called) and feats of arms which were exhibited before the queen on holiday occasions. The splendour of the English court began in the victorious days of Edward III.; it was renewed, with magnificent prodigality, by Henry VIII.; and if Elizabeth ever departed from that careful husbandry which characterised her measures, it was when she displayed her state before foreign ambassadors, and gratified her people by such spectacles. The pomps and vanities of the costliest modern entertainments are described only in records as ephemeral as the festivities themselves, and they deserve no longer remembrance; but the pageants of the Tudor age enter into the chronicles of England, and have properly a place there as belonging to the history of our manners and literature. *Comus* and the masques of Ben Jonson would not have been written unless the way had been thus prepared for them, as it was by the mysteries and moralities for the plays of Shakespeare. They were at this time far from that elegance to which Jonson brought them; yet their fantastic combination of allegory with romance produced an effect upon our poetry which will be admired in the *Faery Queen* as long as English shall remain a living or an intelligible language; and although the speeches and poems which made part of the entertainment were in the most conceited style, the false refinement which was thus ambitiously affected contributed greatly to the rapid improvement of our tongue, both in prose and verse.

The French commissioners who came over to treat concerning the marriage were some of the noblest and most distinguished persons in France; and Elizabeth's courtiers, 'desirous to show them all courtesy possible fittest for such estates, and to sport them with all courtlie pleasure,' prepared for them a triumph of this kind, which 'being devised in most sumptuous order, was by them,' says Holinshed, 'performed in as valiant a manner, to their endless fame and honour.' Had the honest and painstaking chronicler's notions of endlessness and fame been more philosophical, we should now have had no account of a most characteristic court spectacle in which Sydney bore a conspicuous part.

Preparatory to this display, the gallery at the end of the tilt-yard adjoining the palace at Whitehall was called the Fortress of Perfect Beauty; and not without cause, for as much as the queen was from thence to be a spectator of the triumph. The four challengers were the Earl of Arundel, the Lord Windsor, Philip Sydney, and Fulk Grevile. To them the invention is ascribed, and in the character of the Four Foster Children of Desire, they opened the plot of their drama by sending a boy apparelled in red and white as their martial messenger, to accost her majesty with speeches of defiance, on a Sunday, as she came from chapel. 'O lady,' he began, 'that doth entitle the titles you possess with the honour of your worthiness, rather crowning the great crown you hold, with the fame to have so excelling an owner, than you receiving to yourself any increase, keeping that outward ornament, vouchsafe to hear the words which I by commandment am here

to deliver to you.' Presuming then upon impunity for himself, as being only the 'silly messenger,' he proceeded to inform the 'lovely princess,' that the Four Foster Children of Desire were encamped thereby, who had long been nurst with the infective milk of that fiery fosterer (though that dry-nurse Despair had full oft endeavoured to wean them from it), and being now as strong in that nurture as they were weak in fortune, they laid claim to the Fortress of Beauty, as belonging to them by rightful inheritance, and called upon her, in the name of justice, no longer to exclude virtuous Desire from perfect Beauty. 'Whereto,' said the young herald, 'if you yield (O yield, for so all reason requireth!) then have I no more to say. But if (alas, but let that not be needful!) Beauty be accompanied with disdainful Pride, and Pride refusing is waited on by Cruelty, then must I denounce thee, honourable forewarning that they will besiege the fatal Fortress, vowing not to spare (if this obstinacy continue) the sword of Faithfulness and the fire of Affection.' He challenged also the knights of her court to do their endeavour for raising the siege, requiring also that it might be before the queen's own eyes, 'whom they knew as even in judgment and dainty in choosing;' proposing first at the tilt in as many courses as she might please to appoint, and that if any would call them to the course of the field with lance and sword, to give such proofs of their valour as should at least make their devoirs more noble, and engaging that if they did not before night overcome all opponents, they would yield themselves slaves unto her for ever.

For besieging this fortress, the challengers provided a frame of wood covered with canvas, and painted outwardly in such excellent order as if it had been very natural earth or mould, and covered the frame of a rolling trench, which went on wheels which way soever the persons within it did drive it.' Upon the top were placed 'two cannons of wood so passing well coloured as they seemed to be indeed two fair field pieces of ordnance; and by them were placed two men for gunners, clothed in crimson sarcenet, with their baskets of earth for defence of their bodies by them. And also there stood on the top of the trench an ensign bearer, in the same suit as the gunners, displaying his ensign; and within the said trench was cunningly conveyed divers kind of most excellent music against the Castle of Beauty.' All being thus in readiness, the four challengers approached, coming one after another from the stable toward the tilt-yard, 'in brave and excellent order.' The Earl of Arundel entered first, with six trumpeters sounding before him, two gentlemen ushers, four pages, twenty of his gentlemen, and one and thirty yeomen, all sumptuously apparelled for the occasion. Then came the Lord Windsor, with four pages, four and twenty gentlemen, four trumpeters, two footmen, four grooms leading his four horses, and three score yeomen. 'Then proceeded Master Philip Sydney in a very sumptuous manner, with armour part blue and the rest gilt and engraven, with four spare horses, having caparisons and furniture very rich and costly, as some of cloth of gold embroidered with pearl, and some embroidered with gold and silver feathers very richly and cunningly wrought. He had four pages that rode on his four spare horses, who had cassock coats and Venetian hose, all of cloth of silver, laid with gold lace, and hats of the same, with gold bands and white feathers, and each one a pair of white buskins. Then had he thirty gentlemen and yeomen, and four trumpeters, who were all in cassock coats and Venetian hose of

yellow velvet, laid with silver lace, yellow velvet caps with silver bands and white feathers, and every one a pair of white buskins. And they had upon their coats a scroll or band of silver, which came scarf-wise over the shoulder, and so down under the arm, with this posey or sentence written upon it, both before and behind: *Sic vos non vobis.*' Sydney's yearly allowance from his father could not have sufficed for that day's expenditure; but undoubtedly he was assisted on such occasions by his uncle Leicester. Grevile came last, with four pages, four trumpeters, and twenty gentlemen and yeomen, 'all in loose jerkins of tawny taffaty, cut and lined with yellow sarsnet, and laid with gold lace, and cut down the arm, and set with loops and buttons of gold, Venetian hose of the same, lined as aforesaid, laid with gold lace down the side, with loops and buttons of gold, with each a pair of yellow worsted stockings, and hats of tawny taffaty with gold bands and yellow feathers.' Now, when time has made known that these friends were two of the most highly gifted of the human race—good men and truly wise, poets, statesmen, and philosophers (if ever any) both—it is singularly curious to read of them thus in the chronicle of pomps and vanities.

Having entered the tilt-yard, the rolling trench proceeded as if self-moved before them, and stopped opposite the queen; but they passed on as if to reconnoitre the fortress, and so went round the yard, for the better display. The boy then who had delivered the first defiance, pronounced a second in the same strain of complimentary conceit. 'If,' he said, 'the message lately delivered unto you had been believed and followed, O queen, in whom the whole story of virtue is written with the language of beauty, nothing should this violence have needed in your inviolate presence. Your eyes which till now have been only wont to discern the bowed knees of kneeling hearts, and inwardly turned, found always the heavenly peace of a sweet mind, should not now have their fair beams reflected with armour; should not now be driven to see the fury of Desire, nor the fiery force of Fury.' After more in this vein he concluded thus: 'You shall now be summoned to yield, which if it be rejected, then look for the affectionate alarm to be followed with desirous assault. The time approacheth for their approaches, but no time shall stay me from wishing, that howsoever this succeed, the world may long enjoy her chiefest ornament, which decks it with herself, and herself with the love of goodness.' The rolling trench was then moved as near her as might be, and being there fixed, the music played, and one of the boys, accompanied with cornets, summoned the fortress with what the chronicler calls, 'this delectable song:'

Yield, yield, oh yield, you that this fort do hold,
Which seated is in spotless Honour's field!
Desire's great force no forces can withhold;
Then to Desire's desire, oh yield, oh yield!
Yield, yield, oh yield! trust not on Beauty's pride;
Fairness, though fair, is but a feeble shield,
When strong Desire, which virtuous love doth guide,
Claims but to gain his due: oh yield, oh yield!
Yield, yield, oh yield! Who first this fort did make,
Did it for just Desire's true children build:
Such was his mind; if you another take,
Defence herein doth wrong; oh yield, oh yield!
Yield, yield, oh yield, now it is time to yield
Before the assault begin; oh yield, oh yield!

No flag of surrender being hung out in reply to this summons, another boy turned toward the besiegers, and sung the alarm-song 'with pleasant voice and seemly countenance:'

Alarm, alarm! here will no yielding be!
Such marble ears no cunning words can charm:

Courage, therefore, and let the stately see
That nought withstands Desire; alarm, alarm!
Alarm, alarm! let not their beauties move
Remorse in you to do this fortress harm.
Forsith war is the ground of virtuous love,
No force, though force be used; alarm, alarm!
Alarm, alarm! companions now begin
About the never conquered walls to swarm;
More praise to us, we never look to win,
Much may that was not yet: alarm, alarm!
Alarm, alarm! when once the fight is warm
Then shall you see them yield. Alarm, alarm!

When the song was ended, 'the two cannons were shot off; one was loaded with perfumed powder, and the other with some perfumed water, 'very odoriferous and pleasant, and the noise of the shooting was very excellent concert of melody within the mount.' Scaling ladders of such kind as were suitable for such a show were then set up, 'and the footmen threw flowers and such fancies against the walls, with all such devices as might seem fit shot for Desire.' This continued till the defendants came in, one and twenty in number, each with his servants, pages, and trumpeters, and all with some fantastic or 'mystical' invention. Of these inventions the first was the most remarkable for absurd extravagance, which never has been surpassed. A page, in the character of an angel, addressing the queen as the sun, told her that Desire, having compelled the Frozen Knight in the air to gaze on her beams till he dissolved in them, just before he died, 'that honest and fair-hearted knight' saw that siege was laid to the fortress, upon which his ghost entered the Elysian fields in alarm, exclaiming, 'O times, O men, O corruption of manners! the sun is besieged;' and the gods, hearing the outcry and its cause, sent down to the sun's defence—of all imaginable personages—Adam and Eve, who were to appear, this angel said, on the earth in that sort as they were in Paradise! But Sir Thomas Perrot, who acted Adam, and Master Cooke, who that day represented Eve, were in a more seemly costume. They were both in armour of the same fashion, 'beset with apples and fruit,' the only distinction being that Eve had hair hanging all down the helmet. The messenger then, after pronouncing a remonstrance to the challenger on the part of Adam and Eve, made for these extraordinary personages a speech to the queen, as extraordinary as themselves. If the favourable gleam of her divine beauty might fall on them, he said, they would think 'to be restored again to Paradise. The one meaneth to repose his trust in a woman who, like Eve, cannot be beguiled; the other to rest on a saint, which by a serpent will not be tempted. Thus being placed in the garden of your graces, O, of all things most gracious! where virtues grow as thick as leaves did in Paradise, they will take heed to taste of the forbidden fruit, contented to behold, not coveting to take hold. And for that it hath been long argued, and no arguing can end, whether the first offence came by the credulity of Adam or the complicity of Eve, the one defending his fault by sound arguments, the other excusing hers by sharp answers, they most humbly sue for this; that either by six courses between them the quarrel may be ended, or by your highness's peremptory sentence determined. For they, both being in the world, are desirous that one might bear the blame of both; and what herein your excellency shall set down, there is none shall gainsay: for whensoever the question shall be moved, no other answer shall be allowed or liked than this —*Elizabetha dixit.*'

The other inventions would seem flat and unprofitable, if they were described, after the top foolery.

Each defendant ran six courses against the challenger, and both sides 'performed so valiantly, that their prowess,' says the chronicler, 'hath demerited perpetual memory, and worthily won honour, both to themselves and their native country.' This was the first day's business. On the next they went to the tournay, 'where they did very nobly, as the shivering of the swords might very well testify; and after that to the barriers, where they lashed it out lustily, and fought courageously, as if the Greeks and Trojans had dealt their deadly dole. No party was spared, no estate excepted; but each knight endured to win the golden fleece that expected either fame or the favour of his mistress.' The sport ended that evening, the challengers presenting by their page an olive branch to the queen, in token of 'her triumphant peace, and of their peaceable servitude;' and craving only 'out of that which was theirs thus much, to give some token to those knights who might be judged to have done best in each kind of weapon, or who by his device had come in best sort to this desirous strife.' The chief prize, even if it had been a golden apple, should have been awarded to Adam and Eve.

The motto which Sydney bore at this triumph was understood to designate that he consulted the public good, without any regard to his own interest. In those days treatises were written concerning devices and mottos; the most part of those by whom they were borne were likely to have had recourse to others for invention; but when, as in Sydney's case, they were invented by the bearer, they gave some indication of his ingenuity and of his state of mind. One which he sometimes displayed was *Aut viam inveniam, aut faciam*, avowing an ambitous desire of fame. To imply a spirit of steady perseverance, he took for his impress a sea, which was shown by the motto *Sine refluxu* to be the Caspian,

> whose compulsive force
> Ne'er feels retiring ebb.

Sometimes, as if disclaiming the pride of ancestry, he placed under his arms *Vix ea nostra voco*. And when the birth of his uncle Leicester's short-lived son seemed to cut off his prospect of an inheritance, which had been considered as his, his motto on the next tilt-day was *Speravi*, with a dash through the word.

The new year's presents which, according to the prevailing custom, he made to the queen, are also characteristic of the age. One year he presented 'a jewel of gold, being a whip garnished with small diamonds in four rows, with cords of small seed pearl.' Another year's gift was 'a jewel of gold like a castle, garnished with small diamonds on the one side, being a pot to set flowers in.' But the most remarkable was 'a smock of cambrick, the sleeves and collar wrought with blae work, and edged with a small bone lace of gold and silver; and a silver ruff, cut work, flourished with gold and silver, and set with spangles containing four ounces.' Sydney was no prodigal; but the station in which he appeared at court occasioned an unavoidable expenditure, which made him sometimes feel that his means were straitened. A bill of 4*l.* 9*s.* 2*d.* for boots, shoes, and pantuffles, for himself and some of his servants, has been preserved, with this note subjoined to it, in his own writing, to his father's steward:

> I have so long owed this bearer this expressed sum of money, as I am forced for the safeguard of my credit to request you to let him have it presently; and this shall be your sufficient discharge to be received at Midsummer quarter. I pray you, as you love me, perform it.

Mollineux, Sir Henry's secretary, says of his master:

He was a most dear, kind, tender, and loving father to his children; for none could love and esteem his children more than he did; and noting in them great minds and haughty courages, which drew them by degrees to excess in expense, and more than an ordinary liberality, he would sometimes fatherly advise them thus, that if they meant to live in order, they should ever behold whose sons, and seldom think whose nephews they were.

But Sydney had so much more personal intercourse with Leicester than with his own father, and was treated by him with such uniform affection, that it was not possible for him to be unmindful of the relation in which he stood to the most powerful of the queen's favourites. The misfortunes of his mother's family had, in a certain sense, sanctified the pride with which he regarded his maternal ancestry. 'I am a Dudley in blood,' he says, 'and do acknowledge, though in all truth I may justly affirm that I am by my father's side of ancient and always well esteemed and well matched genealogy; yet I do acknowledge, I say, that my chiefest honour is to be a Dudley.' This preference, it has been observed, was neither becoming nor just; and he has been censured for it by a generous writer, as if on this occasion honours and coronets had dazzled him. But the feeling, which, if it had no other root, would have deserved the condemnation, wears a different appearance when we call to mind the tragedy of Lord Guildford Dudley, and the veneration with which he was taught to regard the name of the broken-hearted duchess, his grandmother. The value which he set upon his maternal blood may thus rather be ascribed to piety than to any less worthy cause. A greater expenditure may probably have been expected from him because he was Leicester's nephew than if he had been known only as Sir Henry Sydney's son; and he was tempted to it by his delight in the pomp and circumstance of glorious chivalry, his skill in all knightly accomplishments, and the pleasure of displaying that skill before his mistress; for he was a lover at this time. We have his own acknowledgment of this in some sonnets, in themselves of uncommon merit, and which are characteristic both of the poet and the times:

In martial sports I had my cunning tried,
And yet to break more staves did me address,
While with the people's shouts, I must confess
Youth, luck, and praise, soon filled my veins with pride.
When Cupid having me, his slave, descried
In Mars's livery, prancing in the press,
'What now, Sir Fool!' said he, 'I would no less;
Look here, I say!' I looked, and Stella spied,
Who hard by made a window send forth light.
My heart then quaked, then dazzled were mine eyes;
One hand forgat to rule, th' other to fight,
Nor trumpets sound I heard, nor friendly cries:
My foe came on and beat the air for me,
Till that her blush taught me my shame to see.

Having this day my horse, my hand, my lance
Guided so well that I obtained the prize,
Both by the judgment of the English eyes,
And of some sent from that sweet enemy France;
Horsemen my skill in horsemanship advance,
Townsfolk my strength; a daintier judge applies
His praise to slight, which from good use doth rise;
Some lucky wits impute it but to chance.
Others, because of both sides I do take
My blood from them who do excel in this,
Think Nature me a man of arms did make.
How far they shoot awry! the true cause is,
Stella looked on, and from her heavenly face
Sent forth the beams, which made so fair my race.

Milton probably had these two sonnets in his mind when he wrote of

ladies, whose bright eyes
Rain influences, and judge the prize.

Not by any offence or indiscre-

tion of his own, Sydney had nearly been brought into a serious quarrel with a nobleman who was his compeer in knightly exercises; and it was then seen that he who, as his father said, could ply ceremony with ceremony, knew also as well how to ply scorn with scorn, and requite haughty insolence with high-minded disdain. One day when he was playing at tennis, an exercise in which he delighted, the Earl of Oxford, who being 'born great was greater by alliance, and superlatively in the queen's favour,' came into the tennis-court, and made it be seen without courtesy that he expected Sydney to make way for him, and leave the place for his pleasure. This earl, Edward Vere, the seventeenth of that title, had married that daughter of Lord Burleigh who had been taught to look upon Sydney as her first love: cause enough she had to regret the disappointment of that intended alliance, for Oxford, in a base spirit of resentment that the father had not listened to his intercession for the Duke of Norfolk's life, forsook the daughter's bed, and is believed for the same motive to have dissipated great part of his great inheritance. Possibly he may have entertained some ill-will against Sydney, as having once, though not in rivalry with him, held or aspired to a place in her affections; more probably he entertained an envious dislike of one who vied with him in martial and in literary accomplishments, and whose advantages in all moral endowments more than balanced his inferiority in rank and fortune. It was said of Sydney that he 'did not on his travels weed foreign vices into himself,' but united and centred in his own person what scattered accomplishments he found in several places.' Oxford, on the contrary, affected Italian manners with so much success that he was called the mirror of Tuscanism, and enjoyed the reputation of being the first person who introduced perfumed and embroidered gloves into England. He was an able and accomplished, but a vain and haughty and ill-conditioned person, and growing angry when he saw that Sydney was not disposed to yield to a wish which had been superciliously indicated, he ordered him and his fellows at the game to depart the court. Sydney temperately replied, that 'if his lordship had been pleased to express desire in milder characters, he might have led out those whom he should now find would not be driven out with any scourge of fury.' Oxford upon this, giving full way to his own insolent disposition, called him puppy. The French commissioners, who were then in England, soliciting the projected marriage with Anjou, happened to have audience that day in those private galleries the windows of which looked into the tennis-court; and hearing angry words, they 'instantly drew all to this tumult, every sort of quarrel,' says Grevile, 'sorting well with their humours, especially this.' Sydney perceived this, and 'rising with inward strength at the prospect of a mighty faction against him, asked Oxford with a loud voice "to repeat that which he had heard clearly enough before," and Oxford repeated the epithet of puppy.' Sydney then, 'resolving in one answer to conclude both the attentive hearers and passionate actor, gave my lord a lie, impossible (as he averred) to be retorted, in respect all the world knows puppies are gotten by dogs and children by men.'

Oxford must have looked for a resolute answer, but was not prepared for a scornful one; and

Hereupon those glorious inequalities of fortune in his lordship were put to a kind of pause, by a precious inequality of nature in this gentleman, so that they both stood silent awhile, like a dumb shew in a

tragedy, till Sydney sensible of his own wrong, the foreign and factious spirits that attended, and yet even in this question between him and his superior, tender to his country's honour, with some words of sharp accent led the way abruptly out of the tennis-court, as if so unexpected an accident were not fit to be decided any further in that place.

But Oxford, choosing to interpret his departure in a sense more agreeable to himself, turned to his game, 'without any advantage of reputation, as by the standard of honour in those times it was conceived.' Sydney, who possessed in a high degree both the pride of birth and the chivalrous sense of honour, waited a day in expectation of hearing farther from the noble who had outraged him, and then sent 'a gentleman of worth to awake him out of his trance.' But in those days the peer who insulted a commoner might stand upon his privilege if reparation according to the established law of honour was demanded; and though Oxford, upon receiving his memento, was stirred at first to the resolution of sending a challenge, he hesitated afterwards between pride and the fear of his reputation, and vacillated in this unquiet state till the affair reached the Lords of the Council, who then commanded them to keep the peace, and endeavoured to bring about a reconciliation. The endeavour was ineffectual: the command needless on the one hand, on the other bootless; 'the great lord being, as it should seem, either not hasty to adventure many inequalities against one, or inwardly satisfied with the progress of his own act; Sydney, on the other side, confident that he had neither had nor would let fall anything of his right. The Council perceived this, and recommended the queen to interfere.

Elizabeth, 'who saw that by the loss or disgrace of either she would gain nothing,' presently sent for Sydney, and 'like an excellent monarch, laid before him the difference in degrees between earls and gentlemen, the respect inferiors owed to their superiors, and the necessity in princes to maintain their own creations, as degrees descending between the people's licentiousness and the anointed sovereignty of the crown;' and she observed to him that 'the gentleman's neglect of the nobility taught the peasant to insult upon both.' To this he,

With such reverence as became him, replied, first, that place was never intended for privilege to wrong; witness herself, who how sovereign soever she were by throne, birth, education, and nature, yet was she content to cast her own affections into the same moulds her subjects did, and govern all her rights by their laws. Again, he besought her majesty to consider that although the earl were a great lord by birth, alliance, and grace, yet he was no lord over him; and therefore the difference of degrees between free men could not challenge any other homage than precedency. And by her father's act (to make a princely wisdom become the more familiar), he did instance the government of king Henry VIII., who gave the gentry free and safe appeal to his feet against the oppression of the grandees; and found it wisdom by the stronger corporation in number, to keep down the greater in power; inferring else, that if they should unite, the overgrown might be tempted by still coveting more, to fall (as the angels did) by effecting equality with their maker.

It does not appear whether the queen expected him to make some submission to Oxford on the score of the earl's rank, or whether she commanded him on that consideration to brook the wrong that had been offered him, and submit to a formal reconciliation; whichever it was, Sydney made it distinctly understood that he deemed obedience in this case incompatible with his duty both to himself and her. And Elizabeth was not offended, so well did he know how to address himself to her understanding, and thus render her a more grateful homage than if he had obeyed her commands:

Wherein [says his friend], he left an authentical precedent to after ages, that howsoever tyrants allow of no scope, stamp,

or standard, but their own will, yet with princes there is a latitude for subjects to reserve native and legal freedom, by paying humble tribute in manner, though not in matter, to them.

This affair gave great concern to Languet, who reproved his young friend for having given way to more anger than the occasion called for:

I know [said he] that according to an opinion how inveterate in the whole Christian world it would be reproachful for one of rank not to repel injuries of this sort; but I ascribe it to your ill fortune that you have been drawn into this dispute, although I do not think that any of the blame rests with you, for you can derive no true glory from it, even if you should prove your intention and the greatness of your mind to all, and your courage is needed in another theatre, which I wish you would choose for yourself in these parts. [It was from Antwerp that he wrote.] Take heed lest through the persuasions of fiercer spirits, you overpass the bounds of your innate modesty. In this very dispute you went farther than you ought to have done, for having repelled the offered insult by giving the lie to it, there you should have stopt, but being led by heat of mind, you added a challenge, and thereby have deprived yourself of the choice of arms, if at any time the quarrel is to be decided by a duel, for laws are assigned in duelling (a thing in itself most unjust) by those who have choice to prescribe the method and measure of such madness. If having given the lie you had stopt, the challenge must have come from him.

Languet apprehended that some of the French might take up the quarrel in Oxford's behalf, that nobleman being in Anjou's interest; but if there were any such danger it was prevented, for on this occasion Sydney retired from court, lest in remaining there to confront his enemy he might seem to brave the queen also. The retirement happily gave him leisure, which otherwise he was little likely to have found, for those literary pursuits to which his better genius inclined him. At court he was continually called upon for the display of external accomplishments, and to exhibit himself rather for the admiration and applause of others than to his self-improvement. He was tempted and almost necessitated there to incur expenses beyond what his father's means could justly afford; he was incited to vanity, exposed to envy, and compelled to lose time the value of which he understood, and the mispenditure of which he lamented. To all these considerations he refers in verses which are on that account deserving of notice, and would have had some value in themselves if the author had not cast them in a metre ill adapted to the English language, and composed also upon an erroneous system of adaptation. They were written during his retirement at this time:

O sweet woods, the delight of solitariness.
O how much I do like your solitariness!
Here no treason is hid, veiled in innocence:
Nor Envy's snaky eye finds any harbour here;
Nor flatterers' venomous insinuations,
Nor cunning humourists' puddled opinions.
Nor courteous ruin of proferred usury,
Nor time prattled away—cradle of ignorance.
Nor causeless duty, nor cumber of arrogance;
Nor trifling title of vanity dazzleth us,
Nor golden manacles stand for a paradise.
Here Wrong's name is unheard; Slander a monster is:
Keep thy sports from abuse, here no abuse doth haunt,
What man grafts in a tree dissimulation?

These verses, which he called 'Asclepiads,' were written in pursuance of a scheme for naturalising in English the Latin forms of versification. With some of the Latin metres this is impracticable, because no skill in our language can make them metrical to an English ear; and it was rendered impracticable in others by the preposterous attempt at naturalising with them the rules of Latin prosody, for this occasioned a forced accentuation, which could not be introduced unless the very fashion and character of our speech were changed. The attempt, therefore, necessarily failed, and its failure has led to a most unjust depreciation of Sydney himself as a poet; as if he had written no better poems than his exercises

in this kind, and as if his intention had been altogether to supersede our vernacular measures. But that he never entertained so absurd a thought is made evident by what he says in his *Defence of Poesy*, which treatise, if he had written nothing else, might alone have sufficed to obtain for him a distinguished name in English literature. In that beautiful treatise he says, upon the subject of versifying:

> There are two sorts, the one ancient, the other modern. The ancient marked the quality of each syllable, and according to that, framed his verse; the modern, observing only numbers, with some regard of the accent, the chief life of it standeth in that like sounding of the words, which we call rhyme. Whether of these be the more excellent would bear many speeches. The ancient, no doubt, more fit for music, both words and time observing quantity, and more fit lively to express divers passions by the low or lofty sound of the well-weighed syllable; the latter likewise with his rhyme stocketh a certain music to the ear, and in fine, since it doth delight, though by another way, it obtaineth the same purpose, there being in either sweetness, and wanting in neither majesty. Truly the English, before any vulgar language I know, is fit for both sorts.

No Englishman before Sydney had taken so philosophical a view of the nature and scope of poetry as is presented in this treatise, nor has any later critic treated the subject with more wisdom, or with equal felicity of expression. Ben Jonson, whose critical discernment none but a witling would presume to question, classes him as a prose writer with Hooker, saying that 'in different matters' they 'grew masters of wit and language,' and that in them 'all vigour of invention and strength of judgment met.' Jonson held his poetry also in high estimation:

> Youth [he says] ought to be instructed betimes, and in the best things; for we hold those longest we take soonest: as the first scent of a vessel lasts, and the tinct the wool first receives. And as it is fit to read the best authors to youth first, so let them be of the openest and clearest: as Livy before Sallust, Sydney before Doune.

When Sydney composed his defence of poetry, it seems as if he had not yet entertained the ambition of becoming a poet himself. The purport of the treatise was to show the uses and dignity of an art (in his just estimation the noblest of all arts) which, 'from almost the highest estimation of learning,' had been in England, he says, 'fallen to be the laughing-stock of children.' In this country alone it 'found a hard welcome,' when in all others it was honoured according to its deserts.

> I think [says he] the very earth laments it, and therefore decks our soil with fewer laurels than it was accustomed. For heretofore poets have in England also flourished, and, which is to be noted, even in those times when the trumpet of Mars did sound loudest; and now that an over-faint quietness should seem to strew the house for poets, they are almost in as good reputation as the mountebanks at Venice. Upon this necessarily followeth, that base men with servile wits undertake it, who think it enough if they can be rewarded of the printer; and so as Epaminondas is said with the honour of his virtue to have made an office, which before was contemptible, to become highly respected, so these men no more but setting their names to it, by their own disgracefulness disgrace the most graceful poesy:—without any commission they do post over the banks of Helicon till they make the readers more weary than post-horses; while in the meantime, they
>
> Queis meliore luto finxit præcordia Titan,
>
> are better content to suppress the outflowings of their wit, than by publishing them, to be accounted knights of the same order. But I, that before ever I durst aspire unto the dignity, am admitted unto the company of the Paper-blurrers, do find very true cause of our wanting estimation is want of desert, taking upon us to be poets in despite of Pallas. Now wherein we want desert, were a thank-worthy labour to express. But if I knew I should have mended myself: but as I never desired the title, so have I neglected the means to come by it; only over-mastered by some thoughts, I yielded an inky tribute unto them.

It is curious to find this complaint of the low estimation in which our poets were held, and an acknowledgment that they deserved no better reception for their works,

at the commencement of that age which must ever be looked upon as the golden age of English poetry. Perhaps for the sake of enhancing his argument, Sydney may have over-stated the disesteem against which he pleaded; but, to a certain degree, it must have existed, and it is likely to have been occasioned by the low key in which the devotional verses of those days were pitched, and by the disreputable lives of such men as Peele and Green and Marlow, whose talents, great as they were, being under no control of common prudence, or honourable feeling, or moral principle, brought misery upon themselves, and disgrace upon an art, in which nothing but those vices prevented them from becoming excellent. The drama, which was so soon about to become the unrivalled glory of English literature and of the Elizabethan age, was then in so barbarous a state that Sydney says, 'no other kind of poetry was so much used, and none could be abused more pityfully;' insomuch that, 'like an unmannerly daughter showing a bad education, she caused her mother Poesy's honesty to be called in question.'

Other sorts [said he] almost have we none, but that lyrical kind of songs and sonnets, which, Lord! if He gave us so good minds, how well it might be employed, and with how heavenly fruits, both private and public, in singing the praise of the immortal beauty, the immortal goodness of that God, who giveth us hands to write and wits to conceive! of which we might well want words, but never matter; of which we could turn our eyes to nothing but we should ever have new budding occasions!

Other poets, who despised what may better be called the beggarly than homely style of the religious rhymesters, fell into an opposite extreme, and forced their verses with far-fetched conceits and tawdry trickments of art, which, though they made a short-lived fashion for themselves, offended every manly judgment, even when they were most in vogue among the empty and the vain. The ornate style o Occleve and Hawes was more excus able, because it was intended to en rich and euphonise the language i an earlier and ruder stage, and be cause, however much it might dis please the taste of a judicious reader, it did not insult his under standing. Having touched upo the poor materials of which con temporary poems were composed Sydney proceeded to say that:

For the diction it is even well worse, e is that honey-flowing matron Eloquenc apparelled, or rather disguised, in a courte san-like painted affectation; one time wit so far-fetched words that many seem mon sters, but most seem strangers to any poo Englishman; another time with coursin of a letter, as if they were bound to follo the method of a dictionary; another tim with figures and flowers, extremely winter starved. But I would this fault were onl peculiar to versifiers, and had not as larg possession among prose printers; an (which is to be marvelled) among many scholars, and (which is to be pitied) among some preachers. For now they cast suga and spice upon every dish that is served a the table; like those Indians not conten to wear earrings at the fit and natura place of the ears, but they will thrus jewels through their nose and lips, becaus they will sure to be fine. Bringing in suc a kind of eloquence, well may they obtai an opinion of a seeming fineness, but per suade few, which should be the end of thei fineness. Now for similitudes. I think al herbaries, all stories of beasts, fowls, an fishes are rifled up, that they may come i multitudes to wait upon any of our conceits —knacks, which who doth generally use, an men may see, doth dance to his own musi and so to be noted by the audience, mor careful to speak curiously than truly.

The reformation of these abuse began at court, where reformation are least to be looked for, thoug whenever, happily, they have thei beginning there, they produce th safest, surest, speediest, and bes effect. More than any other indi vidual, Sydney contributed to the reformation by his example and b his patronage. He had little t bestow in the form of direct bounty but his bounty was to the full ex

tent of his means; and his affability, his encouragement, his kindness, his friendship for those men of genius who were not unworthy of it, and the warmth with which he furthered their interests whenever it was in his power, made the will be accepted in all cases for the deed, and gave cause for the general belief that if he had lived to become Earl of Leicester, he would have been the most munificent, as well as the most judicious, patron of all worthy arts that ever did honour to his country.

Such a lover he was of mankind and goodness, that whosoever [says Grevile] had any real parts, in him found comfort, participation, and protection to the uttermost of his power; like Zephyrus, he giving life where he blew. The universities abroad and at home accounted him a general Mecænas of learning, dedicated their books to him, and communicated every invention or improvement of knowledge with him. Soldiers honoured him, and were so honoured by him, as no man thought he marched under the true banner of Mars that had not obtained Sydney's approbation. Men of affairs in most parts of Christendom entertained correspondency with him. Since (to descend) his heart and capacity were so large, that there was not a cunning painter, a skilful engineer, an excellent musician, or any other artificer of extraordinary fame, that made not himself known to the famous spirit, and found him his true friend without here; and the common rendezvous of worth in his time.

Sydney saw that the faults whereby the style of his age, both in prose and verse, had till then been vitiated, prevailed rather among scholars and professed authors, than among those of his own station, who, like himself, delighted in literature.

Undoubtedly [he says] (at least in my opinion undoubtedly), I have found in divers small-learned courtiers a more sound style than in some professors of learning; of which I can guess no other cause, but that the courtier following that which by practice he findeth fittest to nature, therein (though he know it not) doth according to art, though not by art; where the other, using art to show art, and not to hide art (as in these cases he should do), flyeth from nature, and indeed abuseth art.

He spoke thus modestly of those courtiers and their little learning, because they were his familiar friends: some associated with him in the same studies, and others imitating his example; to have praised them might, therefore, have seemed to be extolling himself. But they were widely unlike the 'persons of quality,' from whom in a later age so many vile translations proceeded, and original compositions which were yet viler, because the matter was as worthless as the language in which it was conveyed was base. With them, and with Pope's 'mob of gentlemen who wrote with ease,' the persons to whom Sydney alluded had nothing in common. Raleigh, who had few superior in learning or in power of mind, was one of those persons. So, perhaps, was his enemy Oxford; and so, certainly, was Dyer, of whose writings, as of Oxford's, not enough have been published to preserve the reputation which they obtained among their contemporaries. Dyer was a person whom Sydney held in the same highest degree of friendship with Grevile. To Grevile himself, deserving as he is of higher praise than either, this commendation would not have been appropriate, because he generally laboured in his language as if he felt that words were inadequate to the full expression and clear conveyance of his thoughts. Mrs. Cooper (the best of female critics) says of him, with that good sense which distinguishes her collection:

Perhaps few men that dealt in poetry had more learning or real wisdom than this nobleman, and yet his style is sometimes so dark and mysterious that one would imagine he chose rather to conceal than illustrate his meaning. At other times his heart breaks out again with an uncommon brightness, and shines—I had almost said—without an equal. It is the same thing with his poetry, sometimes so

harsh and uncouth, as if he had no ear for music; at others so smooth and harmonious, as if he was master of all its powers.

The ornate style began in convents, and passed away with them. The conceited style began among town wits. Of these there were two kinds: the one coarse and vigorous, of which Nash was the great master; a century later it was debased and vulgarised by Tom Browne; in the next generation it was applied with far more ability and less indecorum by Eachard, to the same purport for which Nash employed it with wholesome effect against the Marprelates, and at this time it may be traced in the writings of those who, aiming at present effect, are not scrupulous concerning the course which they take, or the materials which they employ. The other, which affected learning as much as this affected vulgar jocularity, was at once pedantic and ridiculous; it was introduced by one whom an admiring editor calls 'the only rare poet of that time, the witty, comical, facetiously quick and unparalleled John Lily.'

His invention [says that editor] was so curiously strong that Eliza's court held his notes in admiration. Our nations are in his debt for a new English which he taught them. *Euphues and his England* began first that language, and our ladies were then his scholars. And that beauty in court which could not parley Euphuism was as little regarded as she which now there speaks not French.

The characteristics of Lily's style were antithesis, aided by alliteration and carried to excess, and similes alike out of number and out of place, drawn from the tritest parts of ancient history and mythology, and from the fables of which natural history in all its departments was at that time composed. So forced was the expression, so false the conceits, and so far-fetched the allusions, that everything was unnatural. It was consistently and uniformly bad. By perpetual efforts, something terse was occasionally elaborated, and more frequently something was struck out which, if it were not wit, resembled it sufficiently to pass for it with the multitude. Lily was capable of writing well, if his taste had not been thoroughly sophisticated; he had the merit of giving a moral tendency to his works, and he complimented the queen with some dexterity in a way which was acceptable to her. His books, therefore, made their fortune for a time; the polish and varnish of his style were compared with the rudeness and carelessness of the current prose, and it became fashionable because it was deemed a proof of refinement to admire it. But it was not wholly without its use. An operation may be perceived in the progress of literature analogous to one of great importance in the history of the Romish Church. That Church incorporated with its own corruption something more or less from almost every heresy with which it contended: in like manner, though with contrary effect, ephemeral fashions in literature generally left something behind them which continued long after they had passed away. Writers who, disregarding the vulgar of every degree, looked beyond the applause of their contemporaries, were taught by the extravagance of such fashions what to shun, and at the same time they learnt to adorn their own compositions by the judicious and sparing use of artifices which in themselves were graceful when not misplaced nor made preposterously prominent.

This was evidenced in Sydney's own compositions. Drayton praises him as having been the first by his example to—

Reduce
Our tongue from Lyly's writing, then in use;
Talking of stones, stars, plants, of fishes, fleas,
Playing with words and idle similes.

He tells us also to how great an extent this affectation had been in vogue:

As the English apes and very zanies be
Of everything that they do hear and see;
So, imitating his ridiculous tricks,
They speak and write all like men lunatics.

Though thus deservedly praised as the first and chief reformer of our language from this style, there is an occasional *smack* of it, more particularly in his greatest work, which has in later time afforded a pretext for their criticisms to persons who had neither eyes to see, nor hearts to feel, nor understanding to comprehend, the excellences with which that work abounds.

The poetry is altogether free from it. The more marked vices of contemporary verse he exposed in two of his sonnets, and never was betrayed into them himself:

Let dainty wits cry on the sisters nine,
That bravely masked their fancies may be told;
Or Pindar's apes flaunt theirs in phrases fine,
Enamelling with pied flowers their thoughts of gold:
Or else let them in statelier glory shine,
Ennobling new-found tropes with problems old:
Or with strange similes enrich each line
Of herbs or beasts which Ind or Afric hold:
For *me*, in *sooth*, no Muse but one I know;
Phrases and problems from my reach do grow,
And strange things cost too dear for my poor sprites.
How then? Even thus: in Stella's face I read
What Love and Beauty be; then all my deed
But copying is what in her Nature writes.

You that do search for every purling spring
Which from the ribs of old Parnassus flows;
And every flower, not sweet perhaps, which grows
Near thereabouts, into your poems wring;
You that do dictionaries' method bring
Into your rhymes, running in rattling rows;
You that poor Petrarch's long-deceased woes
With new-born sighs and wit disguised sing;
You take wrong ways! Those far-fet helps be such
As do bewray a want of inward touch;
And sure at length stolen goods do come to light.
But if, both for your love and skill, your name
You seek to nurse at fullest breasts of Fame,
Stella behold, and then begin to indite.

The lady whom as the load-star of his desires he denominated Stella in his verse, applying then for the sake of that meaning what among the Romans was a man's name, has been supposed to be the Lady Penelope Devereux, daughter to Walter Earl of Essex, and sister to the most known and most unfortunate of that title. There was an ill-will between Essex the father and Leicester, and for this reason the former, who held the military command in Ireland, was upon no cordial terms with Sir Henry Sydney. Waterhouse had faithfully served both, and knowing them both to be generous and honourable men, endeavoured to unite them by bringing about a marriage between Philip and the Lady Penelope. The proposal was so well received that Essex called Philip his son, as by adoption, and upon the earl's death there was a general wish that the match should be effected.

All that wish well to the children [says Waterhouse, in a letter to Sir Henry], and I suppose all the best part of the English lords besides, do expect what will become of the treaty between Mr. Philip and my Lady Penelope. Truly, my lord, I must say to your lordship as I have said to my lord of Leicester and Mr. Philip, the breaking off from this match, if the default be on your parts, will turn to more dishonour than can be repaired with any other marriage in England.

Broken off, however, it was, owing to circumstances which are no longer known; and if the tradition be well founded that Sydney in his *Arcadia* portrayed this lady in the character of Philoclea, as it is certain that he shadowed himself

under the appellation of Philisides, the affection on his part had been well placed, and the disappointment a severe one. She married Robert Lord Rich, afterwards Earl of Warwick, a person so much unlike her former suitor that he was noted for being 'rough and uncourtly in his manners and conversation.' But it is certain that Lady Penelope was not the Stella of Sydney's verses, because the strain is that of an accepted lover, and because the name after his death was appropriated to his widow in the threnodial poems which that event called forth.

Whatever pain the disappointment may at the time have caused him, he afterwards looked back upon his attachment as having been more imaginary than real.

In nature apt to like, when I did see
Beauties which were of many carracts fine,
My boiling spirits did thither soon incline;
And, Love! I thought that I was full of thee.
But finding not those restless flames in me
Which others said did make their souls to pine,
I thought those babes of some pin's hurt did whine,
By my soul judging what love's pain might be:
But while I (fool) thus with this lion play'd,
Mine eyes (shall I say curst, or blest?) beheld
Stella:—now she is named, need more be said?
In her sight I a lesson now have spell'd;
I now have learn'd Love right, and learn'd even so
As who by being poison'd doth poison know.

Sydney's first brief biographer, who calls himself Philophilippos, pays him the odd compliment of saying that his 'defects eased him of the trouble of courtship, many nobles of the female sex venturing as far as modesty would permit to signify their affection unto him;' and adds that Sir Philip 'could not read the character of their love, though obvious to every eye.' He speaks of himself, indeed, as having obtained among the ladies of the court a reputation for insensibility:

Because I breathe not love to every one,
And do not use set colours for to wear.
Nor nourish special locks of vowed hair,
Nor give each speech a full point of a groan:
The courtly nymphs, acquainted with the moan
Of them who on their lips Love's standard bear,—
What *he*? say they of me,—now I dare swear
He cannot love; no, no, let him alone!—
And think so still, so Stella know my mind!
Profess indeed I do not Cupid's art;
But you, fair maids, at length this true shall find,
That his right badge is but worn in the heart.
Dumb swans, not chattering pies, do lovers prove;
They love indeed who quake to say they love.

Literary biography is never more sure, and therefore never more satisfactory, than when it is derived from passages in which an author incidentally discloses the growth and formation of his own character. It appears from Sydney's poems that he had felt in himself no inclination for writing verses till this attachment excited and developed it. His mind had been directed toward other and widely different pursuits, by natural inclination as well as circumstances, and by the society in which he was placed, or which he had chosen for himself. On the Dudley side, he was of the most ambitious blood in England; from his childhood he had been surrounded with forms of state, his father being always a man in authority; and from his youth he had lived among statesmen, when the men to whose care the counsels of the kingdom were committed deserved that appellation. Thus he was made prematurely as to the common order of nature, though not as to his own intellectual capacity, conversant with the weightiest affairs of his own and other countries, and his judgment was called

into use at an age when imagination would otherwise have had the ascendancy. His friendship with Languet had a like effect. That faithful monitor continually offered matters of grave consideration to his already thoughtful mind, and always presented them in that spirit of mournful though serene philosophy which grey heads acquire in evil times from sad experience and from sadder foresight. Even his mental recreations, before the dispute with Oxford sent him into a temporary and seasonable retirement, were rather laborious exercitations of reason than in the nature of pastimes. Grevile, the most intimate of his friends, was a man whose conversation would lead him to the heights and depths of wisdom. This indeed is apparent from the general character of all those pieces which he wrote, as is stated on their title page, 'during his youth and familiar exercise with Sir Philip Sydney.' And Sydney and Grevile were the most intimate associates of Giordano Bruno during his residence in England. The calumny which reviled this victim of Romish intolerance as an atheist, is still repeated by the ignorant and the bigoted, though he called himself Philotheus in his writings, and though the last lines which he composed before his martyrdom proclaimed in strains of triumphant magnanimity his belief in God and his expectation of a happy immortality. Bruno was not one of those who prefer darkness to light, because their deeds are evil; his error was that he gazed too ardently and too intently upon the Light of Light.

With these friends Sydney studied Plato, and their society encouraged him to entertain hopes of obtaining an insight into the highest mysteries of divine philosophy. But from pursuits where he might otherwise perhaps have been, like Bruno, 'in endless mazes lost,' he was withdrawn when love made him desirous of giving utterance to his hopes and fears in verse; and then he discovered in himself a talent of which he declares himself to have been till that time unconscious:

I never drank of Aganippe's well,
  Nor ever did in shade of Tempe sit;
And Muses scorn with vulgar brains to dwell,
  Poor layman I for sacred rites unfit.
Some do I hear of poets' fury tell,
  But (God wot!) wot not what they mean by it:
And this I swear by blackest brook of hell,
  I am no pickpurse of another's wit.
How falls it, then, that with so smooth an ease
  My thoughts I speak, and what I speak doth flow
In verse, and that my verse best wits doth please?
  Guess we the cause.—What is it then?—Fie, no!
Or so? Much less.—How then? Sure thus it is—
My lips are sweet inspired with Stella's kiss.

Frances, the only surviving child of Walsingham, was the lady who thus finally engaged his affections. She was a lovely person, probably the more so because of a loving nature; and Sydney's attachment to her was not an affair of sudden passion, but of slow growth, and therefore durable:

Not at first sight, nor with a dribbling shot,
  Love gave the wound which while I breathe will bleed:
  But known worth did in tract of time proceed,
Till by degrees it had full conquest got.
I saw and liked; I liked but loved not;
  I loved, but did not straight what Love decreed.
  At length to Love's decrees I (forced) agreed,
Yet with repining at so partial lot.
Now even that footstep of lost liberty
  Is gone; and now, like slave-born Muscovite,
I call it praise to suffer tyranny:
  And now employ the remnant of my wit
To make myself believe that all is well,
While with a feeling skill I paint my hell.

There were some who suspected him of being at this time engrossed with schemes of politic ambition,

such as his birth, his connections, and the queen's known favour might seem to encourage in him; others, with less apparent reason, accused him of a haughty self-conceit; and others more benevolently expected from him some of those fruits which he had promised to himself:

The curious wits, seeing dull pensiveness
Bewray itself in my long-settled eyes,
Whence these same fumes of melancholy rise,
With idle pains and missing aim do guess.
Some that know how my spring I did address,
Deem that my muse some fruit of knowledge plies;
Others, because the prince my service tries,
Think that I think state errors to redress.
But harder judges judge ambitious rage
(Scourge of itself, still climbing slippery place),
Holds my young brain captived in golden cage.
O fools, or overwise! Alas, the race
Of all my thoughts had neither stop nor start,
But only Stella's eyes and Stella's heart.

Because I oft in dark abstracted guise
Seem most alone in greatest company,
With dearth of words, or answers quite awry,
To them that would make speech of speech arise;
They deem, and of their doom the rumour flies,
That poison foul of bubbling pride doth lie
So in my swelling breast, that only I
Fawn on myself, and others do despise.
Yet pride, I think, doth not my soul possess,
Which looks too oft in his unflattering glass:
But one worse fault, ambition, I confess.
That makes me oft my best friends overpass
Unseen, unheard; while thought to highest place
Bends all his powers, even unto Stella's grace.

How others censured him he tells us, at the beginning of this attachment, and how little he was satisfied with himself, when he compared what he was likely to be with what he had hoped to have been; yet the constant burden of his sonnets was that all other pursuits had been well relinquished for that of an affection so worthily placed:

Your words, my friend (right healthful caustics), blame
My young mind marr'd, whom Love doth windlas so,
That mine own writings, like bad servants, show
My wits quick in vain thoughts, in virtue lame;
That Plato I read for nought, but if he tame
Such coltish years; that to my birth I owe
Nobler desires, lest else that friendly foe
Great Expectation wear a train of shams.
For since mad March great promise made of me,
If now the May of my years much decline,
What can be hoped my harvest time will be?—
Sure you say well;—Your wisdom's golden mine
Dug deep with Learning's spade! Now, tell me this!
Hath this world aught so fair as Stella is?

With what sharp checks I in myself am shent,
When into Reason's audit I do go,
And by just counts myself a bankrout know
Of all those goods which Heaven to me hath lent;
Unable quite to pay even Nature's rent,
Which unto it by birthright I do owe;
And, which is worse, no good excuse can show,
But that my wealth I have most idly spent.
My youth doth waste, my knowledge brings forth toys;
My wit doth strive those passions to defend,
Which for reward spoil it with vain annoys.
I see my course to lose myself doth bend;
I see, and yet no greater sorrow take,
Than that I lose no more for Stella's sake.

Reason, in faith thou art well served, that still
Would'st brabling be with Sense and Love in me!
I rather wish'd thee climb the Muses' hill;
Or reach the fruit of Nature's choicest tree;
Or seek Heaven's course, or Heaven's inside to see.
Why shouldst thou toil our thorny soil to till?
Leave Sense, and those which Sense's objects be;
Deal thou with powers of Thought; leave Love to Will!

But thou wouldst needs fight both with Love and Sense,
With sword of wit, giving wounds of dispraise,
Till downright blows did foil thy cunning fence:
For soon as they strake thee with Stella's rays,
Reason, thou kneel'dst, and offeredst straight to prove,
By reason good, good reason her to love.

These sonnets have not been here selected as the most poetical of the series, but because they relate to a part of Sydney's moral and intellectual history, which is always most satisfactory when it can be exhibited in an author's own words. They have, however, a character of their own, which distinguishes his amatory poems from most, if not all, other effusions of the same kind, whether of English or of foreign growth. No man was better versed in the contemporary literature of other countries; but he was as little infected by the prevalent vices of Italian, or Spanish, or French poetry as by the alliterative affectation of his own countrymen, who in their eager pursuit of sound did not always remember to keep sight of sense, and provided they found the fit initials troubled themselves little concerning the fitness of the word in other and more material respects. But Sydney aimed at something higher than the vulgar mark. Seldom have any such poems been so free from conceits and prettinesses, from exaggeration and extravagance, from anything forced either in thought or expression. There is nothing meretricious in his verses. He regarded poetry, not as a mere sport of fancy, the light effusion of idle hours, but as the highest employment of the human mind; as that which, 'in the noblest nations and languages that are known, had been the first light-giver to ignorance and first nurse whose milk by little and little enabled them to feed afterwards of tougher knowledge.' How 'high and incomparable a title' that of poet is, 'wherein,' he says, 'I know not whether by luck or wisdom we Englishmen have met with the Greeks in calling him a maker,' he shows by comparing the scope of poetry with that of other sciences and arts, all which were founded upon nature and subordinate to it:

Only the poet disdaining to be tied to any such subjection, lifted up with the vigour of his own invention, doth grow in effect into another nature, in making things either better than Nature bringeth forth, or quite anew; forms of such as never were in nature, as the Heroes, Demigods, Cyclops, Chimeras, Furies, and such like; so as he goeth hand in hand with Nature, not enclosed within the narrow warrant of her gifts, but freely ranging within the zodiac of his own wit. Nature never set forth the earth in so rich tapestry as divers poets have done, neither with so pleasant rivers, fruitful trees, sweet-smelling flowers, nor whatsoever else may make the too much loved earth more lovely: her world is brazen, the poets only deliver a golden. But let those things alone and go to man, for whom, as the other things are, so it seemeth in him her uttermost cunning is employed: and know whether she have brought forth so true a lover as Theagenes, so constant a friend as Pylades, so valiant a man as Orlando, so right a prince as Xenophon's Cyrus, and so excellent a man every way as Virgil's Æneas. Neither let this be jestingly conceived, because the works of the one be essential, the other in imitation or fiction. Every understanding knoweth the skill of each artificer standeth in the *idea* or fore conceit of the work, and not in the work itself; and that the poet hath that *idea* is manifest by the delivering them forth in such excellency as he had imagined them; which delivery forth also is not wholly imaginative (as we are wont to say by them that build castles in the air), but so far substantially it worketh, not only to make a Cyrus, which had been but a particular excellency as Nature might have done, but to bestow a Cyrus upon the world to make many Cyruses, if they will learn aright why and how that maker made him. Neither let it be deemed too saucy a comparison to balance the highest point of man's wit with the efficacy of Nature; but rather give right honour to the Maker of that maker, who having made man to His own likeness, set him beyond and over all the works of that second Nature; which in nothing he sheweth so much as in poetry, when with the force of a divine breath

he bringeth things forth surpassing her doings.

These arguments, Sydney was well aware, would 'by few be understood, and by fewer granted.' But to make the truth more palpable, he proceeded, in his *Defence of Poesy*, to show that its use was to teach and delight, and that there were general kinds, each having this common object. The chief poets, both in antiquity and excellency, were those who set forth the praises of God, such as the scriptural poets; and of this kind were many of the Greeks and Romans, 'though in a wrong divinity':

And this poesy [said he] must be used by whosoever will follow St. James's counsel in singing psalms when they are merry; and I know is used with the fruit of comfort by some, when in the pangs of their death-bringing sins they find the consolation of the never-failing goodness.

The didactic poets, among whom he included the historical, were his second class:

Which who mislike [says Sydney], the fault is in their judgments quite out of taste, not in the sweet food of sweetly uttered knowledge. But because this second sort is wrapped within the fold of the preposed subject, and takes not the free course of his own invention, whether they be properly poets or no, let grammarians dispute; and go to the third,—indeed right poets: betwixt whom and these second is such a kind of difference as betwixt the meaner sort of painters, who counterfeit only such faces as are set before them, and the more excellent, who, having no law but wit, bestow that in colours upon you which is fittest for the eye to see; as the constant though lamenting look of Lucretia when she punished in herself another's fault: wherein he painteth not Lucretia, whom he never saw, but painteth the outward beauty of such a virtue. For these third be they which most properly do imitate to teach and delight; and to imitate, borrow nothing of what is, hath been, or shall be; but range, only reined with learned discretion, into the divine consideration of what may be and should be. These be they that, as the first and most noble sort, may justly be termed *vates*; so these are waited on in the excellent languages and best understanding with the fore-described name, *poets*. For these indeed do merely make to imitate, and imitate both to delight and teach; and delight to move men to take that goodness in hand which, without delight, they would fly as from a stranger, and teach to make men know that goodness whereunto they are moved.

This Sydney thought 'the noblest scope to which ever any learning was directed':

This purifying of wit [he said], this enriching of memory, enabling of judgment, and enlarging of conceit, which commonly we call learning, under what name soever it come forth, or to what immediate end soever it be directed, the final end is to lead and draw us to as high a perfection as our degenerate souls, made worse by their clay lodgings, can be capable of. This, according to the inclination of man, bred many-formed impressions. For some that thought this felicity principally to be gotten by knowledge, and no knowledge to be so high or heavenly as acquaintance with the stars, gave themselves to astronomy; others, persuading themselves to be demigods if they knew the causes of things, became natural and supernatural philosophers; some an admirable delight drew to music; and some the certainty of demonstration to the mathematics; but all, one and other, having this scope:—to know, and by knowledge to lift up the mind from the dungeon of the body to the enjoying its own divine essence. But when by the balance of experience it was found that the astronomer, looking to the stars, might fall into a ditch; that the inquiring philosopher might be blind in himself; and the mathematician might draw forth a straight line with a crooked heart; then lo! did proof, the overruler of opinions, make manifest that all these are but serving sciences, which, as they have a private end in themselves, so yet are they all directed to the highest end of the mistress Knowledge (called by the Greeks ἀρχιτεκτονική), which standeth, as I think, in the knowledge of a man's self, in the ethic and politic consideration, with the end of well-doing and not of well-knowing only.

The moral philosopher and the historian were, he argued, the only persons who would dispute the palm with the poet, 'for as for the divine, with all reverence, he is ever to be excepted, not only for having his scope as far beyond any of these as eternity exceedeth a moment, but even for passing each of these in themselves.' And for

the lawyer, his business was not to improve men, but to restrain them from injuring others, and 'therefore, as our wickedness maketh him necessary, and necessity maketh him honourable,' he is not to stand in rank with them. First, therefore, he argues his case against the moral philosophers,

> Whom methinks [he says] I see coming towards me with a sullen gravity, as though they could not abide vice by daylight—rudely clothed, for to witness outwardly their contempt of outward things—with books in their hands against glory, whereto they set their names, sophistically speaking against sophistry, and angry with any man in whom they see foul fault of anger!

In a like strain of irony, he describes the historian as

> Authorising himself for the most part upon other histories, whose greatest authorities are built upon the notable foundation of hearsay; having much ado to accord differing writers and to pick truth out of partiality; better acquainted with a thousand years ago than with the present age; and yet better knowing how this world goes than how his own wit runs; curious for antiquities and inquisitive of novelties; a wonder to young folks, and a tyrant of table-talk.

Against the moralist he shows that because it is our nature to be more favourably affected by examples than by precepts, the poet therefore 'is indeed the right popular philosopher.' Against the historian he argues that poetry holds forth the best examples, by framing them to what is most reasonable; whereas history, 'being captived to the truth of a foolish world, is many times a terror from well doing and an encouragement to unbridled wickedness.' The poet excelleth the historian,

> Not only in furnishing the mind with knowledge, but in setting it forward to that which deserves to be called and accounted good. He doth not only show the way, but giveth so sweet a prospect into the way as will entice any man into it. He beginneth not with obscure definitions, which must blur the margin with interpretations and load the memory with doubtfulness, but he cometh to you with words set in delightful proportion, either accompanied with or prepared for the well-enchanting skill of music; and with a tale, forsooth, he cometh unto you—with a tale which holdeth children from play, and old men from the chimney corner; and pretending no more, doth intend the winning of the mind from wickedness to virtue.

Thus, in expatiating upon the uses of poetry, did Sydney at the same time manifest the proficiency which, in the society of Grevile and Giordano Bruno, he had made in divine philosophy, and the poetical feeling with which Nature had endued him; a feeling which depurated whatever qualities he derived with his Dudley blood, and a philosophy which sublimed that feeling. What that feeling and that philosophy might have produced if it had pleased Providence that he should have lived out his days in peace, it were vain to surmise; and vainer now would it be to regret what was appointed. In his own age he could not have been more influential than he was; to after times he might have left a higher but not a more beautiful reputation, a greater but not a more beloved, not a more enduring name.

As he had well considered the nature of poetry, so did he make a diligent study of the art. Verse he looked upon, not as essential to it, but as an ornament. There had been many most excellent poets who had never versified, and his own country swarmed at that time with versifiers who never, he said, needed answer to the name of poets. To that name he thought Xenophon entitled, and Heliodorus, and the author of *Amadis*; but 'the senate of poets,' he said, 'had chosen verse as their fittest raiment; meaning that as in matter they passed all, in all, so in manner to go beyond them; not speaking table-talk fashion, or, like men in a dream, words as they chanceably fall from the mouth, but poising each syllable of each word, by just proportion, according to the dignity of the

subject.' No other English poet has ever made so many experiments in versification; a fact which, important as it is in Sydney's history, has never before been stated. His hexameters and other verses composed upon the rules of Latin prosody are the only ones which have heretofore attracted notice; it was seen at a glance that they were absolutely worthless, and few persons even of those who most admired the author troubled themselves to inquire what should have made them so. The attempt, as I have before observed, proceeded upon an erroneous principle, because Sydney and his associates in the experiment adopted the rules of a foreign prosody, instead of adapting the Latin metres to a language in which accentuation and not quantity is regarded. But there was nothing preposterous in the scheme itself; the absurdity would be in supposing that the same cadence which in Greek or Latin is agreeable to an Englishman, should not be agreeable in his mother tongue. It may be made offensive if violence is done to established usage either in the pronunciation of words or in their collocation; but if they are accented in the verse as they would be in common speech, and if there be no wider deviation from the usual construction of our language than we are accustomed to in our vernacular forms of verse, then can there be no other reason for condemning it than an unreasonable prepossession.

No such prejudice existed against it in the Elizabethan age; there was rather a disposition to favour the experiment among those scholars who did not think the literature of their mother tongue beneath their notice, and it was tried about the same time in France and Italy and Spain as well as in England. Here it would be out of place to inquire what were the causes of its failure in other countries; with us the mistaken principle upon which it was undertaken sufficiently explains it. It was moreover made ridiculous by the portentous absurdity of Stanihurst's Virgil; and Sydney's own productions of this kind were almost without any merit whatever. But they are few in number, and it ought to be remembered that none of them were published during his life, and it may well be doubted whether, if he had lived some years longer, they would ever have been published at all. For evidently they were written as exercises in metre,—so entirely so that matter and thought and expression were things of secondary consideration, the first and almost only care of the writer being, not to 'poise his syllables by just proportions according to the dignity of the subject' (his own rule), but to measure their quantity.

With a very few exceptions, Sydney's verses of the kind are included in the Eclogues of his *Arcadia* which are pastoral interludes consisting of prose and verse, being indeed the only pastoral parts of the work. Readers who are not conversant with the foreign literature of the sixteenth century would feel it difficult to conceive how small a modicum of invention was required for pastoral compositions of any kind. The flimsiest narrative in prose served to introduce poems as flimsy, as florid, and as inane as the prose that connected them. Yet they had their day, and some not inconsiderable reputations were made by them, which, though the books are no longer read, retain as by prescription their place. The language was mellifluous and lulled the ear, the images were agreeable and soothed the mind, birds warbled, lambs sported, heaven smiled, streams glittered as they flowed, and fountains gurgled, and earth was redolent of flowers. There was no lack of fruit, neither of curds and cream. Shepherds and shepher-

desses tended their flocks, all alike amiable, alike poetical, and alike in love, some with the right object and some with the wrong. They piped, they danced, they sung; they contended with each other in amœbean verses, or uttered their complaints to the listening groom in sonnets, tercets, quatrains, or other stanzas, or in more fantastic sestines rung the appointed set of changes upon the everlasting theme. From the beginning to the end all was dulcet, emulsive, and soporiferous; the gentle reader was never put to the trouble of thinking, and he might fall asleep over the book in perfect complacency with the author and with himself.

On such subjects it was that Sydney chose to make his experiment in the classical metres, as if he wished to be encumbered as little as possible with meaning in his task. He tried the heroic hexameter, the elegiac long and short, anacreontics, sapphics, phaleucians, and asclepiads. As might be expected, the anacreontics are the least uncouth, the pentameters the most so. But that all are uncouth to an extraordinary degree may be seen from the most favourable and not least characteristic specimen that could be selected: a passage in which having hit upon a vein of conceit he works it as far as it leads him.

When I meet these trees, in th' earth's fair livery cloathed,
Ease do I feel (such ease as falls to one wholly diseased),
For that I find in thĕm part ŏf my state represented.
Laurel shows what I seek; by the Myrrh is shown how I seek it;
Olive paints me the peace that I mūst āspire to by conquest;
Myrtle makes my request; my request is crown'd with a Willow;
Cypress prcmiseth help, but a help where comes no comfort.
Sweet Junipēr saith this, 'Tho' I burn, yet I burn in a sweet fire.'
Yew doth make me think what kind ŏf bow the Boy holdeth
Which shoots strongly without any noise, ānd deadly without smart.
Fir-trees, great ānd green, fixt ōn a hĭgh hill but a barren,
Like to mў noble thoughts, still new, well placèd, to me fruitless.
Fig thăt yields most pleasant fruits, his shadow is hurtful.
Thus be her gifts most sweet, thus more dangĕr to be near her.
Now in a Palm, when I mark hŏw hĕ dŏth rise under a burden,
And may I not (I say then) get up, tho' grief be so weighty?
Pine is a mast to a ship—to mў ship shall hope for a mast serve:
Pine is hĭgh, hope is as hĭgh; sharp-lear'd, sharp yĕt be my hope's buds.
Elm, imbrac'd by a vine, imbracing fancy reviveth.
Poplar changeth his hue from a rising sun to a setting:
Thus to my sun do I yield, such looks her beams do afford me.
Old ăged Oak cut down of new work serves to the building:
So my desires, by my fear cut down, be the frames of her honour.
Ash makes spears which shields do resist; her force no repulse takes.
Palms do rejoice to be join'd by the match of a male to a female;
And shall sensĭve thĭngs be sŏ senseless ās to resist sense?
Thus be mў thoughts disperst; thus thinking nurseth a thinking,
Thus both trees ānd each thing else be the books of a fancy.
But to the Cedar, Queen of Woods, when I lift my betear'd eyes,
Then do I shape to myself that form whĭch reigns sŏ within me,
And think there she doth dwell, and hear what plaints I do utter.
When that noblĕ top doth nod, I believe she salutes me;
When by the wind it maketh a noise, I do think she doth answer.

I cannot but think that if Sydney had lived to revise the work in which these verses were introduced he would have discovered in what this system of metrification was erroneous; that he would have remedied that error by following the common laws of accentuation instead of attempting to introduce rules of quantity, which are not in accord with the character of our language, and that the hexameter

would then have been naturalised in England at that time as successfully as it was, two centuries afterwards, in German and other of the northern tongues.

He introduced other metrical experiments in the same eclogues, trying most of the forms of composition and varieties of measure which were to be found in Italian and French poetry, madrigals, songs as he translated the Italian word canzoni, sestines (an invention of the troubadours, which might well have been left where it was found, were it not that it is desirable to be in some degree acquainted with even the preposterous fashions of other nations in literature as in other things), and tercets, or the trinal verse of Dante, a grave and majestic metre which has recently, and for the first time upon any great scale, been exhibited in this country by Mr. Heraud with exuberant powers both of imagination and diction in his poem of the *Descent into Hell.* Sydney, to render it more exactly upon the Italian model, tried it also with double, or trochaic rhymes, and with the *sdruccioli*, or dactylic termination—this latter being, like the sestines, a mere trial of skill.

[We regret that we have no more of this biography to give to the public, Southey not having lived to complete his work. As a fragment, however, it is of great value, and it has a further interest in being the last composition which will ever appear of a writer who filled so brilliant a place in English literature.—Ed. *F. M.*]

KINGLAKE'S *INVASION OF THE CRIMEA*.[1]

FIVE years have elapsed since the publication of Mr. Kinglake's first and second volumes, which ended with the battle of the Alma. The third and fourth have merely brought us down to the conclusion of the Light Cavalry charge before Balaclava. How many more years does he propose—*Deo volente*—to devote to the invasion of the Crimea? How many more volumes will it take? We are not prepared to answer these questions, so frequently, so impatiently, and so thoughtlessly put on all sides. But we say, the more years and the more volumes the better, if similarly employed and filled.

Here is a man of established reputation in literature, a man of genius and sagacity, a member of the House of Commons who occasionally plays a conspicuous part on the parliamentary stage, a lawyer and politician conversant with affairs, foreign and domestic. By a happy accident he has acquired extraordinary opportunities and advantages for ascertaining and verifying the incidents of a remarkable episode in history, with which the national honour is inextricably mixed up. He has shown himself willing to undergo any amount of personal sacrifice and responsibility for the adequate performance of what, to him, is both a public and a private duty. He has instituted a careful survey of the localities; he has consulted and collected despatches and correspondence without end; he has personally communicated with statesmen and warriors, with almost all the leading actors and many of the less prominent characters who have figured on the scene, and he has got together a mass of information, perhaps unequalled *in pari materia* for fullness, accuracy, interest and variety. Giving him due credit for discrimination, why should any part of this collection which he may deem curious or illustrative, be thrown aside or kept back?

There is an obvious distinction between the historian of a bygone period who, with pre-existing materials ready to his hand, selects, arranges, and draws conclusions, and the writer who, dealing with contemporary incidents and perishable proofs, is the depositary of evidence, oral and ocular, which is rapidly becoming hearsay or traditional as he writes. If he fails to record it whilst the witnesses are still living to confirm or qualify his statements, its authority will be weakened or it will be altogether lost. Moreover, there is no genuine military history without individuality, especially when the peculiarities of four or five warring nations are to be placed in broad relief. An apposite anecdote, a trait of character in an English, French, Turkish, or Russian soldier, may advance the main purpose of the work, if we understand it rightly, further than whole chapters of general description or reflection.

Hume lays down that criticisms on oratory are next to useless, unless innumerable examples are adduced. We should be inclined to say nearly the same of critical accounts of battles; in which praise and blame are commonly distributed wholesale with exclusive reference to strategic movements, or to the conduct and presumed orders of the chiefs. Had there been a contemporary annalist of Waterloo, endowed with the same qualifications and advantages

[1] *The Invasion of the Crimea: Its Origin, and an Account of its Progress down to the Death of Lord Raglan.* By Alexander William Kinglake. Vols. III. and IV. Edinburgh and London: William Blackwood & Sons. 1868.

as Mr. Kinglake, it would not remain matter of incurable uncertainty whether the Duke of Wellington and Blucher met at La Belle Alliance or where else, and we should not, after the lapse of half a century, have had (what we had the other day) a controversy whether the rout of the French was completed by Colborne with the 52nd Light Infantry or by the Guards.[1]

We shall adduce in their proper places at least two striking instances in which Mr. Kinglake has rectified popular errors and vindicated English honour upon his principle, namely, that of occasionally looking beyond divisional generals and brigadiers to see how far majors, captains, lieutenants, and even troop-sergeants, have contributed to a result. For the present, we are simply entering a protest against the notion that the scale on which his work has been planned, constitutes a valid objection in itself. Or, admitting that the proportions are incompatible with its taking the highest rank in that dignified class of composition which is conventionally called history, they certainly need not prevent its being accepted as a most interesting and valuable book. The details, it will be seen, are always kept subordinate to the main narrative, and are seldom, if ever, permitted to mar the unity of design, which is throughout artistically preserved. Indeed, the manner in which important inferences are deduced from small events or slight circumstances, recalls those instances of fine observation by which Zadig won his character for sagacity. At the same time, it may be admitted that the opinions and views of the commanders, with the reasons for or against particular plans or tactics, are too much amplified: there are large classes of readers who have neither time nor taste for disquisition or investigation; and a summary of the leading events included in these volumes will be perhaps more acceptable than a critical review.

Mr. Kinglake's second volume concluded with these words: 'It (the battle of the Alma) established the Allies as invaders in a province of Russia. It did more: upon condition that they would lay instant hands on the prize, it gave them Sebastopol.' Why did they not lay instant hands on the prize, which we now know they could have done by merely carrying out the enterprise in the spirit in which it was conceived and undertaken—namely, as a *coup de main*? The French attribute the fatal delay to the English; the English retort the blame upon the French. St. Arnaud, after coolly appropriating the entire credit of the victory, wrote thus on September 22, the battle having been fought on the 20th: 'The English are not yet ready, and I am kept back, just as at Baltchick, just as at Old Fort. It is true they have more wounded than I have, and that they are farther from the sea. What slowness in our movements! War can hardly be carried on in this way. The weather is admirable, and I am not profiting by it. I rage!'

Now, it is quite true that, at this particular juncture, he was kept back by the English; yet it is equally true that he was the real cause of the inopportune hesitation and halt. At the close of the battle, about 5 p.m., Lord Raglan urged the French Marshal to press the pursuit with his fresh troops, which he refused, on the ground that they would be separated from their knapsacks for the night; and the day after, the

[1] See the *History of Lord Seaton's Regiment at Waterloo*, by the Rev. William Leeke; in which 137 closely printed pages, equal to 237 of Mr. Kinglake's, are occupied with this point.

21st, Lord Raglan urged an immediate advance on the northern forts, which was also declined, under a belief that some strong (really non-existing) works on the Belbec lay directly across the road that must be taken by the French. That Lord Raglan did propose such a course is proved by the unequivocal testimony of Lord Lyons, which was fortunately reduced to writing with his permission, by a gentleman, Mr. George Loch, who divined its coming importance.[1] Alternatively, and still hoping that the first proposal would be adopted, Lord Raglan suggested the plan of what is popularly known as the flank march, which, after some hesitation, was adopted. If the Allies had marched against the Severnaya or north side, they would still have been in a position to protect their wounded; whereas, if they left the western coast to cross over to the south side, it would have been necessary to leave a detachment of troops to protect them.

'So, although it is true that the cause of the delay on the Alma was the unwillingness of the French Marshal to go on with the advance against the north side of Sebastopol, still, the halt having once been resolved upon, its duration was made to depend on the time it would take to have the sick and the wounded put on board ship. The French would have been able to get their sick and wounded on board in one full day. On the other hand, the number of the wounded English being, as Lord Raglan computed, just three times greater than that of the French, and the ground whence they had to be moved being very much farther from the shore, it soon became certain that at least two days of ceaseless labour would have to be gone through before the English would be able to bury their dead, and to get all their sick and wounded on board.'

The allied armies resumed their march on the 23rd, and in the forenoon of the 24th reached a position from which they could look down on Sebastopol. Here, again, the choice was still open to them to attack the Severnaya, but the French Marshal shrank from the responsibility, and the final resolve to turn away to the south was taken on the evening of that day. 'Lord Raglan, with some of his staff, went to the camp of the French headquarters. The interview was not a long one. Lord Raglan, in few words, and for the last time, submitted that the Allies should go on with their original plan of campaign, and assault the works on the north of Sebastopol. Marshal St. Arnaud once more declined to agree to this. He said that the defences of the Star Fort had revetments in masonry, and that he would not undertake to attack such a work without laying formal siege to it. This answer was treated as negativing all further idea of attacking Sebastopol from the north. As regards the course which, in these circumstances, was to be resorted to, Lord Raglan, as we saw, had himself proposed the alternative plan; and Marshal St. Arnaud, it seems, though not without some hesitation, had already made up his mind to accept it. On this subject, therefore, neither one nor the other of the two com-

[1] The memorandum is printed in the Appendix by Mr. Kinglake. Substantially the same information was communicated by Lord Lyons, for the express purpose of publication, to the writer of an article in the *North British Review* for July 1856, which was translated into French and published at Brussels, under the title of *Quelques Éclaircissements relatifs à l'Armée anglaise*; the immediate object being to counteract the effect produced on the Continent by the one-sided and highly coloured statements of M. de Bazancourt.

manders had need to use words of persuasion. They agreed to attempt the flank march.

'During the conversation, Marshal St. Arnaud sat rigidly up in an armed chair, and to some who observed it his bearing conveyed an impression that he wished to give to the interview an appearance of formality; but Lord Raglan perceived the truth. He had no sooner left the French camp than he said to one of his staff, "Did you observe St. Arnaud?—he is dying."

'This was the last time that the two chiefs conferred upon the business of the campaign. When Lord Raglan visited the French headquarters on the following morning, he found that the Marshal was no longer in a condition to be able to take part in affairs.

'The decision the chiefs had come to was this:—that unless the reconnaissance which Lord Raglan was to make on the morrow should disclose good reasons for changing the plan, the English army first (to be followed in due time by the French) should endeavour to push round the head of the Sebastopol roadstead by gaining the Mackenzie Heights, with intention to descend thence into the valley of the Tchernaya, and recover communication with the sea by seizing the harbour of Balaclava.'

The plan was not changed, and the flank march began. It was an ill-judged and ill-executed movement, as Mr. Kinglake clearly shows. The Allies were separated from their shipping, and they had to scramble across a rough unknown country, with no guide but the compass, in a long line extending over several miles, which might have been broken through at several points by the Russians, assuming (what was assumed) that they had still a formidable army on the lookout. Fortunately for the Allies, Prince Mentschikoff was engaged in a flank march of his own, the effect of which was to leave Sebastopol practically undefended for a fortnight; and although the opposing armies actually touched each other as they crossed, neither sustained any serious interruption, and each took up the position which it meditated when it set out. Lord Lucan, who led the reconnoitring party, was mis-directed, and lost his way; and Lord Raglan with his staff narrowly escaped being taken prisoners by the Russian rearguard in retreat. This 'incident of war,' as Lord Raglan termed it, is graphically related by Mr. Kinglake, who was riding at his lordship's side when it occurred; nor is it the only incident which he appositely introduces to illustrate the perilous and haphazard character of this march; e.g.:

'By aid of the compass, and with great toil, our infantry divisions made their difficult way through the forest. The underwood was in some places so thick as to leave but a very narrow choice of path, and in general it was found impracticable for the troops to preserve any kind of formation. The men of each battalion broke through as best they could, passing sometimes over ground where several could be working their way abreast of one another, but at other times compelled to break into Indian file. Still, the plan of marching by compass was successful; and, so far as I have learnt, no body of men fell out of the prescribed line of march in such a way as to become long divided from the rest of the army.

'It was a laborious task for troops which were not at the time in the enjoyment of great bodily strength to have to tear their way through steep forest ground without a road or a path; and at one of the halts which took place with a portion of the foot regiments already near the summit of the heights, some impatience broke out; for, there being no water, the men felt the torment

of thirst. There arose a low, grave, momentous sound—the murmur of angered soldiery. Each man, whilst he sat or lay on the ground, hoarsely groaned out the same intense word. The one utterance heard travelling along the lines was, "Water! water! water!"'

On the night of the 25th, Lord Raglan was separated by nearly two days' march from Cathcart's division; his communications with the fleet were only kept up across the enemy's country by officers (Captain Hugh Smith, Colonel Windham, and Lieutenant Maxse) who traversed it at the risk of their lives, and he wandered into rather than arrived at Balaclava, knowing little or nothing of the capabilities of the harbour, and foreseeing none of the difficulties or embarrassments which the choice of it, as the English port of supply, was to entail upon him. 'Before he made his choice Lord Raglan consulted Lyons, and Lyons urged with a great earnestness that Balaclava should be retained by the English. There, and there only, as he thought, could there be a sufficiently sure communication between the fleet and the land forces. As experience proved, he was wrong; but upon a naval question—and such this question was—his opinion, of course, had great weight. It prevailed. For the sake of retaining Balaclava, Lord Raglan elected to take the right in the allied line, with all its burthens and perils.'

The right in the allied line involved the duty of withstanding any field operations of the Russians, as well as the prosecution of the siege. Thus, all the fighting that fell to the share of the British on the disastrous if glorious 25th of October (the day of the Light Cavalry charge), resulted from it; and the requirements for the defence of the harbour contributed largely to the wasting and exhaustion of our troops.

Cathcart was equally fortunate in reaching his assigned ground, although at one time driven to contemplate the eventuality of being attacked in a way which would oblige him to burn his baggage and cut his way through. The march was closed by the French, who, through English mismanagement rather than contrivance on their part, got the best harbour, the best landing-place, and a position completely guarded on all sides, except where they faced the town. St. Arnaud formally surrendered his command to Canrobert on the 26th, and this, combined with his previous incapacity from illness, must be regarded as the main cause of the dilatory counsels, or *timides avis*, which had prevailed since the 20th, and were destined to prevail till there was no longer anything to be won by boldness. We now know that, for several days after the allied armies had sate down before Sebastopol, the south was even more defenceless than the north; and signs were not wanting of the actual condition of the defenders, which one would have thought any military man, nay any civilian, of moderate penetration might have interpreted.

'One of our frigates,' says Southey in his *Life of Nelson*, 'spoke an American, who, a little to the westward of the Azores, had fallen in with an armed vessel, appearing to be a dismasted privateer, deserted by her crew, which had been run on board by another ship, and had been set fire to; but the fire had gone out. A log-book, and a few seamen's jackets were found in the cabin; and these were brought to Nelson. The log-book closed with these words: "Two large vessels in the W.N.W.," and this led him to conclude that the vessel had been an English privateer, cruising off the Western Islands. But there was in this book a scrap of dirty paper, filled with figures. Nelson

immediately, upon seeing it, observed that the figures were written by a Frenchman; and, after studying this for a while said, "I can explain the whole. The jackets are of French manufacture, and prove that the privateer was in possession of the enemy. She had been chased and taken by the two ships that were seen in the W.N.W. The prize-master, going on board in a hurry, forgot to take with him his reckoning; there is none in the log-book, and the dirty paper contains her work for the number of days since the privateer last left Corvo, with an unaccounted for run, which I take to have been the chase, in his endeavour to find out her situation by back reckonings. By some mismanagement, I conclude, she was run on board of by one of the enemy's ships, and dismasted. Not liking delay (for I am satisfied that those two ships were the advanced ones of the French squadron), and fancying we were close at their heels, they set fire to the vessel and abandoned her in a hurry. If this explanation be correct, I infer from it they are gone more to the northward; and more to the northward I will look for them."'

A small amount of this inductive sagacity would have led the invaders of the Crimea to the conclusion that Sebastopol lay open to an assault. Mr. Kinglake states that the ground traversed by them at the commencement of their march was so thickly strewn with the marks of the enemy's hasty flight and confusion, as to show that defeat had been lapsing into ruin, and that what had entered Sebastopol was a hurried and fugitive crowd. 'Amongst the things abandoned, there was even that cargo of kitchen implements which had supplied the table of the Russian head-quarters.'

The impression was confirmed by the peasantry. The chance encounter in the wood must have made known the direction in which Mentschikoff was moving, and his temporary abandonment of the stronghold they had come to seize. From the heights on which they surveyed the fortifications, they might have formed a tolerably accurate estimate of the possible or probable means of defence. Yet the suggestion of an immediate assault met with no support from the scientific authorities in the English army, and was strongly discountenanced by the French. Sir John Burgoyne objected on the ground that, if the attempt were made before the Russian batteries were silenced, the capture of the place would cost 500 men! Canrobert, it was reported, in addition to his habitual dread of responsibility, dared not venture to dispense with the siege artillery, the choice and preparation of which had been especially superintended by the Emperor. What a contrast to the dilatoriness, hesitation, and want of fixed purpose without the walls, was presented by the energy, fertility of resource, and dogged determination to do or die, within!

The description of what was passing in Sebastopol, during the earlier part of the siege, is one of the most striking and original features of the book. The prominent figures here brought upon the scene with artistic vividness are General Todleben, truly said to be the only military genius evolved by the invasion, and Admiral Korniloff, a model of heroic courage, enthusiastic loyalty, and devoted patriotism. They began their preparations in a state of feeling against which no common zeal could have borne up long; for according to all ordinary calculation, the utmost they could hope was to exact a heavy price for the prize; and even a decent resistance was thought impracticable unless they were permitted to gain time. Mr. Kinglake's sketch of these two men

and their method of co-operating concludes thus:

> The way in which Colonel de Todleben applied himself to his very first undertaking is perhaps a too simple illustration of the accuracy and completeness with which he read problems in war; but although, for that reason, it will necessarily fail to indicate the scope of his power, it may still convey some idea of the nature of the quality in which he excelled. Before the time of Todleben's arrival, the Star Fort had been examined by engineers, and it was soon ascertained to be so faulty in construction as to be likely to be of comparatively little use. Seeing what the faults of the work were, and seeing what ought to be done in order to make it a good fort, the engineers at once went on to commence the works which were needed for the purpose. But one of the conditions in which they were called upon to act, they failed to bring into their reckoning. They left out the condition of time. To bring to an effective state the works which they thus undertook, would necessarily cost a labour of several months; but on the other hand, the attack of this Star Fort, if it should take place at all, might be expected in a few days. Therefore the labour going on was labour in vain. When Colonel de Todleben attained to his sway, he at once stopped the works in hand, and brought the energies of the defenders to bear upon the construction of other works of easier construction, which, however imperfect they might be, should at all events have the merit of being in time. If it be said that the necessity for taking time into account must have been obvious to all, the answer is, that for days and days together that necessity remained unperceived by the military authorities who had the ordering of the works. A simple truth of this kind lies often unseen or scarce heeded until it comes under the light which genius is able to shed; and thenceforth the wonder is that any one ever was blind to it.
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> What was said of a lusty English statesman may be said once more in the same words, and applied to this colonel of sappers: All that was fanciful, or for any reason unpractical—all that was the least bit too high for him, or the least bit too deep for him—all that lay, though only by a little, beyond the immediate future with which he was dealing—he utterly drove from out of his mind; and his energies, condensed for the time upon some object to which they could be applied with effect, were brought to bear upon it with all their full volume and power. It was certain that he would strive to do the very utmost of what could be compassed by mortals; and nothing more. Under guidance so firm and sure there could be no waste of energy, no waste of bodily labour. . . . .
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> When the Russian field army undertook its flank march, Colonel de Todleben remained at Sebastopol. Admiral Korniloff and he had come to be as one man. They lived in the same room. What Todleben judged to be right, the Admiral impelled men to do. If Korniloff was the soul of the cause, the great engineer was its mind. Whilst the sentiment which Korniloff inspired was one so exalted that men might call it holy, the robust sanguine nature of Todleben, and the immense vital forces he had at command, brought joyousness, nay, even brought mirth, to help the toil of the defenders. The enthusiasm kindled by the Admiral might more or less cause men to look for heavenly aid; but the very presence of Todleben was enough to assure them that even in this world there was something at least to hope for, and plainly a great deal to do.

It is from the writings and conversation of General Todleben, who paid a visit to England in 1865 and conversed freely on the events which have immortalised him, as well as from other well authenticated Russian authorities, that our information relating to Sebastopol at the period in question has been drawn. He expressly states that 'neither the exaltation of the troops, nor their resolve to fight to the last extremity, could have saved Sebastopol, if the enemy had attacked immediately after his passage of the Tchernaya.' In Korniloff's private journal of September 26, may be read: 'The troops are longing for adventurous deeds, but all this can only increase the carnage without preventing the enemy from gaining access.' Again: 'We strengthen our position as much as possible. What, however, but defeat can be expected when we have only a handful of troops, scattered on an immense extent; and what are fortifications which we have thrown up in the course of a fortnight? If I had foreseen this, I would never have consented to sink the ships,

but would rather have stood out to sea and fought the enemy, though they were double our numbers. . . . The catastrophe may be enacted to-morrow. Even fighting to the last man will hardly advance our cause. The ships and all the vessels are ready for sinking. Let the enemy have their wrecks.'

In fact, hardly any of the works which subsequently proved so formidable were even commenced when the Allies suddenly appeared upon the south; the attention of the Russians having been hitherto concentrated on the north. Thus, on September 25, the Malakoff was a mere naked tower without a glacis, exposed from head to foot, unsupported by the powerful batteries which were destined to flank it, and uncovered by the works which afterwards closed up around its base. The rest of the lines of defence, extending along an arc of four miles, and equally incomplete, were liable to be forced at several points; for, at the very utmost, not more than 16,000 combatants of all arms, soldiers and sailors, could then be mustered to oppose an army of 60,000 men flushed with victory.

But if the Russian commanders, deserted by Mentschikoff, were weak in troops, they had 5,000 workmen at their disposal, and arsenals filled to repletion with cannon and munitions of all sorts. Hoping against hope, and placing their chief reliance on the chapter of accidents, they laboured night and day to carry out the conceptions of Todleben, which all culminated in this,—to bring an overpowering fire of grapeshot to bear on every spot of the ground which the assaulting columns must traverse. 'He determined,' says Mr. Kinglake, 'that the works should go on simultaneously along all the weak parts of the line; and each day's toil was to be so adjusted (a difficult problem this seems) that it would not only effect a due approach towards the perfecting, after a time, of the work which had to be executed, but would also bring the pending improvements to such a state every night, that, in the event of an attack the next morning, they would still subserve the defence; so that, if the enemy should grant a long respite, or if, on the other hand, he should assault in three days, or in two, or on the very morrow, the works—whether grown to full strength, or assailed whilst yet frail and weak—might in each case do all the good which the limit of time would allow.'

People often work wonders when they work with a will, and wonderful indeed was the change affected in the shortest conceivable space. 'Hardly four days had passed since the sight of the English on the Mackenzie Heights disclosed to men gazing from the windows of the Naval Library the peril then suddenly coming upon the south side of Sebastopol; but, as far as was possible in so scant a time, the garrison had now been put in a condition for using to the very utmost their means of slaughter; and, on the night of this 29th of September, the great Engineer, who had yearned to be in readiness along the whole line with his pitiless storm of mitrail, might almost lie down to his rest with the contentment of one who has made his purpose sure.'

The emotions with which at morning's dawn, as day after day stole away, the beleaguered remnant watched for signs of coming events, may be imagined. Their most pressing anxiety was not relieved until October 10, when scenes occurred, which place in the strongest light the miserably mistaken tactics of the Allies: 'But at length came the morning of the 10th of October. If a stranger then alighting by enchantment in the Theatre Square had hastened

to ask why it was that people on all sides were shaking hands and embracing with raptures common to all, he would hardly have slaked his curiosity by learning that all this delight was the welcome which Sebastopol gave to a prospect of being besieged. Already we know that, on the night before, the wind blew so fresh from the town to the lines of the French as to hinder the garrison from hearing the sound of the pickaxe; but when morning dawned it disclosed the mark of a seam, stretching on with many a bend, along the crest of Mount Rodolph. This was the work which the French had thrown up in the night. Then quickly Sebastopol learnt that the Allies had made their election, and were really undertaking a siege. It was with unspeakable joy that the garrison and the inhabitants received the glad tidings; for the step the Allies had taken was to Sebastopol a respite from assault—a respite of at least several days; and in the mean time, though great things had already been done in the way of preparing defences, much more might yet be achieved. "If only," so Todleben writes—"if only men chance to know what siege warfare is, they can imagine the joyful impression which we must have experienced at the sight of those works. . . . Every one in Sebastopol rejoiced at this happy event. People congratulated each other upon it; for each man saw in it a guarantee of success, and the hope that the town would be saved."'

We must go back a little to account for the phenomenon which thus opportunely gladdened the hearts of the Russians. 'Whoever,' says Mr. Kinglake, 'has learnt the condition in which Sebastopol was left during those last days of September, will be ready to ask why it was that the invaders, now able to gaze at their ease on the domes of the coveted town, still did not move forward to seize it. On the 27th of September—the day the French completed their flank march, and the second of the days during which the deserted garrison had been left without tidings of Prince Mentschikoff's army—both the French and the English pushed forward some troops towards Sebastopol, and effected their first reconnaissance of its defences from the southern side of the place.'

They learnt from this reconnaissance that the defences were weak, but rapidly growing stronger; for they could see the workmen swarming like ants about the Malakoff, which Lord Lyons says he proposed to occupy at once. He also proposed an immediate assault, which was disapproved by Sir John Burgoyne, declined by the French, and ultimately abandoned by Lord Raglan. As in the case of the proposed attack on the north, Lord Raglan's suggestion or approval of the plan rests principally on the oral statement of Lord Lyons; and we cannot agree with Mr. Kinglake that, at least on the second occasion, Lord Raglan intimated his views with sufficient clearness or decision to throw the entire reponsibility of the refusal on the French. It was a matter of notoriety throughout the camp that General Cathcart had declared for an immediate assault, and Mr. Kinglake quotes a note from him to Lord Raglan (without date, but probably on the 28th), in which he says, 'They are working at two or three redoubts, but the place is only enclosed by a thing like a low park wall, not in good repair. I am sure I could walk into it, with scarcely the loss of a man, at night, or an hour before daybreak, if all the rest of the force was up between the sea and the hill I am upon. We could leave our packs, and run into it even in the open day, only risking a few shots whilst we passed the redoubt. We see the people walk-

ing about the streets in great consternation. I send this by Lieutenant Ravenshill, who will explain everything.'

It is not known what answer, if any, Lord Raglan gave to this communication; whilst it is matter of inference, and rather vague inference, that he did what in him lay to avert the manifold evils of delay. According to Mr. Kinglake, the one thing uppermost in his lordship's mind was to avoid the semblance of a disagreement with the French, and to afford the English soldiers no hint for saying when shivering in the trenches, 'Our Commander has brought this upon us by letting the foreigners have their way. He himself was for assaulting the place, and because the Frenchmen would not agree, here we are in the clay and the snow.' But if the facts were so, it is a poor compensation at best that the English soldiers were kept in ignorance and believed their own commander to be equally in fault. If Lord Raglan, in accordance with General Cathcart and Lord Lyons, had formed a strong and distinct opinion upon the point, he should undoubtedly have expressed it strongly and distinctly to General Canrobert, whose own convictions would naturally be strengthened rather than shaken by the over-caution and reticence of his ally. 'Even in eliciting Burgoyne's opinion he [Lord Raglan] did not, it seems, disclose his own; and although, as we have seen, he twice over submitted to Canrobert the expediency of an assault, he found means to do this without at all putting himself forward as a biassed partisan of the measure. He probably did no more than utter the few syllables which were necessary for inducing the French General to declare his opinion.'

Surely this is not the way in which he should have proceeded under the circumstances; the term 'biassed partisan' is utterly inapplicable; and conciliation pushed to the point of keeping back what might turn out a conflicting view, would have better befitted the diplomatic representative of a second-rate court than the commander-in-chief of an English army in the field. Keep up a good understanding by all means, but not by sacrificing the very object for which that good understanding is to be kept up—

Et propter vitam vivendi perdere causas.

If the English soldiers knew no cause for murmuring, is it not fairly open to General Canrobert to say: 'If Lord Raglan had openly urged the views now attributed to him, so highly did I esteem his soundness of judgment, that I might have adopted them'? In none of his communications to the Secretary of War does Lord Raglan state that he proposed an immediate assault on either the north or the south; although his letters of October 3rd and 8th show that he was fully alive to the advantage which the Russians had gained, and were daily gaining, from delay. Mr. Kinglake's mode of accounting for this suppression of opinion, assuming any such opinion to have been formed, is more ingenious than satisfactory:

'Not only did he avoid all recurrence to his words, but he even so comported himself as to ward off from camp the idea of his having been overruled by the French. Nor was this all. I include the whole period from the battle of the Alma to the time now reached by my narrative, when I say that, with a refined and thoughtful loyalty, which was characteristic of his nature, Lord Raglan withheld from the Home Government all such disclosures of opinion as might show him to be more enterprising and more in favour of summary methods than the men who ruled at the

French headquarters. He could not but know that, whatever he might write to the Secretary of State, whether in the form of "secret despatch" or private note, would necessarily, and indeed legitimately, be imparted to several others; *that the number of people thus legitimately apprised was subject to be a little augmented by the exigencies of the marriage tie;* and that round the large group thus entrusted there always hovered the newsman, eager to hear, determined to tell, his mere presence suggesting a mart where tons of newspaper eulogy could be had for three grains of State secret. So, upon the whole, Lord Raglan could not but deem it probable that if he were to disclose to the Home Government his desire for an immediate assault, with an intimation that his wishes had been frustrated by General Canrobert and the engineers, both English and French, he would become the object of a brief popular applause in England, but applause of a kind which must be jeopardising to the alliance and hurtful to the prospects of the war. To one constituted as Lord Raglan was, it would be quite easy and natural to apprehend all these probable consequences, and (as a mere common, evident duty) to avert them by observing silence. It is thus that I account for his reserve.'

If this theory were tenable, no confidential communication between the Commander-in-chief and the Secretary at War would have been safe or have been hazarded at any time. Yet there were many secret despatches or private letters (the one relating to the buoy, for example) which would equally have annoyed the French; and the fear of annoying them did not prevent Lord Raglan, or the Secretary at War, or Lord Cowley, from remonstrating against St. Arnaud's boastful account of the battle of the Alma.

It also strikes us that too broad an inference is drawn from a single sentence of a private letter from General Airey to Lord Hardinge, dated October 3, 1854: 'My own opinion is that we are here for the winter, maintaining only a strong position until we can be reinforced.' This simply proves that, in General Airey's opinion, the army was in what the Americans would call a 'fix;' not that bolder counsels, which might have averted it, had been actually adopted or suggested by his chief.

The allied armies drifted into a siege much as the English Government drifted into the war. What they hoped when they landed their heavy guns was, that they should easily silence the artillery and beat down the defences of the place. But many days elapsed before they were able to open fire; and the English, who had to drag their guns and ammunition over six or seven miles of difficult ground, soon began to feel that want of land-transport which subsequently inflicted a vast amount of suffering. Without the aid of the sailors the required work could hardly have been completed at all; and their hearty co-operation is just the kind of subject to which Mr. Kinglake addresses himself *con amore* and effectively, being never so perfectly at home as when a dry narrative can be blended with fancy, sentiment, sarcastic humour, or reflection:

> Sometimes, in those early days of October, whilst our soldiery were lying upon the ground weary, languid, and silent, there used to be heard a strange uproar of men coming nearer and nearer. Soon the comers would prove to be Peel of the Diamond, with a number of his sailors, all busy in dragging up to the front one of the ship's heavy guns. Peel has died—has died young—in the service of his country; but such was his zeal, such his energy, such his power of moving other men, that upon the whole his share of the gift of life was full and rich. Apart from the mere beauty of his form and features, there was a fire in

his nature which gave him in that time of war an all but preternatural radiance. But whilst he was guiding the labours of his people with eye and hand and joyous words of direction or encouragement, the sailors used always to find their own way of evolving their strength. This they would do by speaking to the gun as to a sentient, responsible being, overwhelming it with terms of abuse; and, since it commonly happened that the stress of their pull at the ropes would get to be in some measure timed by the cadence of their words, it followed that at each execration the gun used to groan and move forward, as though it were a grim sullen lion obeying the voice of his keepers.

The batteries were not ready to open fire before the 17th October, and the intervening time had been turned to excellent account by the Russians. Their fortifications were pretty nearly complete, thanks to the genius of Todleben and the energy of Korniloff. Mentschikoff had been shamed into largely reinforcing the garrison, which now exceeded 40,000 men; and speaking of the state of things ten days previous to the commencement of the cannonade, Mr. Kinglake says: 'Then ended the time during which, from mere want of battalions, the garrison had been lying at the mercy of the Allies.' Their plan was to break through the line of the defence of the Flagstaff Bastion and the Redan, devoting a part of their fire to the Central Bastion and the Malakoff: the fleet to make a simultaneous attack on the sea defences, by way of diversion rather than in any well founded expectation of a decided success in that quarter. It was arranged that at half-past six in the morning of the 17th, three shells were to be discharged from one of the French batteries, and forthwith the Allies were to open fire along the whole line of their works.

'The signal had not yet been given, when the breaking grey of the morning enabled the Russians to see that the Allies, in the night-time, had cut their embrasures, and that seams of earth hitherto blank had all at once put on the look—significant of man and his purpose—that is given by guns seen in battery. Here and there, as this change was descried, a Russian battery opened fire. More followed. Some French guns began to make answer. There was more and more light. A body of French tirailleurs with a support pushed forwards towards the enemy's lines. Sebastopol beat to arms. The three appointed signal shells sprang out from the lines on Mount Rodolph. In a minute, some English guns opened; and presently, along their whole line of batteries, and along all the enemy's works, from the Central to the Flagstaff Bastion, and thence across to the Redan, and thence on again to the Malakoff, there pealed a sustained cannonade. Then, and quickly again, and from time to time, this sustained cannonade was out-thundered by salvoes of a kind sounding strange to the land-service people. No ships were in action; but at the first roar of the mightier outburst, the seamen who heard it grew radiant. They knew by what manner of men such a salvo as that was delivered.'

The relative power of the contending forces in this artillery combat was speedily placed beyond dispute: in less than four hours the French were *hors de combat*, and the Russians opposed to the English had been as roughly handled as the French. The French had maintained a tolerably equal contest until the scales were turned by an accident. 'The earth shook. A volume of flame sprang up from the ground. There was a roll of sound, not harsh nor deafening, yet such as to out-thunder great guns; and from the spot whence the flame had issued there was reared up on high a black, steadfast column of smoke. A shell from one of the Russian batteries had blown up a French magazine. The explosion, although so

great a one as to be seen and heard from afar by the English as well as the French, was less widely apparent to the Russians, who were wrapped in a dense cloud of smoke. Some indeed of the garrison perceived what had happened, and they greeted the sight with exulting "Hurrahs!" but it was only by slow and imperfect process that even the chiefs in Sebastopol attained to learn much of the truth; and down to the last, it would seem, they regarded the explosion as merely an incident of siege-warfare, when, in truth, it almost had proportions great enough to decide the campaign.'

It was not, as Mr. Kinglake justly remarks, the number of men killed or wounded, confined by the French to fifty, but the moral effect of the mass of blackened and burnt bodies; and this was heightened by the explosion of an ammunition caisson shortly afterwards. The upshot was, that the French batteries were silenced, and General Rose (Lord Strathnairn) was charged by General Canrobert to tell Lord Raglan that the French would not be able to go on again until 'the day after to-morrow.'

'The nature and scope of the disaster in the French lines,' says Mr. Kinglake, 'was not so understood at the time by any of the chiefs in Sebastopol as to lead them to follow up their advantage. If, on seeing the magnitude of the first explosion, the Russians had at once assailed the batteries on Mount Rodolph with so bold a sortie as the one they undertook some six hours later, they would have tested the power of the French infantry to hold good in a time of depression.

'From half-past ten in the morning, and thenceforth to the end of the day—nay, indeed, for a yet greater time—it was only by the English batteries that the attack upon Sebastopol was maintained.'

The original plan included a combined assault in case the French fire had been as effective as the English. It was turning the tables with a vengeance for our allies to be placed in peril of awaiting a desperate onslaught, instead of leading one. But the state of things in the Redan and the Malakoff, the principal marks of the English gunners, was such as to keep the Russians strictly on the defensive, and we learn from Todleben that they repeatedly loaded with grape-shot and discharged volleys into fancied columns of attack through the smoke. We have only to follow Korniloff and Todleben through the glowing pages devoted to them, to see how well the English had been playing their part, and how near at hand, at one time, was the hand-to-hand struggle for the prize.

After changing the position of the 'Moscow' battalions, by moving them to a ground where they would be sheltered from the enemy's fire, Korniloff passed the dock-bridge and began to ascend the western slope of the Malakoff. When he came near the seamen on duty in that part of the field, they greeted him with loud cheers; but Korniloff forbade them. He pointed to the crest of Mount Rodolph, where all was now hushed, and said to his people, 'When the English batteries are as silent as the French yonder, then, and not till then, we will cheer.'

Korniloff ascended the Malakoff Hill from the side of the Karabel suburb, and gained the right flank of the entrenchment which covered the front of the tower. He quitted his saddle and began to go through the batteries on foot. The fire was very heavy. When Korniloff reached the tower, he found that its guns had been silenced and deserted; but Admiral Istomin still answered the English by a well-sustained fire from the earthworks which covered and flanked the stone building. It occurred to Korniloff that the ground floor of the tower would be suitable for an ambulance or field hospital, and he gave directions accordingly. After this, he was going to mount the upper floor of the tower, but Admiral Istomin dissuaded him from doing so, saying that no one would be found on the top. Korniloff remained for some time at the foot of the tower. His aide-de-camp begged him to return home; and in answer he pointed to the ground where the Boutir and Boro-

dino regiments were stationed, saying, 'We will just go to those battalions, and after that we will go home by the hospital road.' He still loitered for a few minutes longer, but at length—it was then half-past eleven o'clock—he said, 'Now let us go.' He moved towards the spot under shelter of the breastwork where the horses were awaiting him; but he had scarcely yet taken four steps when the uppermost part of his left thigh was shattered by a round shot. Gendre raised the head of the wounded chief, and the other officers near coming up and lifting him in their arms, they together laid their Admiral under the shelter of the breastwork, between two of the guns. For a moment Korniloff was able to speak, and he so used his waning power of utterance as to say, 'Defend Sebastopol!' He then became senseless.

Korniloff was carried to one of the nearest ambulances; and having, when there, recovered full consciousness, he took the sacrament of his Church. He knew that he was to be taken to the hospital, and perceiving that men shrank from the duty of lifting him for fear of the pain they must give, he undertook the task himself, and, by a singular effort, contrived to throw his mangled body upon the litter which awaited him. He was carried to the hospital. There, at intervals, he underwent pangs so cruel as to wring from him more than once a shriek of agony; but at a moment when he was free from sharp pain, he laid both hands upon the head of the Chief of the Staff who stood at his side, and said, 'Tell everybody how pleasant it is to die when the conscience is quiet.' He sent tender words to his wife and to his children; and from time to time he prayed thus: 'O God! bless Russia and the Emperor. Save Sebastopol and the fleet!' After taking an anodyne potion he was tranquil, and seemed to be dozing; but upon an officer coming in with a story that 'the English batteries had been almost silenced, and that only two of their guns were still firing,' Korniloff seems to have become aware that the new arrival had brought with it tidings which interested the bystanders, for he roused himself to ask 'Who was there?' and as soon as he was told of the English guns being silenced, he collected his last strength and cried out, 'Hurrah! hurrah!' He then became insensible. After a few minutes he ceased to breathe.

It was a temporary failure of ammunition that led to the report of the English guns being silenced. Their fire was speedily resumed with unabated vigour, and little by little the whole front of the assailed defences in the Karabel Faubourg began to give way. All the guns on the Malakoff Tower were dismounted, and the Redan was reduced to a ruin, partly by the cannonade, partly a disaster similar to that which had befallen the French. 'A shell blew up the powder magazine established in the salient. When the smoke lifted, it disclosed a dire spectacle of ruin. What a man could see of the world where transformed by the explosion, bore scarce any likeness to what he had been looking upon a minute before. At the fore part of the work the parapet had been heaved over into the ditch, and so filled it in. The ground was laden with fragments of platforms, with guns dismounted, with gun-carriages overthrown and shattered. On all sides there were the blackened bodies of men scathed by fire, and it was afterwards known that more than 100 men had thus been killed. There were many of the dead—and among them the brave Captain Leslie—whose bodies could never be recognised. The calmest of the survivors who gazed on this scene of havoc might well enough judge that the last hour of their cherished Sebastopol must indeed be come; for not only could they see that the ruthless energy of their own war-munitions had laid open the road for a conqueror, but also, through the roar of the artillery, they heard the "hurrah" of the English; and the cheering was taken for proof that the besiegers had comprehended the gift which the fortune of war had brought them, and were coming to lay hands on their prize.'

Prior to the explosion, the loss in men had been heavy; the gunners of several pieces had to be replaced by fresh hands. Of 75 men sent to the Redan from on board one of the ships, so many as 50 were killed or wounded. After the explosion, out of the 22 pieces which had armed this work, 2 only

remained in battery, and these were manned by only five gunners. The troops that had been left near the gorge to repel an assault, fell back for shelter, and Todleben, who is the chief authority for these details, writes: 'Thenceforth there disappeared all possibility of replying to the English artillery. The defence in that part of the lines was completely paralysed; and in the Karabelnaya men expected to see the enemy avail himself of the advantage he had gained, and at once advance to the assault.'

Here Mr. Kinglake introduces one of those pointed passages by which, ever and anon, he contrives to clench his case against 'that intermittent thing' called the French Empire:

And, indeed, it might well be imagined that the time was at hand when (after one final salvo which would build up a wall of dim smoke to cover the front of the assailants) the gunners in the English batteries might now at last take their rest, and deliver over the site of what had been the Redan to assaulting columns of infantry. From first to last I have been careful to keep under a full light the tissue of evil consequences that resulted from neglecting the element of time, and consenting to give the enemy his respite of twenty days; but although Sir John Burgoyne gave counsel which tended to this capital error, the soundness of his conclusions in other respects may fairly, perhaps, be subjected to a separate criticism; and when once the field of scrutiny is thus narrowed, it becomes right to say that, so far as concerned the English part of the siege, the state to which the Redan had been brought on the afternoon of this 17th of October was a singularly exact fulfilment of Burgoyne's design. For although, as auxiliary and collateral measures, our chief engineer had undertaken the battering of the Flagstaff Bastion, and the battering of the Malakoff as well as of other defences, yet the main purpose of what Burgoyne had planned to achieve by force of siege-guns was to drive such a chasm of havoc into the enemy's line of defence on the ridge where stood the Redan as would open, through ruins of earthworks and silenced batteries, a not impracticable roadway for the English columns of assault. This being what Burgoyne had undertaken to do, it resulted that—with some aid from that gift of fortune which wrought the explosion of the Russian magazine—he was able to fulfil his engagement. At a few minutes after three o'clock in the afternoon, the Redan lay before him in that very state to which he had sought to reduce it.

But we have to remember that the plan which aimed at breaking in by the Karabel faubourg was a part only of the whole design, and that whenever the English should be assaulting the Redan, the French were to be assaulting the Flagstaff Bastion. According to the understanding between the French and the English Headquarters, the one assault was not to be going on without the other; and it seems to have been—not so much stated in terms, but—rather taken for granted that the silencing, for the day, of the batteries on Mount Rodolph carried with it a corresponding postponement of any attempt by the French to assault the Flagstaff Bastion. Indeed it was evident that, independently of the physical obstacle still interposed by the unsilenced batteries of the Flagstaff Bastion, the moral discouragement which had been inflicted upon the French by the disastrous explosion of their magazine could not but be an ill preparative for the task of storming Sebastopol.

In this way, once more, the tender exigencies of the bond which united two mighty States forbade them the full use of their strength. A tacit compact required that their armies should act together in any great operation; and it chancing at this time, from the mere fortune of war, that the English were in a condition to assault and the French not, it resulted, as a natural consequence, that the temporary impotence of the one Power carried with it the abstention of both. What benumbed the Allies was the Alliance.

In considering whether, apart from any implied affront to the French, the English should have assaulted at once, it will be remembered that they lay before an entrenched camp held by an army much larger than their own, rather than before a besieged town with a garrison. The English infantry was computed by Lord Raglan as little exceeding 16,000 at this time; the French infantry must have fallen short of 35,000: and the Russians had 40,000. The attacking force would also have been exposed to the fire of the ships. Our failure before the Redan at a later period was owing to the inadequacy of the

assailing force. Lord Clyde always maintained that the attack under Windham must have succeeded if it had been made by troops whose *morale* was unimpaired, or if it had been immediately followed up. The French eventually succeeded at the Malakoff by pouring in battalion after battalion; not less than 30,000 men being engaged sooner or later in the attack.

Naval men will read with interest and instruction the carefully composed chapter in which Mr. Kinglake describes and discusses in detail the attack of the sea defences by the ships, which was intended, and indeed fixed, to begin at the same time as the cannonade by land. But at seven o'clock in the morning of the 17th, Admiral Hamelin came on board the *Britannia*, and proposed a new plan of attack, which did not begin till just about the time when the French batteries were silenced. It had, moreover, the radical defect of placing the fleets respectively in the positions which were most unsuitable to them. The English wished to lay their vessels close alongside the Russian forts; the French preferred cannonading from a distance, apparently on Bob Acres' principle, when he requests Sir Lucius to let him bring down his adversary with a long shot:

'Well, corresponding, as it were, with this difference of opinion, there was a difference between the shoals on the north and the shoals on the south of the harbour; for whilst on the north, there was a shoal which kept off line-of-battle-ships to distances of from 800 to 1,200 yards from Fort Constantine, the forts on the south, and especially the Quarantine Sea-fort, could be attacked by ships at close range. Therefore, nature herself had ordained the respective positions of the French and the English fleet, so that those who required close quarters might go where close quarters could be had—that is, to the south; and those who preferred to act at a range of 1,600 yards would be content with the north of the roadstead, where the approaches, though shut against close fighters by the extent of the shoal, were everywhere open to those who liked ranges of 1,600 yards or upwards. The reverse of this, as we know, is what happened. For no other reason, it seems, than that they were already on the right, that is, on the south of our fleet, the French took a place where, with the opportunity of closing the forts to within extremely short ranges, they chose to stand off at a distance of nearly a mile, thus excluding their allies from the deep water most nearly approaching the forts without making use of it themselves; and meanwhile, the English, who entertained the belief that ships should engage forts at close quarters if they engaged them at all, had to crowd round a shoal which barely suffered more than one of their ships to come within 800 yards of the principal fort they attacked, condemning all the rest to longer ranges upon pain of running aground.'

But why did Admiral Dundas consent to such an arrangement? Simply because, like Lord Raglan, he was afraid of a misunderstanding, or want of perfect harmony, with his French colleague, and permitted his better judgment to be mischievously overruled:

'It was an addition to his troubles that he could not much speak the language of the nation which thus put him under compulsion. And this was the "command in the Mediterranean," that pleasant marine retirement which a good, faithful Whig had been earning by toil at the Board in Whitehall, by toil in the lobbies of the House of Commons, by long and enduring patience on the cushions of the Treasury Bench!

The times were no more when he could have what men call "quiet life;" and of the only two paths which lay open to him, each was so beset with evil that, upon the whole, as it seemed to him, the least pernicious thing he could do was to consent to range with the French in their planned line of battle, and deliver a vain cannonade.'

Most assuredly the attempts at combined movement by sea and land on the 17th October were not encouraging; and just as the painful conviction was forming at headquarters, that the capture of the place must be regarded as indefinately postponed, the English mail arrived. 'Men opened their letters and newspapers, and in an instant there lay out spread upon the ground the capital letters of the *Times* announcing the "Fall of Sebastopol." The real discomfiture and the fabulous triumph were brought into ugly contrast.'

Whoever remembers the persevering hostility with which Mr. Kinglake was assailed by the great journal or great News Company composed of widows and others (as he persists in terming it), must admit that the provocation was strong and the opportunity irresistible. The 'Directory' themselves could hardly read without amusement the passages in which their unlucky error is reproduced and commemorated: and the malice is neutralised by the context. Speaking of the readers of the *Times* on the 17th he says, 'In the midst of the disappointment they were suffering, and the maledictions they failed not to utter, some felt, I think, a grim pleasure in the stumble the *Times* had made; and they hardly, perhaps, observed that remarks to this effect were in one sense a homage to the Company. If the journal had not had a high character for the general accuracy of its intelligence in such matters, no great surprise or exultation could well have been roused by the occurrence of a single mistake.' If he has recalled a half-forgotten error, he has also recalled what he terms one of the best instances of human forecast he is acquainted with, namely that 'the Company had sagaciously reckoned and declared beforehand, not only that a battle would probably be fought on the heights of the Alma, but that the 20th of September was likely to be the day.'

The French having again got ready by the 19th, the cannonade was resumed, but with no better results on their side, for their batteries were again silenced before evening. The English fire was maintained the whole day, and the Russians sustained considerable loss. Every day from this time until the evening of October 25, the fire of the Allies was continued, and the French, finding that they were constantly worsted in this description of conflict, had opened ground with a view to assailing the Flagstaff Bastion by regular approaches. It is with the events of the 25th of October that the fourth volume is almost exclusively occupied and ends. This was the day on which the Russians under Liprandi made a show of attacking Balaclava; and at one time the advance bade fair to be something more than a show, for three of the Turkish redoubts, forming the outer line of defence, were taken; the Turks, after a gallant resistance, were falling back in disorder, or might even be said to be running away: the English cavalry offered no obstruction, and the only field force which Sir Colin had to oppose to 25,000 men with seventy-eight guns consisted of a single battery of field-pieces, 400 men of the 93rd Highlanders, and 100 invalids. This scanty force was afterwards increased by about 200. Such was the gravity of the occasion, and such Sir Colin's confidence in his Highlanders, that he rode down the line,

and said, 'Remember there is no retreat from here, men. You must die where you stand.' The men cheerily answered his appeal, saying, 'Ay, ay, Sir Colin; we'll do that.'

His troops were so disposed as to conceal their weakness, and the only semblance of an attack was that which gave rise to the story of his having met and repelled cavalry with a thin red line instead of forming square:

> It was whilst our men were still lying on their faces at the foot of the hillock that the four Russian squadrons began their advance; and it is said that the mission of this detached force was to try to seize one of the batteries connected with the inner line of defence. The horsemen, it seems, rode on, not expecting a combat with infantry; when suddenly they saw the slender line of the Highlanders springing up to the top of the hillock. Not unnaturally the Russian horsemen imagined that they were falling into some ambush; and on the other hand, the men of the 93rd, with a wild impetuosity which was characteristic of the battalion as then constituted, showed a mind to rush forward as though undertaking to charge and exterminate cavalry in the open plain; but in a moment Sir Colin was heard crying fiercely, 'Ninety-third! Ninety-third! damn all that eagerness!' and the angry voice of the old soldier quickly steadied the line. The Russian squadrons had come within long musketry range. The Highlanders and the men alongside them delivered their fire; and although they emptied no saddles, they wounded some horses and men.

The horsemen wheeled to the left, as if to turn the right flank of the Highlanders, but on receiving another volley or two, rode off in confusion.

If Mr. Kinglake has put the extinguisher on one imaginary exploit on this day, he has immeasurably enhanced the merit of two deeds of arms, both of which have hitherto been deprived of their meed of honour: the one having been rather slightingly recorded, and the other misrepresented and misunderstood. We allude to the Heavy Cavalry charge under General Scarlett, and the Light Cavalry charge under Lord Cardigan. Studied and highly finished portraits of the cavalry generals are given by Mr. Kinglake by way of introduction to what was done under their leadership; and it is impossible not to see that they are drawn with a marked wish to avoid offence. Lord Lucan's insensibility to danger, his consummate knowledge of his profession, and his unremitting attention to his duties, as well as Lord Cardigan's personal courage, are fully recognised; and the principal fault found with them is one which they would both gladly have amended at any time, namely, their practical unacquaintance with war. The author's favourite, General Scarlett, was open to the same objection; but then (we are told) his modesty and good sense made him aware of his deficiency, and he determined, if he could, to have men at his side who knew of their own knowledge what fighting was, and had even won high distinction. He chose Lieutenant Alexander Elliot and Colonel Beatson as his aides-de-camp.

In obedience to an order from Lord Raglan, Scarlett was taking a body of 300 heavy cavalry along the South Valley, with the Causeway Heights on his left, when his aide-de-camp, looking up, saw that a powerful body of cavalry were gathering on the ridge. His attention being thus arrested, he speedily became aware that he was liable to be taken in flank by this body, outnumbering his own column in the proportion of full seven to one. At the lowest computation the Russians exceeded 2,000. 'Scarlett's resolve was instantaneous, and his plan simple. He meant to form line to his left, and to charge with all six of his squadrons. Accordingly he faced his horse's head towards the flank of the column, and called out, "Are you right in front?" The answer was, "Yes, sir!" Then Scarlett gave the word of command, "Left wheel into

line!"' Whilst this manœuvre was in progress, Lord Lucan rode up and gave his full sanction to the meditated attack. He says he ordered it: and a controversy has consequently arisen whether the credit of originating it is due to Scarlett or to him. In our opinion both saw that it was the right thing to do, formidable as were the odds; but as the entire responsibility would have devolved upon Lord Lucan in case of disaster, it is only fair that it should be considered as virtually directed by him. The execution was the touchstone, and Scarlett's dashing mode of leading was one main cause of the success. If the Russians had charged downhill whilst the English were getting into order, they must have swept the field. 'But before the moment had come when the enemy, whether liking it or not, would find himself condemned to charge home, he began, as it seemed, to falter. He slackened the pace. He still slackened—his trumpets were sounding—he slackened, and came to a halt.'

When halted, they prolonged their line on each flank, so as enormously to overlap Scarlett, who notwithstanding took up his position some forty yards in front, with his aide-de-camp, his trumpeter, and an orderly; and then, having ordered the charge to be sounded, he shouted to his men to follow, and rode at and into the very centre of the enemy's column, where he was at once engaged in a desperate hand-to-hand fight.

A Russian officer in front of the column 'faced Elliot as he approached, and endeavoured to cut him down. Evading or parrying the cut, Elliot drove his sword through the body of the assailant, and the swiftness with which he was galloping up whilst delivering this thrust was so great that the blade darted in to the very hilt; but until the next moment, when Elliot's charger had rushed past, the weapon, though held fast by its owner, still could not be withdrawn. Thence it resulted that the Russian officer was turned round in his saddle by the leverage of the sword which transfixed him. In the next instant, Elliot, still rushing forward with great impetus, drove into the column between the two troopers who most nearly confronted him, and then, with a now reeking sword, began cleaving his way through the ranks. Shegog (the orderly) and the trumpeter came crashing in after; so that not only Scarlett himself, but all the three horsemen who constituted his immediate following, were now engulfed in the column.'

It might have been expected that the charge would end like Blount's in *Marmion*:

> The fiery youth, with desperate charge,
> Made for a space an opening large,—
> The rescued standard rose,—
> But darkly closed the war around,
> Like pine-tree rooted from the ground
> It sank among the foes.

The English were not cut to pieces, and the Russians were not driven back. The scene, as witnessed from the heights, was that of a dark mass dotted by waving spots of red. What had been done by Scarlett and the three horsemen with him, was pretty closely imitated by the rest of the 300, and whilst they were still at work with their swords in the centre of the serried mass, the wings of the Russian column were shattered and driven in by the reserves of the heavy cavalry, about 150 sabres altogether. Mr. Kinglake's detailed account of the conflict, with its exciting incidents, may rank with Scott's battles for vividness. The general result was this: 'Presently the Russians who had hitherto maintained their array caused or suffered their horses to back a little. The movement was slight, but close followed by surer signs. The ranks visibly loosened. In the next instant, the whole

column was breaking. In the next, all the horsemen composing it had dispersed into one immense herd, and — still hanging together as closely as they could without hindrance to their flight—were galloping up the hill-side and retreating by the way they had come.'

Here was a golden opportunity for the light cavalry (600 strong) who, with Lord Cardigan at their head, were in the exact position for charging the retreating enemy. Captain Morris, commanding the 17th Lancers, who had served with distinction in India, eagerly prayed that the brigade might charge, or that he at least, with his regiment, might be permitted to attack. He prayed in vain; and the scene is thus presented by Mr. Kinglake:

'A brigade of light cavalry drawn up in two lines on good turf, and employed in the occupation of gazing upon a fight sustained against a great stress of numbers by their comrades the Heavy Dragoons; the man of the Sutlej entreating that the brigade might advance to the rescue, but rebuffed and overruled by the higher authority of the man from the banks of the Serpentine who sits erect in his saddle, and is fitfully "damning the Heavies" instead of taking part in their fight—these might seem to be the creatures of the brain evoked perhaps for some drama of the grossly humorous sort; but because of the sheer truth, their place is historic; and if comedy seems to result, it is comedy prepared in Whitehall. It is comedy too of that kind which sometimes teaches and warns. By the will of our military authorities at home, the man versed in war was placed under the man versed in quarrels. Lord Cardigan had been charged to command; Captain Morris had to obey. The exaggerations men look for in satire were forestalled and outdone by the Horse Guards. . . . .

'Lord Lucan, as may well be supposed, was bitterly vexed by the inaction of his Light Brigade, and at the close of the combat he sent one of his aides-de-camp with a message which enjoined Lord Cardigan in future, whenever his Divisional General might be attacking in front, to lose no opportunity of making a flank attack. The message added, that Lord Lucan would always be ready to give a like support to Lord Cardigan.

'I have traced the fault up to its sources. If ever there were to be uttered a taunt which should impute the inaction of Lord Cardigan to any cause worse than mistake, this short, cogent answer would follow, "He led the 'Light Cavalry charge.'"'

'Repulsed with loss,' says a French spectator, the Vicomte de Nöé, quoted by Mr. Kinglake, 'the Russian cavalry regained the heights, where it might have been annihilated if the English light cavalry, under the orders of Lord Cardigan, had charged it during its retreat. There was the occasion, there should have been exercised the initiative of the cavalry general, and later in the day it was made apparent that bravery is no sufficient substitute for initiative.'

It was this initiative that was invariably wanting, and the want of it fully justifies the conclusion that from one end to the other of the campaign, no military genius was evolved except Todleben. Nor was this merely the want of the military *coup d'œil*: it was the want of moral courage, the fear of responsibility, often more fraught with evil than physical fear, which paralysed the action of the commanders, and wasted the courage of the men. The most remarkable instance is the light cavalry charge, which was ordered and executed in blind obedience to a misunderstood order, by commanders who knew it to be contrary to all the rules and principles of war. Mr. Kinglake has

done excellent service by going fully into the details, which convey a widely different impression from the prevalent one left by the Cardigan controversy. We now see that, although Lord Cardigan did nothing more than run the gauntlet between the heights, ride through the battery, and ride back again, some other officers and troops did a great deal more: they carried confusion into the ranks of a vastly superior force of cavalry, and fairly drove them from their ground. Nor was it generally known that the order under which Lord Lucan acted was the fourth of a series, with which it must be collated to elicit the real meaning. The third ran thus:

> Cavalry to advance and take advantage of any opportunity to recover the heights. They will be supported by the infantry which have been ordered [to] advance on two fronts.

Lord Lucan appears to have understood this order as if he was to support, instead of being supported by, infantry. The cavalry did not advance; and Lord Raglan, with the headquarter staff on the heights, were under an impression that the Russians were bringing forward some teams of artillery to carry off the English guns captured in the Turkish redoubts. This led to the fourth order, which ran thus:

> Lord Raglan wishes the cavalry to advance rapidly to the front, and try to prevent the enemy carrying away the guns. Troop of horse-artillery may accompany. French cavalry is on your left. Immediate.
> (Signed) R. Airey.

There was clearly nothing in the terms of this order purporting that the light cavalry were to gallop up a valley, between heights bristling with artillery and riflemen, to attack a battery a mile or so off, or indeed to attack at all. It left quite as much to discretion as the third. Unluckily the bearer was Captain Nolan, a high-spirited and able officer, who was burning with impatience at what he thought the slackness of the cavalry; and he closed a short and sharp colloquy with Lord Lucan by saying, as he threw his head back and pointed with his hand, 'There, my lord, is your enemy: there are your guns.' Neither guns nor enemy were in sight; and Mr. Kinglake contends that the gestures and words were meant to convey a taunt, not to give topographical guidance; the divergence of the one route from the other at the spot where Nolan made the gesture being represented by an angle of little more than twenty degrees.

What passed between Lord Lucan and Lord Cardigan is involved in some obscurity. Lord Lucan thinks he left full discretion to Lord Cardigan 'to halt so soon as he found that there was no useful object to be gained, but great risk to be incurred.' Lord Cardigan considered that his orders were peremptory, to attack the Russians at the end of the valley. After pointing out to Lord Lucan (who assented) the perilous character of the attack, he gave the command to advance, placing himself quite alone at a distance of two horses' length in advance of his staff, and some five horses' length in advance of his first line. By the etiquette of the service, it would seem, the leader of a cavalry charge must literally lead in this fashion:

> Before Lord Cardigan had ridden a hundred paces in advance, he encountered a sight which filled him with anger. Right before him he saw Captain Nolan audaciously riding across his front from left to right; but not content with a trespass which alone would have been shocking enough to Lord Cardigan's orderly mind, Captain Nolan, turning round in his saddle, was shouting, and waving his sword as though he would address the brigade. We now know that when Nolan thus strangely deported himself, he was riding in a direction which might well give significance to his shouts and his gestures; for, instead of choosing a line of advance like that pursued by Lord Cardigan, he rode crossing

the front of the brigade, and bearing away to the right front of our advancing squadrons, as though he would go on to the spot on the Causeway Heights where the Odessa regiment stood posted. Regarded in connection with this significant fact, the anxious entreaties which he sought to express by voice and by signs would apparently mean something like this—'You are going quite wrong! You are madly going down this North Valley between flanking fires, where you won't have an enemy in your front for the next mile. This—the way you see me going—this is the direction to take for doing what Lord Raglan has ordered. Bring up the left shoulder, and incline to your right as you see me doing. This, this is the way to get at the enemy!'

. . . . . .

But a Russian shell bursting on the right front of Lord Cardigan now threw out a fragment which met Nolan full on the chest, and tore a way into his heart. The sword dropt from his hand; but the arm with which he was waving it the moment before still remained high uplifted in the air, and the grip of the practised horseman remaining as yet unrelaxed still held him firm in his saddle. Missing the perfect hand of his master, and finding the accustomed governance now succeeded by dangling reins, the horse all at once wheeled about, and began to gallop back upon the front of the advancing brigade. Then from what had been Nolan—and his form was still erect in the saddle, his sword-arm still high in the air—there burst forth a cry so strange and appalling that the hearer who rode the nearest to him has always called it 'unearthly.' And in truth, I imagine, the sound resulted from no human will, but rather from those spasmodic forces which may act upon the bodily frame when life, as a power, has ceased. The firm-seated rider, with arm uplifted and stiff, could hardly be ranked with the living. The shriek men heard rending the air was scarce other than the shriek of a corpse. This dead horseman rode on till he had passed through the interval of the 13th Light Dragoons. Then at last he dropt out of the saddle.

An officer of the Guards, who set down at the time in his journal what he had learnt of this part of the battle, went on to say lightly in passing that the blame of the error would be laid upon Captain Nolan, because the captain was dead. Whether based on sound reason or not, the prophecy was amply fulfilled. None, so far as I know, have yet questioned that, when wrought into anger by the reception given to Lord Raglan's order, the aide-de-camp was guilty of a high military offence—the offence of openly taunting a general officer in front of his troops; and the limit of the evil thus done will never be measured, for no man can reckon and say how much an insulting apostrophe may have tended to disturb the judgment of the Lieutenant-General upon whom at that moment the fate of our cavalry was depending; but when this has been freely acknowledged, it is hard to see any other or heavier share of the blame that can justly be charged against Nolan's memory. The notion of his not understanding the order he brought, the notion of his mistaking a mile and a quarter of unoccupied valley for those occupied heights which our cavalry was to try to recover, the notion of his seeking to annul Lord Raglan's order in regard to the captured guns, the notion of his intending (by a taunt and an outpointed hand) to send our troops down the North Valley—all these, it would seem, for reasons already disclosed, are too grossly improbable to be worthy of acceptance; and unless error lurks in fair inference, he was in the very act of striving to bend the advance of our squadrons, and bring them to the true point of attack, when death came and ended his yearnings for the glory of the cavalry arm.

This theory is supported by a diagram, and strikes us to be both true and new. The devoted brigade went on, gradually quickening the pace as they neared the battery. Not more than sixty of the first line were left when they entered it, following their leader, who shot through between the guns, and pursued his onward course till he found himself riding down singly towards a large body of Russian cavalry, about eighty yards from the battery. Two or three Cossacks were detached from this body to capture him, but they set about it so irresolutely that 'before he had galloped far back, and whilst still on the Russian side of the battery, he found that he had already extricated himself from personal molestation, and had leisure to determine what next he would do.' He determined to make the best of his way back; and after being the first in, he contrived to be the first out. Mr. Kinglake insists on separating his lordship's personal advance and retreat by a hard and fast line. 'He construed his orders so proudly,

and obeyed them with a persistency at once so brave and so fatal, that —even under the light evolved from a keen, searching controversy —his leadership of this singular charge still keeps its heroic proportions.'

'De mortuis nil nisi *verum*;' and we must beware of doing less than justice to the living by doing more than justice to the dead. In point of mere personal bravery, all the officers and men who galloped down that valley of death were pretty nearly on a par, and deserve equal credit for so gallantly obeying the call of duty. But surely the high point of heroism is hardly reached by the leader who, in the very crisis of the combat, is exclusively occupied with self. His story was that when he looked round, he saw none of his first line except a scattered remnant in retreat. Then why did he not join that remnant? He says that he could nowhere see his supports, although he must have passed through them as they were entering the battery or engaged in it. But did he look for them? Did he reflect that the first and second lines were as much a part of his command as the first? Did he so much as hold up his sword for a rally? On the contrary, he used to boast that, from one end of the affair to the other, he held his sword on the slope, as if he was riding past the Queen in Hyde Park.

Speaking of the advance, Mr. Kinglake says that (with one slight exception) 'Lord Cardigan, from the first to the last of the onset, did not speak nor make sign. Riding straight and erect, he never once turned in his saddle with the object of getting a glance at the state of the squadrons which followed him.' This, coupled with the similarly mechanical character of the retreat, suggests the image of an automaton that has been wound up to execute a certain set of movements and then stop. As he was certainly brave, the only solution is that his mind was confused, or that he wholly misconceived the novel and trying duties that had devolved upon him.

'What was he to do?' asks Mr. Kinglake, who adds, by way of note: 'As was said by the Lord Chief Justice (Cockburn), it would be well for men forming opinions upon Lord Cardigan's conduct, to ask themselves how they would have acted in a similar state of things.' Such a test might be fair enough if applied to generals of cavalry, but it is far from satisfactory when addressed to the vast majority of persons of or by whom public opinion is made up. What if they frankly admit that they should have lost their presence of mind, or that the act of screwing their courage to the sticking place would have exhausted them? It is not their vocation to lead charges.

They might also reply by pointing to what was done by other officers with inferior responsibilities in the self-same emergency—by Colonel Mayow, Captain Jenyns, Captain Morris, Sergeant O'Hara, Colonel Shewell, or Lord George Paget. Instead of acting on the *sauve qui peut* principle like their leader, they rallied their men, covered the retreat, made repeated charges against desperate odds, cut their way back, and so discomfited or bullied the Russians that, in Mr. Kinglake's opinion, if the blow had been followed up, a decisive advantage, if not an absolute victory, might have been won. But here, again, the 'initiative' was wanting: the sole approximation to it being the brilliant achievement of D'Allonville and the famous Fourth Chasseurs d'Afrique, who drove the Russians from one of the two flanking ranges, and thus diminished by one half the fire to which the retreating English were exposed.

'Well imagined, well timed, un-

dertaken with exactly apt means, performed with boldness as well as with skill, and then suddenly at the right moment arrested and brought to a close, this achievement was not only brilliant in itself, but had the merit of being amply relevant, if so we may speak, to the then passing phase of the battle, and became on the whole a teaching example (on a small scale) of the way in which a competent man strikes a blow with the cavalry arm. The troops engaged in this enterprise were not the fellow-countrymen of those whose attack they undertook to support; but that is a circumstance which, far from diminishing the lustre of the exploit, gave it only a more chivalrous grace. The names of General Morris and General D'Allonville are remembered in the English army with admiration and gratitude.'

But this famous corps, as Mr. Kinglake takes good care to state, had not been formed or trained under the Second Empire:

'Though originating in arrangements somewhat similar to those by which our irregular cavalry in India is constructed, and though mounted on Algerine horses, the horsemen called "the Chasseurs d'Afrique" were French at the time now spoken of, and they constituted an admirably efficient body of horse; but if all the four regiments which composed it were equal the one to the other in intrinsic worth, the one which had had the fortune to be in the greatest number of brilliant actions was the "Fourth." From the frequency with which the corps had chanced to be moved in Algeria, it went by the name of the "Traveller" regiment. From the period of its merely rudimentary state in 1840, home down to this war against Russia, the career of the regiment had been marked by brilliant enterprises. When the Duc d'Aumale performed that famous exploit of his at Taguin, overruling all the cautions addressed to him by general officers and resisting the entreaties of his Arab allies (who implored him to wait for his infantry), it was with this "Fourth" regiment of the African Chasseurs, supported only by some Spahis or native horsemen, that the youthful prince broke his way into the great esmala of Abdel Kader, swept through it like a hurricane, overtook and defeated the enemy's column, cut off its retreat, rode down the Emir's new battalions of regular infantry, and made himself master of all.'

These volumes close with a supplementary chapter on Lord Cardigan, with which we are sorry to disagree, nor do we see why what was honestly written during his lifetime should be shaded away or softened down since his death.

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Correspondents are desired to observe, that all Communications must be addressed direct to the Editor.

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FRASER'S MAGAZINE.

AUGUST 1868.

THE IRISH POLICY OF THE DISRAELI ADMINISTRATION, AND ITS RESULTS.[1]

WE have reached a stage of the Irish Question at which we may take a brief retrospect of the recent controversy in the House of Commons, and of the attitude of the Government and the Opposition, and at which we may notice distinctly the manifold issues involved in the subject. The Suspensory Bill, which, in the language of its chief opponent, we may hope will in some degree 'reconcile races and terminate the sorrows of afflicted centuries,' by affirming that Religious Equality shall be our future policy for Ireland, has passed through the House of Commons triumphantly, and, as we write, is being sent up to the House of Lords to abide its decision. We may guess how the measure will be dealt with in an august assembly which we shall not characterise with the author of *Coningsby*, 'as a mere Court of Registration of the decrees of the House of Commons,' yet which of late years has too often been a type of the Conservatism[2] 'that assumes in theory that everything established should be maintained, but at last adopts in practice that everything that is established is indefensible.' Lord Russell, true to the genius of his life, will, doubtless, after alluding briefly to his noble inconsistency in this matter, urge on the peers the necessity and wisdom of giving Ireland an instalment of justice; and perhaps will hint at the extreme imprudence of trying 'to restrain the powerful by the weak'—we again make use of Mr. Disraeli's words;—of rejecting what had been solemnly proposed by the House of Commons by immense majorities. Lord Derby, bound by his rash prediction[3] 'that the two Houses of Parliament would be irreconcilably at variance on this measure,' will possibly vindicate the State Church in Ireland on his favourite principle of 'muzzling the Catholics,' and may win a short-lived victory, perchance disastrous to his party and his order. Lord Grey, we dare say, unable to perceive that in politics theories must bend to facts, will resent that his plan for

[1] This article was written some days before the Debate in the House of Lords, but its publication was unavoidably delayed. We print it, however, as it originally stood.

[2] *Coningsby*.

[3] April 23, 1868. Our quotations from recent speeches in Parliament have been taken from the reports of *The Times*. We thus secure a standard of reference and accuracy, and avoid 'authorised reports' of speeches, often 'revised' for a purpose.

the ecclesiastical settlement of Ireland is not being carried out, and will separate himself from his natural allies; and his example will be, perhaps, followed by a few crotchety or jealous malcontents. As for the bishops, some will, no doubt, repeat the curious pleas for the Irish Establishment heard at the meeting at St. James's Hall, and may justify the caustic sneer of their present director in Church and State, that[1] 'they have never influenced public opinion, touched the heart of nations, or guided the conscience of a perplexed people.' Lord Cairns, we are afraid, will prove too plainly that a great lawyer may be a bad politician; and the rank and file of the Conservative nobles will maintain the 'independence of the House of Lords' as long as obstruction is safely practicable. On the whole, we suppose the Suspensory Bill will meet the fate of so many reforms of the noblest and most liberal kind—it will be thrown out in the House of Lords until the national voice shall enforce the reluctant assent of that assembly. Meanwhile, as the bill is itself merely a preliminary to permanent legislation hereafter, and the nation will have to pronounce on its merits, it may be advisable to consider briefly the actual state of the Irish Question; how it has been treated by our political parties, and what have been the results of the conduct in this respect of our rival statesmen.

The condition of Ireland during the last year, and of general opinion towards that country, must be fresh in the recollection of our readers. The dangerous aspect of the Fenian conspiracy, and the prolonged suspension of the Habeas Corpus Act, had made Englishmen perceive at last that a new policy for Ireland was necessary; and it was universally admitted that the Session of 1868 was to be emphatically an Irish Session. Lord Russell, as leader of the Opposition, gave utterance to the public sentiment at the close of the Session of 1867; and it is well known that his weighty words were not disregarded by the Government. The tragedy at Manchester, the trials that followed, the sympathy expressed in Ireland for the criminals, and above all the Clerkenwell outrage, gave strength to the previous general conviction; and when Parliament met, in the spring of this year, the country echoed Lord Stanley's phrase that 'Ireland was the question of the hour,' and felt that the problem must be dealt with. In these circumstances the Administration must have formed conclusions on Irish affairs; and, to do them justice, they performed this duty. In his first speech after he had become premier, Mr. Disraeli announced that his[2] 'domestic policy would be a liberal, a truly liberal policy;' that the Chief Secretary in a few days would 'state our general policy with regard to Ireland;' and that 'if that policy were impugned, he and his colleagues would be prepared to vindicate it.' This must have meant that generous measures for Ireland were not only in contemplation, but had been devised by a united Cabinet; and, on this occasion, the First Minister had a particular reason to be strictly accurate, for Lord Russell's voice was ringing in his ears denouncing[3] 'deception,' and 'a government which professed one thing and meant another.' The Administration, if it did not redeem did not wholly forfeit its pledge; and in the debate on Mr. Maguire's motion, Lord Mayo[4] put forward the Ministerial programme in an elaborate speech of considerable ability. The policy he indicated, if not 'truly liberal,' diverged widely from Irish Conservatism, and in its tendencies could not be mistaken. On the Land Question he proposed to revive

[1] *Sybil.* [2] March 6. [3] Ibid. [4] March 10.

the Devon Commission, and to bring in a bill to improve the relations of Landlord and Tenant; and with respect to the Irish State Church he deprecated agitation, pleaded for delay, and dwelt on the many difficulties of the subject. In all this there was nothing strange; but on two questions of the gravest importance Lord Mayo shadowed forth with distinctness a policy of a very different character. In opposition to party traditions, and to the current of modern thought, he announced the determination of the Government to confer a charter on the college in Dublin, which had been founded by the Catholic hierarchy for the higher education of Catholics in Ireland, and thus to create a Catholic university 'which would, as far as possible, stand in the same relation to the Roman Catholic population, as Trinity College does to the Protestant.' This institution was in a great degree to be under the Catholic Episcopate, and 'to be altogether free from Government control;' and it was to consist of a university and colleges, the one to be called into existence by an immediate subsidy of public money, the others to be endowed hereafter. 'With regard to endowments, it will be essential, of course, if Parliament agrees to the proposal, in the first instance to provide for the necessary expenses of the university —that is to say, for the expenses of the officers and of the professors, and also to make some provision for a building; and there is no doubt, if Parliament approves the scheme, it will not be indisposed to endow certain university scholarships. With regard to the endowment of colleges, it is impossible we *could make any proposal of that kind at present, until we know what kind the colleges will be.*' This specific scheme was followed by another, more obscure in terms, but showing plainly that the Government wished to preserve the State Church, and to convert the rival Churches in Ireland into establishments of a similar type, bound to the State and salaried by it 'The Presbyterians are receiving a grant, which, at the best, is a miserable apology, and the Protestant Church *is not at all averse to an alteration in their position.*' 'But we must not prescribe hastily; and of all the schemes which have been proposed, I object pre-eminently to that known as the process of levelling down.'.. 'There would *not, I believe, be any objection to make all Churches equal, but the result must be secured by elevation, not by confiscation.*'

Such was the Irish policy of the Government, announced by the Minister chiefly responsible, with the sanction and in the presence of his colleagues. Considering how improbable it was that the House of Commons would consent to found a purely Catholic university in Ireland, or to tax the empire in order to prop up the Irish State Church with rival establishments, this policy may have been merely a scheme to amuse the Catholics of Ireland with projects, well known to be impossible to accomplish, and to detach them from the Liberal party. Or like the budget of 1852, and other designs from the same brain, it may have been simply a specious plan, full of great 'principles' that lead to nothing, intended to cover like a purple patch the ragged poverty of Disraelite statesmanship, and to serve in its turn the game of illusion. But its insincerity or its crudeness did not make it the less the deliberate act of the Tory Cabinet which put it forward; and, save that it was practically unwise—since, in the actual state of opinion, it was certain to be rejected by Parliament —we are far from saying that, in its general outline, it did not deserve respect and attention. That this policy, however, was what we have described, and was so understood by all public men, is not open to

real question. Mr. Gladstone, following Lord Mayo in the debate, interpreted it in its obvious sense, in the hearing, we believe, of its exponent, and he challenged the Government on the point directly, without having been in the least contradicted.[1] 'I wish to call the attention of the House to what appears to me a point of great importance. We have reached a stage in the progress of this controversy. Not only did the noble lord say "Make the Consolidated Fund tributary for the universities of particular communions or denominations," but he made a significant allusion with regard to the Presbyterians. "The Regium Donum," said the noble lord, "is miserably small, and is utterly unsuited to its purpose." What, sir, is the sequitur of that statement? That the Regium Donum is to be increased, on the proposal of the Government, on the first favourable opportunity: and I have not the least doubt that if, when that were done, there was a fear of thereby exciting a sharper sense of inequality on the part of the Roman Catholic population, all danger of that would be met by the Government with an assurance that they were not indisposed to make the large revenues of this country directly tributary to the support of the Roman Catholic Church. . . . . I am not going to discuss the respective merits of "levelling up" or "levelling down;" but "equality," understood in the sense of grants from the Exchequer, in order to bring the general population of Ireland up to the level of the Establishment, or understood in the sense of dividing and redistributing the income and revenues of the Establishment in salaries and stipends to the clergy of the several communities—these are measures which, whether they would have been beneficial or not at other times, have now, in my opinion, passed all bounds of possibility.'

Mr. Disraeli, who replied to his opponent, did not even attempt to disavow this interpretation of the Ministerial policy. On the contrary, he eulogised Lord Mayo's speech, and approved his sentiments in every respect, though his language was characteristically vague, and dealt a good deal in gaudy generalities. It is certain, however, that at this time he vindicated the projects for Ireland of which doubtless he had been the author. After dwelling at length on the extreme value of the 'principle' of ecclesiastical endowments, 'as connecting Government with religion,' he expressed his approbation of the celebrated speech in which, as far back as 1844, he had denounced the 'alien' Irish Establishment, had described it as a 'Puritan' institution, and had declared that 'the Irish Church Question would be settled on principles analogous to those laid down by a great statesman in 1636, when there was a recognised equality between the Churches in Ireland.' With this very significant retrospect, he proceeded to justify in plain terms the 'establishment' of the Catholic university; and with regard to the rest of his plan, these allusions we think are hardly ambignous[2]:—'I am in favour of ecclesiastical endowments; I believe they have contributed greatly to the welfare of this country. . . . *What strikes me always in Ireland as a general principle is that you should create and not destroy.* . . . . I do not wish to conceal my strong opinion that we are approaching a time *when there must be a change in the status of the unendowed clergy of Ireland.* I do not mean by that to say that I am in favour of what is called paying the Irish priests. . . . I am unwilling that any clergy

[1] March 17.

[2] Ibid.

should be stipendiaries of the State . . . . while I should be sorry to see anything in Ireland destroyed. *I do not believe that the Irish Established Church will remain with respect to the other portions of the population—with regard to the clergy of the other portions of the population—in the identical position which she now occupies.*' In short, at the close of this debate, not a member of the House of Commons doubted that the creation of a Catholic university, and Religious Equality, assured by placing all the Churches in Ireland on a common level, were the avowed objects of the Disraeli Ministry.

In this state of things Mr. Gladstone brought forward in the House of Commons the famous Resolutions, of which the Suspensory Bill is the consequence. He proposed that, subject to vested rights, the Irish State Church should cease to exist, and that an address should be presented to the Crown, to place at the disposition of Parliament the temporal property of the Irish Establishment. In the speech in which he introduced the Resolutions, he showed that his paramount object was to efface the odious sectarian ascendancy of which the State Church is the chief badge, and that a liberal construction of vested rights would leave that Church three-fifths of its revenues; and, while he distinctly disclaimed a design of endowing rival communions in Ireland, he contented himself with a declaration that any surplus of the ecclesiastical property ought to be applied to purposes strictly Irish. If we consider this policy in the abstract, and without reference to the state of opinion or to the actual condition of Ireland, it is certainly open, we think, to objection. It abandons to the voluntary system, and cuts off from relations with the State, the Churches of every communion in Ireland; and it will perhaps appropriate to secular uses some part of a fund originally destined to maintain the faith of a religious people. But if we reflect that no other means of getting rid of the Establishment exist—regard being had to English sentiments, and what the mischief of that Establishment is—all other considerations give way; and it would have been treason in sound Liberals to have hesitated to follow Mr. Gladstone. The Government, as will be remembered, met the Resolutions by a dilatory amendment, which, conceding that 'considerable modifications' in the temporalities of the Establishment might be 'expedient,' proposed to defer legislation on the subject until the meeting of the Reformed Parliament. We must pass over the censure pronounced by Lord Cranborne and Mr. Lowe on a device which, by using the ambiguous term 'modifications,' sought to catch the votes of Liberals who aimed at the disendowment of the Irish Church, and of Conservatives who merely wished to reform it; and shall simply observe that it was a Stanley who asked 'what thimble the pea was under,' and that Lord Stanley will perhaps recollect his leader's aphorism[1] 'that cunning is not caution, nor habitual perfidy high policy of state.' What we would direct attention to is that this amendment was perfectly consistent with the policy of the Government as regards the Church to which we have already referred; and Lord Stanley, enigmatical as he was, showed that he had not receded from that policy. In criticising Mr. Gladstone's Resolutions, and discussing with unction a variety of schemes of 'modifications' of the Irish Establishment, he observed—'Probably not one educated person in a hundred will contend that the

[1] Mr. Disraeli. April 11, 1845.

Irish ecclesiastical arrangements are satisfactory as they stand. . . . I do not propose at this time to go into the question of what I individually think ought to be done in the matter of the Irish Establishment. . . . But I conceive that some modification *in the status of the Irish Church Establishment is to all appearances inevitable.*' The faint cheers of the Orange members, as the speaker of these words resumed his seat, showed how they understood that Lord Stanley concurred fully in the scheme of the Government.

We can merely glance at the debates that followed, and that ended in the rejection of the amendment, in the acceptance of Mr. Gladstone's Resolutions, and in the passing of the Suspensory Bill through the House of Commons by large majorities. On the question of the maintenance of the Establishment, the argument was really all on one side: Lord Stanley's plea for delay was scorned; and Mr. Disraeli's remark that 'a system is doomed that cannot bear discussion,' was verified. In 1868, as in 1845, no speaker answered Macaulay's challenge, 'Is the Irish Church a good institution? does it fulfil a single end of a Church?' and the controversy simply was an example how prejudice, injustice, and lazy Conservatism have prolonged the being of political evil. As it was impossible to deny that the Irish Establishment was not only a palpable failure and scandal, but was odious to the mass of the Irish people, its defenders for the most part fell back on the dreary platitudes beside the subject, which most persons, we suppose, are sick of; and the 'rights of property,' the 'compact of the Union,' the Catholic 'pledge of 1829,' the Coronation Oath, the resident gentry supplying the place of the absentees—all the irrelevant fallacies which surround this question without even approaching its merits—were paraded anew in the cause of obstruction. We need not dwell on these stale topics, nor yet notice the unconscious irony of Mr. Hardy's rhapsody on 'the sentimental grievance' of disestablishment to hundreds of thousands of 'loyal Protestants,' a kind of wrong which would only provoke his sneers in the case of the Irish nation, becoming prodigious in his eyes in the case of a minority in it. Two arguments of a more general scope were urged especially by the Government with the aim evidently of bettering their position, and of arousing a 'cry' in their favour. Mr. Disraeli, having made up his mind to oppose the Resolutions of his rival, dwelt solemnly, and in grandiose phrase, on the sacred 'principle' of Establishments, and did not scruple to identify the fortunes of the Irish Establishment in every respect with those of the National Church of England. Amidst an extraordinary mass of such rubbish as that the Irish were not a conquered race, that the Catholics of Ireland were in the same position, as regards the State Church, as the English Dissenters, and that there was a political analogy between the Establishment and the Fishmongers' Company, he warned his hearers that, even in Ireland, 'authority is not to be divorced from religion'—that is, that a State must have a creed and propagate it, whatever the feelings of its subjects, and that an attack on the Irish Establishment would imperil, and, if successful, destroy, the relations of Church and State in this country. We have no room to comment on 'arguments,' one of which directly leads to persecution, and at present refuses Ireland justice, and the other of which simply sets at nought the ecclesiastical history of the three kingdoms; and we can only refer to the emphatic warning of Mr. Gladstone to English churchmen not to associate in a Mezentian union their living Church with a dead Esta-

blishment, and not to take heed of exploded sophistries that revive the doctrines of Philip and Alva. It was not difficult for the Opposition to maintain the cause of good sense and equity. They had only to dwell on the melancholy tale of the origin and progress of the Irish Establishment; to enlarge upon its hopeless position; to expose a wrong without a parallel of its kind in any nation in Europe. Two points were brought out, we think, more fully in these debates than on previous occasions—the animosity engendered by such an institution in all classes of Irish Catholics against the system of government in Ireland, and the train of evils that necessarily follow; and we welcome this as a sign of improvement in general opinion upon this question.

The most striking feature of these debates, however, was the conduct of the Government as respects the policy for Ireland they had themselves enunciated. Not until the discussion was reaching its close, and public opinion was being clearly pronounced, did they attempt to disclaim their schemes of creating a university for the Catholics in Ireland, and of surrounding the State Church with the rival establishments of other communions. Mr. Hardy exclaimed that the Church of Ireland 'had the glory and privilege of upholding the light of the Reformation;' but he did not deny that the Government was prepared to found institutions whose whole object would be to extinguish that light if possible. Mr. Disraeli perorated in sonorous phrases on the necessity of having an ascendant Church connected in supremacy with the State, but until the latest moment he did not dispute that he had projected reducing that Church by elevating its antagonists, and producing equality by bringing these into relations with the State. Yet the Ministry had full notice of the subject; their intended policy was repeatedly challenged in distinct language by the Opposition. Mr. Gladstone spoke thus on the 30th of April:—'I must do the Government the justice to say that they themselves opened the question of religious differences in Ireland. The Government spontaneously put forward their policy for Ireland, and with singular maladroitness proposed to establish a Roman Catholic University in Ireland, *to be charged upon the Exchequer of this country*; and were willing to deal with the question of religious equality, provided they could do so by the *means of new endowments*.' And he spoke thus again on the 22nd of May:—'What we have to look to are the official declarations of Ministers, made in their own name, made on behalf of their colleagues, acquiesced in by their colleagues, left to abide uncontradicted and unexplained by their colleagues until weeks and months have elapsed. . . . . I understated the effect of the words of the noble Earl (Lord Mayo). "There would not, I believe, be any objection to make *all churches equal, but the result must be secured by elevation and not by depression.*" . . . *The project of the Government, if there be a meaning in words, was a project of concurrent endowment.*' And Mr. Horsman, on the 27th of April, drew this pointed contrast between the plans of the Ministry and those foreshadowed in the Resolutions:—'It has been said that the issue before the House was disestablishment or the existing state of things. That is not the fact. The issue is between the policy of the Government and the policy contained in these Resolutions. The Government policy, as stated by the Irish Secretary, is to establish religious equality in Ireland by levelling upwards; the policy of the Resolutions is a counter policy of levelling downwards. The policy

of the Government is to *charter and endow a Roman Catholic University as a preliminary to endowing the Roman Catholic Church*; the policy of the Resolutions is to disendow the Roman Catholics of Maynooth, and to have the Roman Catholic Church, like the Protestant, disendowed. The policy of the Government *is to elevate the status of the Roman Catholic bishops, and give them the countenance of the State*; the policy of the Resolutions is to divorce the State from all depositaries of titles and ecclesiastical dignities in Ireland whatever, and to put Protestants and Roman Catholics on an equality, without countenance or interference of the State. Again, sir, the policy of the Government is to increase the Regium Donum by a new charge; the policy of the Resolutions is to release the Consolidated Fund from the charge of all religious bounty whatever. *In a word, the policy of the Government is to have three endowed Churches in Ireland*; the policy of the Resolutions is to have none. These are the points of difference between the two sides of the House on which we shall go to the country.' Not a syllable of contradiction was offered to this decided statement at the time!

The Resolutions, as every one knows, were completely successful in the House of Commons. Apparently, while the question was at issue, the minds of the Ministry, or rather of their head, were being 'educated,' by the force of circumstances, into a purpose we should characterise as 'deceptive;' but that we recollect the admonition to 'politeness' of the orator 'who never attacked any one.' Mr. Disraeli, before many weeks had passed, discovered that his intended Irish policy, like many other of his 'great ideas,' was wholly at odds with public opinion, and especially odious to many of his party. The British taxpayer had no notion that he was to be mulcted in fresh burdens in order to set round the Irish Establishment — of whose sinecure bishops and ornamental dignitaries he had probably heard a great deal —a costly girdle of rival State Churches; men of sense perceived that the scheme was hopeless, and contrary to the national sentiment; and Irish Orangemen and some English Protestants became frantic at the bare idea of giving 'Popery' any more encouragement. A secession from the Tory ranks being threatened, and the 'country' disapproving the Ministerial programme, Mr. Disraeli, who had defended his policy as long and as openly as he had dared, resolved at last to throw it over, and, as in the case of the Reform Bill of 1867, to hit upon something more popular. The lucky refusal of the Catholic hierarchy to accept a charter for the Catholic university, even on the terms proposed by the Government, seemed to open a way out of one difficulty; and as for the plan of religious equality, to be assured 'by making all Churches equal,' a practised rhetorician can do a great deal by dwelling on the ambiguities of language. Accordingly, upon the second reading of the Suspensory Bill, the Prime Minister did not scruple to speak thus[1]:—'There are two most considerable charges, *the endowment of a Roman Catholic university and the payment of the Roman Catholic clergy*. I say that *we did not propose to endow a Roman Catholic university, nor to pay the Roman Catholic clergy*. . . . . But then it has been strongly urged that my noble friend (Lord Mayo) used the expression, ... "religious equality." Now, that is a very vague phrase. What do you mean by religious equality? . . . . *I conceive that when a man*

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has complete and perfect enjoyment of his religion—when all religions before the law are equal—that state of things is religious equality. . . . But to suppose that, in a country like Ireland, *there may not be various modes by which you may raise the clergy of the different denominations in a manner more consonant to their feelings of self-respect than you could in a country like England . . . . is a position which no man* would for a moment pretend to support. You have been doing things year by year by which the status of the Roman clergymen in Ireland has been improved and recognised; and nodoubt there are many things which might still be done without violating the principles of our constitution, and without inducing you to agree to revolutionary proceedings.'

Lord Mayo, we unfeignedly regret to say, took the cue from his Mephistophelian chief—no doubt overborne by that scrupulous genius who became famous by diatribes on duplicity:[1]—'I believe a great change has for years been taking place in Ireland, *and that there has been an elevation of Churches other than those of the Established Church, very much to the benefit of the country at large. Holding these opinions, I say that I thought that process which had been going on for years was a salutary one, and should not be stopped.* In expressing that opinion, I wished to convey to the House that *I thought it was desirable that the course* of ecclesiastical arrangements *for some years should be continued, and that no violent stop should be put to it. . . .* I never did *propose* that which I am accused of having *proposed*, namely, an *immediate* and large endowment by the State for religious purposes. . . . I must remind the House what has been the line of policy adopted by them for many years on this question. I must remind them *how the Maynooth grant has been increased, and how the Regium Donum has been over and over again maintained; and how from time to time chaplains of all denominations of Christians have been appointed to public institutions, workhouses, and gaols; and how chaplains of all denominations have been appointed to the army, with the sanction of the House.* In making those remarks I merely intended to convey to the House that the *policy which we have pursued for some time ought to be continued, and that it might be desirable, when the opportunity arose, that that policy should be further enlarged.*'

The powers of 'Parliamentary face' are great, as Mr. Disraeli has preached and practised; but we doubt if such an explanation as this was ever offered to the House of Commons. The Irish policy of the Disraelite Ministry had, at the commencement of the session, been announced with a preliminary flourish; it was to be something 'truly liberal' and great; it was to 'reconcile races, and terminate the sorrows of afflicted centuries.' When declared, it was perfectly understood; not once or twice, but over and over again; not by obscure men, but by its principal leaders, did the Opposition impugn it in the sense in which it was obviously to be interpreted; and the Cabinet not only did not repudiate it in this meaning, but accepted it, not indistinctly, as a basis of discussion. Yet when the debates had well-nigh ended, this interpretation, we are gravely told, was a mere invention, a Liberal figment; and the objects of the Government, properly understood, were something quite different, nay opposite. Parliamentary parties during two months had been playing a game of cross purposes, and acting a comedy of mutual errors; the litigants in the great national Forum had been squabbling over a

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false issue. 'Endowing the Catholic university' was a myth, though it had been supposed that a 'grant for a building and university scholarships' was being asked for, and that future 'endowments' were part of the project. There had been no intention to sustain the Establishment by the concurrent establishment of other Churches—for who ever thought of 'paying the priests'?—and such phrases as 'making all Churches equal,' 'securing the result by elevation,' the 'principle of creating and not destroying,' in reference to ecclesiastical arrangements; and 'changing the status of the unendowed clergy in Ireland' meant the continuance simply of the existing system. 'Religious equality,' the term applied for years to a variety of schemes for removing the anomalies of the Establishment, in the Government sense was nothing more than liberty to worship God as you please. In fact, the Irish policy of the Cabinet, with its rich promise and great 'principles,' was only maintaining the grant to Maynooth, and securing chaplains to all denominations—keeping in the old ways of many years—following out slavishly the[1] 'teakettle precedents' of Sir Robert Peel, the 'Humbug and Humdrum,' denounced by a patriotic orator with a keen sense of 'an organised hypocrisy!' And nothing more had been ever put forward; and Government had been consistent throughout; and what was the 'use of the vague charges and the insinuations and inuendoes of the Opposition?'

Mr. Disraeli having, in this manner, purged himself and his followers of what once he called 'the taint of the Ultramontane faction,' has since raised the cry of the 'Church in danger,' and is now the chosen champion of 'Protestantism.' Driven from the position he endeavoured to hold by the large majorities on the Resolutions, he has, with an eye to the coming elections, put on the mask of 'No surrender,' and in the hope of keeping in the Government, has preached on the relations of Church and State in language worthy of Lord Eldon. Of course, in all this he has been quite consistent, for it is one of the characteristics of this Proteus to be as precise on this point as any frail sinner upon her virtue; but his Protestant zeal shows the energy of a convert, and, perhaps, in his case is not very convenient. The orator who announced that[2] 'the greatest cause of misery in Ireland was the identity of institutions with England,' especially 'of that primary institution of all, the union of Church and State,' now insists on the excellence of that identity, and proclaims that[3] that union is the great security for civilisation and religious liberty.' The orator who declared[4] 'that the constitution in Church and State no longer existed,' and that your Erastian system was crumbling under your feet,' now asserts that the 'royal supremacy' is the very keystone of that constitution, and that Erastianism is the deepest faith of the nation. The 'alien' Church, the maintenance of which in Ireland made England 'responsible' for disaffection, is the holy of holies of Conservative reverence;[5] 'there is no fear that her Majesty's Government will not stand by the Protestant churches and Protestant institutions of Ireland.' The Irish Orangemen who, a few years ago, were 'Puritans,' and 'enemies of the Tory party,' are made the henchmen of the Conservative minister, and are informed that to reduce their 'ascendency' would be 'to subvert the institutions to which they owe their greatness and happiness.' A policy for Ireland of

[1] Mr. Disraeli. April 11, 1845.
[2] February 16, 1844.
[3] April 4, 1868.
[4] April 11, 1845.
[5] June 9, 1868.

'conciliation and concession' was all very well till 'revolutionary politicians' thought of laying hands on the Irish Establishment; but that profane touch will 'change the character of the country and dim the splendour of the crown,' and we must need think of the safety of the empire. What a pity, too, that[1] 'there is a cry of "No Protestantism,"' quoth this honest advocate of 'making all Churches in Ireland equal;' for if you strike at the connection of Church and State even in Ireland, where the Church is odious, you destroy the same connection in England, where the Church is in the true sense national, and opinion must avert this catastrophe. When we reflect on who the personage is who of late has been uttering sentiments like these—on his antecedents and the character of his intellect—we can only say, in his own words:[2] 'It is impossible to know what are the feelings of another. Feeling depends on temperament; it depends on the idiosyncrasy of the individual; it depends upon the organisation of the animal that feels. But this we will tell the right honourable gentleman, that he may not feel humiliated, but the country ought to feel humiliated.'

The whole of this conduct speaks for itself; from first to last it is hardly necessary to comment upon the attitude taken by the Disraelite ministry with respect to Ireland. There is, no doubt, a cause for this independently of the character of the Premier; a feeble government will sometimes make an essay at a plausible policy, and, should that policy prove a failure, will, in order to set itself right in opinion, fall back on a wholly different position. No doubt, too, this Conservative Cabinet can find, in precedents created by itself, some analogy for what has occurred lately: within a few months their fixed resolve to oppose 'any degradation' of the franchise, became a scheme of scarce limited household suffrage; and we have been told all through that this was consistency. But in these recent acts of the Government we perceive a stretch of cynical audacity and a disregard of the national interests which, even in their case, is, we own, surprising. A policy of kindness is announced for Ireland, containing a large and important concession, and foreshadowing changes of a vital character, revolutionising the ecclesiastical settlement of that country, and substituting a system entirely different. This policy is defended by the Administration, and distinctly assailed by the Opposition, both parties being agreed on its aim, and both joining issue on the subject. But the Government measures find no favour, and a counter policy is put forward, which receives the assent of the House of Commons, reconciles the hitherto divided Liberals, is approved by the great body of the nation, and threatens to bring to an inglorious close the brief career of a patriotic ministry. Then, but not till then, the Government disavows its own policy in its accepted sense, and insists that nothing was ever intended but to adhere to the old routine in Ireland, or at most to vary it in a slight degree. Nor is this all; for the Prime Minister flies off in an opposite direction, and, with a barefacedness which, in his case, excites equal amusement and disgust, tries to stir up fanaticism, to convulse the country, and to blast the hopes of the Irish people, in order to make a little capital for a bankrupt administration without credit. He, the leader of Young England—with his sneers at Puritanism, and his appeals to Catholics as the friends

[1] June 9, 1868. [2] Mr. Disraeli. May 15, 1846.

of Toryism—he, the orator who denounced the Irish Establishment and the alliance of Church and State in Ireland—he, the minister who, a few weeks ago, was ready to set up and endow Catholicism—is now hounding on his Orange supporters and their satellites in a cry against Popery—has declared that the Irish Establishment and the alliance of Church and State in Ireland are essential parts of the constitution, and in rabid speeches and Maundy-Thursday letters—appeals from Philip drunk to Philip sober—proclaims that 'Ritualists and Catholics' are in a conspiracy to seize upon supreme power in these kingdoms. What words would be too strong to express the sense of indignation such conduct would provoke in the case of almost any other statesman; but really as regards Mr. Disraeli we must confess a different sentiment: in the words of Junius, 'by a regular progression from surprise to wonder, from wonder to astonishment, and so on through all the forms of admiration, he has conducted us to that state of philosophical repose which may set even the miracles of the present ministry at defiance.' Nor does the country much differ from us; it has taken the measure of our great man; and it will neither heed his sinister attempt to distract the empire with sectarian passion, nor refuse Ireland justice because he is now upon the stump of fanaticism.

The Irish policy of the Government, however, does not exhaust its titles to respect, nor its claims on the confidence of the nation. Its conduct after the crisis caused by the majorities in favour of Mr. Gladstone's Resolutions deserves the serious attention of Englishmen, though we must notice it very briefly. We shall not say, in Mr. Disraeli's phrase, that that conduct will 'change the character of the country, deprive the subjects of her Majesty of some of their most precious privileges, and dangerously touch even the tenure of the crown;' but it was an outrage on the constitution: it has done violence to our parliamentary system; its tendency has been to place the sovereign in opposition to the House of Commons; and it has possibly even discovered defects in our securities for free political action not to be regarded as imaginary or trifling.

When the House of Commons, by affirming the Resolutions, had condemned the Irish policy of the Government, one course only, we think, was open to Mr. Disraeli as a constitutional minister. He had an abstract right to dissolve Parliament; not because, as he appears to suppose, the House of Commons was, in 1865, elected under Liberal auspices, but because the question of the Irish Church was not, at that time, before the nation, and it might be reasonable to submit it to the great tribunal of public opinion. But this right was subject to the condition that there was a fair prospect that the new House of Commons would reverse the decision of its predecessor; for otherwise, in the grave language of Burke, it was 'fit that ministers should yield to Parliament, and not that Parliament should be modelled to fit their purposes,' or else 'Parliament would become a mere appendage of administration.' Now, such a prospect did not exist, and there were indications the other way, the Liberal party having been reunited on the subject of the Resolutions, and this, in several instances, having been effected by the pressure of constituents. To dissolve, moreover, the actual Parliament, and to call together a new House of Commons, which could only live for a few months—it being necessary that the Reformed Parliament should meet in the spring of next year at latest—was obviously hardly to be thought of; in fact, a penal disso-

lution at this juncture would have been almost a desperate expedient. On the other hand, that a minister beaten decisively twice on a vital question, involving the interests of the whole empire, should remain in office, seemed hardly possible: such a step would violate the constitution, and would probably only lead to a vote of direct censure by the House of Commons. We hold, therefore, that last May Mr. Disraeli had but one thing to do, consistently with his duty to the crown, and with his true position as a statesman—to resign an office virtually forfeited, and, according to constitutional usage, to go with his party into opposition. Such conduct would, no doubt, have placed a rival upon the Treasury Bench, and might have galled an ambitious spirit; but it would have re-established the harmony between the executive and the House of Commons, an essential security of the constitution; it would have set Government in its true place; it would have saved the character of the Conservative party, and animated it with renewed vigour; it would, moreover, had Mr. Disraeli sincerely wished to effect that object, have prolonged the existence of the Establishment in Ireland. The Conservatives would, indeed, have lost the management of a general election—a material loss of a questionable kind—but morally they would have greatly gained: united, freed from the trammels of office, and banded together upon a principle, they would have made it most difficult for a Liberal minister, with a party still far from completely at one, to have dealt decisively with the Irish Establishment.

Considerations such as these, however, were disregarded by the First Minister. We acquit him of a mere sordid appetite for place; but his vanity would not allow him to descend from the pedestal to which he had raised himself by arts and gifts we shall not dwell on; and he resolved tenaciously to remain in office. In the very circumstance which, in our judgment, should have made it incumbent on him to resign, he saw a possible means of safety; and he followed it up with a reckless boldness which, for the moment, has passed successful. We cannot determine, nor shall we examine, what exactly took place at the famous interview between her Majesty and the Premier, of which we have had so many explanations, nor shall we criticise his enigmatical counsels, or the awkward disclosures of the Duke of Richmond. But bearing in mind that, just before that interview, the 'presiding genius of the present administration' advised it authoritatively 'not to resign,' and that the Queen rejected the resignation tendered by Mr. Disraeli, to save appearances, with a 'permission to dissolve' almost at pleasure, it is clear that the Premier had from the first determined to continue in office, and to rule the House, though in a hopeless minority, by the means of an impending dissolution, which, in this instance, would be so grievous that it could hardly fail to paralyse the Opposition. Accordingly he has remained at the head of affairs, unable to govern or to carry out a policy, and with followers baffled, humiliated, and dismayed, but keeping his antagonists in check by a succession of ministerial crises, and with intimations that, if forced too far, he would subject the members of the House of Commons to two general elections within a twelvemonth. Yet, though these tactics have been successful, the results, inevitable under a constitutional system, have not been slow to make their appearance. The House of Commons, by its majority, has repeatedly clashed with the executive, and the concord between these

powers, necessary to the safe working of the constitution, has more than once been rudely interrupted. The minister, in straits, has had recourse to sinister expedients to maintain himself; and the sacred name of the sovereign has been abused in a desperate attempt to retain office. The whole scheme of Government has been degraded, the administration being unable to fulfil its proper functions, and the Opposition coercing it to obey its mandates, itself unfettered by responsibility; and the House of Commons has been at a deadlock, in which the business of the State has given place to unseemly recrimination and passion. In this crisis the influence of party, essential to our institutions, has been weakened to an extraordinary and perilous degree; and the Conservatives, in a false position, are unable to resist whatever their antagonists compel them to accept and ratify. Not the least, too, the vague sense that the minister could extinguish the House of Commons when he pleased has made its action feeble and irritable, and to a certain extent has lowered its dignity.

In countries new to parliamentary institutions, or of an excitable national temperament, a crisis like this, it is not improbable, would lead to violence or revolution. Trained as Englishmen are in reverence for government, and with their steady and solid character, it will end only in passing dissatisfaction; they will look forward to the general election to open a way out of their difficulties. But it is not to be denied that the Premier's conduct has strained the constitution in no slight degree, has discredited the executive and his own party, and has laid down a precedent for the illegitimate retention of the symbols of power not to be lightly thought of. If a minister can succeed in retaining office against a large majority of the House of Commons by a continuing threat of a dissolution, one of the main checks of our representative system will have been reduced almost to nothingness, and a decided step will have been made to ruling against the will of Parliament. Nor can we anticipate the possible results; how the crown might be brought into collisions of a perilous kind with the House of Commons; how great and far-reaching might be the disturbance. And it should be remembered that Mr. Disraeli is the only cause of this state of things. Had he retired from office, the present collapse of representative government could not have occurred; and though he has lately had the audacity to assert that his retention of place was an act of self-sacrifice in the interests of the Church, it will be difficult to think in that way of conduct exactly of an opposite tendency. Perhaps the most subtle mischievous consequence of his manœuvres has been that parties in the State have been forced from their true position; the Conservatives driven to make concessions repeatedly of a most radical character, the Liberals outbidding and coercing them, and the distinctive feature of a constitutional régime, opposing parties with well-defined principles, being obliterated to the general detriment.[1] 'Sir,' once exclaimed a prophetic orator, 'I say that the parliamentary course is for this House to have the advantage of a government formed on distinct principles, and having in consequence a constitutional opposition.' . . . 'If you choose to support a government *that announces no distinctive principles, which is in turn supported by an opposition that does not oppose,* I am certain there is no spirit and no nation that can resist a cross so

[1] Mr. Disraeli. February 16, 1844.

deeply laid and so deliberately accomplished. If you are to have a parliamentary administration, if you are to have a popular government, the conditions antecedent are that you should have a government that declares the principles on which its policy is founded, and then you have on them the check of a constitutional opposition.' What was calumny in 1844 has become fact in 1868, through the contrivances of the prescient speaker, now First Minister and adviser of the crown. Nor is it any consolation to those who feel a real attachment for the constitution, that Mr. Disraeli, when slandering Sir Robert Peel, should have foreshadowed his present position: 'Something has risen up in this country as fatal in the parliamentary world as it has been in the landed world of Ireland. We have a great parliamentary middleman. It is well known what a middleman is. He is a man *who bamboozles one party and plunders the other, till, having obtained a position to which he is not entitled, he* cries out, "Let us have no party questions, but fixity of tenure."'

The constitutional crisis, however, will probably not be of long continuance. The Government at the eleventh hour has brought in a bill to accelerate the appeal to the new constituencies they profess to long for; the general election is not distant. The Ministry, driven to its last resource, will doubtless make the Irish Establishment the rallying point of a baffled cabal; and with zeal proportioned to its former perfidy, will raise the cry of our Protestant institutions. The emissaries of the Carlton will hang out the flag of 'No surrender' on many a hustings; from hundreds of pulpits we shall hear of the sacred alliance of Church and State, and of the obligation of the Coronation Oath as the grounds of denying Ireland justice. The occupants of office will do their utmost in order to keep on the Treasury Bench, to arouse fanaticism against a policy essential to the well-being of the empire. But we have little apprehension of the result, and the country does not misinterpret the issue. It will hardly believe that a minister who has condemned the Irish State Church in the most pointed language, and this year was prepared to undermine that Church by a device of 'equality,' can ever be its honest champion; it will not associate Mr. Disraeli with the genuine supporters of any kind of Protestantism. It will lack faith in appeals from men who, having been ready to establish a Catholic university in Ireland, and to endow, if possible, the Catholic Church, now boast their exclusive Protestant sympathies for the selfish ends of personal ambition. It knows, whatever may be the effects of passion and prejudice for a moment, that the Irish Establishment stands doomed by the irresistible decree of opinion; and it is tolerably well aware that Mr. Gladstone will carry out the inevitable change more fairly, more tenderly, with a deeper sense of responsibility, than the impotent junto now clinging to office without power. Nor is it ignorant that constitutional government has been a sorry sight during the last four months; that the present Ministry has disregarded the principles that should govern public men; that in the words of one of its friends, 'the Treasury Bench has been one for the honour of sitting on which all honour, convictions, and statesmanship have been sacrificed.' In truth, the nation understands that the real controversy of the approaching election will not be whether the Irish Establishment shall continue or not—its fate is certain; but whether a Cabinet shall exist that has thrown to the winds its professions and pledges, that seems ready for any revolutionary policy, that is not sustained by any honest faith, that

has audaciously violated the constitution. In this controversy, the issue no doubt will determine whether Mr. Gladstone or Mr. Disraeli shall be at the head of this great empire. But this is no mere personal question, as a noble renegade has endeavoured to show; it involves the consideration whether the domestic policy of England is to be weak, shifty, ambiguous, retrograde; or firm, definite, generous, and progressive; whether we are to suffer parliamentary anarchy and misrule, or to walk in the ways of the constitution. We have too much faith in the English nation to have the least doubt as to their decision; and we part from Mr. Disraeli in his own words: 'Dissolve the Parliament you have betrayed, and appeal to the people—they will not trust you.'

W. O'C. M.

LINES FOUND AMONG THE PAPERS OF MARY QUEEN OF SCOTS AT CHARTLEY.

Celuy vraiment n'a point de courtoisie
Qui en bon lieu ne montre son sçavoir,
Estant requis d'escripre en poesie;
Il vauldroit mieux du tout n'en poinct avoir.

Les dieux, les cieulx, la mort, et la haine et l'envie
Sont sourds, irés, cruels, animés contre moy;
Prier, soufrir, pleurer, a chascun estre amye,
Sont les remedes seuls qu'en tant d'ennuye je voy.

TRADES UNIONISM IN THE CITY AND MAY FAIR.

I.

So much has lately been said about the wickedness and the folly of trades unionism that the case for the prosecution may now be deemed complete; and, since the full discovery of Broadhead's atrocities, so little has been said on the other side that the unions might seem to have no case at all. Nor will the boldest advocate of trade combination utter one word on behalf of men who reduced assassination to a system. Such wretches as Broadhead deserve to be hanged like dogs. But this acknowledgment does not take us far. *Il y a combinaisons et combinaisons.* While a few unions have systematically broken the criminal law, the majority are as free from that guilt as an ordinary joint-stock company. Hence we have still to decide whether a community which is formed like that of England can fairly cast a stone at those unions which abstain from murder and violence. Before answering that question we must see what demands are made for and against the unions.

Each has two distinct functions. Each supports those of its members who are sick or disabled, and those who, with the permission of the central body, are on strike. Some eminent authorities would give legal protection to the funds intended for the one purpose, but not to those intended for the other. If this idea were enforced, there would, of course, be an end of unions in their present form.

Next, how is the law to grant or withhold protection? That question recently came before the Court of Queen's Bench. The treasurer of a trades society had embezzled some of its funds, and the Lord Chief Justice ruled that, as the union placed restraints on trade, he could not declare it to be 'not illegal,' and hence that it could not come to claim redress against the defaulter. This judgment spread consternation through the unionist ranks. But some measure of reassurance was afterwards given by a judgment from Mr. Justice Lush, who decreed that, though a dishonest treasurer could not be prosecuted by a trades union as a corporate body, redress might be claimed by any of the members as private citizens. The questions remain, therefore, should Parliament permit that decision to stand as the final declaration of the law? should it make the law more favourable to the unions, by giving them the same privileges as friendly societies, without requiring them to take no part in strikes? or, finally, should it grant no protection whatever to the funds of those which impose restraints on trade?

Next comes a still more difficult problem. The unions are supported by certain subscriptions and other charges, and if a member fail to pay the governing body seems to have no means of redress beyond striking his name off the list. But that remedy is often insufficient. It is often necessary to get the money, and as the law will not render any assistance, the unionist executive takes the matter into its own hands, and 'rattens.' Too frequently it has resorted to such iniquitous means, and thus in the eyes of many people the very name of trades union has come to be a name of infamy. It has sent to the defaulter threatening letters. It has stolen his tools. It has put gunpowder in his work-trough. And, if it has happened to be served by the infernal malignity of a Broadhead, perhaps it has at last taken his life. That is what has been done by the lawless unions;

and even the law-abiding unions 'ratten' in their own fashion. The members send an offender to 'Coventry,' by refusing to speak with him. They make him run a risk of beggary, by refusing to work with him, and by forcing his master to turn him adrift. Thus, by dint of terror, they manage to wring money from unwilling members. The question is, then, should the law put a stop to all this rattening, by decreeing that any man who has engaged to pay a certain sum into the funds of a union shall be as clearly bound to fulfil his contract as he would be were the recipient a railway company? This is a very serious question. Let Parliament answer it in the affirmative, and trades unions will, in the broadest sense of the term, receive the sanction of the law.

At present all these points are under the eye of the Royal Commissioners who have been appointed to see what the masters on the one hand, and the men on the other, have to say for themselves; and the Reformed Parliament, we cannot doubt, will speedily consider the result of the evidence, with a view to fresh legislation. Meanwhile it is of high importance that, like clear-headed men of business, and not like fanatical advocates, either of capital or of labour, we should examine the question, whether the law can justly withhold from an ordinary trades union that degree of protection and assistance which it grants to a joint-stock company.

Such is the question which I mean to discuss; and my answer is, that corporations like the Amalgamated Society of Carpenters have as much right to the fullest legal recognition as corporations like the London and Westminster Bank. An indictment against unions is an indictment against the whole English community. Good or bad, they do only what is done by every mercantile firm, every joint-stock company, every political club, every religious sect, every church, and every family. If they stand condemned, so does society too. And the choice lies between, not unionism and non-unionism, but unionism and the most extreme form of socialism.

The charges against unionism may be ranged under two heads, economical and ethical. The economical charge states that the attempt to keep up wages by artificial means must fail; that the laws of demand and supply must speedily reverse the puny decrees of a few men; that, if no union existed, the whole class of working people would receive as large an amount in wages as they now obtain; that the gains which unionism can secure for any set of persons are small, are soon cancelled, and are wrung from the hands of other workmen; and hence that unions either do mischief or do nothing. I shall not discuss these propositions. As every political economist knows, they are vitiated by an enormous amount of over-statement, and they are held to be conclusive only by sciolists, whose acquaintance with political economy stops with a half-knowledge of a few elementary principles. Nevertheless, to avoid the beaten ground of discussion, and to attack the strongest position of my opponents, I plead guilty to the economical indictment, and I pass from the field of arithmetical calculation to the more difficult field of morals.

The first charge of which we need take notice is, that the unions check the natural circulation of capital, and impose a tax upon the public, by means of combination. 'And,' say the opponents of unionism, 'because one man should be free to stipulate the terms on which he shall work,—even if he use his liberty to stipulate that he shall be forced to toil with no one who has not signed the Thirty-Nine Articles, or that he and

all his mates shall be treated to a champagne breakfast twice a week, —it does not follow that the same privilege should be given to a hundred or a thousand mechanics, if they form a compact whole, and if they act with the decision of one man. Against such a combination, employers and non-unionists may be alike powerless. Thus innocent men might be cast adrift on the world, or driven to seek the shelter of the poor-house. Thus society itself might suffer by having to support the victims of unionist tyranny. And hence society might justly bring an indictment for conspiracy against those who had committed such an outrage on personal liberty. Or, if society did not wish to use the arm of the law, it might summon the unionists to the bar of morality for putting their strength to an infamous use.'

This plausible argument has one fatal flaw. If it tells against trades unions, it tells with equal force against every other corporate body; nay, it cuts at the root of private property; and if logically carried out, it would lead to the annihilation of society.

Among the most striking facts of our time is the tendency of commercial enterprises to grow in size. The individual trader is everywhere giving place to the firm, the firm to the small company, and the small company to the great. The cause of the change is manifest. Since capital is every day becoming more abundant, competition is becoming more keen, and traders are forced to accept less abundant profits than they got in the old days of sluggish commerce. As the political economists say, profits are tending towards a minimum. Meanwhile the taste for luxury is growing, and men can earn incomes which shall correspond with the new state of things only by uniting their capital, and by buying and selling on a colossal scale. Hence on every side we see the uprise of great mercantile houses and the overthrow of small.

Here is an exact parallel to one side of unionism. The firm of China merchants is a union; so is the firm of railway contractors; so is the joint-stock bank; so is the railway company; and so is every commercial enterprise in which several men unite their capital, their knowledge, or their skill to attain a common end. The individual trader, on the other hand, is a non-unionist. In the fight for profits he relies on his own hand alone, and, sooner or later, he goes down before the rush of joint-stock enterprise. Sooner or later, he must give up the struggle in despair, and, taking refuge in partnership, must become a unionist. But this necessity bears hardly on great numbers of tradesmen. They have spent all their means in building up their business. They are good citizens, honest in their dealings, attentive to their duties, and anxious to please the public. Yet their shops are going to ruin, because they cannot withstand the competition of the large firms which challenge the public eye next door. That company can ship tea direct from China, can buy twenty times as much claret from the merchants of Bordeaux, can buy twenty times as much silk from the manufacturers of Lyons, and hence can get its goods much more cheaply than the small tradesman. In proportion to the amount of its capital, its expenses of management are less than his. It sells so much more than its puny neighbour that it can afford to exact a smaller profit on each transaction. And thus at every turn the small shop-keeper goes to the wall. Now, using the language with which trades unions are assailed, he might say that such treatment was disgracefully unfair. Nay, during a recent discussion, that is precisely what he did say.

When the Civil Service co-operative stores were seen to be a decided success, the grocers and the provision merchants raised a shout of indignation. What right had private gentlemen to spoil trade by becoming traders? What right had they to ruin a worthy class, which had done them no harm, and which had done the community much good? Since grocers as well as civil servants must live, what right had the public to complain because the retail dealers exacted a fair profit for the enormous trouble, risk, and expenditure to which they were subjected? This extravagant nonsense was written in the correspondence columns of every morning newspaper by indignant tradesmen, and, with hearty expressions of contempt, was laughed at the same evening in the smoking room of every club. Nay, the nonsense took even a higher flight. What right, it was asked, had civil servants to ruin a class which paid a large part of the national revenue? The grocers seemed to fancy that if they ceased to sell tea and sugar those articles would cease to be bought. They seemed to fancy that it was they, and not the consumers, who paid the taxes, and that if the co-operative stores should kill many of the small shops the Chancellor of the Exchequer would have to mourn a mighty deficit. Educated people laughed at the extraordinary political economy, and the still more extraordinary ethics, which were taught by the traders; yet educated people teach political economy which is not less wild, and ethics which are not less baseless, when they say that unionism does not give the non-unionist fair play. Like the tradesman, he is beaten out of the market by a combination. Like the tradesman, he is able and willing to do good work. But he has no more right to demand that society shall find him the employment of his choice, at the wages which he requires, than the tradesman has to demand that society shall buy from him a certain amount of tea at the price which he names. In the market the business of society is, not to protect the weak trader against the strong company, but to supply its necessities as cheaply as it can. If the trader cannot compete with the company, the trader must cease to exist. If the non-unionist cannot compete with the unionist, he must get out of the way.

But, it will be answered, the two cases are not analogous. While the union of capital tends to cheapen commodities, the union of workmen tends to heighten the price of labour. While the one kind of union bestows a boon on society, the other imposes a tax.

This theory may or may not be sound; but it cannot be advanced by the ordinary assailants of unionism. Those critics distinctly say that unions cannot raise the rate of wages, that is, cannot increase the price of labour. Their doctrine is, that the unions 'confiscate' a part of the wage fund which would otherwise have gone to the non-unionists. But the joint-stock companies do the same thing. They take what would otherwise go to the small traders. They beat those traders out of the market. They overwhelm them with ruin. Yet society does not blame the victorious associations for 'confiscating' that portion of the profits which, in the absence of combination, would have fallen to the share of the small traders. Society, therefore, must surrender the doctrine that combination is bad simply because it inflicts injury on individual men; and Society must give up the idea that trades unions are bad simply because they do harm to non-unionists.

Society may answer that between the effects of joint-stock enterprise and the effects of unionism there is

a vast difference. In the one case, it may argue, combination makes up for the evil which it does to particular persons by increasing the general amount of production, and by multiplying the demand for labour; whereas, in the other case, combination diminishes the general amount of production, lessens the demand for labour, and affords no compensation for the injury which it inflicts on non-unionists. This argument is a mere re-statement of that with which we have just dealt. Unions, we are told, are powerless to reverse economical laws. Well, if they are powerless to reverse economical laws, they cannot diminish the amount of production beyond the point at which it is fixed by the capabilities of the market. So far, therefore, joint-stock companies and unions stand on the same level.

Those who maintain that unions cannot advance wages must, if they know how to reason, accept this argument as final. But they are not the only assailants. There are others who cannot be tripped up in this summary fashion, since they admit that for a long time unions may keep wages above the market level, and since they ground their hostility on that very fact. Unions they say, put an artificial price on labour. For the benefit of a few hundred thousand workmen, they impose a tax on the whole community, and such organisations we, as legislators, cannot protect.

If not, the logical issue is, that any organisation which increases the natural price of any commodity should receive no protection from law. Such a principle would produce the most astonishing results. Enforce it, and you have revolution.

Take for example the institution of private property, which is as purely artificial as the institution of unionism. A time was when it did not exist; nay, when the very idea of it had not arisen; and it could exist in its present form only when the State declared that the possessor should be guaranteed by the powers of the law against spoliation. But the State has a right to name the conditions on which its protection shall be given; and our statute book asserts that right in a hundred ways. Our statute book asserts it in decreeing that a discharge from further liabilities shall be granted to the debtor who shall satisfy the Bankruptcy Court that he has paid to his creditors as much as he is able. It is for the public good that such rules should exist, and the same consideration might force us to deal with private property in a still more sweeping fashion. Under certain circumstances the existence of a nation might be endangered if any of its citizens possessed more than five hundred thousand pounds in cash, or more than fifteen thousand acres of land. Such a nation would have the clearest right to decree that, on and after a certain date, no citizen should be allowed to possess a greater amount of wealth; and if, despite this clear warning, any person persisted in buying more than the stipulated number of acres, or in amassing more than the stipulated sum of money, he could not blame the State for confiscating the surplus. In the England of our day, such a law would be monstrously wicked, for the simple reason that it would do incalculable mischief; but, if it were demanded for the public good, and if it respected existing interests, it would need no other warrant.

Take next the right of traders to unite in companies, a right which is as purely the creation of law as the right to hold property at all. Were those companies a curse instead of a blessing, we should have to announce that they would not receive the protection of the law. We should have to say that the law would give them no redress against fraud, or debt. No doubt

we should be bound to afford due notice of our intention, and after enforcing it we might, in certain cases, be bound to grant compensation for the loss which we had inflicted on vested interests. We should be bound to do the one thing, and we might be bound to do the other, because, by permitting companies to exist, the State had virtually entered into a bargain, which it must not break. But having fulfilled those conditions, the State would do no wrong to anybody by refusing to recognise the legality of any joint-stock company in England. We protect joint-stock enterprise instead of destroying it, because it renders the capital of the country more effective, because it cheapens the price of commodities, and because on that account it is a vast source of public good.

But precisely the opposite effect often happens when a large amount of capital is in the hands of some person or some company. Two or three men have, we shall suppose, the command of vast funds with which they mean to speculate in cotton. Having agents in the chief cotton-growing districts of America, they are the first to learn on trustworthy evidence that the growing crop has been smitten with blight. Cautiously and mysteriously, by means of brokers to whom they do not tell their secret purpose, and in the course of a single forenoon, they buy up most of the cotton which is stored in Liverpool and New York. Before the cotton-dealing world learns what vast sales have been made, the mischief has been done. A few days afterwards the newspapers announce that in Virginia, Alabama, and Maryland the crop has failed. Hence prices at once rise with immense rapidity, and in a few days the lucky speculators have won hundreds of thousands. But they have won at the expense either of the consumer or of the manufacturer. Two or three men have imposed a tax on the public for their own good, and they have been able to do so only because the law has set no limits to the amount of private property which they may amass, to the number who may unite for the purpose of buying and selling, or to the magnitude of the transactions which they may effect. Were no person allowed to have a trading capital of more than a certain amount, and were every person forced to hand over to the public treasury all his gains beyond a certain sum, speculators would have no such power to impose a tax on the public. To make such rules would, of course, be proposed by no one out of Bedlam. Nevertheless the present law of private property often increases the natural price of commodities; it often sins against the principle laid down by the opponents of trades unionism; and hence, according to that principle, it should be reversed.

Nor is speculation the only weapon with which private property can thus war against public interests. Every successful business tends to heighten the price of certain things; and in proportion to the success of any firm does it tend to secure a monopoly. Take the case of a great company of railway contractors, who have such energy, skill, and capital that they can construct lines more cheaply, more punctually, and more satisfactorily than any other. One by one their great rivals are beaten out of the field, and give up the struggle. Within certain limits, the victorious firm can then name their own price. So, when tenders are invited for the making of a great railway, they demand 1,000,000*l.*, though they would formerly have done the work for 100,000*l.* less; and the company is forced to accept the offer. But if the law set limits to the amount of capital with which any body of men might trade, no firm of railway contractors would be able to reach the position of

dictators. Such a law would confine every company to comparatively small tasks, and subject it to greater competition, since for every set of men who can command a capital of a million pounds, a thousand persons can command a capital of a hundred thousand; and, indeed, as we rise in the scale of capital, competition decreases, not in an arithmetical, but in a geometrical ratio. Hence a crowd of small firms would bid against each other, and no Triton of the Peto, Betts, Crampton, and Company size would be able to swallow all the minnows at one royal mouthful. On the whole the smaller companies might not do the work so cheaply as the great; but on the other hand, none of them would ever have a chance of exacting an extravagant price, and that is exactly what can be done by companies which have grown so huge as to be above the fear of competition. The economical law is, that large companies tend to cheapen commodities, by effecting a saving in the machinery of the market; that they do cheapen commodities so long as they are not great enough to beat their old rivals out of the field; but that, whenever they grow beyond this point, they increase the price of commodities, and secure for a time a monopoly of the market. No doubt that time is brief. By combination other capitalists will speedily find means of breaking the monopoly. Yet it may last long enough to impose a heavy tax on some portion of the public; for it may construct one or two great lines on such unfavourable terms that for a generation the shareholders can receive only a miserable dividend. Therefore, according to the principle with which we set out, companies of such sovereign power should not receive the protection of the law. The Peto, Betts, Crampton, and Companies should be informed by the Court of Queen's Bench that in future they must protect their funds and plant from spoliation by a police of their own; and they must be warned that if they be swindled out of 500,000*l.*, or robbed of 500 ballast waggons, they can, as a company, receive no legal redress.

But how, in any particular case, could we draw the line at which the accumulation of capital ceased to be a good? We could not draw it at all. Nay the very attempt to draw it would produce incalculable mischief. But the same truth holds good with regard to trades unions. We cannot draw the line between those which are so small as to be harmless, and those which are so great as to have dictatorial power. Any attempt to draw it would swiftly transform large unions into secret societies which, without being less powerful as engines for raising wages, would be a hundred times more dangerous to the common weal.

There are associations, however, which do increase the price of commodities, and on which the law might lay a chastening hand without smiting others that are open to no such charge. Foremost among such associations stand the Inns of Court. No one will pretend that they do not put an artificial price on legal services. No one will deny that if the right to plead before the Court of Queen's Bench were open to any man who could persuade a prisoner or a suitor to entrust him with a brief, the average cost of legal assistance would come down. The Bethels, the Cockburns, the Cairnses, and the Palmers might, perhaps, earn incomes not far short of the existing scale, since their great ability gives them a virtual monopoly in certain departments of legal advocacy; but the ordinary men, the mechanics of the bar, the vast majority of those who are entitled to plead, would find their artificial gains swept away before the rush of that democratic tide which is at present shut out by the

aristocratic gates of the Inns of Court. At present, therefore, those societies impose a tax on the public. Nay, having had their monopoly secured by law for centuries, they have for centuries imposed such a tax as no trades union could impose for a week. So far, therefore, they and trades unions stand in the same black list.

But the defenders of the one and the opponents of the other may reply, that the Inns of Court confer a signal service on the public, which they could not bestow if they had not the power to shut out men from the bar, and if they could not dismiss from the bar any man who had proved himself destitute of honour. If any person might take a brief, and claim the privilege of addressing the bench, our courts, we are told, would be thronged with swindling pettifoggers, who would fatten on their clients, and make an appeal to justice little better than a farce. On the other hand, no society is needed to protect us from the wiles and rascality of mechanics. Mechanics have so little power for evil even when they are bad, that we do not need to nourish their virtue by the imposition of a protective duty in their favour.

Whether the integrity of the bar would die if the protective duty were repealed, and free trade in legal skill proclaimed, is a question which I shall not debate. But the theory raises a false issue. The privileges enjoyed by the Inns of Court are not demanded by the trades unions. The trades unions demand only that they shall be free to unite for resistance and defence. They claim only the same privileges as the Inns of Court would still possess if their charters should be cancelled, if they should no longer be entrusted with the education of the law students, if they should cease to wield the power of calling men to the bar, and if they should have no right to disbar an offender against legal etiquette and personal honour. Even after such a forfeiture of privilege, the lawyers could still, in the same fashion as mechanics, refuse to take a brief from any attorney who employed non-unionists; could refuse to appear in the same case with non-unionist counsel; could refuse to take less than a certain fee; and could thus wield a large portion of their old power. It is the right to the fullest legal protection, when they act in a similar fashion, that the trades unions demand from Parliament.

So much for the idea that the trades societies deserve no legal protection because they impose a tax on the community, and because the community cannot be asked to furnish private bodies with the means of taxing itself. The second count in the indictment may seem more serious. The unions, it is said, set their faces against piece work, or the system of payment according to results. They insist that the good and the bad workman shall be paid at the same rate. Thus the extra ability imparted by nature, or the extra skill acquired by practice, are bereft of their fitting reward. Thus the strong are robbed for the benefit of the weak. Thus the best workmen are never tempted to exercise their full powers, and a premium is put on mediocrity.

The statement is not strictly accurate. Some unions do not object to piece work; others object to it only in certain places; and none decree that the good and the bad workman shall be paid at the same rate. What the majority of the unions do is to name the minimum rate of wages which any of their members may accept. If that rate be 25*s.* a week, an employer will be permitted to pay no unionist less, but he may pay particular members of the union as much more as he likes. If one of his men has as

much power of rapid and skilful execution as any two of the others, that man may receive 50*s.* a week without breaking the unionist rules.

True, say the employers; but if we thus single out a carpenter, a bricklayer, or a mechanic for special reward, what happens? A most serious result to us. The ordinary hands grumble at receiving less than their fellows, clamour for more wages, and end perhaps by inducing the union to demand that the maximum rate of pay shall become the minimum—that the lowest rate shall be 50*s.* a week. In other words, bricklayers are like City men: they strive to earn as much as they can, and their demands keep pace with their gains.

Before looking into the ethics of the question, we must note a fact which, though sufficiently obvious, is often forgotten, and when forgotten, tends to produce hopeless confusion. Though the unions decree that 20*s.* or 30*s.* shall be the minimum rate of pay in any particular branch of trade, they neither force the master to grant it, nor the man to accept it. The master is free to defy the mandate; but the unionists are also free to retort by avoiding his workshop. Again, the master is free to hire men for any wages that they will accept; but the unionists are equally free to hold aloof from his factory. Hence the question comes to be, whether he can dispense with the services of the unionists more readily than they can dispense with his pay. Finally, a unionist is free to disobey the dictate of his own union, and accept one half of the minimum rate; but the union also is free to punish his disobedience by withholding from him the benefits of the society, and by expelling him from its ranks. No doubt the exercise of such freedom often acts with the effect of physical force, but so, in many cases, does the exercise of the grocer's freedom to demand what price he chooses for his tea, and of the cotton-broker's to ask what price he pleases for his cotton.

The real charge, then, is that the unions fight against the system of piece-work; that they fix a minimum rate of wages; that they make an employer unwilling to give even the best men more than the stipulated sum; and that they tend to reduce all degrees of skill and labour to the same dead level. The defence of the unionists is simple. If they tolerated piece-work, there would speedily be so fierce a competition in every workshop that the strong would trample down the weak, and that good wages could be earned only by grinding toil. Where piece-work is permitted the master strives to put an unnatural pressure on the faculties of his men. In the field work of the eastern counties, which is mostly done by 'gangs' of women and children, the farmer often gives an extra wage to the strongest member of the band, on condition that he or she shall work with the utmost speed, and spur on the others. The same practice is sometimes followed in the bricklaying trade. It is significantly called 'chasing.' The effects are the frequent ruin of the feeble workman. It does good only to the strong; and the mass of workmen, who are neither weak nor strong, hate the system, because it increases the hardness of their toil.

Still, say the accusers, by putting a premium on mediocrity, and by looking only to the interests of the average workmen, the decree against payment according to results robs society of a portion of its available strength; and hence society should set its face against such a rule.

If anything is meant by the statement on which this inference rests, it is that every workman should toil as hard as he is able; that if the weak cannot compete with the strong, the weak must go to the wall; and that, though grievous hardship might thus

be inflicted on particular men, society would benefit in the long run, because a process of natural selection would leave only the fittest craftsmen, who would be the progenitors of a vigorous race. This is unquestionably Nature's plan. The weak she is constantly putting to death: the strong she is constantly fostering. But this is not society's plan. The aim of civilised society is 'to put a premium on mediocrity,' to guard the weak, and so to shape the laws that they shall satisfy the wants or wishes of the average citizen. Every law is a defence of the weak against the strong. Our parliament and our courts of justice have, as their chief end, to check the strength given by nature, or acquired by practice. Our whole political system is about to rest on the assumption that, for one supremely important purpose, and within certain limits, all degrees of mental strength and weakness should stand on the same level, and the vote of an ignorant mechanic should go as far as the vote of a Newton or a Cromwell. Nay, our system of education, habits of social intercourse, and our literature, are every day more and more formed to suit the capacities of the average man. And the general effect is to smooth down the inequalities of nature, rather than to raise up inequalities. If we were to be guided by what might seem the intentions of nature, we should have to do many things against which humanity revolts. The Icelanders exposed their new born infants to the biting cold, in order that the strength of the infants might be tested, and the babe who could not bear the trial was allowed to die. The system doubtless tended to foster the growth of a strong race; and men like Plato saw in a similar practice nothing to condemn. But to us, with our more elevated ideas of the sacredness that belongs to human life, the system is one of the most revolting that ignorance ever devised. Again, unenlightened races are anything but careful of their sick, and are quite content that the weak should perish, rather than remain a burthen to the family or the tribe. We have nobler ideas of the duty which we owe to the weak; and the appliances of science are devoted to the task of lengthening the life of the feeble, even though, as the price of our humanity, we must perpetuate particular forms of disease, and entail on the unborn a heritage of woe. Again, to primitive people, strength was the measure of right, and feeble tribes or nations were unmercifully exterminated either by the sword or by bondage. One effect of this remorseless system was that the earth quickly got rid of feeble types. And even in our own day we sometimes hear the cynical comment, that if the process had continued the political difficulties of the world would have been wonderfully diminished. One of the most eminent of living writers once jocularly said to me, that the greatest wrong which England had ever done to Ireland was to send laws, soldiers, and policemen across St. George's Channel to keep the peace among the Kelts. Had she been contented with planting English colonies, and letting the Irish pillage and kill each other to their hearts' content, there would by this time have been no Irish question at all. Nature would have thinned the Kelts down to a handful; nature would have been the ally of Protestantism, by putting all the Roman Catholics to death, or driving them out of the country; nature would have saved England from the indelible blot which has been imprinted on her escutcheon by the penal laws; nature would have guarded Ireland against the possibility of the famine, or Fenianism, or Dr. Cullen; and nature would have prevented Mr. Glad-

stone from disturbing the peace of Mr. Disraeli with his Three Resolutions and his Suspensory Bill. But we interfered with the doings of nature, by putting a check on the strength which she had given to particular men, and by taking the side of the weak; and nature has punished our blunder by whipping us with the scorpions of discontent and rebellion. Such is a cynical philosophy of the Irish question; but it is not society's philosophy, and civilisation is the constituted guardian of the weak as well as the strong.

Nor does our interference with natural strength stop here. If strength has a 'natural right' to anything, it might seem to have the right of working as much as it likes, and earning as much as it can. Yet, by the Ten Hours' Bill, we put a distinct limit to this so-called right. We decree that certain kinds of factories shall not be opened for more than ten hours in any one day, and we make that decree for the sake of the weak. The strong workers might not be injured by twelve or even fourteen hours' toil every day, and the wish to earn high wages might tempt them to work for that period if they were allowed. But if they were allowed, the weaker hands would be forced to work with them in order that no part of the mill might be idle. Thus physical exhaustion would smite down the less strong, disease would cut them off before their time, and their children would inherit constitutions even feebler than their own. To guard the community from such a load of evil, we limit the time during which certain kinds of factories may be open. It is a precisely similar rule which the unionists enact. They strive to prevent the work of the brickfield, the pottery, and the engine factory from degenerating into a system of slavery, which would kill the weaker hands, or drive them out of the trade.

But, we shall be told, they thus do wrong to society, because a system of unrestricted competition among labourers, a system with the motto of 'devil take the hindmost,' would enlarge the amount of production, would tend to cheapen commodities, and, by adding to the wage fund, would increase the demand for labour. Precisely the same objection applies to the Ten Hours' Bill, and to all other statutary restrictions upon the hours of toil. Were the mill-owners of Lancashire free to keep open their mills night and day, to employ as many young children as they could get, and to keep them at work for as many hours as the parents would permit, production would for a time be cheapened, and as a natural consequence it would be increased. That fact tempers the warmth with which many people welcome the Workshops Act. A year or two hence, that great measure will be enforced, and will become a charter of liberties to the children of Sheffield and Birmingham. But it will unquestionably increase the cost of producing certain articles of consumption, and, having to contend with no such restrictions, the manufacturers of France and Germany will be better able than they are now to undersell us in the market.

This is quite true; but the answer is, that if the French and the Germans permit themselves to be ground down by toil, their manhood and their womanhood will in time be so stricken with debility that to compete with us will be out of their power. As a matter of fact, however, they will commit no such blunder. More keenly alive than we to the delights of leisure, and less possessed by the fever of gain, those nations are in little danger of becoming the slaves of toil, and their workmen have less need than ours to be protected from the evils

of competition. Well, it is against those evils that the unionists set their faces when they prohibit piece-work, and oppose 'chasing.' And one important result of their system is, that they erect a high standard of comfort and ease among the working people. Without such a standard few people will ever raise themselves, and no people will ever keep themselves, above the condition of serfs.

Such is the answer to the accusation that the unions tend to rob skill of its due reward, and to reduce all degrees of workmanlike power to the same level. But next comes a worse charge. The unionists use all their influence to keep non-unionists out of employment. Sometimes they will not work in the same shop with non-society men, and since the master cannot afford to brave their hostility, he is forced to discharge the innocent objects of their dislike. At other times, while they do not object to work with the non-unionists, they do what in many cases is quite as effective; they send non-unionists to Coventry; they do not speak to them during the hours of toil, and they hold aloof from them when out of doors. If a merchant on 'Change, or an officer in the mess-room, were shunned like a lazar, he would understand what going to Coventry means. He would see that a man may be driven out of the workshop by contempt as easily as by force.

Along with that charge we may class another, which some authorities hold to be the worst of all. Most of the unions will not allow their members to work with any master who employs more than a certain number of apprentices, and, as they are usually more independent of him than he is of them, they can usually force him to keep within the number that they name. But he thus suffers a great injury; for much of the work which is done by skilled mechanics, earning from 30*s.* to 40*s.* a week, might be done quite as well by half-trained lads for 10*s.* or 15*s.* If the unionists were not in the way, he might have a crowd of such lads, might every week save a large sum in wages, might lessen the cost of production, might command larger sales, might earn a larger income, might with his new gains extend his factory, might employ more workmen, and might do vast good to himself, the working class, and to the public. Hence the unionist rule is iniquitous. But its iniquity is most vividly seen when it shuts out of employment some boy who is anxious to get into a particular factory, and whose prospects may be injured for life if the unionists block the way.

Now before we go farther, let us clearly understand what it is that the unions do. They do not say to the father of a boy who wishes to become an apprentice, 'If you send the lad to our factory, we will beat him or blow up your house.' They address themselves to the master, and to him they say, 'We don't forbid you to take more than six apprentices; we don't, because we can't. Nor do we say that if you take more than six, we will break your machinery, or break your head. But if you take more than six you will do harm to our interests; and, just as we would not work for smaller wages than those that we now earn, so we will not work if you take more than six apprentices, or if you take any non-unionists at all. We will not work under such conditions, because we demand, not only good wages for the present, but the prospect of good wages for the future, and because that prospect will be destroyed if we let cheap labour crowd into your shop.'

This decision, whether right or wrong, is precisely similar to that on which society acts in every relation of life. Society may not

speak with such brutal bluntness, but the rules which regulate its divisions are not less exclusive, and on particular persons their effects are not less severe. Every association is compelled to pass laws of exclusion. Every association is as tyrannically exclusive as a trades union.

Look at the Inns of Court. Neither Lincoln's Inn, Gray's Inn, the Middle Temple, nor the Inner Temple decrees that in any one year only a certain number of persons shall be admitted to its privileges; but each does what amounts to the same thing: for each declares that certain conditions must be fulfilled before any one can be called to the bar, or even be admitted as a student, and those conditions place the profession of the law beyond the reach of many by whom it would otherwise be chosen. No one can become a student who has not taken a university degree, or who is unable to pass an examination in classics, English, and mathematics. No one can be called to the bar who has not dined so many times in hall. These regulations, whether good or bad, bear hardly on a crowd of men who cannot afford the time or the money which is requisite to bring the necessary qualifications, but who have, or think they have, such talents as would command success. One of these men may say, 'It is very hard that I should be condemned for life to undergo ignoble drudgery. Why call upon me to pass examinations or to pay fees? Why not allow me to study law during my leisure hours, and in my own fashion? Why not allow me to take any brief that I can get, and plead before any court that I like? If I am a fool or an ignoramus, the attorneys will give me nothing to do. But you refuse me a chance; you destroy my prospects for life.' That may be a foolish complaint, but it is not more foolish than the complaint of the non-unionist at the terms exacted by the trade societies.

A similar charge may be made against every other corporate body to which the State has given exclusive privileges. You cannot become a surgeon, a physician, or a solicitor until you have paid so many fees, attended so many lectures, served as a species of apprentice for so many years, and passed so many examinations. Nay, the solicitors' union lays down precisely the same restrictions as the trades unions with respect to the admission of apprentices; no solicitor being allowed to have more than two articled clerks. I am not finding fault with those rules. It may be necessary for society to have formal guarantees that men who practice as surgeons, physicians, or solicitors are not mere sciolists or quacks, but have received a regular training for their work. It may be necessary for every solicitor to have only two articled clerks, since, if he had more, he might not have time to instruct them in the duties of their profession. None the less, however, do these rules, in one way, inflict a great loss on society. Artificially limiting the number of solicitors, surgeons, and physicians, they artificially limit the competition of those classes for work, and thus they artificially keep up fees. And on particular men they inflict as great hardship as the rules that keep crowds of legal aspirants outside the Temple walls, or as the rules that shut out crowds of young lads from the engine factory of their choice. I do not mean to say that between the Inns of Court and the Amalgamated Society of Engineers there is an exact parallel; but this fact is clear, that people who tolerate such associations as the Inns of Court cannot consistently find fault with the trades unions, *merely* because they limit the number of apprentices who may enter any one shop.

Next comes the refusal of unionists to work with non-unionists. That refusal, whether right or

wrong, finds an exact parallel in the rule of such professions as the bar. A solicitor is not allowed to plead in any of the superior courts, however profound may be his legal knowledge, however acute his intellect, however pure his character. Before he can be called to the bar, he must, like the most ignorant of beardless boys, face an examination, keep his terms, and lose much valuable time. No doubt the rule may be defended by strong arguments. It is believed that the dignity of the bar would suffer if a man could be at once a solicitor and a barrister. Such a combination, it is thought, would lead barristers to 'tout' for business, and would bring them down to the level of pettifoggers. In great degree, it is believed, the same evil would arise if, after passing an examination and abandoning his profession, a solicitor were at once allowed to appear as a pleader before the Court of Queen's Bench or the Court of Chancery; for if the change could be made with such rapidity, men who wished to 'tout' for business would article themselves to solicitors, would form a connection with a crowd of clients, would then go to the bar well furnished with briefs, and would thus have an enormous advantage over those advocates who had waited for business in the secluded dignity of their chambers, instead of soliciting briefs in much the same way that a bagman solicits orders for sugar or rum. I do not mean to discuss these arguments. Perhaps they conclusively prove that the present system is sound. But whether it is sound or not, that system does precisely what is done by the trades unions, by excluding from the practice of the law a crowd of men who are as competent to plead as the majority of barristers themselves. If I were to copy the language of the school against which I am contending, I would ask whether there could be a more signal instance of trades unionist tyranny.

Similar rules exist in the case of the medical profession. Only those surgeons and physicians who have received a diploma may legally practise in this country. The law recognises the sufficiency of no diploma which has been granted by an American University, however much experience the possessor may have gained by actual treatment of the injured or the sick. True, such a man may get a diploma from the University of London, on paying certain fees, or passing a set examination; but to pay those fees may be beyond his power, and, though skilled in the practice of his profession, he may not be able to undergo an examination in the theory; just as a first-rate practical seaman, who might safely be entrusted with the command of a vessel, might be puzzled with the examination papers of the Board of Trade; just as an experienced Admiralty or War Office clerk might not be able to clear the papers set before the candidates for admission to these departments; or just as an able Chancery barrister might fail to answer questions from Mr. Maine's *Ancient Law* or Mr. Austin's *Jurisprudence*. And even if no hardship were thus inflicted on particular men by the rules of the medical profession, those rules would still furnish a parallel to the unionist regulations for the discouragement of non-union labour; for the unionists, like the physicians, say that a non-unionist may receive the full privileges of his craft by simply paying certain fees, and by becoming a unionist. Again, many physicians, like many unionists, refuse to work with those who do not belong to their society. An allopathic physician will, in most cases, refuse to hold a consultation with a homœopathic, even though he knows that the homœopath has graduated in the regular fashion, and is as well

acquainted with the old system as with the new. He thus acts, I admit, from motives which are entitled to every respect. He means to convey in the sternest fashion that he believes homœopathy to be no better than quackery, and that to call in a homœopath is to imperil a patient's life. But none the less severely does he punish his non-unionist brothers, and, in the opinion of many people, none the less mischief does he inflict on the sick. Whether he is right is a question which I do not discuss. And I certainly do not mean to condemn the law for recognising the authority only of diplomas granted by certain universities. But the exclusion of non-unionists from the profits of the medical profession does great injury to particular men, and a people which supports such restrictions as I have cited cannot condemn the trades societies *merely* because they exclude non-unionists from the profits of their craft.

Going to another class of society we find another class of unions, which have received a charter of incorporation from the State; and high among the number stands the Royal Academy of Painting and Sculpture. We have few better specimens of a union than that which is urbanely ruled by Sir Francis Grant. The Academy, it is true, is not guided by the same rules as the United Society of Carpenters. The Acadamicians and the Associates do not refuse to paint a picture for any person who buys the works of men that have no connection with their own little clique. Sir Edwin Landseer does not refuse to sell one of his incomparable dogs to a nobleman who tends to overstock the profession with cheap labour, by spending large sums on the works of young men, the apprentices of Art. Nor does Mr. Frith decline the commissions of a millionaire, because that millionaire does his best to spoil the market for pretty things, by patronising the little pre-Raphaelite clique which has a profound contempt for popular art and popular criticism; which as religiously holds aloof from the Exhibitions of the Academy as the descendants of an old French noble house shun the gilded halls of the bran-new Napoleonic nobles; which, with marvellous skill and power, sets before little coteries of devout worshippers Madonnas of unapproachable ugliness; and which preaches an artistic gospel of matchless and consummate depravity. Neither the Academicians nor the Associates do any of these things; and so far, therefore, Sir Francis Grant and his fellow unionists do not copy the rules laid down by the Society of Bricklayers. But, such is its position, that the Academy must be guided by rules as exclusive as those of any trades union, and that, like some trades unions, it does irreparable evil to particular men. Partly because it was incorporated by royalty, partly because it has received the support of the Crown, partly because a few of its Presidents have been distinguished men, partly because its members have always included some of the best English painters, and chiefly because it has been subjected to the competition of no rival body, the Royal Academy has become the supreme arbiter of English Art. Its exhibition is among the chief sights of the year, and it affords the only opportunity for a young artist to make his name speedily known. By shutting out his first works, it may virtually condemn him to suffer years of obscurity. And the probability is that it will shut them out if—as the works of gifted young men often are—the conception be offensively original, and the execution not so good as that of artists whose less daring intellect has left them more time to gain dexterity of hand. That men of sterling powers often fail to get a

place on the Academy walls is notorious. The exclusion of Mr. Sandys's remarkable 'Medea' from the present Exhibition of the Academy by Mr. Maclise, Mr. Calderon, and Mr. Cooper, is a case in point. And to the unlucky throng it it is no consolation that they are shut out by the despotic fiat of a hanging committee, instead of by rigid rules against the admission of non-unionist or apprentice workmanship. The essential fact is that they are shut out; and the galling fact is that, as they think, they are shut out through no fault of their own. 'Why,' a disappointed applicant may ask, 'should my success be made to depend on the decision of a set of men whose judgment is not worth a rush, and whose pictures are not worth lifting out of the gutter? Why should I lose the fruits of my work because two or three painters of the old Tory school don't like the Radicalism of my colouring? They tell me that I am free to go elsewhere. Yes, I am free to go with my picture to subterranean little galleries which attract only a handful of buyers; or I am free to go with it to a dealer and sell it for an old song—that is, I am free to go to the devil.' Of course, this highly improper speech foully calumniates the Tintorets and the Raphaels who form the artistic Parliament of England; but it sets forth a fact which the assailants of trades unions forget—the fact that, equally with the United Society of Carpenters, the Royal Academicians derive their power of combination from the law; and that, by virtue of this privilege, they often do great injury to particular artists, by passing sentence of death upon the firstlings of their genius.

Many objections to what has been said in this paper will suggest themselves to the reader; but at present the writer cannot stop to furnish a more detailed answer. Nor has he space to carry out further the parallel between unionism as it exists in the workshops, and unionism as it exists in the City and May Fair. In a second and concluding article he will attempt to fulfil both objects.

M.

OATNESSIANA.

Part I.—Captain Ord's Return.

CHAPTER X.

THE evening sermon in the chapel at Oatness was an open meeting —that is to say, it was freely attended by the members of the kirk. For this reason and because the chapel members were few, if select, the evening sermon was the great service of the day at the chapel, and the dissenters themselves would keep up for it. Dissent was then in its glory when the little white-washed chapel was crammed in every corner, and the theological opponents of its owners and rulers were subjected to the thunder of the chapel minister's eloquence.

There was no other evening service at Oatness, and to the numerous persons of all denominations, to whom reading was a weariness, and visiting or pure and simple walking on the Sabbath a vanity, any 'nicht preaching' was a welcome boon. They could never be wrong in hearing a sermon, and in addition they had the saunter to and from the chapel, the display of their best clothes (if they were women) the sight of their neighbours and acquaintances also in their Sunday best, and a good deal of social intercourse and gossip by the way—all under the head of 'nicht preaching.' Dr. Spottiswoode did not consider such an institution incumbent on him, and altogether consistent with kirk and state dignity and decorum. But he was sensible of the need of the people, and in that which was by comparison the bland prosperity of the Doctor's teinds, glebe and manse, he looked down liberally—even benignly—on what he regarded as the excrescences and excesses of dissent. Instead of keeping himself and two sects in hot water by treating night preaching as an intrusion hostile and reproachful in his parish, instead of condemning to Coventry those renegades among his people who flocked to evening sermon, he tolerated with the utmost charity the migrations of his parishioners from kirk to chapel. Dr. Spottiswoode did not except in his judgment of the delinquents his friend Mr. Proudfoot the schoolmaster, who served conveniently as an honourable spy in reporting to the parish minister the text and the heads of the chapel discourses. At the same time Dr. Spottiswoode never showed his long, ungainly, but not unstately body and bald head—familiar enough in the meanest hovel of Oatness—under the perking porch of the chapel.

Mr. Young the dissenting minister was an honest but unpractical man, not scholarly, but with somewhat of impassioned fervour in his high Calvinism; a man of a sanguine complexion and a full habit of body on a diet little better than the pulse and the water of the Hebrew children, with nothing essentially vulgar in his red hair and empurpled stoutness unless it lurked about his extremities in his colossal hands and feet. A middle-aged bachelor with an infinitesimal income, he was located in a quarter where dissent, though it indulged in a soirée now and then, did not express itself in the heavy congregational teas and unctuous suppers after meeting, to more than a fraction of the extent to which it attained in flatter and fatter fields. The Oatness dissenters, refractory like the rest of the natives of Oatness, kicked against restraint, and with their shrewdness had a dis-

tinct perception that familiarity might breed contempt between them and their pastor. A more independent man than his southern brethren, Mr. Young led an utterly secluded, isolated life which rendered him still more unpractical, and if possible more highly Calvinistic. There were only two men in Oatness with whom Mr. Young could have had much natural sympathy, and these were the parish minister and the parish schoolmaster. But between Mr. Young and Dr. Spottiswoode and Mr. Proudfoot there existed a more impassable barrier than the most bitter feud, professional etiquette.

Mr. Young's sermons were full of the austerity and profound mystery of his creed. When he descended from spiritual speculation and preached against sin in the body, it was against traditional sin, against those forms and ceremonies of sin with which the evangelical party in the kirk and the kirk in dissent had always waged war, not against sin itself as it reigned in Oatness. Packs of cards as the devil's books, theatres as painted halls of hell, novels as vanity and lies, dancing assemblies as places of fools, were Mr. Young's themes. In his unworldliness, he must have known this much—that cards were rare in dissenters' houses, and that there never had been a theatre in Oatness, unless he included under that name the circus and the caravans encamped in the High Street occasionally, which his congregation excluded from his strictures and attended regularly and universally. Public dancing assemblies were represented by the yearly ball at the Cherry-Tree Rooms, which was for the gentry and the naval set, with a few exceptions, quite above the dissenters' commission. As for novel reading, though there was more reading to be found in Oatness than in other towns of its size, it was not on the whole among the dissenters. They kept themselves from works of imagination as from works of all kinds. So pointed a target did Miss Henny Wood become on one occasion, when she formed one of the chapel congregation and Mr. Young preached a sermon against novels—a sermon the foundation of which had been laid in the days of Fielding and Smollett —that she felt her face in a flame, and threatened not to attend the chapel in the evening again, when Mr. Young was so narrow-minded and personal. And Mr. Young was not personal at all (so short-sighted is criticism) but classical: these sermons were among the classics of a great body in the kirk. He gave them because they were classics, and they were listened to with the comfortable confidence and approbation which all well established classics win, and they had lively shakes of the head and groans of application which referred to the world without. Did not Captain Guthrie and the naval set of Oatness play cards, and were they not guilty of whist clubs in winter? Some of them had little cabinet libraries from which issued such lawless books as the *Red Rover* and the *Water-witch*, *Peter Simple* and *Jacob Faithful*. There was that ball at the Cherry-Tree Rooms, which the upper ten thousand, and as it happened the worldly ten thousand, of Oatness were so hardened as to subscribe for and hold annually in spite of all denunciations. Nay—woful degeneracy of the Erastian Established Kirk!—Dr. Spottiswoode countenanced it with his sacerdotal presence; and Clementina Spottiswoode had been known to put herself out of her way, with her father's consent, and go as far as the golf ball at Barnes in order to be carried away in the whirl of giddy folly.

It is a highly pleasing experience

to sit in judgment on an erring brother, feeling righteously that we have never strayed into his forbidden track—a much more agreeable and exhilarating process than that of being brought face to face with our own transgressions, and discomfited by the undeniable testimony of our conscience, and the clear knowledge of our neighbour in the next pew, that the sin which the preacher is lashing in his zeal and holding up to universal condemnation, is our own misdeed.

On this summer evening, when Miss Jean and Miss Suffie Quhair stayed tea according to previous arrangement, and went to chapel with the Aikenheads, Mr. Young preached a sermon spontaneously, sonorously, at a white heat. It was not without the rush of grandeur at times, for it was a grand side of the truth, on lost sheep and miserable sinners in the mass, and on true grace descending to them as a sovereign gift over which they had little control, which they were to wait for—as it sounded until in answer to a heaven-scaling prayer, it burst upon them like a lightning flash and made all life and death lawful and possible.

Mr. Young preached to an attentive even an enthralled little crowd —not that he cared very much for the impression he produced any more than for the number who heard him: he left that to the office bearers and the members of the chapel. He was disinterested, single-hearted, and too sincere to be vain, and, though no asserter of the apostolic succession in his own ordination, no man could have a loftier idea of his commission; he felt a mere instrument speaking to instruments.

Even Suffie half forgot what she had come into Oatness to do, and what lay wrapped in a clean pocket-handkerchief burning her pocket. Had she ever carried the contents of that ominous packet elsewhere, ever lodged in her bosom, to be drawn out by stealth and read and re-read deliberately a line or two at a time, slept on, dreamt upon, in the long past? Possibly—for women, however demure, matter of fact, homely, are women after all. But these days were ended, and Suffie could listen to Mr. Young's wonderful sermon without losing her mind in unsuitable associations and incongruous contrasts. It helped Suffie's equanimity that none of the Ords were present. Mrs. John was wont to attend every Sabbath evening, but she was kept in the house to pay for her honours and responsibilities by waiting upon her brother-in-law, to Mrs. Aikenhead's unavailing regret—for otherwise she might have shown Jean and Suffie how she would have 'dressed' Mrs. John, and doubtless Mrs. John would have cowered under the dressing. Happily for Suffie there was no apprehension of Captain Ord's being there (though he had gone to the old dissenting meeting-house with her too, when he was a common man) to have her peace disturbed by his getting his far better deserved dressing, and rolling away afterwards as if he were snapping his fingers at the woman's innocuous insolence.

A hymn and a prayer in keeping with the sermon followed and Mr. Young pronounced an abrupt blessing. In the same breath with the Amen, there was a stir and rustle, the people rose up simultaneously to depart on the instant, and jostle each other in doing so, returning with a bound to their every-day interests and occupations. Notwithstanding, there were many appeals like the triumphant one of Mrs. Aikenhead, 'Was not that a fine discourse? He made the very boards of the pulpit dinnle. Mrs. Rind says he never sleeps a wink on Sabbath nichts. He has the

root of the matter in him. He tells our want and where we're to get it supplied, and does not fling us back on rotten sticks of works like yon cool carle Dr. Spottiswoode.' But although such remarks were not all followed by as swift a descent from heights of stupendousness and mystery, they were succeeded by as sure though more covert and gradual declines.

'We but to make haste and have the supper set,' observed Mrs. Aikenhead on the very threshold of the chapel, 'I see Aikenhead has picked up the lad George, and there will be nothing done till they've their chack eaten, and their drink before them. I suppose you lasses will not like to be kept late, forby it's not being wise like on the Sabbath night, though there's no fear of any man running away with either of you, between this and Sandycroft.'

Accordingly at sharp eight, while the lax-principled walkers were still lingering in the sunset and the evening breeze on the beach and the links, the party at Aikenheads' were met round the family table in the back room, disposing with what appetites they could find in the delicate circumstances, of the strong oniony stew which Mrs. Aikenhead had held in store, simmering under the rose at the parlour fire, since afternoon.

Mr. George, who was the least concerned in the discussion which he was quite lawyer enough to foresee, was not altogether at his ease any more than his fellow guests. He had always an uncomfortable suspicion that he was compromising his professional standing by mixing socially with the tradespeople of Oatness, while he dared not risk losing their patronage by rejecting their offers of hospitality, and would have been almost equally loth to lose their strong and savoury stews, and strong and sweet punch. In aggravation of this treacherous sensibility, Mrs. Aikenhead, who was cognisant of it, was preluding the business of the meeting, by showing her wit to her own satisfaction and his mortification, in mercilessly rallying him on a notorious evidence of his weakness.

'You should buy a pair of glasses, Mr. George,' jeered the formidable woman; 'there is something far wrong with your sight, I'm sorry to say. You passed here the other day with Captain Rattray's halflin son hanging on to your arm, and you never saw me though I was fronting you in the shop door. It is such a queer sight, too, for you caught the shape of Mrs. Captain Peter Clephane's umbrella and took off your hat to it, coming out of the pig shop, six doors off. The ould lady was not so gleg, for she shouldered her umbrella and never let on she saw you. These may be gentry's variorums of sicht, but there can be no denying they are awkward after sitting at a body's table as you are doing the nicht, Mr. George, and very welcome. Indeed you ought to suit yourself with specs.'

Mr. George wriggled, giggled, reddened brick-red, pulled up his high shirt collar higher and higher, muttering 'Mrs. Aikenhead was too hard upon him, his sight was not nigh-hand so good as it had been—that is he had tried it with his law classes before he came to Oatness; he was a little absent at times, as men who had the misfortune to keep house by themselves like him were apt to be.'

'Go away with you,' she put him down boisterously with a slap on the shoulder, 'you do not mean, man, to say you're skeich.'

Miss Jean was subdued into the nearly neutral tints of the two remaining Miss Quhairs, beside Mrs. Aikenhead. Poor Suffie, middle-aged, wronged, sore upon her wrongs, set on by her kinsfolk to assert her rights and revenge the

injury she had suffered, hung her head with its hair drawn up beneath a tight net bonnet cap which came to a sharp peak in the crown and bore a foolish resemblance to a wishing or fairy's cap. She sat and drew imaginary lines on the table with her scored fore finger, aching for the starting of the all-important topic, yet wishing with all her heart that she was at Sandycroft, milking the peaceful, friendly kine with Eelen.

'This is a pretty beginning Captain Ord has made, George,' said Aikenhead, coming at once to the point as he stirred the rich steaming rum and hot water in his glass, and tilted up his toddy ladle to let the liquid fall down in sparkling and odoriferous cascades; 'of course you've heard the way he's used Suffie.'

'Cheer up! Suffie, we'll see you righted,' Mrs. Aikenhead assured her sister condescendingly—before Mr. George.

'I'm sure I'm not minding,' said Suffie in her thick agitated voice, 'if Eelen and Jean and the rest of you do not mind, but I think it is hard that my folk should be disappointed and affronted,' and Suffie gave a gulp, for in spite of her self-restraint her heart was big.

'It is not Suffie that should be minding,' broke in Jean impetuously; 'it is that heartless blackguard.'

'Now, gudewife and the lave of you women,' Aikenhead laid down the law, 'you'll just call canny and you'll call no names. It is ill manners, particularly on a Sabbath night, after the chapel, and what is more than that, it can do no good. I want to hear the rights of the story at my leisure. George, I suppose you don't object to be present as a friend and give us a notion of the law in the case, as a *friend* you understand, in the meantime?'

Not altogether taken aback, but considerably flustered, for he told himself he had ticklish cards to play, Mr. George also stirred the contents of his rummer, and bending over it so that the steam might serve as a veil to his modesty, answered discreetly, that he had no objection to be taken into Miss Suffie Quhair's confidence; on the contrary he should regard it as a great compliment. He had heard that Captain Ord had been and gone and changed his mind, but there was no accounting for tastes.

'Oh, you butterer!' exclaimed Mrs. Aikenhead audibly, crossing her ample arms, and resting them against the table as she leant forward to enjoy the discussion at her ease.

Mr. George went on to say that he would be most happy to give Miss Suffie any assistance in his power—not strictly professional, he added hurriedly and cautiously.

While the forsaken woman was saying simply, 'Thanks to you, Mr. George,' Mr. Aikenhead at once pulled up his confidential adviser, on whom he was not going to bestow rich stews and rum punch, yet submit to be baulked of the gist of his purpose.

'What do you mean by not professional, George? Of course we're not employing you as a lawyer on the Sabbath night, that would be a fell like job in the smallest chapel member; but do you mean you are bespoken already by Ord?' ('for the cat of the creature has something in his head,' he said to himself.)

'Not at all,' George declared, nervously; 'nothing like it.'

'But he mentioned the matter to you? Out with it, George, I have a right to ask it of you, sitting in my house, and it concerning my gude sister,' ordered Aikenhead, feeling free to tyrannise over his bread and salt.

'You may as well tell at once, Mr. George,' Mrs. Aikenhead in-

formed him; 'for now that we've an inkling that he spoke to you, we will not let you off without hearing what he said, though we should lock the door and keep you here till morning.'

'I'm sure it's nothing I need be feared to hear,' said Suffie, clasping her hands with a little motion of pride. 'I'm sure he has nothing to say against me.'

Thus assailed, Mr. George sank his head lower over his steaming rummer, drank off a scalding draught desperately, choked himself, and in the moment's thought secured to him, resolved to make a clean breast of it. He was not pledged to silence, in fact he was pledged to nothing, though he had fondly hoped he had perceived some faint indications that he might be the Captain's future law agent. He might be dashing his hopes to the ground by this night's supper with the Aikenheads. On the other hand—for Mr. George had his own game—he might be made the holder of secrets which would be of the utmost moment to him if Miss Suffie Quhair's love-story ever came to a court of law and he was the happy Oatness agent in the suit. He might see the enemy's cards when it was the intention of that quiet bully Aikenhead to swindle him, George, out of his law learning without a fee. That would be well deserved retaliation, which yet Aikenhead, who was too big a man on his tradesman's footing to be despised, could not resent.

'It was a trifle, Aikenhead, a perfect trifle, ladies; you shall have it. Only allow me first, Mrs. Aikenhead, Miss Quhairs, I've been very remiss,' and Mr. George with a simper and an insinuating smile extended an arm to sweep in all the ladies' glasses like chickens about a mother hen, round his rummer.

Mrs. Aikenhead held back her glass and Miss Suffie did the same. 'Na, na, you must not give it all awa. You ken you'll only get two because it's the Sabbath night. And I like best to brew for myself. Jean, cry but to Ciss to bring another tumbler, and I'll be a gentleman, and brew for you and me.'

'I never taste punch,' refused Suffie abstemiously.

'Half a glass, a single drop, Miss Suffie, you really should, you need it under the present trial to your feelings,' pressed Mr. George so solicitously and insinuatingly that he might have been suspected of knowing that Suffie was entitled to heavy damages, and of having a design to share them with her. But Suffie declined more absolutely than before.

'You may as well let her alane,' observed Mrs. Aikenhead carelessly. 'Eelen and her are as good as teetotalers without needing to take the pledge. They pick like sparries and they cannot taste malt or spirits; it is my belief they cannot swallow anything stronger than peppermints, any more than the bairns.'

'Come, we're losing time, George,' the master of the house pulled up the lawyer: 'what did that fellow Ord say to you on the road to Sandycroft, or on the way back, I'm not particular which, of what had been between him and Suffie?'

'Why he owned that he had enjoyed the honour of the young lady's acquaintance.'

'A parcel of havers! Tam Ord never made sic a fine fule speech in all his born days,' interrupted Mrs. Aikenhead unceremoniously. 'We do not want you to help it out, let us have the plain facts, George.'

Nettled by the implied contempt for his flowers of rhetoric, and by the familiarity of the surname without any preface which sounded more unwarrantable from Mrs. Aikenhead's lips than from her husband's, George burst out maliciously: 'Well, ma'am, the Captain

spoke of a lad and a lass story between him and Suffie Quhair and how he could not be expected to look at an old lass like that now. Two of the Quhairs had grown like porpoises, and the other two were as crined and brown as shrimps, and the whole set were after him like sharks. Sailor's jargon, followed by the roar of a laugh, if you will have it.'

'The vulgar brute with his porpeses and his sherimps,' cried Mrs. Aikenhead, testifying her wrath by her scorn.

'What is he, I would like to ken,' interposed Miss Jean loftily, 'but a hog's head or a Dutch galliot? a hog's head or a Dutch galliot has more truth and heart.'

Suffie said nothing; she smiled faintly with her thin lips and continued to draw imaginary lines with her scored finger. She had never thought herself anything but an ordinary aging woman, getting leaner and browner with every year she lived. The mistake she had made was in not seeing that her appearance could make any difference when she had received Tam Ord's promise and he had returned with substance to keep her ten times over.

'No names, you women,' Aikenhead called his womankind a second time to order. 'Mind the Sabbath nicht. Women's tongues, George, even the fourth commandment cannot bind them. Now, Suffie, let's see your letters to find if this gallant, faithful sea captain makes any mention of porpeses and shiremps and sharks in them.'

Suffie fumbled for the letters. The scene and the audience were out of keeping with love letters, far more so than the shop of 'a thing' and its master, who was also postmaster at Oatness, where Suffie had been wont to call when it was her Saturday into the town and receive the ship letter (which might have lain there for days) accompanied by the broad comments and loud jokes of the postmaster. When the letter reached her by Eelen or Jean, or the chance hand of butcher or baker calling at Sandycroft in passing, Suffie had read it amidst the milky surroundings of kitchen, dairy or byre. More inimical to sentiment was this back parlour of the Aikenheads', with its fumes from the shop, its tokens of the late supper, its rum punch in which she would not share, Aikenhead with his hard common sense and dry mocking humour, the 'writer lad,' a slighter man but subtle too, Bell and Jean in wrath on Suffie's account.

While Mr. Aikenhead was comparing the letters and sorting them according to dates, and Mr. George was regarding them with hawk's eyes, a cry from one of the children in bed in the next room called off Mrs. Aikenhead, departing with the strict injunction, 'Bide ye, now, you're not to read a single word till I come back. I would not lose one for a crown piece. Dinna let the men go on without me, Jean and Suff, or I'll never forgive you two.'

The little girl who had been the heroine of the jacket and the parasol at the morning chapel declined to sleep. Mrs. Aikenhead, who saw in her children small editions of herself and did not care whom she put about on their account, plucked the wide-awake child from its bed, wrapped it in the first shawl she could snatch up, and returned panting with her speed to plunge it into its father's arms, saying, 'She'll be quietest with you, Aikenhead; you can hold her while you read. Now go on with the reading.'

Aikenhead would have repudiated any other burden at the moment, but he did not reject this. He soothed the child, wrapped her up warmly, seated her comfortably before he resumed his task, telling her with gruff fondness, 'Teeny's

with father. No harm can come near Teeny on father's knee.' Teeny denuded of the parasol, the jacket and the fine hat, in her little unbordered cap and striped night-gown, rosy and bright, as only a child can pass, in a second, unscathed from a storm of crying to the broad sunshine of smiles, was an open-faced pretty, lovable looking child. Her father and mother would do their best to bring her up selfish-hearted and coarse-minded, disrespectful to their faces, disobedient behind their backs, in religion a Pharisee. But just now she was a little pouting, peeping, guileless, affectionate child, clinging to her father's protection and tenderness, sheltered and caressed by him.

Suffie the lone woman wondered wistfully would this little girl so cherished and petted, grow up to be a middle-aged, scorned, ridiculed woman? Suffie's memory, dull, like everything else about her, yet went back to far distant days when she had been the 'wee Suffie' of Sandycroft, accustomed to be guarded and fondled by her toil-worn father, down to a much later time, when the old man had revived the term softly, wandering in his mind, on his death-bed.

There had been a long enough interval for the letters to grow yellow and faded in their characters, but in Suffie's careful hands, the paper was not torn, nor the handwriting effaced. They were written —the first of them especially (the last showed flourishes and extravagancies of penmanship) in the laboriously accomplished round, clear half-text of the boy who had learned to write at a parish school.

The first letter from the boy Tam Ord to the girl Suffie Quhair began: 'Dear Suffie,—This leaves me quite well, thank God, and hopes to find you the same;' and all the earlier letters repeated the same solemn assurance, gratitude and trust in the matter of health. The letters were not unlike in other respects, except the last two or three. They were short, and largely made up of scraps of information regarding the weather, shipmates, and ports touched or arrived at, the merest scraps of sea-faring life with generally a concluding sentence, announcing 'no more at present,' but promising further tidings soon. They were the production of a man who was not a ready writer, whom the parish school and his lessons in navigation, and even his knowledge of the world, had not enabled to express himself without the greatest difficulty. They were not singular in this respect; what was significant in them was that they contained few questions after, or allusions to, friends at home. The very references which occurred in the first letter to occupations in which Suffie and he had engaged together, and to places where they had met, dwindled with every letter, and long before the last, died out altogether.

They were not demonstrative letters, but they contained unmistakable indications of the purpose which had existed in the minds of the writer and the reader. These indications were eager, importunate, and not unmixed with jealousy to begin with. Suffie must be prepared to keep house for Tam Ord. He had fallen in with this or that small piece of furniture for their house. She must not listen to a land-lubber, or be tempted by some other little farm with its cows, like Sandycroft, in his absence, or he would never wear his seal-skin cap like a man again, and he might take a leap from the bowsprit, and then she would be frightened for his spirit haunting her. These were the freest, most energetic of the letters; in the end the written talk of his married life with Suffie waxed vaguer and more incidental, until it was eschewed altogether in the

last forced formal letter four years back.

Mrs. Aikenhead made a running commentary, and gave explanatory notes, every time Aikenhead's powerful but monotonous voice came to a stop, as he passed from the reading of one letter to that of another. 'He need not have harped on his health, he was as strong as a horse ever since I kenned him, or he might have been a softer-hearted man. The thrashing mill where you sat together, the Dalgordon planting where you forgathered in, ay, Suffie, you had been a bonnie ane, in your day, for as douce an auld maid as you are now. The tea caddy—he sent that hame to her along with a daft-like Cheeney umbrella,—I dare say you have the banes of it yet, Suffie,—by another sailor lad, Innes or Cunnings, I forget which now, and I have the tea caddy with its hinge gone wrang. Suffie gave it to me from him, for it came about the time we were going together, Aikenhead. They were deutices, every hair of his gear we ever saw, for he was keeping it all up to dazzle her een with when he came home, the forsworn villain with his screeds of lees!' finished Mrs. Aikenhead indignantly, setting at nought Aikenhead's prohibition from calling names. Suffie listened, with her eyes lowered, her teeth set, her hands clutched in a certain bitter satisfaction, as to her vindication.

'I think there's enough there, George,' said Aikenhead, putting his hand past his child and covering the packet of letters with it, 'to keep this fine Oatness captain from being on with the new love before he is off with the auld, or else has made it up to her.'

'Certainly, I should say Captain Ord has gone too far, unpardonably so, Miss Suffie,' stammered Mr. George, weighing his words in order not to say too much, and going on to say exactly the wrong thing: 'I should not like to be in such an uncommon disagreeable scrape myself.'

'I'm glad to see you're of my way of thinking, Mr. George,' Mr. Aikenhead coolly congratulated the divided limb of the law.

'The new love—who's she, when she's at home?' demanded Mrs. Aikenhead, excitedly, 'she must be a bold cutty no ill to court, him not hame aboon three weeks, and having aye had the word of our Suffie. Who is't, Aikenhead? Is't that upsetting randy Meg Rogers, or that cauld potato Ann Birrel, or that——'

'Bell, my wife, no names, did not I insist? Fie! on the Sabbath night. You need not glower, Suffie, there is not such a she, as far as I can tell, but when she comes she'll pay her price. Captain Ord had as well learn that in time, George. And now I dare say it will be the hour—nine has chappit, I hear—for you, Jean and Suffie, taking your feet in your hand and stepping. Eelen will be out of all patience, she'll think you've gone off with the salmon-fisher, or another saucy Jacky Tar. But keep your minds easy. Captain Ord shall not give the go-by to one of my folk—or Bell's, which is the same thing—without paying the penalty. Are you for going too, Mr. George? Well, it's Sabbath nicht, and we must be moderate. Will you find you hat and the door, sir? I cannot move for wakening my bit lassie, she's like a top now, poor woman, and I must carry her straight to bed before she stir again.'

'There is no call for your seeing my sisters to Sandycroft,' suggested Mrs. Aikenhead; 'but if you're so polite, Mr. George, it will just be a pleasant walk after supper, and it is good daylight all the night through at this time of the year.'

Good daylight was what Mr. George did not desire it to be. It

was one thing to eat stews and get at the bottom of a breach of promise of marriage, with the Misses Quhair, in the privacy of Geordie Aikenhead's back room, and another to be beguiled into escorting two homely old maids the better part of a mile in the inquisitive eyes of such stragglers as were yet abroad at Oatness; and Oatness never wanted its stragglers from midday to midnight, from midnight to midday back again.

CHAPTER XI.

Within a week of the Sabbath night's supper at the Aikenheads', an important step was taken in the combat which could not be called single, waged between Captain Ord and Suffie Quhair.

Mr. George had not failed on the first encouragement to communicate to Captain Ord the spirit in which his adversaries were, and the weapons which they held in reserve for him, should he marry according to his rise in rank, as he fully intended to do.

Captain Ord was a man gifted with presence of mind, and resolution; and he was not a man to lose a point on which he had set his heart, by a beggarly economy. He empowered Mr. George to deal with the Quhairs and the Aikenheads, to bring them to a compromise, by inducing them to accept a sum of money and grant him his freedom.

Mr. George felt a man of more consequence than he had ever done in his life before,—'strutting and crowing like a bantam cock,' Mrs. Aikenhead described him,—feeling that his fortune as a practitioner in Oatness was made.

Aikenhead was calm and wary, and would not move an inch from the ground which he had taken up. It was in vain that George reasoned, argued, jumped about in heat and perturbation, represented his client as indifferent and untroubled, threatened, if the case were brought into a court of law, an overwhelming expenditure of lacs of rupees on the part of the millionaire Captain, to secure his victory. Not till George returned piteously to Captain Ord and shook his head again and again; not till Captain Ord raised the premium as George named it without equivocation, to a sum which George thought far above the value of the youngest, bonniest lass who ever walked on the sea braes, or the sands of Oatness, did Aikenhead betray the least disposition to close with the offer.

Mrs. Aikenhead and Miss Jean would still have resisted, and would rather have liked the odium of a court of law as thrown on Captain Ord, not minding what would have been Suffie's feelings as to her share in it.

But Aikenhead was a practical as well as a long-headed man. 'Take it, lass,' he counselled Suffie, 'you'll never get such another chance. He's restless yet, and in a panic—that's why he proposes it. But drag him to a court, he'll not have a grain more to fear from you. No jury will award you a third of the money as damages. Juries are but men, Suffie, and they judge mostly by the een. It's my advice to you to accept the Captain's four hundred and give him a line off your hand that he may go and marry one of the royal family if he and they like, and if the parliament will grant him liberty. I've said my say, Suffie, and if you do not agree, mind you're not to plague me any more about the business.'

Miss Eelen and Miss Suffie had really been passive tools in Aikenhead's hands; they laid their heads together and settled that four hundred pounds was a great deal of money, and determined whatever Bell and Jean said, they could not set their face against the opinion of Geordie Aikenhead, and think of

going on in the affair without him. So Suffie surrendered those bald, simple old letters which had been written and read with better hopes and fears; copied and signed what Aikenhead dictated as a relinquishment of her claims on Captain Ord, and finally with a mingled sense of pride and shame, gave a receipt, the only receipt Suffie had ever given in her life—because Eelen and Jean did all the business at the bank with which they, and their father before them, had always dealt—for what Bell and Jean denominated hush-money.

When the sum was transferred to Suffie's credit in the bank, she felt like an heiress, and in addition to other cares and responsibilities was the weight of this siller—whether to let it lie (but banks broke occasionally) or how to lay it out to most profit, since Geordie Aikenhead did not want it for his shop.

'I'll tell you what, Eelen,' Suffie resolved at last, and communicated, in the confidence of the milking hours, her project to her favourite sister, 'I think if Geordie Aikenhead does not disapprove, I'll buy three more kye in the meantime and we'll bring up all our best quey calves next spring. We supply the most feck of Oatness as it is, but if you liked we might start a milk cart and send it round by Wester Logie and Braid Law and that gate. They say the poor bodies there cannot get a soup of milk for their tea or their parritch, though they were to pay twice over for it, and they have to keep nasty mischievous monkeys of nanny-goats for milk to the bairns.'

'Very well, Suffie,' assented Eelen, 'it would be more fash, but it would be more divert, and if we two were willing, Jean would not object. I dare say Norie could drive the cart and be answerable for the bawbees, and we might get a younger herd laddie to help him. And eh! it would be a grand thing for the bodies at Wester Logie and Braid Law,' ended Eelen with a little brightening and swelling of her weather-beaten, spare person, under a sudden inspiriting sense of Suffie and herself as public benefactresses.

'And I can keep my coat, now,' Miss Jean consoled herself over her large patterned soiled embroidery.

How Captain Ord had got rid of his engagement with Miss Suffie Quhair, was no secret at Oatness. Few events were secrets there, and Captain Ord had no wish to hide this one under a bushel. He chose to set it abroad, not only as a matter of policy, lest a mistaken impression of his fidelity as a lover might spoil his views of marriage, but because he really reckoned it a feather in his cap. He was proud of his own promptness and liberality. He went about scattering his broad hints and hilarious laughter: 'You young fellows, take care what you are about. Courting a lass seems a natural proceeding and no great harm in it, but, lord! if you put it on black and white and the wind veer, you may smart for it, and pay smartly for your luxury. Don't I know it to my cost? A few cool hundreds are no great matter to me, to be sure, and may they do the old lass good—get her, George, or some other spark drawn in next, I'll be happy to give her away, ha! ha! but they are rather a pretty penny for a man to pay, all for the pleasure of courting a lass fifteen years gone.'

Oatness agreed with Captain Ord here as elsewhere, credited that he had dealt handsomely by Miss Suffie Quhair—nay, like most auxiliaries, went a step farther than its hero, and decreed that any disgrace attached to the matter appertained to the woman.

'It was very mercenary of Miss Suffie to take his money, Miss Ann,' pronounced Miss Henny Wood; 'to

barter his heart, or what should have been his heart, for gain, though it had been hundreds of thousands. It is letting down women in men's eyes; for my part I am black ashamed of it. But what could you expect from a common woman taken up her life long with cows? There is no denying the Captain is well quit of her, and as he has given her what she cared for, no blame can rest with him. I am glad of that, because he's so fine a man, and he is free to turn his attentions in another quarter. It is to be hoped that he will seek some heart which cannot be bought this time, that is all I will say, Miss Ann, some refined woman to teach him another lesson.'

Mrs. Captain Peter Clephane, the next time she paid her milk and butter account at Sandycroft—and she walked out to Sandycroft for the purpose—said, without going about the bush, to Miss Suffie, 'So, Miss Suffie, I hear you have taken a ransom and set your old beau at liberty. I've nothing to say against the ransom, "a bird in the hand is worth two in the bush;" but I would like to have heard my first, or my second, or my third seek his liberty back again at my hand, after he had delivered it into my keeping. Miss Suffie, I'm free to confess that I affect a woman who can speak up for herself and hold her bargain against the world. I tell you again I've nothing to say against ransoms, ransoms be it, but I've no notion of snools.'

Suffie had another friend who delivered her opinion with equally little hesitation, and coupled it with an evil prophecy.

Jael Cairns, named after the wife of Heber the Kenite, was the old widowed mother of Saunders Cairns a middle-aged working man, stolid like most ploughmen, with the original pattern in him stamped out by the absolute despotism of his mother, and who with Norie the herd, formed the retainers of Sandycroft. There were no labourers' cottages at Sandycroft, so that the Cairns and Norie occupied a house in the nearest suburb of Oatness, and bitten with the *fureur* for lodging-letting, offered a spare room to a humble sea-bather.

Jael's was a one story, 'clay biggin,' roughly white-washed in order to lend attraction to its little blue ticket with the ambitious word 'lodgings' in yellow letters decorating its front. There were only a but and a ben by way of interior accommodation. The but was the family room with a box bed, where Jael's bones rested of nights, and there was a 'to-fa',' or very superficial lean-to which represented the sleeping room of Saunders and Norie—the latter a boarder, not a lodger. The ben was the spare room reserved for the stoical sea-bather. But Jael was what is called in Scotland a 'purpose body,' not only orderly, one of those exceptionally cleanly women who occur in a nation of strong-willed, scornful slovens. Saunders and the boy Norie (if they had dared to disturb the economy of Jael's house when they were in it) were absent from dawn till sunset, carrying their dinners afield with them. Jael having, as she boasted, her hands long loosed from a trail of bairns, enjoyed abundance of time for her rites. Her floors were whiter than the most aristocratic door steps, her deal tables were scoured to a delicate dainty straw colour, her birch chairs, black with age, were rubbed brighter than any curious old ebony chair in the drawing-rooms of the Park or the Rymont, her few pots and pans glittered like silver. Saunders and Norie dared not enter without scraping the clay from their shoon with a handy bit of tile more sedulously than when they were admitted to an audience of their mistresses at Sandycroft. They dared not touch tankard or plate till they

had retired and performed ablutions at the pump at the back of the house.

Suffie had known Jael Cairns all her life, and had never passed Jael's door going or coming from Oatness, save when Suffie sped on that appeal to Tam Ord, without looking in on Jael to tell her how the family were at Sandycroft, how many pints of milk the kye were giving, what were the prospects of the stubble butter and the last cheese of the season. Jael had been wont to rally Suffie on these occasions with no unwelcome rallying,—'when am I to get my gown, Miss Suffie? You'll be minding my gown,' in allusion to the future wedding livery.

The first time Suffie went to see Jael after the rupture between Suffie and Captain Ord and the 'amends' which she had taken, Jael received her with ominous ceremony. 'Come in by and sit you down, Miss Suffie Quhawr.'

Jael was exceedingly thin, so as to look hollowed out in front, and a skeleton with a gown hung over it behind. She stood before Suffie, in her dark wrapper, with her close cap—unbordered like Teeny Aikenhead's—setting off the sharp outline of Jael's high ridge of a nose, and peaked chin, as it set off Teeny's round rosy cheeks. 'I have lost my gown,' she said, 'but that is neither here nor there; you've lost your man, and you should not have taken siller from him, no, though he boded it on you, Miss Suffie. He'll not thrive, and it'll not thrive. You should have left vengeance to the Lord; I trow Captain Ord, nor no other captain, can buy a pardon from Him. There is one sin whose punishment is seen on a man before he goes off the face of the earth, and that is a man's lee to a woman.'

'It mann be often seen then, Jael,' remonstrated Suffie, with a touch of irony, strange on her lips.

'Often or seldom, Miss Suffie, it is seen, and you'll see 't. I'm seventy-two, and I may not be to the fore to be a witness, but I've never kenned it fail. Yon man will be punished without you, so you should not have touched his siller. I've liked siller as well as my neighbours in my day, but if e'er a lad had used me in the way Captain Ord did you, as I'm an honest woman, a plack of his would have brunt me to the bane. I'm an auld woman, and I served your mother; I'm free to tell you, Miss Suffie, you should not have touched his siller.'

Thus from widely different sources, from the disgust of Miss Henny Wood and her set, which rumour carried to the offender, from the out-spoken worldly contempt of Mrs. Captain Peter Clephane; from the righteous condemnation of a poor proud woman like Jael, Suffie's eyes were opened by degrees to the nature of her act, its full import, and the estimation in which it was held among men.

Long after the brief vanity of feeling herself an heiress, and even the more solid satisfaction of fitting out a milk cart and sending it round by Wester Logie and the Braid Law had died out, it became branded on Suffie's mind that she had done a mean thing in taking Captain Ord's money. She had associated herself with him in an act of falsehood. She had taught him, as Miss Henny Wood had said, that hearts could be bought and sold. She had bartered her wrongs. The knowledge, late of coming, did not work the less thoroughly, or grow the less surely on that account. Suffie never spoke of it to a living creature. She never thought of giving back the money, that would have been more easily said than done, and it would have seemed to Suffie like an injury to Eelen and Jean, not to say the

humble households of Wester Logie and the Braid Law. But she hung her head furtively more and more, always the more shame-stricken, stung and goaded. In place of her old, oddly composed confidence, made up of ignorance and naïve pride and lowliness, she grew to feel like a hunted creature, the butt of her fellows, pointed out and jeered at as 'Suffie Quhair, who got the money off Captain Ord for giving him back his *promise*.' How she learned to hate the terms; how she wished, quiet woman as she was, that she had flung back his promise, torn it, trampled on it, spit on it—anything but sold it.

CHAPTER XII.

The ladies of Oatness began afresh to bridle and think of promotion. Captain Ord was an untrammelled bachelor again. There was no saying who would be the fortunate woman to recapture him and hold him in surer ward; no saying what would be the lucky hit of flounces, or sashes, or curls, or plaits, which should smite the recusant Captain to the dust, and render him the abject slave of a new irresistible mistress.

It seemed only to lend a greater zest to the attack—campaign it had better be called—the recognition of the fact that it was but a mere moiety of the prosperous adventurers returning and settling in Oatness, who took to themselves wives of the daughters of the town, or of any other town. Sailing round the world appeared to harden the hearts of the sailors, rendering them tough rather than brittle; or else the men set such store on their successes, and were in such terror of being walked over and come round because of them, that the possessors never found charms for which to offer them in fair exchange. If the nabobs were really on the look-out for wives, they remained on the look-out for impossible advantages, as they had never looked out from their mast-heads for Utopian lands, until the women had their revenge of pitying the men in their forlorn dotage.

There were two types of bachelorhood at Oatness: the Captain Guthrie type—brazen-faced, copper-nosed, not so good as they should have been, given to drinking, card playing, profane swearing, leering, and ogling; who were so lost to grace as neither to attend kirk nor chapel, and of whom there was a tradition only second in awfulness, that no decent woman ever darkened, or in this case, lightened their doors. These were the real, live, salt-flavoured Lotharios and Lovelaces whom discreet spinsters regarded with a kind of horrified fascination as the supposed destroyers and professed enemies of their sex, on whose approach they scattered and scuttled away like a flock of wild fowl, but not without looking over their shoulders, and craning their necks for a glimpse of the buccaneers in morals. Looking over our shoulders at this distance of time it strikes the world as most credible, that the Captain Guthrie type were not so bad as they made believe; that their ostentatious mocking professions of vice were perhaps the worst things about them. These men were capable of much old world fidelity and rough-and-ready generosity, and were incapable of hypocrisy except of that defiant, desperate kind which only affects evil. The ladies of Oatness, though they stood by their most lawless Captain in trouble, as he stood by them, did not esteem the class in this modified light. The ladies regarded the tars as they showed they wished to be regarded, under the guise of men who had relinquished perforce their wicked ex-

ploits, but who were wicked enough still to chuckle over the memories of them, to entertain vile opinions of women, and to poison the minds of any unhappy lads who frequented their houses. Nevertheless the lads themselves maintained that the captains in private gave them nothing but good advice, and always spoke respectfully of the lads' mothers. In opposition there was Mr. Masterman, type of another order of bachelor—hard, pompous, and formal, finical, and fretful. He had a great attachment to ladies, and went so far as to attend their parties—sometimes the single man present, in light vest and tight stock, like a cock in a barnyard of hens, in spite of the shout of derision raised by Captain Guthrie and his crew. The Mastermans of Oatness had kept the hearts of their female contemporaries in a flutter by their little attentions, without flinging their handkerchiefs to any heroine for the last twenty years. No less a person than the eldest of the independent, dashing Misses Rogers had been aiming with her bow and spear at the chief, for the better part of the time, ever since she had suffered to subside into a devoted friendship her daring assault on Dr. Spottiswoode in the early days of his widowhood. This was so bold a venture, that it was only whispered even among the ladies of Oatness as a species of sacrilege against the church, in its dignitary. It is mentioned to prove that Miss Rogers was no ignoble or inexperienced combatant, yet she had not brought Mr. Masterman down. Surely the tactics of this type of single men were a refinement of cruelty, and Captain Guthrie and his myrmidons were not altogether wrong when they asserted that such conduct was the fraudulent means of getting preserves made, and slippers worked, and the set in their occasional illnesses coddled, as if they kept no end of efficient housekeepers, uxorious sisters, and fondling nieces.

Captain Ord might follow either of these bad examples, but the sanguine feminine mind of Oatness said No. Captain Ord was not like the two former leaders,—he was too susceptible of admiration, too jaunty, too respectable for Captain Guthrie; he was too frank and hearty for Mr. Masterman. Besides, why had he been in such a hurry to get rid of Miss Suffie Quhair, who could not have troubled him much, so long as he remained a bachelor, if he did not propose to lay his heart and hand at another woman's feet speedily? At whose feet? There was the rub. The only point on which the public was agreed, was that the unknown somebody must be very unlike Miss Suffie Quhair. Miss Margaret Rogers at the human antipodes from Miss Suffie as she judged herself correctly, nothing daunted by her sister's fruitless siege of Mr. Masterman, bought an autumn shawl pelisse expressly to celebrate the Captain's emancipation.

The world of Oatness was right in every particular. Captain Ord was not disposed to lapse into a Captain Guthrie, or a Mr. Masterman; and he had a dream in his imagination, the princess of which was as far removed from Suffie as one of the half-blown roses of the Park garden, from a tintless, scentless daisy fast arriving at the stage described by Wordsworth as that of 'a starveling in a scanty vest,' ready to be cropped by the kye on the Sandycroft pasture. Captain Ord was looking high with a vengeance; that presumptuous stare, which Miss Jean had remarked on the very first Sabbath, directed to one of the galleries in Oatness kirk, had not been without its meaning.

In the meantime the Captain was going deliberately to work, spouting like a narwhal restored to its most congenial element of freedom,

cracking jokes and dispensing largesses, but waiting not impatiently till he should be taken out into the higher society of Oatness, and lifted for his merits, without any great effort of his own, clean above his original sphere. He did not do himself harm, either by pushing or sneaking; he had a kind of natural shrewdness and manliness in the block, which prevented him from falling into those snares. At the same time he proved that he was not intending to hold back from overtures directed to him by the better classes in accepting Mrs. Captain Peter Clephane's invitations to Ball Place, and going and disporting himself in her drawing-room till her curiosity was satisfied. When that goal was reached, it was true she kept him at a convenient distance, by one of the most barefaced pieces of impertinence Mrs. Captain Peter had ever committed. 'Ye ken I'm a lone woman,' said the ugly old creature, demurely, 'and I would not like to be spoken of. I've had my men—three of them in my day—but I've aye taken care not to be spoken of. And if you were fickle in our love affair, Captain, I could not answer for my feelings. You might have my death laid at your door, for I'm not so souple as I used to be; and it would be hard, at my time of life, to have to guard both against the effects of a love affair, and the rheumatism.'

If any man or woman had seen the scowl with which Captain Ord descended the stairs at Ball Place, after pretending to take its mistress's rebuff in good part, his or her faith in the Captain's good nature,—that good nature which was so transparent and affluent at a first glance, might have been shaken.

But even over Mrs. Captain Peter Clephane Captain Ord's triumph was preparing.

One morning in September, Captain Ord went to Edinburgh by the boat, Captain Ord, by courtesy, as he had been when he returned to Oatness. Next day he came back Thomas Ord, Esq., of Dalgordon, the Laird of Dalgordon, the estate next to the Park, as large again as the Park, and fifty times more valuable; for was it not worth three thousand a year, and without a single liability, with a Sir John Vanburgh type of mansion diminished to Scotch means and capacity, which an Anglo-Scotch earl had not been above counting one of his mansions and occupying occasionally? Tam Ord in an earl's house, and not as a guest but master, was almost more than the credulity and the loyalty of Oatness could stand. It was a necessary safety-valve that he had not the crumbling corner of a grey tower which lent such venerable respectability to the Park, or the old family name sounding as if it suited and were wedded to the designation of the land, which was mellowed and consecrated by time, and dear to the tenacious, semi-worldly, semi-romantic Scotch heart.

But if Captain Ord had not these items, he had a great deal to make up for their absence. He had fruitful fields, with their living subjects of tenants and labourers. He had preserves as well supplied and stocked with game as any preserves within ten miles, though he had never fired at a bird save a crow, or a seagull. He had a park in which it would take hours for a man accustomed to no greater space than a quarter-deck to roll from clump to clump of Scotch firs and evergreens; and when he had accomplished the task, the bounds would seem to him as great as those of a moderate island in the Indian or the Pacific Ocean. He had an avenue so much older than himself, going back to his earliest

antecedents, that even in that bleak tree-hating country each tree was sufficient to afford him a better shade than cuddy, hencoop, and tarpaulin all taken together, when he chose to lie on his back and puff his pipe at the dappled sapphire autumn sky. He had stables built on the most improved principle, and commodious coach-houses, irrespective of the fact that he could ride no better than Billy Button, whose misadventures he remembered witnessing at the circuses when he was a boy; and although he was familiar with palanquins and buggies, he had never driven in his private carriage. He had kennels which were built on the model of a minute Gothic castle, and were considered perfect ornaments to his grounds; and yet he, of all men, had never acknowledged the want of so much as a mongrel cur by way of attached faithful friend—had never thought of a pet, except a brilliant-plumaged cruel-beaked parrot. He had gardens and greenhouses, stocked with vegetables and fruit which he had hardly ever tasted (for be it remembered his experience was oriental), and flowers he had never seen, the end of which he could not guess, unless in the form of—the most glaring of them, to flourish, and perish in his button-hole. The primitive fallow ground of his mind and manners on these questions, his broad and boisterous vulgarity, staggered the very officials at Dalgordon in the act of laying themselves out for his good graces, and soliciting his favour to retain them at their posts.

It was a dreadful trial for the faith and hero-worship of Oatness, coupled as it was with the foreboding of mortal disappointment to so important a section of its inhabitants as its single ladies. To captivate Captain Ord, even with the fame of countless thousands, was one thing, and lay still within the province of reason and sanity. To dream of being the lady of Dalgordon, driving in a finer carriage than the Park phaeton, and taking precedence, by the right of the superior size and unmortgaged condition of the Dalgordon estate, of Mrs. Wedderburn and Miss Erskine at the ball in the Cherry-Tree Rooms, was quite another thing, beyond even the temerity of Miss Margaret Rogers. The shawl pelisse was a wasteful purchase, its autumn elegance thrown away, unless it served to recall to his former allegiance that flippant time-serving fellow Dr. Dudgeon beginning to persuade people, for his own ends, that he was paying homage to the deep blue stockings of Clementina Spottiswoode.

At the first shock Oatness gaped. The self-possessed, strong-willed town was overcome, and did not know what decision to come to. For several days the popularity of Captain Ord hung wavering in the balance. Had he been guilty of the slightest indiscretion, had he departed by a hair's breadth from the line of conduct which he had instinctively adopted and adhered to, his town, which had welcomed him with open arms, which had enthroned and crowned him and stood by him to a man, that town, the ban or the blessing of which was no trifle, would have broken out against him in fierce rebellion.

However, Captain Ord behaved admirably. He was as proud and vain-glorious of Dalgordon as he had been of his Chinese crapes and boxes of tea, but he did not shirk a single old association, or fight shy in a solitary instance of his origin, kindred, acquaintances, any more than he had ever done. He afforded sufficient indications of being, so long as he was left to himself and not corrupted by other lairds, as domineeringly, flourishingly, open-handed in rights of way, near cuts, shinty ground, cows' grass, as in

feather fans and silk handkerchiefs. He did not immediately retreat to Dalgordon, shut himself up in the sanctuary of his mansion, and fence himself with his accessions of rank and privilege, thus wounding the vanity and aggravating to animus the envy of his townspeople. He stayed easily on with Mrs. John Ord, notwithstanding that the consideration of the entertainment of the Laird of Dalgordon, and of the immense increase of importance, if that were possible, of her Johnnie as heir presumptive of a landed property, all but extinguished that heavily taxed woman, till he should have seen about the refurnishing and supplying with servants of Dalgordon, and be in circumstances to remove comfortably to his final berth and ride at anchor for what was left of his cruise. The greatest change in his habits was that before riding at anchor, he rode on horseback every day to Dalgordon. He had bought a horse, kept it at the Ship Inn, and exercised it as aforesaid. With the determination and dauntlessness which characterised him, he had missed the intervening steps of riding schools, leading strings, and quiet ponies, and started at once, a man of seafaring pursuits and mature years, to learn to ride on a tall spirited horse. Of course, though active in spite of his stoutness and his gait on foot, he sat like a sack in the saddle, and people said that he went out with his life in his hand. But though he was thrown more than once, he never confessed to a bruise, and he laughed the longest and the loudest at the accidents. He would not be beaten either by ridicule or unskilfulness; he would not desist till he had mastered the art that other men acquired, like climbing nests, when boys. Very soon the rude laughter which his exploits raised in his audience, died out or changed into a thunder of applause at his somewhat uncouth progress, while his reputation for courage and spirit throve apace.

Captain Ord's actions might be ruled by a certain amount of good taste, or by no taste at all, by some moderation and modesty of temperament lurking somewhere in his composition, or by hardy unbounded self-confidence, it was difficult for the onlookers at the time to say. Even on the actions themselves and their results, there were different verdicts.

'It might be worth one's while to cultivate Captain Ord,' suggested Mr. Harkness of Corehead, the great law agent of the country, to whom Mr. George was as Mr. Young to Dr. Spottiswoode; 'the fellow has got lots of tin, and paid down our purchase money without offering a bond, if he had ever heard of one. He is not so very bad in his way, not worse than other sailors who are not naval men, than they used to be at least. I wish some one would give him a hint to keep his low connections at a distance, because so long as he maintains a set of that kind about him, he is ruined though he buy Dalgordon twice over. I am inclined to think it is a mistake his coming back here at all; he ought to have gone and set up for a nabob in a strange place, eh, Mr. Wedderburn?'

Everybody at Oatness knew that Mr. Harkness and his wife were more particular as to birth and breeding, and more inaccessible in making acquaintances, than the families of the gentlemen for whom Mr. Harkness was agent. There was more style assumed at Corehead than at the Park, or Fauldhill, or any establishment far or near short of that of the Lord Lieutenant. It was a plausible if not particularly ingenious expedient for intensifying the more slender line of demarcation between the vulgar and Mr. Harkness, who was only a lawyer of a professionally higher stamp than Mr.

George, and the son of a land steward, whom he took care to establish in another county, and Mrs. Harkness, whose parents were unknown, but who had been the *protégée* of an idle lady. But the profane vulgar, not to be imposed upon, kept clamouring and hooting at the thin, false pretence.

Mr. Wedderburn was not one of the profane vulgar; he took Mr. Harkness's observation in simple earnest, while he craved leave to object to its substance. 'Do you think so, Mr. Harkness?' he inquired, in surprise. 'I hold quite the contrary opinion. I judge that there may be the making of a gentleman about Ord, by his not being ashamed of his own relations. I mean to call upon him, and ask him if I can be of any use to him at Dalgordon. You know I am his next neighbour.'

Mr. Wedderburn was as good as his word. Mr. Harkness had carried his presence and his condescension into Mrs. John Ord's parlour. He had addressed Captain Ord at every second word as 'Captain,' pointed out that the saucepan was boiling over on the fire, and knocked his head against the table, and his feet against the door, in stooping to pick up the ribbed morsel of soap which Mrs. John employed to render pliable her stiff seam of shirts for the great Mogul, till even the thick-skinned equanimity of Captain Ord was disturbed, and he was tempted to cry, 'Dash the old 'torney's impudence, I'll stick to George.' Mr. Wedderburn called, and could have crept into a mouse's hole with his limber legs and limber body not to put about anybody, disarrange anything, or see what he should not see. He cast into complete oblivion that remote story of Fish Meg's concerning the old despotic laird of the Park, and a certain bold, barefaced laddie who had stolen pizz and been shut up among the bogles of the grey tower. The new laird of Dalgordon, more buoyant and hilarious than ever, had the greatest mind to speak of it in the middle of the thrill of honour which every Oatness man must feel to the bottom of his heart, at being acknowledged by Wedderburn of the Park.

Captain Ord had won the day; his star was only rising higher—to the zenith of the Oatness horizon where hung such crazy luminaries as the Wedderburns and the Erskines. He had taken Oatness a second time by storm.

Before the leafless trees, the gathered-in stooks, the cows shut up in the house and put upon turnips at Sandycroft heralded the townspeople's exultant reclaiming of the main body of their houses, their scrupulous cleansing of their homes from the defilement of strangers, their shaking off the incubus of the presence of the seabathers in the streets and on the beach, and bursting out into the late blow of native finery and gaiety to make up for their summer's confinement, flags floated again for Captain Ord's taking possession of Dalgordon. Bumpers were drunk to his health in the Ship Inn, tenants present and to come took off their hats obsequiously to him, in the High Street and at the kirk gate.

Dissentient voices were silent or changed their note. 'I'm coming out to return all your visits at Dalgordon, Laird. I'm an auld woman, and nobody will pay heed to what we do, and I'll see your grand house, and lawn, and pleached walk, and all the rest of it. I was once there in my Lord's time, at the feast when his son came of age, him—the Master who has turned out the spendthrift and vagabond on the face of the earth, not gathering fug like some rolling stones,—ay, they're the right kind,—but I've never forgotten the taste of the Dalgordon grapes and peaches;'

and Captain Ord, though he had outgrown Mrs. Captain Peter Clephane's patronage, freely cancelled her offences of mockery and mischief, and promised that she would not need to forget the taste of the Dalgordon grapes and peaches.

Even the Aikenheads had nothing worse to say than, from Mrs. Aikenhead, 'If Suffie Quhair had been worth her lugs, to think where she might have been now!'

From Aikenhead: 'Hout awa with you, woman, the thing was out of the question; you may see that now. And if Suffie had gone to Dalgordon, my word! you would have been the first to resent her high seat, and to make it as hard as you could. Suffie has no reason to complain, and it is not for us to bear malice if the Captain bear none. Live and let live, that's my motty. We're as well off as our neighbours, and have no call to cast cat's een at their fish.'

'Wha's casting cat's een, Aikenhead, or letting themselves down for custom, when we've more than we care for? Was it me or was it you who promised to order the spice which we did not keep among spices enough, from Edinburgh, for that fashous madam, Mrs. Lamb of Fauldhill, at the instigation of the Heelant hussie of a waiting-maid?' retorted Mrs. Aikenhead; and then she gave her nasty tongue full license to wag. 'She's a runawa, that lass—such another as the polished scoundrel of a salmon-fisher whom folk have made such a wark about; they're ill off for a wark; but they two are as like as if you had spitten them. They say Spottiswoode's assistant, dreich and genteel, though he's just the dominie at Fauldhill himself, is going wrong after her; everybody about the place kens but Fauldhill and Mrs. Lamb. That will be a fell downcome—a scandal as they call it in auld Babylon.'

Even Suffie felt, as she stood in the dim lantern light of the byre, among the breath of kine and the steam of new milk, letting Eelen or Jean pass before her to the house with the evening's milking, that it would not have been fit that she should have mated with Ord of Dalgordon. 'But I'm sure I do not grudge him his servants and his flambeaux,' reflected Suffie, whose ideas of the new dignity of her old lover belonged to antiquity, and were somewhat confused, as she stood plaiting a straw, and looking up abstractedly into the black gulfs of the 'couples' and the rats' holes over head, which were yet near the stars. 'He's welcome to them for me, if only I had never soiled my honest fingers with his dirt of money, for well I wot it's true what Jael said, it's burning me to the bane.'

RAMBLES.

By Patricius Walker, Esq.

The Winding Banks of Erne.

ERNE has been defrauded of its just rank among rivers by the accidental prevalence of one word rather than another in speaking of it. Shannon, for all its chain of lakes, is still and everywhere called *river*; Erne, though its waters run continuously and ceaselessly from source to sea, bears for the greater part of its journey the name of *lough*, and lough or lake (thrice famous as some are) is on the whole a far lower title than river. The River Erne (I would fain call it so as a whole) has a course of some seventy miles, from Lough Gowna to Donegal Bay, and pours more fresh water into the sea than any other Irish stream except the Shannon.

Lough Gowna, a lake of many creeks and twisted arms, greatest length some four miles, breadth perhaps half a mile, lies (something like a cuttle-fish on the map) not very far from the middle of Ireland, spreading and turning hither and thither among quiet fields and pastoral slopes, the boundary line of the counties Longford and Cavan invisibly dividing its clear water. Into this lake at one point of its shore, there belonging to the parish of Abbeylara, runs a rill or water-vein out of the old and famous well named Tubber Gowra (*Tobar Gamhra*), 'The Well of the Calf;' for out of this well, saith the legend, arose one day in ancient time a marvellous magical Calf, and as it galloped down the field the waters followed it, nor ceased to pursue until Calf and torrent plunged into the tide at Ballyshannon. The rising of a lake out of a well, usually with miraculous circumstances attending, is one of the commonest events in Irish legendary history. The lakes and rivers of the country were very important objects to the earliest dwellers in the island, affording the safest and pleasantest dwelling-places, in islands and lake-huts (*crannoges*), the readiest ways of moving, and an abundance of fish and fowl. Perennial spring-wells too were notable centres of attention and resort in the rude and simple life of hunter and herd and savage-cottager, and easily accepted a character of sacredness. Added to this, the natural mysteriousness and beauty of living water, ever stimulating to the fancy, with perhaps the memory of some remarkable inundations to help, soon produced stories enough of marvellous animals, and wells that the sun should never shine upon, and submerged cities, and other imaginary origins for lake and river. There is scarcely a noted lake in Ireland which has not some such legend. Out of the north-east corner of the Lake of the Calf runs a brisk stream, which is, and is called, the River Erne; this flows some ten miles among the swelling green hills of Cavan, expands intertwining among islands and promontories into *Lough Oughter*, (Upper Lake) contracts again to 'River Erne' for another ten miles or twelve, showing at Belturbet the dignity of an important stream, clear, rapid, and of good width, and then once more breaking bounds forms a watery labyrinth of countless creeks and winding channels, called Upper Lough Erne. From Belturbet to Belleek, which is four miles from Ballyshannon Harbour, the Erne is navigable by vessels of light draught. A canal eastward connects it with Lough Neagh, and thus with the Lagan

and the Bann; a canal westward links it to the Shannon. Ireland has extensive lines of internal communication by water; but these liquid ways are little used, such work as they had to do in a poor country being now chiefly done by the roads of iron.

Rich woods adorn the Earl of Erne's promontory and castle of Crum, nearly encircled by the beautiful windings of Upper Lough Erne. Near the more modern mansion are the ruins of the famous old castle of Crum, 'frontier fortress of the Protestants' in the war of William and James. In the summer of 1689, while Derry was undergoing its 105 days' siege, the Enniskilleners, under Gustavus Hamilton, held their own little town for William and Mary, and embarrassed the Jacobeans as much as they could; while at Crum, David Creighton (our Earl's ancestor) with his servants, tenants, and neighbours, stood stoutly to his defences. Lord Galmoy appeared before Crum; having no cannon ready, he got two mock pieces made of tin and painted brown, caused them to be dragged up and placed in position with great show of labour, and then summoned the garrison to surrender. But he mistook the temper of the Fermanagh men, who soon made a sally, beat off his lordship's troops, and captured the pair of tin cannon. General Macarthy, lately made 'Lord Mountcashel' by James, now marched from Belturbet on Enniskillen with a force of several thousand men, and invested Crum on his way. After some skirmishes, the main body of Enniskilleners, under Wolseley, went out against Macarthy (two thousand against five, it is said), who, leaving Crum, met them near Newtown-Butler. The Jacobeans were entirely smashed to pieces, and some 2,000 of them slain, of whom about 500 were pursued into the lake and there drowned, all but one man, who escaped by strong swimming, though many shots were fired at him. The General, fighting at the head of a few horsemen, was captured and carried into Enniskillen, severely wounded. This was on the 31st of July (O. S.), 1689. During the night following this day, the besiegers of Derry broke up their camp, and marched away disorderly, hearing probably next day of this new defeat of their side. The Enniskilleners had but twenty men killed. These English and Scottish 'Undertakers' (ancestors of most of the present leading and wealthy families of Ulster) were certainly a tough set of fellows, not ready to lightly relinquish their undertakings.

The present Lord Erne is an active man of business, has large landed estates which he manages with attention and skill, and is a large shareholder in Irish railways; he is moreover one of the twenty-eight representative peers of Ireland. The House of Lords (which is getting talked of nowadays—a dangerous position!) is already less of a purely 'hereditary' institution than many people loosely take for granted, with its twenty-eight Irish and sixteen Scottish Peers elected for life, and its thirty-one Bishops, not to speak of the legal, political, military, and other members raised for personal merit,—for these also are not 'hereditary' legislators, and it may be added that their titles more frequently than others die with the original recipient; and these four classes of Peers make up perhaps a fourth of the whole House of Lords. The principle of electing Representative Peers for life seems at first sight very reasonable. While still entrusting a very high special privilege to the hands of a class of the commonwealth, it appears to connect therewith opportunities for the exercise of sound judgment and conscientious choice. And doubtless those men of rank, and they

are not a few, who have no fitness whatever for the duties of such a House, those who are likely to neglect them systematically, those also who bring positive discredit on their order, seldom seek, and, let us hope, still seldomer obtain, an elective seat in that exalted Assembly. At the same time, it must be confessed that the practical result of the election of Irish Peers by members of their own order is that no Irish Peer, however distinguished, experienced, influential, or capable, has the slightest chance of an elective seat in the House of Lords unless his politics be avowedly and indubitably of the least progressive, or rather the most anti-progressive, type; and in Scotland the case is very nearly the same. There is now, however, one Scottish Elected Peer of Liberal ideas. Might it not be better if the Crown had some part in the choice? Thus, and by an infusion of 'Life Peers,' in such manner and proportion as might seem judicious, and a relegation of the Bishops to their dioceses and matters ecclesiastic (though it might perhaps be advisable for the present to leave one, say the Archbishop of Canterbury, to represent the Church in Parliament), a reformed Upper House might possibly be constituted without rupture or violence.

But we are on Upper Lough Erne, and a score of grassy woody isles and green promontories with the blue mountain-tops that peer above them, glide and shift scarce noticed while our eye rests on this imaginary House of Lords, vaguer than any cloud of the summer sky. A few miles below Crum we reach an island whose ancient name is *Seanadh-Mic-Manus* (pronounce it 'Shanat'), now by old-fashioned folk usually called Ballymacmanus, while others use the modern fancy name of 'Belle-isle.' This 'Belle-isle,' by the way, is one of those names that indicate the perfect disregard and contempt of Irish archæology and history which has always characterised the wealthier classes of Ireland. Old Catholic families, and here and there a liberal-minded Protestant, form the rare exceptions.

In this island were written and compiled the 'Annals of Ulster,' by Cathal Maguire, whose clan-name was Mac-Manus. He was sixth in descent from Manus, second son of Donn Maguire, who died 1302, first chief of Fermanagh of that family. From Donn's eldest son, Gilla-Isa, descended Conor Maguire, second 'Baron of Enniskillen' under the English *régime*, beheaded at Whitehall in 1642 for his part in the Irish insurrection of the preceding year. The senior representative of this chieftain family was in 1856 'a common sailor.'[1] Several attempts of the English Government to transform the chieftains of Ulster into 'Barons' and 'Earls' proved failures: the Saxonised nobles hankered after their old Keltic titles and rude supremacy; English officials, courtiers, and adventurers hankered after the lands of these absurd Irishmen, were not sorry when some new piece of 'treason' came to light, and took care to make the most of it. The new Kelto-Saxon titles quickly fell extinct, and various English and Scottish settlers became established as the territorial Lords of Ulster.

Their titles of nobility mostly date from the last century, great number of them being traceable to the political exigencies of the latter years of the Irish Parliament. These are not 'Union Peers' (a well-known phrase in Ireland), but penultimate and antepenultimate, so to speak. Most of them have mounted rather rapidly to this or that higher step from the lowest one of Baron; for example, 'Baron Erne 1768,

[1] *Four Masters*, iv. p. 1242, note.

Viscount Erne 1781, Earl of Erne 1789.' There used to be much promotion in the peerage; nor could one object to this in principle, when properly managed, provided that a peer could be moved *down* as well as up; but when the successor of the meritorious new Duke or Marquis proves to be a fop, a fool, a gambler, a knave, there appear to be no means of reducing him to the rank of Earl or Viscount by way of punishment.

But to return to Cathal Maguire, cousin to The Maguire, then Chieftain of Fermanagh. He was born in 1438, resided in his island of Shanat, was a Biatach, i.e. official keeper of a House of Hospitality, to which purpose a portion of the tribe-lands were appropriated, a Canon-chorister of Armagh, Dean of Lough Erne, Parson of Inis-Caein in Lough Erne, and the representative of a bishop for fifteen years before his death. We are told that 'he had several legitimate sons, though apparently in Holy Orders, [1]—a remark which opens up several curious questions.

His Annals (sometimes called *Annales Senatenses*), written in mixed Irish and Latin, begin with Saint Patrick, and come down to the year of the writer's death; thence continued by other hands to 1604. There are five MS. copies known, and the work is printed in Dr. O'Conor's *Rerum Hibernicarum Scriptores Veteres.*

The Annals were continued by Rury O'Cassidy, who thus entered the death of his predecessor at the pen (*translation*):—

'Anno Domini 1498. A great mournful news throughout all Erin this year, namely, the following: MacManus Maguire died this year, i. e. *Cathal ōg* ["Cathal the younger"], the son of Cathal, &c. He was a Biatach, &c. [as stated] . . He was a precious stone, a bright gem, a luminous star, a casket of wisdom; a purified branch of the canons, and a fountain of charity, meekness, and mildness, a dove in purity of heart, and a turtledove in chastity; the person to whom the learned, the poor, and the destitute of Erin were most thankful; one who was full of grace and of wisdom in every science to the time of his death, in law, divinity, physic, and philosophy, and in all the Gaelic sciences; and one who made, gathered, and collected this book from many other books. He died of the *Galar breac* ["spotted disease," small-pox] on the tenth of the calends of the month of April, being Friday, in the sixtieth year of his age. And let every person who shall read and profit by this book pray for a blessing on the soul of MacManus.'[2]

These obituary notices, severally touching, but found vague when you read many of them, and cut upon a pattern, are extremely frequent in the Irish Annals.

'Upper Lough Erne' is some twelve miles long, and perhaps four wide at widest, measured into opposite bays: the scenery everywhere of nearly the same character,—broken ranges of mountains forming the distant horizon to the westward, between which and the shore lie meadows, woods, and sylvan lawns; on the other hand, a tract of cultivated country, with numerous mansions of gentry. Among soft islands, over ninety in count, the water winds through many intricate channels.

Below Shanat the Erne again narrows to a definite river, makes several loops, gathers them together to glide by Lord Belmore's domain of Castle-Coole with its stately porticoed mansion of Portland stone and great beech-trees, then embraces with two liquid arms the fish-shaped island of Enniskillen, entirely built over by the town of

[1] Dr. O'Donovan (a Catholic), in note to *Four Masters*, A.D. 1498.
[2] O'Curry's *Lectures*, i. 85.

that name; beyond it, flowing single by the hill and ruined castle of Portora, and expanding into 'Lower Lough Erne.' The town of Enniskillen, stretching from bridge to bridge and a little beyond each bridge, mainly in one long street of fair width which bends in two or three places, dips into a hollow and rises again, is neatly built for an Irish town, and has a brisk and bustling look. It used in former years to be alive with mail-coaches; now one travels by rail to or from Dublin, Belfast, Derry, or Bundoran, and on the Lower Lake there is a pretty and comfortable steamboat. In the eyes of all Enniskilleners, Enniskillen is, next to Dublin, the most important place in Ireland. It is *par excellence* 'the Protestant Town,' inhabited and supported by a sturdy, downright, practical, and blunt-mannered race.

You find much the same kind of folk northwards all the way to Derry, but it is in the farmers of Fermanagh that you have the characteristics of this peculiar region in the strongest development. It is worth while to see a gathering of them at a cattle-fair, or afterwards at the market-inn, or railway-station, big, burly, surly, broad-shouldered, deep-voiced, huge-handed men, who drink deep draughts, swear great oaths, and relish a strong-flavoured joke, laughing hugely and calling each other by their Christian names. Neither roses nor toads seem to drop from their lips, but loads of hay, fat oxen, and cartwheels. Much of Ulster is Scoto-Hibernian; these people are more English than Scotch, and might be called the Yorkshiremen of Ulster. They are all Protestants, and most of them Orangemen. They are as tolerant of 'a papist' (any papist whomsoever) as a dog is of a rat. The Protestant landowners, millers, tradesmen, &c., of the region are of the same stuff, with class modifications,—the descendants of the men who held Crum, and won the battle of Newtown-Butler.

'Enniskillen' is the English form of *Innis-Kethleann*, the Island of Kethlenn, wife of the famous gigantic warrior Balor, of the legendary period of Irish history. Whether *Feara-Manach* means Men of the Monks (from the sanctity of Devenish?), or Men of the Marshes, or something else, appears doubtful. *Erne* received that name, say some, in place of the older one of *Saimer*, when Erna, the favourite waiting-woman of Meav, Queen of Connaught, was drowned therein; while others derive it from the Ernai, who dwelt hereabouts, a sept of the Fir-Bolgs. The Chieftainship of Fermanagh rested in the Maguire family from the thirteenth century down to its extinction under English rule. We find in the Donegal Annals the death of 'Donn Carragh Maguire, first lord of the Sil Uidhir in Fermanagh,' recorded under the year 1302. Of the *Sil Uidhir*, i.e. seed or progeny of Ivir, an ancient chief, there were several branch-families, of which the *Mac Uidhers* ('Macivers'—'Maguires') thus took the lead. This first Chieftain Maguire is described as 'the best of all Ireland for hospitality, liberality, and prowess,'[1] but this description is so often used that it goes for little. It was in dispute whether this Donn Maguire or Donnell Roe MacCarthy of Desmond was the more excellent in 'bounties and hospitalities,' but 'Donn Maguire, by the judgment of a certain learned Irish poet (who remained for a long space in the houses of the said Donn and Donnell covertly and in the habitt of a *karrogh* or common gamester, to know which of them surpassed the other), was counted to excell Donnell

[1] *Annals of Clonmacnor*, &c., A.D. 1302, translated by Magloghan.

in all good parts, as by this verse, made by the said poet, you may know,'—a verse to this effect, that Donnell MacCarthy's lands are far wider, but that Donn Maguire has always twice as many folk in his house.[1] The Maguires were usually inaugurated as chieftains on the top of Cuilcagh, that conspicuous mountain with a long horizontal sky-line, as of a gigantic barn or turf-stack, which we see southwards from various points on the Erne. In the limestone bowels of that mountain are the perennial springs of the River Shannon, definitely rising to light in a very deep round pool among the meadows below, called 'Shannon Pot,' whence flows the infant stream in a brisk clear little current. 'Maguire's country' included the greater part of the shores and islands of the Upper and Lower Loughs Erne, and the chieftain's main fortress was on Innis-Kethlenn, near the south-western end of the island, where a more modern though still venerably gray castle now stands.

Cheerfully in the summer sunshine those soft green rounded hills about Enniskillen (the stately edifice of Portora Royal School conspicuous on one of them), watch the calm waters of the labyrinthine lake, bright-glittering, or spreading soft reflections of sky and green slope, cornfield or meadow, or clump of heavy foliage, and enlivened with gliding sail-boats and the measured beat of oars. The roads and lanes near Enniskillen are more like England than Ireland; the fields bordered with hedgerows and tall trees, the cottages trim and white, with flowery porches and neat gardens. But let us step on board a sailing-boat at the west bridge, and slip away down the water with a light summer breeze. We pass Portora Hill, and the ruins of Portora Castle, that once guarded the narrow entrance of the channel,—*Port Ora*, 'Port of Lamentation,' they say, since from hereabout started most of the boats conveying funerals to Devenish. And now we glide into opener water, steering for the tall Round Tower which rises before us a little to the right.

Devenish (*Daimh-inis*, 'Ox-Isle') is a bare grassy island of some 150 statute acres, oval shaped, rising in two gentle swells, on the eastern of which stands the ruined Priory, a building finished in 1449, and the Round Tower, which is one of the oldest, most perfect, and most shapely buildings of its class in Ireland. In the sixth century of the Christian era, the holy man called Laisren, otherwise Molaise, (*mo*, 'my,' a prefix of endearment), the son of Nadfraech (for there was another Molaise, who died A.D. 638), established a monastery on this fertile Ox-Island—'Beatissimus Lasreanus ad aquilonalem partem Hiberniæ exivit, et construxit clarissimum monasterium in stagno *Herne* nomine Daimh-inis, quod sonat latine Bovis Insula.'[2] The abbot died, as recorded by the Donegal annalists, on September 12, A.D. 563, and his body was buried on the island. This early Irish monastery was, in all probability, a rude collection of detached cells, each for one monk, with a church for common worship, and a round tower, serving at once for belfry, watch, and signal-tower, and place of refuge in case of sudden attack. Not many years ago, among the ruins on Devenish were some bits of ancient much-crumbled stonework, known as 'Molaise's House,' and looked upon as the oratory, and perhaps also the dwelling, of the saint himself; but through general neglect, and contempt in some, this relic is now obliterated. The establishment on Devenish was first an

[1] *Annals of Clonmacnor*, &c., A.D. 1302, translated by Magloghan.
[2] *Life of St. Aldan*, quoted by O'Donovan, *Four Masters*, i. p. 203, note.

Augustinian Abbey; subsequently it became a Priory of the Culdees (*Ceildié Dé* = Deicoli, 'Worshippers of God'), an obscure monastic order, which seems to have arisen in the 8th century, and to have been composed of secular canons, living in special communities; their chief seat being Armagh. Five centuries later arose the Priory, whose pointed doorway and low square tower, shattered and ivied, stand solitary to-day among the weedy grass, and the tombstones old and recent, for the island is still a favourite burial-ground of the Catholics. Far over grass and water falls the shadow of the graceful Round Tower, built 1300 years ago, if our antiquary[1] be right, and we trust him well. It tapers with fine proportion to the height of some 70 feet, perfect in every gray stone, and lifts its conical cap above a rich carved cornice (a decoration peculiar to this tower) dimly visible from below, with its four sculptured human faces, one looking to each cardinal point of the compass. Under each face is a window or opening; and the several stories of the tower, once floored across, are marked by other apertures, the lowest and largest being about 12 feet from the ground, into which the monks would scramble on occasion, and pull up the ladder after them. The stones are the brown sandstone of the neighbourhood, now hard and dark with time, cut nicely to the curve of the tower, and bonded with a very thin cement of fine mortar. A few years ago an elder-bush, planted by some bird, split and threatened to destroy the conical cap, built smoothly layer after layer till it diminishes to a single conical stone for pinnacle; but the intruding plant was at last removed, and the disturbed stones being replaced, the tower, save its floors and ladders, stands perfect as on the first day that it looked across Lough Erne, and sent abroad the voice of its bell,—a little square tongueless bell (such as those of the time which are preserved in museums) struck probably with a wooden mallet. These bits of mossy weedy wall near the tower's base may be fragments of Laisren's antique little church. That here, in this grassy island, he lived and prayed and ruled his monks, died and was buried, so many centuries ago, is certain sure, and not uninteresting—little or nothing as we can gather now to distinguish the old saint from many another.

Leaving Devenish, we open one blue reach after another, sailing past woody island after island—Trasna, Carr, Ferny, White, and Long Islands, Big Paris, and Little Paris, Inisdacairn ('of the Two Cairns'), Inisfree, Inis Davon, Inis Daony, Inis Garru ('rough'), Islenamanfin ('of the Fair Woman'), Horse Island, Hay Island, Goat Island, Owl Island, and Inismacsaint (properly *Inis moy samh*, 'Island of the Plain of Sorrel'), which has given name to the large parish extending to Bundoran. In this island, amidst a tangle of old thorns and elder-trees, are an old rude stone cross and the ruins of the little church of St. Nennid, from whom is named the Hill of Knock-Ninny on the Upper Lake. More than 100 islands are scattered among the clear waters of the Lower Lake,—Rabbit, Heron, Gull, Duck, Eagle, Hare Islands, and many another, small and large, from the Otter Rock to Boe or Cattle Island, which has 1,300 acres of pasture. That long green ridge to the northward is Boe Island, as we now glide into the sea-like expanse of 'the Broad Lake,' seven miles wide at its widest, and in front of it stand the richly wooded Lusteamore and Lusteabeg. The scene is a very fine one; behind the line of Boe rise confusedly the dark bare hills that

[1] George Petrie.

surround the purgatorial Lough Derg, some six miles north of Lough Erne; on the other, or southern shore, is the bold, almost precipitous, range of the Tura hills, with the steep rock of *Poul-a-Phooka* ('the Cave of the Fairy Horse') standing out of the thick green coppice that hangs on their lower slopes. On a promontory below stand the tall ivied ruins of Tully Castle, built by the Hume family, Scottish Undertakers.

We find from Pynnar's Survey of Ulster, in 1618–19, 'Sir John Humes' (second son of Patrick, 5th Baron of Polwarth in Scotland) then in possession of 3,500 acres hereabouts, with a 'bawn of lime and stone an hundred feet square, fourteen feet high, having four flankers for the defence. There are also a fair strong castle, 50 feet long and 21 feet broad,' and 'a village near unto the bawn, in which are dwelling 24 families.' The castle (as may still be seen) was a fortified residence of the kind usually built by the wealthier Scottish Undertakers, a tall square keep turreted at the angles, surrounded by a bawn or outer wall enclosing a courtyard. James I. had 'settled' six Ulster counties after a plan of his own. Conor Roe Maguire, Chief of Fermanagh, was allowed to retain a large tract, under grant from the Crown, and received the title of Baron of Enniskillen. But these new arrangements were unsatisfactory to all concerned. The second Baron, usually spoken of as 'Lord Maguire,' took part in the conspiracy of 1641, and was arrested in Dublin; while his brother Rury headed the insurgents in Fermanagh. On Christmas-Eve, Rury appeared in force before Tully Castle, in which a number of the English and Scotch settlers of the vicinity, with their wives and children, had refuged. Sir John Hume himself was absent. A surrender being agreed upon, the people in the castle to be allowed safe conduct to Monea or Enniskillen, the gate of Tully was opened to the wild soldiery of Rury Maguire. Lady Hume and her household were allowed to depart by boat; but the others, to the number it is reported of 15 men and 60 women and children, were detained; and next day, which was Christmas-day, these were all massacred, the castle being afterwards plundered and set on fire. Such, at least, is the story as one finds it. Similar transactions occurred (if the Protestant statements are correct) at Monea Castle on the other side of Lower Lough Erne, and at Lisgoole on the Upper Lake.[1] That some such things did happen I doubt not, but for the details I should be sorry to vouch. The insurrection quelled, and the last Lord Maguire beheaded at Whitehall, the Humes did not re-edify Tully, but built another mansion called Castle Hume nearer to Enniskillen. Sir Gustavus Hume died without male heir in 1731, and the Fermanagh estate passed, by the female line, to the Loftus family. The title of Baron Loftus (1785) was raised into Viscount Loftus (1789), Earl of Ely, 1794, Marquis of Ely, 1800. The Loftus family's original settlement in Ireland was in the County Wexford, and their 'Ely' is not an English but an Irish word. The present Marquis is a minor. His mansion shows its top over the thick woods between Tully and Enniskillen.

Now come in view, on our right, the long promontories of Castle-Caldwell, well clothed with oak, ash, holly, sycamore and birch, Breesie Hill rising beyond; while on our left the blue chain of

[1] *History of the Attempts of the Irish Papists to Extirpate the Protestants*, &c., by Sir J. Temple, Master of the Rolls; a violently prejudiced witness, however. See also 'P.' [Petrie] in *Irish Penny Journal*, i. p. 177.

the Dartry mountains in Leitrim begins to dominate the south-western horizon. This is Roscor Bay, and now the water suddenly narrows to river form, and bears us some few miles between low grassy slopes to the quay of Belleek, a steady rushing sound giving warning of the termination of our voyage, and the commencement of the Rapids of the Erne, down which the river dashes, step after step, till it rolls into the tide over the falls of Ballyshannon. At Belleek the first rush of the water is utilised to turn the wheel of a porcelain manufactory, a new enterprise founded on the presence of quartz and felspar in the neighbourhood, and very handsome cups and bowls it is producing.

The upper waters, of which we are now taking leave, abound with salmon, trout, pike, bream, eels, and many other fish, but these four miles of swift river from Belleek to Ballyshannon, alternate pool and rapid, form the earthly paradise of the angler. The banks, here rocky, there of greensward, are dry and pleasant to tread; at every turn a new and cheerful scene presents itself, wild woods and thickets, gray cliffs, grassy hills; now and again some higher point commands one glimpse over another of the winding stream, with perhaps the sand-hills and the blue line of the Atlantic beyond. Everywhere is heard the murmur of rushing waters, now at hand, where the current dashes from rock to rock, now remote, where it seethes and bubbles along some deep reach; and harmonising with the voice of the river come the cooings of the wood-pigeons in the copse, and the occasional plash of a heavy fish. Even on hot days a cooler breath plays over the wide stream and fans on either brink the overhanging boughs. One can love a river with an almost personal regard. The sadness of an emigrant about to leave this his native region perhaps for ever, is not unnaturally expressed in a certain local ballad, familiar to many in these parts, entitled 'The Winding Banks of Erne'—of which permit me to quote two verses; the words go to a sweet monotonous old Irish air:

Farewell to every white cascade from the Harbour to Belleek,
And every pool where fins may rest, and ivy-shaded creek;
The sloping fields, the lofty rocks, where ash and holly grow;
The one split yew-tree gazing on the curving flood below;
The Lough that winds through islands under Tura mountain green;
And Castle Caldwell's stretching woods, with tranquil bays between;
And Breesie Hill, and many a pond among the heath and fern,—
For I must say adieu—adieu to the winding banks of Erne!

The thrush will call through Camlin groves the livelong summer day;
The water run by mossy cliff, and bank with wild flowers gay;
The girls will bring their work and sing beneath a twisted thorn,
Or stray with sweethearts down the path among the growing corn;
Along the river-side they go, where I have often been,—
Oh, never shall I see again the days that I have seen,
A thousand chances are to one I never may return,—
Adieu to Ballyshannon, and the winding banks of Erne!

After running swiftly half a mile between bare slopes, the river finds its channel suddenly contracted to a narrow passage between two ledges of limestone, and down into this gullet it sweeps, racing in long black ridges, leaping in amber curves, dashed into foam against hidden rocks in its bed, sending up from the boiling depths great gulching bubbles, whirling into crannies and corners, raging continually, with a commingled roaring and hissing as of lions and serpents. After this tumultuous rush, at 'Kathleen's Fall,' the Erne

spreading wide runs at a steadier pace, but still rapidly, by the walls of Ballyshannon and under the arches of the long old bridge, and 300 yards lower down makes its final plunge into the tidal waters of the Harbour, over the falls of Asaroe, otherwise called The Salmon Leap.

Ballyshannon is a place of older note than Enniskillen, but it is a decayed and poverty-stricken town, with a population, mainly Keltic and Catholic, yearly diminishing by emigration. The situation of it, on either bank of the wide swift river, is as pleasant as need be, the streets on the north side climbing up a somewhat steep hill, and the aspect of the town is picturesque from several distant points; but once enter it, and you find little that is attractive, except indeed a population who, poor and neglected as they are, have much vivacity and intelligence and very kindly manners. They are often meagre of limb and irregular in features, ill-drest usually, many of them bare-footed; a quick, shifty, pleasant, talkative, inaccurate, unstable folk; as unlike the typical Enniskillener as possible. But in the population of this town there is some mixture, too, of the last-mentioned race. Ugly as most of the houses in Ballyshannon are, (as in what Irish town are they not so, whether it be prosperous or declining?) there is something cheerful in your not feeling shut in; glimpses of the river, the blue Dartry mountains, the harbour and its sandhills, being visible at many points as you traverse the ragged streets. The sanitary conditions, too, are much better than a stranger would guess, nature supplying brisk air, clean water, and a soil that soon absorbs the frequent rains. Both in salubrity, and in variety of interest, Ballyshannon far excels the trimmer and richer Enniskillen. The country round is in great part moory and rocky, with a multitude of lakes and tarns of all sizes, and many a rapid brook. Warm little vales too lie hidden here and there; and the circles of ancient raths are frequent on the greener hills. From the higher points northward of the town, the long range of the Donegal mountains stands in view, a wavy blue line from Barnasmore to Slieve-League, that great ocean-cliff, an almost perpendicular precipice of 1,800 feet. Southward, between the Dartry mountains (which have their name from the Clan Dartry, of whom the Mac Clancys were chiefs), the Erne, and the sea, spreads a broken and almost treeless plain of some fifteen miles by seven, *Magh Kedne*, 'the Plain of Treaty,' a locality of note in ancient Irish history, which includes much good pasture and arable land, and also some large tracts of bog. This, the south side of Ballyshannon, is for the most part a limestone country, but on the other side of the Erne begin those vast beds of 'primary' rocks—granitic, gneissose, schistous, and micaceous, which are characteristic of this country, and the most extensive of the kind in Ireland. The limestone forms the greater part of the north bank, also, of this part of the River Erne, but at a short distance from the water's edge the primitive rocks appear, chiefly gneiss and mica-schist, occupying the whole of the moory, barren, and rocky district of Dhubally, Breesie, &c., and joining edge with the limestone formation at the pool below Asaroe Fall, of which the west bank is mica-schist, and the east bank encrinitic limestone. The limestone, especially along the Bundoran shore, is remarkably rich in fossils. Indications of mineral wealth are abundant; copper and lead ores have been found in many spots; and mining has been attempted, but with inadequate means. A ship-canal from Belleek to the sea was also begun in the last century, one

lock remaining as monument of the scheme, and endeavours have since been made to improve the entrance to Ballyshannon Harbour; but none of these plans came to practical effect, and the business of the country has found itself other channels. Moreover, the military garrison, once numerous, is removed, the moneyed people have gone to live in Dublin and elsewhere, and thus Ballyshannon is left in its corner poor and idle, with scarce anything but its grain-market and its salmon-fishery. There is also the winter eel-fishing, which produces largely in bulk, but this is comparatively of trifling value.

The pool below the Fall is the place where most of the salmon are caught, and the scene there of a fine summer's evening, when the nets are at work, is lively and pleasant. Gray cliffs, verdant here and there with ivy and briar, half enclose this large deep pool. Let us sit on the close greensward, opposite the Cataract of King Hugh. The low amber torrent pours into the tide with continuous murmur, heard day and night, summer and winter, throughout the town, like the voice of the past. More than two thousand five hundred years ago, say the oldest histories, the sovereignty of Erin was committed to Aedh Ruadh (Red Hugh) son of Badharn, and to Dithorba son of Deman, and to Kimbaeth son of Fintan, who were the sons of three brothers; and each took his turn to reign for seven years. Red Hugh's turn was first, and came round twice again, and towards the end of his third period of sovereignty, being then an old man, the king (doubtless in attempting to cross by one of the fords) was swept away and drowned in this stream. He 'was buried in the mound over the margin of the cataract.'[1] Hence *Eas-Aedha-Ruaidh*, pronounced As-a-roe, 'Waterfall of Red Hugh.' This name was long subsequently applied to the Abbey, and was also often used as a general name for the locality. The name of 'Ballyshannon' is corrupt, both in the 'Bally' and the 'Shannon'; the Irish form is *Bel-atha-Seanaigh*, and the people call it, properly, 'Bel-a-shanny.' *Bel atha* means literally 'Mouth or Opening of the Ford,' but the compound seems to have no other significance than *Ath* by itself, and merely to signify 'ford.' *Seanaigh* remains unexplained. *Ath-seanaigh* was a ford a little above the present bridge, and by this name the town and castle are usually designated in the Annals.

But see, after all these centuries, King Hugh's Fall rolling down with low steady thunder, and sending whirls of sailing foam to run circling into the broad pool at our feet, its green depths full of quivering reflexes of variegated cliff and summer evening sky. On the grassy banks are lounging groups, and children at play, pointing the finger now and again as a salmon, 'itself at once the arrow and the bow,' shoots up with a curve into sunlight from the bubbling abyss below the Fall, and struggling one moment on the edge of the swift descending water wins his upward way, or is swept down like driftwood. Sometimes two spring at once and touch in air, sometimes an unlucky fish alights on that corner of rock, and has to struggle off as best he can. The salmon-boat is going to 'make a shot;' let us watch the process from point to point.

The word given, with deliberate speed the fishermen enter their boat, one rope being left with a man on shore; the skipper stands up, the five large oars sweep together, the net is cast out fold after fold over the stern, and its corks bob in their wake; they pass the cliff point,

[1] *Donegal Annals*, Anno Mundi 4518.

cross the current, glide close to the pouring Fall—each man in turn shortening his oar—and again bend towards the starting-point their eccentric orbit, marked with floating corks. Now comes the tug; the skipper gives his net-rope a turn round the sternpost, the whole weight of the net is dragged at every pull, the rowers strain, the boat creaks, and advances inch by inch, till, at last, the rope being suddenly cast off—'Give way, my boys!'—she darts forward and rounds nicely into her berth, the oars are slid over and project on one side, on the other the net is already being hauled in. At stem and at stern stands a fisherman, pulling determinedly on the heavy main-rope with its corks, twisting a hand in it, leaning back as it slowly yields, and shaking the wet festoons into the boat behind; at the centre of the boat another stoops low over the gunwale, closing and lifting the two bottom ropes or *skunks*, while a comrade beside him keeps plashing with balanced oar, to scare the fish from the opening; at intermediate places others of the crew are gathering in handfuls of meshes, and so, by degrees, the whole compass of the net swims up, and is absorbed into the boat. Three-fourths of it is in; the oar no longer plashes, but is darted down and twirled with a turn of the wrist, for the salmon, if any, are close by, and too violent a commotion might urge them to overleap their corded prison. The *tail* once in, the net forms a bag, and all plashing ceases; fish, perhaps, like other short-sighted creatures, congratulating themselves on the cessation of danger, just when it has become most imminent. The corks are in; the people on the banks move to better places for seeing; the fishermen are all stooping, the meshes rise; 'Fish, or no fish?' say the people on the banks, and suddenly a great splashing churns up along the boat's side, spray flies into the men's faces, but they haul steadily, and after a short struggle the mass of scaly treasure climbs and rolls like a silver surge over the dipping gunwale. Flapping and splashing continues at the bottom of the boat, but the men merely proceed to shift their net and refold it in the stern, ready for the next *shot*; and meanwhile glides up a small boat, known as 'the collector,' which receives the salmon just caught, and with them vanishes round a corner. The fishermen have now some sweet moments of repose; but if the pool appears full of fish, their vacation is short. Besides daily wages, they receive an allowance proportioned to the number caught.

In this fishery there are three large boats employed for the draught nets, each with a regular crew of seven men, and these fish the pool described and other good places in the tidal channel between the Fall and the main sea, from before break of summer dawn (when the tide serves) to twilight of summer evening. The total take may probably be averaged at 500 salmon a day, during the latter half of the season (which closes in August); but as many as 2,000 have been taken in a day, and above 400 in a single haul. The average weight is nine pounds, but at times there is a plentiful run of fish over fifteen.

Round the corner, where the collector's boat disappeared, stands the fish-house, where piles of empty and full fish-coffins form a rude colonnade. An amphibious carpenter (half fisherman) is sawing, boring and hammering, making and repairing; and at its gable a tired old boat lies asleep on the grass, as her crew used sometimes to lie asleep when she floated. Within the fish-house we inhale a curious combination of fresh fish, dried fish, turf and tobacco-smoke, cordage and tar; a fire of two or three coals burns on

the hearth; in a corner beyond it is a man stretched in deep sleep, and near him a net-maker sits on the floor, adding mesh to mesh with great rapidity.

The collector touches the bank below; the weighing scales are mopped; one creel (a deep wicker basket) after another is swung off plodding shoulders, and salmon after salmon is lifted by a grasp near the tail and slid into the balance, where they lie passive, that so lately cleft the river deeps with quick fin and nervy tail; though some still twitch, and the delicate hues of the water, gleaming and melting from the dark spotted back through purplish and pale green into silver and clouded white, are not yet obscured by terrestrial handling. 'Six; 109 pounds,' is booked by the clerk at his desk: and these are old fish, as may be inferred not only from their bulk but from the shape of their tails; for the tail, which is much forked in the young salmon, becomes less and less so from the central caudal rays growing faster than the rest, till, in the fourth year, its extreme edge is nearly or quite straight. A card is marked and nailed on its box, two men swing the salmon from the scale, a third mops them; and there they lie stretched, alternate heads and tails, with white bellies up, in their box (measuring about five feet by two, and one foot deep), which a couple of men immediately hook to a shoulder-pole, and trot off with to the ice-house close by.

From hot sunshine into the ice-house is too sudden a transition to be quite pleasant. One blear tallow candle is fastened there, like a weeping prisoner, to the wall of the crooked passage, through which you come to the bottom of a pit of frozen snow mixed with glassy lumps, in some corner of which a white bear might find comfortable lodging. We follow our salmon-box, rapidly shovelled full of ice and nailed down, towards daylight again, and feel the outer air striking on our faces like the breath of a stove. In half an hour, perhaps, this, with a pile of similar boxes, will be on its way to Liverpool, either direct in a swift-sailing smack, or by cart to some of the neighbouring steamer-ports, and so to Billingsgate and Bond Street and the West End dinner-tables.

The salmon that evades the dangers of the ocean and the lower river, may either face the Fall, or choose the side stream that runs between an irregular rocky island and the shore. If the latter, he is a gone fish: he ascends the current, enters a minor rapid, pierces a very narrow strait—in reality, the entrance of a trap—and next finds his nose knocked against a wooden grating, and can merely poke about amongst some fellow-prisoners until their hour shall come. The stream through the box is rapid, and drifts him to the lower corners, and he cannot *swim* down it to seek the narrow opening (like a V opened at the angle), for the water would pour into his gills and drown him. No creature is absolute even in that element where strongest: the fish conquers the water, and the water rules the fish. Their hour is come. The men are (as they term it) 'robbing the boxes.' A hand net on the end of a long pole sweeps down and rummages every nook, and by ones or twos, or, when the box is full, by threes and fours, lifts the strong creatures struggling into air, and disgorges them on the causeway, or into a dry basin built for the purpose, where a knock on the nose with a short stick is their speedy quietus.

Those lucky salmon that surmount the Fall by their agility, or by their judiciousness in taking advantage of a high tide, are free of the upper waters, which are carefully guarded from poaching by nume-

rous 'water-keepers.' Here they gradually change colour, the females growing dark, the males golden orange, and are then called respectively 'black fish' and 'red fish.' Their spawn is deposited in furrows or *redds*,[1] which they make in the gravel with their noses. This usually occurs in November, and about five months afterwards the fry appear in the shallows as inch-long fishes. They are now marked across with narrow patches of dusky gray, in common with the young of trout, Welsh charr, and some other fish; but the salmon soon changes this coat. The similarity, however, remains long enough to supply ground for discussions, especially as to the identity of the parr, or *jinkin*, with the young salmon; and on this the most experienced persons hold opposite opinions. The fry descend as spring advances, at first keeping in slack water, then venturing towards mid-stream. On meeting the tide, they wait two or three days to grow used to the salt water, and then go direct to sea. There they get quit of certain small fresh-water parasites that cling to them, but only to be saddled with substitutes peculiar to the salt water; and the reverse effect occurs on their return to the fresh. It is during the summer or autumn that they return to the estuary; those that come in June weighing two to four pounds; in July or August, three to seven pounds—for their growth is chiefly in the sea, and very rapid, their appetite being proportionately ravenous. They are believed to feed on sand-eels and other small fish and marine animals, and a good deal on the ova of crabs and lobsters—a rich diet, which in turn enhances their own flavour.

While in the estuary, the salmon generally move up somewhat with the flood-tide, and retire with the ebb. They are supposed to return, in most instances, to their native rivers; but if they have roved far in the ocean, the probability is that, after the season has arrived, they enter the nearest congenial stream. As a rule, the warmest rivers are said to have the earliest fisheries; but there appear to be many exceptions to this, and the difference in time, and also in quality of fish, between fisheries only a few miles apart, is remarkable.

Those 'grilse,' or 'grawls' (fish returning up for the first time) that escape the hazards their parents escaped, pursue in turn the same course; and after spawning, head again for the sea as 'kelts' or 'keeves;' at which time they are unfit for table. They descend in the floods at the end of winter and beginning of spring, from pool to pool, and once in the sea, begin quickly to grow plump, firm, and weighty. Salmon *can* live wholly in fresh water, but with poorer size and quality.

Once in the waters above the fall, the salmon, no longer legally assailable with physical force, become peculiarly subject to the seductive arts of the angler, and are tempted with monstrous flies of every glaring colour and unnatural shape; for, in fly-tying, as in some other departments of the fine arts, it is found that the most catching article is not that which keeps closest to the modesty of nature. From boat, wall, or field on the river-verge, often from the old bridge, the angler, wielding his rod with both hands, bids his fly fall softly into a particular ripple or eddy, and swim upstream with wavering motion. To the spectator not a brother of the craft, it seems slow work; yet yonder rich idle man, to whom the world is an oyster ready opened, with a whole cruetful of relishes soliciting his hand, finds this the most desirable occupation for six summer

[1] *Redd* (from *rid, riddance*), a clearance; in this instance a place cleared.

weeks; and yon other, amongst professional toils and cares in the city smoke, has comforted himself with memories and anticipations of such angling holidays as he is now enjoying.

Your true angler will not interpose other pursuits; he does not qualify his water; soon and late he is at work amusing himself. Had you visited the river-side at half-past two this morning, you might, at that early hour, have observed the dim figure of an old gentleman thus engaged, his nightcap glimmering in the dawn; and about 8 A.M., if the fish were rising, you might have seen the same old gentleman hastily consuming a mess of porridge at some rock or low wall, while his attendant kept the rod in vibration; and evening dusk will perhaps find the veteran on duty, at this or another of his favourite 'throws.'

Angling, indeed, has attractions for people of every class and age, as there is plenty of evidence along the pools and rapids of the Erne on a favourable evening. The child dips his thread and crooked pin; the lad, with clumsy but serviceable home-made rod, and line woven of horse-hairs, hazardously filched from the living tail, turns trouser above knee, and wades sturdily. The grave old pensioner handles his rod with military precision; the unshaven, sedentary shoemaker has thrown by the lapstone, spat out the piece of leather he was chewing, and twisted his apron to one side, to seek an hour's happiness by the margin of the cool flowing waters, while, above or below him, the comfortable shopkeeper or householder swings his sober line from a station where wet feet are impossible.

But most of these people, observe, are fishing for trout, some few for perch, bream, and the like; none for salmon. That is a lofty privilege, requiring not only a government license but permission from the lessee of the fishery, which is accorded only to particular friends, or on payment of a smart sum; and all the salmon caught must be given up, except two in the season for each angler. Angling for salmon is therefore chiefly the occupation of 'Nobs'—who from distant cities repair hither, donning waterproof boots, jackets with special pockets, and wide-awake hats embowered in artificial flies, engage an attendant, and fish, or pretend to fish, all day long, smoking continuous cigars. Old hands there are, though, such as our early-rising friend, who, in less ambitious rig, angle seriously and knowingly, and seldom suffer the rod to quit their own hands—unlike the more fickle amateur, who oft enjoys the indolent Havannah while his man keeps the rod going, and who will even play chess with a comrade till either's proxy gives check to a salmon.

The fish being struck, rapidly dives or darts away; then succeed the incidents of holding and giving out, wading, running sideways, stepping backwards, the brass wheel whirring, rod bent like a hoop, the last struggle, the gaff, the rêpose after victory, the calm triumph of the spring-balance and memorandum-book.

The angler's attendant belongs to a peculiar class, which is small but unfailing. He lives near the river, and is usually a native of the locality, where it is very likely his father and grandfather before him lived their lives in the same element of sporting. He understands shooting and coursing and is seasonably occupied therein; but fishing is his stronghold. He perpetually ties flies; for each lake, pool, river, rivulet, and every change of season, weather, and time of day, requires to be studied and suited in its peculiarities; and, above all, the capricious fancy of the salmon—to-day ready to rush at a fly which yesterday he would not have looked at.

Perhaps after the most renowned flies have been cast in vain, something tied hurriedly on the river-bank, with a new shade of colour in it, will be seized ere it can touch the water. The attendant therefore wears next his heart an old pocket-book stuffed with brilliant silk threads, tinsel, gold twist, pig's wool, variously dyed, feathers of the mallard, peacock, pheasant, American duck, guinea-hen, and declares to you that a fish will criticise a single fibre or bristle in the wing or body of the work of art submitted to his examination.

Droll fellows many of these attendants are, with quaint stories and humours to lighten the tedious hours when fish are too dull or too wide-awake to be persuaded; and help to flavour the piscatory episode in the rich man's year. They are deeply versed in the characteristics of fish, and scarcely less so in those of the fishing rich man, between whose natures they seem to form a necessary middle term—their hands touched, now and again, with silvery traces of their contact with each.

The salmon boat's last 'shot' has been made for this evening, the big boats ride silent and deserted at their moorings, the fishermen have wended homewards to their cottages by field-path or by water. The tide is rising, the windless sky holds a soft deep blue between the stars; let us step into this punt and pull down the harbour, hearing ever 'the music of the water-fall' sounding through the stillness. This one small island, a rock thinly coated with sward, bearing a single long low house, is Inis-Saimer, and owns a legendary fame stretching back centuries beyond even the time of Hugh son of Badharn, who gave his name to the cataract. Do you remember Wordsworth's fine sonnet upon the influence of twilight, or dim nightlight, in obliterating *modernness* from a landscape? That era of the world in which Parthalon lived was 300 years after the Deluge, he being descended from Magog, son of Japheth, son of Noah. This Parthalon sailed from Greece, or, as some assert, from the Euxine Sea, with his wife, his three sons and their wives, and a body of soldiers; and at last, in the month of May (the 14th of the moon, and a Tuesday,[1] if you are fond of precise information), they reached the mild and fertile island of thick woods wherein they resolved to stay, and which was afterwards called Eiré, or Erin—that is to say, 'western'—and at length by the Saxons, 'Eiré-land,' Ireland. First they landed at Inverskene, since Kenmare, in Kerry (but all places were as yet lonely and nameless), and thence coasted northwards to the estuary of a rapid river—this river upon which we float. Here entering, they fixed their dwelling on the small island in mid-channel, a clearly advantageous position, close to the mainland but on every side protected by deep water; near the ocean, yet well sheltered; the climate soft, fish and wild-fowl abundant, forests good for chase spreading to the water's edge, and, full in view, the copious cataract rolling with murmur, as to-night it rolls with murmur into the salt creek, from far-spreading inland waters. Here, and perhaps on the adjacent river-banks, dwelt Parthalon and his people; and this was in the time of Abram and Lot.

One day Parthalon was hunting through the forest where the Moy now is, and part of his household people were with him, and part were left behind in the river-island. He hunted up into a glen of the blue mountain-range beyond the plain, and there a messenger overtook him, whose message carried

[1] O'Flaherty's *Ogygia*, part 3, chap. ii.

suspicion and jealousy; whereupon Parthalon turned hastily homewards. So that valley was called *Glen-eda*, 'the Glen of Jealousy,' now Glenade. When the chief stepped from his boat upon his island in the river, his wife received him kindly, and offered him a goblet of refreshing drink, but after approaching it to his mouth Parthalon took it down again, and looking at her sternly, said, 'I perceive another man's breath upon my goblet.' To this his wife replied impudently, repeating certain verses of a poet that it is unwise to shut up a cat along with a pan of cream, or a young man with a fair woman. At the same moment Saimer, the favourite greyhound of Parthalon, ran up fawning upon his master, who in his anger smote the dog and killed him. In the old narratives no more is said of Parthalon's wife, but it is recorded that he buried his hound on the island, calling it Inis-Saimer, and so it is called to this day. Hence the river, too, was anciently called Saimer. The tidal part of this river was also named Lough Rury, because Rury, the son of Parthalon, was drowned therein. After a time, Parthalon and his people moved away from this place to the eastern coast, to the high promontory of Howth, and there Parthalon died, after being twenty years in Erin. In his time burst forth the lakes Conn and Mask, also Lough Laighlin, from the grave dug for his son Laighlin, and several other lakes burst forth, and four plains were cleared of forest. When 300 years had passed from the arrival of the Parthalonians, there came a pestilence among them; 9,000 died at Howth in one week, and at last there was not one left alive. Then Erin remained void of inhabitants for thirty years.[1] How was the record transmitted across this interval? Perhaps by inscriptions on stones and rocks, of the nature of that writing called 'Ogham;' but, moreover, the Parthalonians could hardly have lived three centuries in Erin without communication by sea with other inhabitants of the world. Some say that along with Parthalon came a number of giants, 'plures gigantes ex stirpe Cham, viribus admirabiles, sed stolidi,' one of whom, named Ruan, hid himself in a cave, and thus escaping the pestilence, lived till the time of Saint Patrick, a space of 2,400 years, told him many things of the ancient times, and was baptized before death. This giant's lifetime (remarks one chronicler) 'longius est bis quam ætas Mathusalem, sed nihil impossibile Deo.'[2]

Thus I have given you a fair specimen of the very ancient legendary part of Irish history. In later times there was a residence of the chieftains of Tirconnell on Inis-Saimer. A.D. 1184, the monastery of Asaroe 'was granted to God and Saint Bernard by Flaherty O'Muldorry, Lord of Kinel-Connell, for the good of his soul;'[3] and in 1197 this O'Muldorry, a powerful and bloodthirsty warrior in his day, 'died on Inis-Saimer on the second day of February, after long and patient suffering, in the thirtieth year of his reign and fifty-ninth of his life, and was interred at Drumhome with due honour.'[4] In the year 1200 the chieftainship came to the O'Donnell family, with whom it remained till Irish laws gave way to English. Neal Garv O'Donnell, Lord of Tirconnell in 1423, built the castle of Ballyshannon, near the ford above the present bridge, which castle, 'a long-desired place,' says Sir Henry Dockwra, was taken by Captain Digges, one of Dockwra's officers,

[1] *Donegal Annals* (called 'A of the *Four Masters*'); also Keating's *History of Ireland*.
[2] *Annales Hiberniæ*, Timotheus Dowling. (Irish Archæol. Soc. 1849.)
[3] *Donegal Annals*.
[4] Ibid.

in the spring of 1602, being first battered and broken by a great gun. Only a bit of the wall of that castle remains, built into the wall of the grain-market.

This creek on our right running up among the dim hills, is the Abbey Bay, round whose headland in old years rowed many a boat with supplies of salmon and eels for the monks' refectory, for both salmon and eel-weirs on the river appertained to this Abbey. Some of the fishermen whom we saw at work this evening live under the shadow of the old walls, on a slope not far from the water. The building is now utterly ruined, the windows are shapeless gaps; weeds and old ragged bushes grow in the aisle; many of the stones are built into the walls of the fishermen's huts, or help to fence their scanty potato patches, while pieces of archivolts, mullions, and other carved work are more reverently set for head-stones in the neighbouring graveyard, crowded with tombstones and mounds, ancient and recent—for these burial-grounds of old sanctity are much-desired resting-places. Under rocky banks, grown with hawthorn and bramble, and through the arches of a rude little stone bridge. perhaps coeval with the monastery, a brook runs down to the harbour. The local features of the spot when seen by daylight, and a phase of feeling peculiarly characteristic of Ireland, are expressed together in a little ballad which may, perhaps, not unfitly be repeated as we drift on the tide towards Coolnargit and the sand-hills that guard the mouth of the Erne.

ABBEY ASAROE.

Gray, gray is Abbey Asaroe, by Ballyshannon town,
It has neither door nor window, the walls are broken down;
The carven stones lie scatter'd in briar and nettle-bed;
The only feet are those that come at burial of the dead.
A little rocky rivulet runs murmuring to the tide,
Singing a song of ancient days, in sorrow, not in pride;
The bore-tree[1] and the lightsome ash across the portal grow,
And heaven itself is now the roof of Abbey Asaroe.

It looks beyond the harbour-stream to Gulban mountain blue;
It hears the voice of Erna's fall,—Atlantic breakers too;
High ships go sailing past it; the sturdy clank of oars
Brings in the salmon-boat to haul a net upon the shores;
And this way to his home-creek, when the summer day is done,
Slow pulls the weary fisherman across the setting sun:
While green with corn is Sheegus Hill, his cottage white below;—
But gray at every season is Abbey Asaroe.

There stood one day a poor old man above its broken bridge;
He heard no running rivulet, he saw no mountain-ridge;
He turn'd his back on Sheegus Hill, and view'd with misty sight
The abbey walls, the burial-ground with crosses ghostly white;
Under a weary weight of years he bow'd upon his staff,
Perusing in the present time the former's epitaph;
For, gray and wasted like the walls, a figure full of woe,
This man was of the blood of them who founded Asaroe.

From Derry to Bundrowas Tower, Tirconnell broad was theirs;
Spearmen and plunder, bards and wine, and holy abbot's prayers,
With chanting always in the house which they had builded high
To God and to Saint Bernard,—whereto they came to die.
At worst, no workhouse grave for him! the ruins of his race
Shall rest among the ruin'd stones of this their saintly place.
The fond old man was weeping; and tremulous and slow
Along the rough and crooked lane he crept from Asaroe.

[1] 'Bore-tree,' a local or provincial name for the elder-tree (*Sambucus nigra*).

In this deep curve of the river where it sweeps under sandhills before rushing seaward over the Bar, we rest on our oars under the starlight, and hear, now close at hand, the constant run and dash of the Atlantic waves on Tullan Strand, and under this the general basso of the sea roaring along leagues of sandy and rocky shore. Outside is broad Donegal Bay, a wilderness of heaving water, its northern and southern mountain walls dimly visible in the summer night-sky. On the left, beyond Tullan—haunt of sea-fowl—runs unseen a black barrier of rock, tufted with scurvy-grass and thrift, tide-worn into caves and 'fairy bridges,' and topped by downs of smooth thymy sward, which lead to the sands and the rock-creeks and pools of Bundoran — delightful bathing-place. On the right, the fragment of Kilbarron Castle,[1] once home of the O'Clerys, historians of the Clan Connell, and counting among them the chief of Irish annalists, hangs solitary on its cliff, bemurmured by ceaseless waves, the cormorants perched on the dark ledges waiting for daylight. We see the white surf where Erne loses itself in the great Atlantic water. The spark of the lighthouse on St. John's Point seems to beckon us seaward, but we go no farther. It is near flood-tide and we turn, half drifting half rowing back by Asaroe and Inis-Saimer to Ballyshannon Quay, —the dash and roar of the ocean being supplanted gradually, as we glide up harbour, by the steadier sound of the waterfall.

[1] See 'Rambles' in *Fraser* for November 1867.

THE NINTH SATIRE OF HORACE.

TRANSLATED BY THEODORE MARTIN.

It chanced that I, the other day,
Was sauntering up the Sacred Way,
And musing, as my habit is,
Some trivial random fantasies,
That for the time absorb'd me quite,
When there comes running up a wight,
Whom only by his name I knew;
'Ha! my dear fellow, how d'ye do?'
Grasping my hand, he shouted; 'Why,
As times go, pretty well,' said I;
'And you, I trust, can say the same.'
But after me as still he came,
'Sir, is there anything,' I cried,
'You want of me?' 'Oh,' he replied,
'I'm just the man you ought to know;—
A scholar, author!' 'Is it so?
For this I'll like you all the more!'
Then, writhing to evade the bore,
I quicken now my pace, now stop,
And in my servant's ear let drop
Some words, and all the while I feel
Bathed in cold sweat from head to heel.
'Oh, for a touch,' I moaned in pain,
'Bolanus, of thy madcap vein,
To put this incubus to rout!'
As he went chattering on about
Whatever he descries or meets,
The crowds, the beauty of the streets,
The city's growth, its splendour, size.
'You're dying to be off,' he cries;
For all the while I'd been stock-dumb.
'I've seen it this half-hour. But come,
Let's clearly understand each other;
It's no use making all this pother.
My mind's made up, to stick by you;
So where you go, there I go, too.'
'Don't put yourself,' I answered, 'pray,
So very far out of your way.
I'm on the road to see a friend,
Whom you don't know, that's near his end,
Away beyond the Tiber far,
Close by where Cæsar's gardens are.'

'I've nothing in the world to do,
And what's a paltry mile or two?
I like it, so I'll follow you!'
Down dropped my ears on hearing this,
Just like a vicious jackass's,
That's loaded heavier than he likes;
But off anew my torment strikes,
'If well I know myself, you'll end
With making of me more a friend
Than Viscus, ay, or Varius; for
Of verses who can run off more,
Or run them off at such a pace?
Who dance with such distinguished grace?
And as for singing, zounds!' said he,
'Hermogenes might envy me!'
Here was an opening to break in.
'Have you a mother, father, kin,
To whom your life is precious?' 'None;—
I've closed the eyes of every one.'
Oh, happy they, I inly groan.
Now I am left, and I alone.
Quick, quick, despatch me where I stand,
Now is the direful doom at hand
Which erst the Sabine beldam old,
Shaking her magic urn, foretold
In days when I was yet a boy:
'Him shall no poisons fell destroy,
Nor hostile sword in shock of war,
Nor gout, nor colic, nor catarrh.
In fulness of the time his thread
Shall by a prate-apace be shred;
So let him, when he's twenty-one,
If he be wise, all babblers shun.'
Now we were close to Vesta's fane.
'Twas hard on ten, and he, my bane,
Was bound to answer to his bail,
Or lose his cause if he should fail.
'Do, if you love me, step aside
One moment with me here!' he cried.
'Upon my life, indeed, I can't,
Of law I'm wholly ignorant;
And you know where I'm hurrying to.'
'I'm fairly puzzled what to do.
Give you up, or my cause?' 'Oh, me,
Me, by all means!' 'I won't!' quoth he;

And stalks on holding by me tight.
As with your conqueror to fight
Is hard, I follow. 'How,'—anon
He rambles off,—'how get you on,
You and Mæcenas? To so few
He keeps himself. So clever, too!
No man more dexterous to seize
And use his opportunities.
Just introduce me, and you'll see,
We'd pull together famously;
And, hang me then, if, with my backing,
You don't send all your rivals packing!'
'Things in that quarter, sir, proceed
In very different style, indeed.
No house more free from all that's base,
In none cabals more out of place.
It hurts me not if others be
More rich, or better read than me.
Each has his place!' 'Amazing tact!
Scarce credible!' 'But 'tis the fact.'
'You quicken my desire to get
An introduction to his set.'
'With merit such as yours, you need
But wish it, and you must succeed.
He's to be won, and that is why
Of strangers he's so very shy.'
'I'll spare no pains, no arts, no shifts!
His servants I'll corrupt with gifts.
To-day though driven from his gate,
What matter? I will lie in wait,
To catch some lucky chance; I'll meet
Or overtake him in the street;
I'll haunt him like his shadow. Nought
In life without much toil is bought.'
Just at this moment who but my
Dear friend Aristius should come by?
My rattlebrain right well he knew.
We stop. 'Whence, friends, and whither to?'
He asks and answers. Whilst we ran
The usual courtesies, I began
To pluck him by the sleeve, to pinch
His arms, that feel but will not flinch,
By nods and winks most plain to see
Imploring him to rescue me.
He, wickedly obtuse the while,
Meets all my signals with a smile.

I, choked with rage, said, 'Was there not
Some business, I've forgotten what,
You mentioned, that you wished with me
To talk about, and privately?'
'Oh, I remember! Never mind!
Some more convenient time I'll find.
The Thirtieth Sabbath this! Would you
Affront the circumcisèd Jew?'
'Religious scruples I have none.'
'Ah, but I have. I am but one
Of the *canaille*—a feeble brother.
Your pardon. Some fine day or other
I'll tell you what it was.' Oh, day
Of woful doom to me! Away
The rascal bolted like an arrow,
And left me underneath the harrow;
When, by the rarest luck, we ran
At the next turn against the man
Who had the lawsuit with my bore.
'Ha, knave!' he cried, with loud uproar,
'Where are you off to? Will you here
Stand witness?' I present my ear.
To court he hustles him along;
High words are bandied, high and strong,
A mob collects, the fray to see:
So did Apollo rescue me.

SENTIMENTAL RELIGION.

THERE is a whole class of books, belonging to no one form of religion, to no nation, no age or sex, which have a certain charm because, given the premises on which they rest, the result is real, but which leave the sort of taste in one's mouth of having fed on sugar and rose-water. The 'sentimental' is the poor reflection, the artificial sickly imitation of real feeling: sometimes it may be feeling looking at itself, as it were, from the outside; sometimes the idea that it is right to feel such and such things on such occasions, and more or less honestly getting up the mood. The chief prophet of sentimentalism in religion for France was Chateaubriand, in whom it may be said to have arisen as a reaction against the very unlovely materialism of the French Revolution; but on his model there have grown up a whole host of books, among which *Eugénie de Guérin* and the *Récit d'une Sœur* have carried the 'pretty' principle to its utmost extent.

There is a certain charm in the best kind of French sentiment—a certain manner of saying a thing, a neatness, a *finesse*, a touch, a taste, a *nuance*, which distinguishes the arrangements of their cookery, their toilets, and their literature alike.[1]

To us, for whom the form is always much less important than the substance, it is a sort of *tour de force*, wonderful, pleasing, amusing. It is not high art, certainly—it hardly reaches to the dignity of art at all; but it is the tossing up of the things of ordinary life into prettiness, the art at least of making something out of nothing. Take a well dressed French woman: every ribbon, every tag, is in itself an extremely indifferent *chiffon*, but it has its *raison d'être* in that place; a part of a great composition, means to an end—and how successful! It takes much time and thought, but then it is done so seriously and so well that one is inclined to bow before the artiste who 'did not sleep all night because he wished to *confectionner* the idea' of that *chef d'œuvre* of a bonnet. One has something of the same feeling with the religion depicted in these books; it is so pretty, so refined, so elegant, so *bien-née*, so 'distinguished.'

It is too *mondain* to be mystical in the old sense of the word—i.e. the absorption of the human in the divine, which is the aim of the Quietists, of Fénelon and Madame Guyon; the extremely beautiful reveries of a 'beautiful soul,' which lives in another world, and strives earnestly and successfully to reduce itself to the state of a cloud coloured by the glories of the sunset, scarcely preserving any separate or individual identity, emptied of self, 'fulfilled' with the Lord. The Feronnays are not by any means thus absorbed, with the exception of Alexandrine (who is not indeed of them, and in whom the German type comes out distinctly); the modern French element is far too powerful. They are *grandes dames* and *grands seigneurs* above all, of the *haute noblesse*—blue blood. You are perpetually dragged down from the regions of the infinite, into which they think they aspire, by the savour of good company; which is the more curious, as the nothingness of this world's occupations, the necessity of leaving it (not living holily in it), its miseries, its emptiness, are the perpetual theme: 'Comment! est-ce qu'on bâtit encore des maisons?' the speech of a devotee on coming out of a religious *retraite* is mentioned as the proper frame of mind. This life is 'une mort vivante, une attente perpétuelle de la fin de toute

[1] M. de Sainte-Beuve confesses that with the exception of Molière and perhaps Corneille, hardly any French writer is not more valuable for his style than his substance.

chose': death, not life, is the object of existence. Indeed, it is difficult to conceive how the world could go on at all upon such principles, until one is comforted by the feeling that they are sentimental[1] and not real, when alongside them comes in, 'ce fut la dernière parure qu'elle porta ici-bas, des rubis roses avec une toilette,' &c. When asceticism is clothed in velvet and rubies it is not a case of immediate extinction.

The story of the *Récit d'une Sœur* is pathetic enough. Alexandrine d'Alopins, one of the *demoiselles d'honneur* of the Empress of Russia, a Protestant, daughter of the Russian ambassador at Berlin, is travelling with her widowed mother in Italy. They fall in with the De la Feronnays, fanatical Catholics and Legitimists, who are in a sort of semi-exile after 1830. The old count had been ambassador at Rome, and the families knew each other slightly in old diplomatic days. The second son, Albert, an amiable enthusiastic sickly boy of twenty, who had been at death's door already with consumption, falls in love with the charming young Russian. She is four years older than he is: a fact which is most amusingly concealed, as spoiling the romance of the story, and which has to be worked out by the dates. His sisters all make love immediately for him, and try to win the heart and convert the soul of the rich and lovely young heretic. Alexandrine herself must have been a very attractive character, full of a romantic desire to sacrifice herself for the good of any one who came near her—her whole conduct on every occasion decided by her passion of tender affection for some one belonging to her. She will not become a Catholic for fear of distressing her mother—she goes over at last to please her husband; she leads a useful quiet life in the country under one 'direction,' and takes up a more ascetic rule under another. Common sense would observe, that to allow a very charming girl, with every advantage of nature and position, to marry a poor boy so much younger than herself, who had spit blood, and was so far gone in consumption, that his wife's sole occupation after the first ten days of their marriage, was that of a nurse, with scarcely anything but her fortune to live on, with no profession, or indeed health or power to undertake one, and of a religion which she of course considered mistaken, was a most unwise if not wrong proceeding. 'L'âge, la santé, le manque de carrière et de fortune,' according to the biographer's own account of her brother, would have been enough, one would have thought, to make a generous man hesitate in asking a woman to undertake such a charge; but the creed of the book is, as poor Alexandrine herself puts it, that professions in general are 'des occupations qui ne servent qu'à perdre le temps que l'on pourrait donner à Dieu.' The monastic life is constantly held up as that which is devoted to Him. Certainly if celibacy and self-denial were ever right and desirable, it was in such a case as this—why on earth did Albert not

[1] There has been a curious example of the difference between a real and a sentimental belief of late. In 1300 the end of the world was generally expected, the fields were scarcely cultivated, trade was nearly stopped; and if there had not been a fortunate doubt as to the exact date from which the century was to be calculated, so that those who believed it was to happen a year later went on cultivating a little longer, and those who had seen their period pass over began working once more, the prediction would almost have fulfilled itself by famine, and the pestilence brought on by the deficiency of food. In 1867 a great many estimable people also expected the end of the world, but they neither bought nor sold a whit the less; indeed a cynical heretic among the richer votaries observed: 'Do these women expect to go up to heaven in these exceedingly smart new gowns they are having made? Do these men expect to receive "the Lord" in these grand new London houses they are buying?'

practise them? All his relations, however, instead of telling him that to accept such a sacrifice on Alexandrine's side was a wicked piece of selfishness, urge and encourage it to the utmost, except the old father, who has to provide his portion of the funds on which they are to live.

But with common sense scarcely any one in the book has even a speaking acquaintance; one feels, indeed, that is almost as inapplicable and even unreasonable as in a fairy tale—men and women alike, all live in a miraculous atmosphere—relics, pilgrimages, offers of vicarious suffering, are the resources used for curing the sick; they are tormented by omens and superstitions; a 'chauve-souris, mauvais augure' has passed—'a house has the evil eye, as the Italians would say.' It is described as a frightful shock—*étrangement sinistre* on one occasion—to see a bridal wreath laid accidentally on a black velvet table cover. 'I snatched it away, and threw it on the blue coverlid,' says the sister. What harm did the black velvet do to the wreath? says the prosaic reader. 'Devotions to the Sainte Vierge,' going up the Santa Scala on their knees, are used to procure Alexandrine's conversion—and any one who has seen this last unedifying operation at Rome will understand what it entails!

'Je lui dis que le remède que lui avait donné B. lui avait fait du bien,' writes poor Alexandrine of her dying husband; 'non (me répondit-il avec un délicieux sourire, et en baisant la relique de St. François de Sales), voilà ce qui m'a fait du bien.' 'Oh si Dieu voulait,' adds the poor wife. 'Il la tient toujours et je crois que j'y crois autant que lui.'

The old father of the race dies suddenly, and immediately a miracle takes place over his coffin, which had been carried into the church; i.e. the sudden conversion of a Jew banker by a celestial apparition of the Virgin! There are no words large enough for the *événement surprenant, surnaturel*, which is, 'like the conversion of St. Paul,' *magnifique, immense, providentielle, consolation ineffable.*

There is one form of devotion in which the book abounds, particularly revolting, from the extraordinary idea of God which it suggests, viz. substitution, the offering up of oneself in the place of another in sickness. Albert de la Feronnay is at the point of death from a fatal malady; his lungs are known to be diseased to the last degree; accordingly, as a natural and probable mode of cure, his mother, sisters, and wife record their prayers, that the complaint may be transferred to them. Eugénie, his sister, prays, 'Seigneur, guérissez Albert, donnez-la-moi cette maladie, qu'elle me brûle la poitrine entièrement. Le monde dira surpris, C'est inexplicable! lui si malade il guérit, et elle si forte, si peu délicate, elle meurt!' As if God Almighty wanted to hurt somebody, to put somebody to death; but like an eastern tyrant it did not much matter who, 'so pray let it be me,' says the poor wife. 'No, do not kill me, because that would make him unhappy; but fais-moi souffrir tout ce que tu voudras d'affreux maux physiquement et moralement!' And again, 'fais-moi souffrir à la place de mon père,' as though they were addressing a sort of demon who required a certain tribute of agony, bodily or mental.

The whole world is conducted on these random principles in their eyes. God has no fixed laws of health or disease or anything else; cause and effect are unknown elements in life. Albert is just out of one frightful illness, a mixture of fever and chest complaint, when 'il fit nu-pieds, de grand matin, pour moi, revêtu d'un froc de pèlerin, le pèlerinage des sept Basiliques à Rome;' and every one is horrified and astonished when not long afterwards he is

very ill again. He seems to have been an amiable, gentle youth, with a great deal of tender poetic religiosity, and powers which, under a less enervating régime, might have enabled him to accomplish something better worth doing in life than the pilgrimages and sentimental reading of Byron, the translating of Moore, which only fed that 'exaltation de mon imagination,' of which he very properly complains, yet goes on indulging. There are some very interesting letters of his to M. de Montalembert, where the poor fellow says, 'Mais, mon ami, savoir travailler est déjà la moitié de la bésogne, et et c'est ce que je ne sais pas faire. Je voudrais tout entreprendre, bon moyen de ne rien faire; une habitude déplorable de rêverie, que je reconnais être pernicieuse, m'a rendu d'une distraction déplorable. Somme totale, j'ai soif et je ne sais pas boire.' But there are whole pages of very different kind of wisdom—'Je voudrais souvent me plonger dans la mer pour être au milieu de quelque chose d'immense!' He has taken a 'promenade délicieuse;' his mother has sent him 'une lettre ravissante;' he writes converting letters to a friend, wherein he says, 'J'ai peu lu la Bible,' and so having properly qualified himself to discuss the questions in hand, he goes on, 'je regarde comme une bonté infinie de Dieu de nous donner une croyance qui ne nous expose pas à errer en matière de dogme; le prêtre ne peut ni se tromper ni nous tromper, car la doctrine qu'il nous enseigne n'est pas la sienne. Il nous transmet celle dont est dépositaire l'Église:' i.e. who answers for the doctrine? the Church; and who answers for the Church? the doctrine. The circle is complete, and 'quis custodiet custodes?' does not trouble him. He goes on to dilate on the inspiration of monks and anchorites, the virtues and graces of celibacy (example in his case would have been more forcible than precept). 'Remplissez notre vie de ferveur et d'amour,' prays the poor fellow on his wedding-day. Overplus of excitement being what he is labouring under, he asks for more. It is like living in a hothouse; an unnatural, morbid, ecstatic state of mind is what they are all aiming at, and which they are most successful in attaining. Everything is in superlatives; the book is chiefly taken up with the recital of ecstasies, transports of affection, of devotion, of grief; death, not life, is its moral,—'tout le monde meurt jeune' its key-note, and to nourish and keep up your grief a sacred duty,—'mon seul repos sera de me sentir inconsolable.' The poor old comtesse describes herself as spending two nights and a day sitting by the dead body of her husband, holding his hand,—'que je rechauffais dans les miennes, au point de lui donner l'apparence de la vie;' and again, after the death of her daughter,—'ma mère y passa le jour entier, et après la nuit (comme à Rome près d'une autre chère dépouille), immobile près de celle-ci, tenant la main sans vie de son enfant dans la sienne, et empêchant par une entreinte de 24 heures le froid de la mort de l'envahir,' says the biographer with much admiration of this morbid *savourant* of the mere passion of grief, drinking deep draughts as it were of sorrow for the signs of the outward loss. 'He is not there,' one longs to say to the poor mother. How much more touching, healthy, and true was David's grief for his dead child,—'and he arose from the earth, and came into his house, and did eat bread, for he said, Now he is dead, wherefore should I fast, shall I bring him back again? I shall go to him, but he shall not come back to me.'

As if to make amends for the overplus of sentiment in other matters, there are one or two most curious little glimpses of what we should consider very ultra prose in the book.

A long excuse is made for the love marriage of Alexandrine and Albert, 'En certains pays l'idée d'un mariage où l'inclination n'ait point de part, est aussi éloignée des esprits qu'elle leur est familière dans la notre—que, s'épouser sans se connaître (et à plus forte raison sans s'aimer) semble à ceux-ci aussi étrange, je dirai presque aussi coupable, qu'il semble en France naturel et même convenable. Il ne m'appartient point de décider lequel de ces deux systèmes est le meilleur . . . cette histoire manifeste assez les inconvénients ainsi que les avantages de ce système' . . . but still she inclines to believe that the example of A. and A. 'ferait pencher la balance en faveur d'un mariage comme le leur,' in spite of the 'inconveniences' of marrying because you love each other.

The other thing which strikes one is the want of honour. Pauline discovers a book in which her brother Albert has written his 'feelings' (a curious hodgepodge of heaven and love, love and heaven, *langueurs*, raptures, expectations of dying young; a most unhealthy production for a young lad of twenty (who, according to our English notions, ought to have been reading history and mathematics, law and classics, and attending to his cricket and boating), which she shows privately to Alexandrine, 'lui ouvrant ainsi le cœur de son frère.' Alexandrine then gives him a journal of her own, 'in order that he might know all her faults;' she has pasted paper over certain passages, which show that she is beginning to be attached to him, which the unchivalrous lover tears off and reads. Certainly heroes have gone down in France since the days of that Amadis de Gaule, 'bon à dérompre harnois, fendre ennemi et porter en croupe belles demoiselles sans leur parler de rien.' His lady love is extremely annoyed, but forgives him. It is strange to see how lightly M. de Montalembert takes the matter. 'At lovers' perjuries they say Jove laughs;' but it considerably diminishes the impression of Albert's delicacy and honour.

The first volume ends with the account of Albert's long sickness and agony, the passionate attachment of his wife, and her distress at losing him. The next contains the death, also by consumption, of two of his sisters, and generally speaking of every one connected with the family; at whatever age however they die, the event is always considered as so extraordinarily remarkable and distressing, that one would have supposed that mankind in general were not in the habit of dying. Indeed all the commonest events in life are treated as if they were peculiar to the Feronnays. One sister, Eugénie, has always announced her intention to die young, or at least to enter a cloister; instead of which, much to her own astonishment, she falls in love, marries, and has four children, like any ordinary woman, the sensible old priest telling her that this is her 'vocation.' Her biographer wonders naively at this remarkable fate, and when she dies, talks of the 'apparente rigueur' in allowing this heart, 'si détaché, si libre, si joyeusement prêt à quitter la vie à son début' to be 'rattaché à la terre.' It is a repetition of the same idea, 'a religious' is a monk or nun, 'entrer en religion' is to leave your work in this world.

The only healthy natural part of the book is the account of the family life at Bouri, an old French château, where for a short time Alexandrine went to live with her husband's family, and where she and her sisters-in-law taught in the schools, looked after the old women, sang and played in church, and did just what goes on in every country house in England, but which must be unusual in France to inspire so much admiration. All this however is changed by Alexandrine for a more ascetic and 'advanced' mode of life

at Paris, into which she threw herself with the fervour and absorbed interest with which she did everything. It is extremely touching and absurd to hear how, at this period, when she was one day visiting a convent, a sœur asked her for money to buy a pair of shoes for a poor woman, 'qui en avait absolument besoin.' Madame de Feronnay immediately pulled out her purse, and in a short time the sister returned with the shoes, which she insisted on Alexandrine wearing herself, as 'she was certainly the person who wanted them most of her acquaintance.' It is the old Manichæism of Catholicism, the inherent viciousness of matter; the body is to be kept under and tormented in every possible manner, instead of being treated as 'the temple of the Holy Ghost,' to be rendered by every means fit for the most perfect action both materially and mentally, and therefore not to be pampered, but used purely, soberly, conscientiously — a gift, as talents, power, eloquence, are gifts. Most truly, no one can serve God and his fellow creatures without many wet feet and aching heads and weary bodies, but then they come in the way of business, a means, not an end, because the work cannot otherwise be done; they are not incurred as an act of heroism and virtue in themselves. The importance of the ascetic ceremonial act itself is very striking throughout the book. It is evidently considered that God has pleasure in seeing poor Madame de Feronnay's cold wet feet, and bad shoes which let in the water; that it was a satisfaction to him, when in the illness of which she died, she was seen in a cold church in December, so ill-clothed and ill-fed, and coughing so violently that 'une dame qui s'y trouvait, l'entendant tousser et regardant cette femme à genoux, si pâle, si pauvrement vêtue, et qui semblait si faible, envoya dire qu'elle donnerait bien volontiers du lait à cette pauvre dame, trop pauvre sans doute pour se procurer le nécessaire.' Again, when literally dying, she insisted on returning to the same church to hear mass and take the communion.

And thus we come round to the difficult question, What does please God? answered in such frightful ways since the beginning of the world. Cutting the throats of whole hecatombs of beasts, says one race; sacrificing your children, 'the fruit of your body for the sin of your soul,' Iphigenia, Jephthah's daughter, the offerings to Moloch, the immuring in convents, are the varying forms which different nations select; filling the mouth of your grandmother with mud and drowning her in the holy river, says the Hindoo; burning a live man as one of God's enemies, tearing his flesh off his bones with the most horrible torments, because he disagrees with you as to a metaphysical doctrine, said both Catholic and Protestant alike for very long; depriving him of political power, cutting off as much as possible of his salary, shutting him out of society, say the weaker and more degenerate moderns, gradually mitigating their severities as the dislike to seeing physical pain becomes greater.

There has been a grim, stern seriousness about all these performances; a thorough belief in their virtue and efficacy; an undoubting confidence that they knew and were doing God's will; a robust faith even about St. Catherine's love-sick reveries. But it was reserved for the nineteenth century to go in for sentimentalism *pur et simple*: 'Il est si bon de croire,' says the old count, 'si bon d'espérer;' and the whole family repeat, it is so nice and pretty to believe. 'J'éprouve un besoin irrésistible d'appartenir à la même foi que mon pauvre Albert. Donner à un mari si aimé, qui peut vivre quelques mois, mais dont les jours sont comptés, une dernière grande joie,' says Alexandrine, not unnatu-

rally ('if one's conscience ne met pas d'obstacle,' she puts in as it were by the bye). She would 'have become a Catholic, if only because it is so delightful to pray for the dead:' a belief is not true or false, as both Catholic and Protestant in the old times died to assert, but adopted because it is 'so pleasant.'

It seems strange that it should require to be said, if the religion be true, she ought not to be kept back by the fear of paining her mother; if it is false, the pleasure of taking the sacrament with her dying husband is hardly reason sufficient for adopting it. She consents when she marries that her children should all be brought up Catholics, without any distaste, for says she, 'à aucun temps de ma vie je n'aurais désiré avoir des enfants protestants; je les aurais préférés grecs, mais toujours et avant tout catholiques.' What strange religion is this, which is good enough for oneself, but which one does not wish one's children, one's own flesh and blood, to be brought up in? Her Protestantism however seems to have been of the mildest description; she has 'felt from her infancy that la meilleure croyance de toutes is that of the Catholics;' 'n'est-ce pas d'eux que nous avons reçu l'Évangile?' One only wonders indeed that she held out so long. Albert himself was apparently the only person who abstained from converting her, and when at the last moment she is making up her mind to the leap, Montalembert writes, 'Si *par malheur pour elle il est mieux*, elle reculera,' with a cold-blooded analysis of the situation, which is inexpressibly painful.

When the outside acts of religion are however put so entirely on a level of importance with the moral, it becomes perhaps easier to understand such a momentous change on such slight grounds; these at least could be adopted simply by obedience, without any undue strain on the understanding, which is suppressed to a curious extent. The really excellent old mother of the race is described as insisting, in her last illness, on going to the church to communicate. She was entreated, 'de ne pas sortir à jeûn avant sept heures du matin quand la terre était couverte de neige.' 'The priest would desire it,' she replied, although she had communicated and confessed a few days before. The habit had become a tyrant, and reduced her to the state of an utterly unintelligent child or servant. To risk one's life for a fellow-creature is worth while, but in order to receive the sacrament is an utter abuse of the gift God has confided to us. The symbol however becomes as important as the substance in a certain state of feeling.

There is the same strange mixture of sacred and profane imagery as in ultra-Evangelical memoirs. When the old count dies suddenly of heart disease, the young daughter is going to a ball, and the description of her *coiffé d'une couronne de fleurs* —'the last *parure* she ever wore' (as she died the following year) 'soon to be changed for another *couronne* of flowers which do not fade,' is curiously like the Low Church tracts comparing the feelings desirable towards the court of heaven to a presentation to the Queen—the going to a drawing-room. The *Récit* is full of long notes necessary to explain utterly uninteresting allusions to holy people of high family—only good to show what first-rate society we are moving in, and are exactly in the same strain as 'The Power of Holiness, as exemplified in the Death of the beautiful Daughter of the E—— of ——' (with initials, that there may be no mistake); the tracts on *Lady Mary, or, Not of this World*; the touching passages in Lord Haddo's life—'What more striking scene for a picture than that of the British peer fresh from the House of Lords in earnest converse with this poor

widow at the door, &c. &c. &c., on matters of salvation,' &c. &c. Only the advantage of form is so greatly on the side of the French, that whereas the Evangelical memoirs, generally written by persons of little learning and no taste, are read by no human beings but those of their own sect, the *Récit d'une Sœur* aspires to the popularity of a three-volume novel at Mudie's. The procession of titled personages throughout the book almost equals that of the Irish Catholic member who not long ago, in a speech in the House of Commons, described to his delighted audience the important advance which the true faith was making: 'for have we not seen one marchioness, two duchesses, three baronesses, and one honourable miss converted in the last two years?'

It is evidently so kind of a Comtesse or a Lady Mary to be religious: the coronet adds such a grace to holiness.

> Her hand was on a prayer-book and held a vinaigrette;
> The sign of man's redemption high on the book was set,
> But above the cross there glittered a golden coronet,

says Monckton Milnes. The whiffs of patchouli are so very delicious amidst the clouds of incense; a saint in crape is clearly so very much twice a saint in lawn—'Il n'y a pas de sottise nouvelle sous le soleil, aurait dû dire Salomon,' as Heine observes in one of his letters.

The profound consciousness of good society which pervades the book culminates in the old mother's declaration, 'Je suis bien aise de savoir . . . . dans une société franchement aristocratique; cette influence sera excellente pour lui, une sorte de choses qui coule de source, et qui ne se produit pas aussi naturellement dans des terrains où aucune vieille sève n'a germé; je l'ai trop senti pour n'en pas être convaincu.'

The love of effect in them all, even in so natural a person as Alexandrine, is most remarkable. At the moment of her act of abjuration and conversion in her dying husband's room, she describes in her journal, with much particularity, her own dress, her blue and white, and the dress of the altar, 'the blue moiré, one of the gowns of her trousseau never used.' Then comes an account of the first communion, also in the dying Albert's presence, the white muslins, the veil—'quel voile!—celui de mariée.'—at midnight, that he might communicate fasting in his own room, 'un autel paré, des fleurs, des lumières,' adds the sister. 'Je fus à la grand' messe,' says Alexandrine a few days after, 'c'était la Fête-Dieu, tout y était charmant'—as if it were for an evening party—'les chants, les encensoirs, les fleurs jetées.'

There is a *gentillesse*, a prettiness, in the long letters and pages of description in her journal on the agony of her husband, which the poor wife sits down to compose, perfectly wonderful in our eyes. They none of them seem ever to be so occupied by the feeling, the emotion, or the sorrow, as to be unable to describe at the utmost length their own state of mind, the effect from the outside, how 'I stood,' 'how he looked;' which is almost incredible to the English nature, which cannot thus get outside its own emotions, and make pictures of its own tears. It would, indeed, be difficult to believe that the emotion was real, but that each nation has a right to its peculiar mode of expressing its sensibility, as it has to its own language. 'But silent as we grow when feeling most, and breathless as we stand in thoughts too deep,' says an Englishman. Under no possible circumstances are most Frenchmen silent, no grief can make him speechless. But even given this national peculiarity, one cannot but be astonished at this wonderful flux of sentimental words on the most solemn occasions, the dramatising of emotions, and waterworks

of feeling, at the times when most men and women have only room in their hearts for the grief itself.

It is extremely curious to see how charming this style of thought must be considered in France; to find the same rose-water sort of boudoir sentiment quite as strong at the other pole of thought. M. Renan's account of the *charmants entretiens* on the lake of Galilee, the *délicieux apologues* of the Master to his disciples, are exactly in the same *mignarde* pretty tone. 'Tis sintiment kills me, says I,' as the Irish song observes.

The last years of poor Alexandrine's life seem to have been spent in fervours of religion and charity, while she gradually drew back from even the most innocent occupations. 'Quand à tous les ouvrages purement littéraires, romans, mémoires *ou histoires*, dont on parlait autour d'elle, et qui l'intéressaient naguère plus que d'autres, elle n'y prêtait plus la moindre attention,' says her biographer complacently. The utter valuelessness of this world is the pith and marrow of the teaching; move on, move on, this world is of no consequence except to win heaven. 'Je voudrais tous mes amis à la Trappe en vue de leur bonheur éternel,' says poor Eugénie de Guérin. 'Oh! ne me dites pas que je vais guérir,' says Alexandrine, 'laisse-moi savourer la pensée de mourir.' Indeed, her death seems to have been brought on entirely by herself, 'son zèle l'a tuée,' 'des soins raisonnables l'eussent préservée,' repeats one and another with much pride. She would not allow a fire to be lighted in the room in the convent to which she had retired as a sort of lay boarder, or take the food necessary for her health, by which means she managed to kill herself before she was forty. Instead of feeling this world is of the greatest possible importance, *here* is the work we are set to do by our God, here is our appointed place, we know nothing whatever of the occupations of the next world (unless what the Bishop of Exeter tells us is true—i.e., 'that God has been pleased to reveal to us that these are formal ceremonial, aye, and musical, choral, antiphonal!'), and the only way to prepare for it is to do conscientiously the work set us here, and not get away from it as soon as possible.

This utterly morbid state of mind is greatly fostered in all the writers both of the *Récit* and of *Eugénie de Guérin*, by the pestilent habit of journalising and daily letter writing: of cooking one's emotions as it were, and serving them up hot and hot for the benefit of self and friends, which is here carried to its utmost and most pernicious extent.

In Eugénie de Guérin, the extreme monotony of her outward existence, naturally tempted her to spin her spider's web almost entirely out of her own sensations. In her life of perpetual reverie without any particular object, it was, perhaps, difficult for it to be otherwise, but it is curious that it should be supposed interesting to the public to hear, 'J'ai dit que c'était un jour pour écrire,—Qu'écrire? je n'en sais rien, je sens que si j'avais un cadre je le remplirais tous les jours.' Instead of, I have something to say, how shall I express it? it is, I want to say something, what can I find to express? Inasmuch, however, as there was no terra firma of action whatever in her life—one purely of emotions and affections—the miraculous and the dreamy do not cut across one so strangely as in the *Récit*. 'Tout le monde meurt jeune à présent,' 'la mort est partout,' 'hélas! nous ne faisons que passer sur les pas des morts,' comes in like the refrain of a sad romance with poor Eugénie, far more harmoniously than mixed up with the De la Feronnay *parures*, the jewels, the 'moires antiques,' 'couronnes de fleurs,' 'rubis roses,' and the charms of 'Mademoiselle de France, la plus charmante princesse qui a

jamais existé,' who goes to bed at nine o'clock because the Château de Frohsdorf is so dull. 'Que n'aie-je fait un journal de l'agonie de Maurice, inestimable recueil dont ceci n'est que l'ombre!' poor Eugénie's speech after writing down everything even the most trivial circumstances, is more in keeping than when Alexandrine puts together the materials, at Montalembert's request, of the loves of herself and Albert, the early death of the husband, and the conversion of the wife, to be set into an 'édifiante histoire' for the benefit of the world, 'but not to be published sooner than ten years!' she insists. In a certain methodistic set, to be 'put into a tract' is the great object of ambition; but one is amused to see the same feeling among the cream of French society.

Again, 'Je crois aux miracles de guérison et d'autres bien avérés, comme ceux dont parle St. Augustin, Bossuet, ou ceux qu'on voit de nos jours, j'espérais toujours,' writes the poor sister when Maurice is dying, 'j'avais écrit au Prince de Hohenlohe, et j'attendais un miracle.' This, in a remote French country village, is at all events more comprehensible than Albert lying with a relic in his hands and a Paris physician by his bedside.

'Il vaut mieux d'un chapelet qu'un livre dans la poche d'un laboureur,' the fear of knowing too much, the crime of knowledge which has beset the world ever since the days of Adam, comes with more grace out of Eugénie's mouth than when Alexandrine gives up reading history as pleasing to God, or Lord Haddo (as recorded in his life) ceasing to draw or paint because they are not 'religious occupations,' but 'a device of Satan to detract from his efficiency,' and sells his pictures, 'because a high cultivation of art is inconsistent with the religion of Christ.' In all these cases the unhealthy bodies seem to have created the unhealthy scruples, and the lying spirits to have been mistaken for the direct voice of God, while conversely the unhealthy scruples have again helped to destroy the unlucky bodies.

The use of sentimentalism as an engine to arouse raptures, feelings, moods, in which religion is supposed to consist, is not in the least confined to the Roman Catholic Church; the excesses of the 'Mois de Marie'[1] (an admirable account of which may be found in *Le Maudit*) have their parallels in the revivals of America and Ireland. The mawkish sentiment and coarse familiarity of the epithets addressed to 'sweet Jesus' in books of the Methodist creed and their equivalents in the Church, are exactly in spirit like the Litanies 'de la Sainte Vierge,' and the strange literature of the spouses of Christ from St. Catherine downwards. There is a wonderful song of Schubert's, 'The Nun,' almost frightful in its description of passion of the least spiritual kind for the *Bräutigam*, ending in almost a shriek, half rapture half agony, as the miserable devotee dies and wins heaven, as she believes, at a spasm. The difference is in degree, not kind, between this and the enthusiastic young Methodist 'evangelical' reading, by order of her pastor, all the vehement love passages of the Song of Solomon, with long interpretations of its glowing, fervid, and not very decent Eastern imagery adapted to her Saviour; digging into her poor little self to discover the exact hour and day when her conversion took place, inquiring anxiously whether she has 'assurance;' and singing passionate hymns about the 'blood of Christ' to the most exciting music she can get at however inappropriate, a love

[1] The month of May is devoted to the service of the Virgin, probably only as successor to some goddess Maia. Query: Are the 'May meetings' a further 'development?'

song out of an opera or a German drinking song intended to celebrate *Bier* and *Tabak*.[1] The result appears to be the same in both phases of faith—a hard self-sufficient belief in the exclusive salvation of 'self and friends.' It is curious to read the contemptuous pity of each side for the other, which make the De la Feronnays' talk of 'ces pauvres Protestantes,' 'ces malheureuses Anglaises,' who would not *prosterner* themselves in St. Peter's, and lament over the death of Madame d'Alopius, a very religious woman, as if she had been a reprobate, and compare it with the extreme Low Church declarations that no Romanist can be saved; that Mr. —— is 'an infidel' because his views on the Sabbath differ from their own, or that 'the end of the Broad Church doctrine is a God-dishonouring, soul-destroying infidelity.'

The last attempt which has been made to gain the ear of the world has even less reality in it—the sham Catholicism with which we are now deluged. It is a poor imitation of that grand old fabric of Romanism, which will endure as long as there are minds to whom the burden of thinking, of judging for themselves, of directing their own actions or beliefs, is intolerable—who only ask to be led, on a good road if possible, but anyhow to be led. A Ritualist service is indeed a wonderful sight; here the efficacy of fine clothes comes out in its naked folly, unsoftened by custom, prescription, association, and symbolism, as in the Roman Catholic Church.

It is difficult for a Protestant to realise the tremendous solemnity of the real Catholic belief of what is going on at every service of the mass. There is your God *in the body*, present as soon as the consecration has taken place—there, in that spot before your eyes. No amount of gold and precious stones can be precious enough for the vessels which hold Him. There is a mixture of the sensuous and the spiritual which it is almost impossible for us to conceive. The whole worship is one consistent and majestic symbolism: the long aisles filled with worshippers, who are not intended to hear and understand—to see the act from afar, to know when to prostrate themselves in adoration of their present Deity, is to partake of the service. Each part of the building, each motion of the priest, each colour of his vestments, has a meaning: is a means of expression of the one great truth of the mediation of the priest for the people, the sacrifice of the Christ God, offered up in the flesh before their eyes by him. In theory at least, even the robes of the officient accordingly are holy; the most gorgeous stuffs, symbolic in colour and design, are embroidered conscientiously as a holy work by the consecrated virgins of the Lord, and are the fitting garments for one performing so awful a miracle, and standing between God and man. The whole theory hangs together consistently. But when the Reverend Smith goes to Jones's shop, and buys ten yards of yellow satin, which is made up with gold lace by Robinson the ecclesiastical tailor; and when, with the half doubt which possesses even the most 'advanced' Protestant mind as to the Real Presence of the local God (for if he no longer doubts he may be said to have passed the dividing line to Rome), he walks up to the altar in it, it becomes sentimentalism of the lowest kind. The yellow satin is worn because it is 'pretty,' because 'the effect of gorgeous arrangements may be seen to be attractive by the example of the theatres,' &c.[2]

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[1] 'Ah perdona,' from *La Clemenza di Tito*, and Crambamboli, are common and favourite hymn tunes with certain creeds.

[2] See *The Church and the World*.

There is no room in Protestantism for an intermediary between God and man—the sham priest is only attempting to produce an attractive show. For it is surely as strange a view of the Almighty's likes and dislikes to believe that He is pleased with yellow satin pure and simple, as that He takes pleasure in the holes of poor Madame de Feronnay's shoes, or the intolerably bad music and bareness of the Low Church ritual, or the frantic howls and contortions of a revival meeting. It is only in the twilight of the Romish Church that the belief in fine clothes as religious objects or helps can really exist; there the halo of ancient usage and gorgeous symbolism may save them a little longer. But now every place and corner 'is penetrated by the insolent light,' not of reverent examination, but of weary doubt, and uncertainty, and sciolism, what does it matter?

The want of the world at present is for more reverence for what is really reverable; and the answer we get from one side the Church is, 'Oh, give us more yellow and green satin, more flowers, more intoning'—('The great want of the Church of England is more colour,' said one of its female dignitaries the other day). On the other hand, we are answered by the supreme excellence of ugliness, of bad singing, and bare poor architecture; while the fervid exaltation (the object sought after by both alike) is to be reached by the whipping up of interior emotions, the excitement of feeling. But of all, however attained, the answer is the same—more moods, moods, moods. Let the results of the Mois de Marie and the revivals answer as to the use of 'moods.'

Now there is no harm in satin, no harm in flowers and music, or even in the accounts of the pious *épanchements* of Lady Marys and French marquises; but these are not religion. There is work to be done in the world, and the most *ravissante* toilette that a church can put on does not help us to do it.

If we believe religion to be the true perception of our relation to the Creator through our Lord and Saviour and the Holy Spirit, the knowledge of God's will, and the earnest struggle to carry it out to the best of our ability; to live honestly, conscientiously, and thoroughly the life and do the work which God has put each man into the world to accomplish; to learn first, by all the means in our power, what it is He wishes us to do, and then humbly to strive to do it, we shall not find that any of our faculties are too many, or that we improve our tree by lopping off half the branches. Religion is not so small a thing as to be apprehended by feeling alone. We must cultivate our reason and our intelligence as much as our moral sense and our hearts; and all this whipping up of emotions, this driving and striving after sentimental enthusiasms,

> To wind ourselves too high
> For sinful man beneath the sky,

which ends too often either in early death, as was the case with Eugénie de Guérin, Albert de la Feronnay, and his wife and sisters (the sickly temperament being probably both cause and effect), or in the reaction which one so often sees in the children of great devotees; this spasmodic attempt after moods, and straining after effect, is one of the greatest blunders of the many which unlucky men have made in their painful, earnest search after the good and right and true, and seems a strange result of the religion which has charged us to 'live soberly, righteously, and godly in this present world,' the word 'soberly' repeated as it is again and again.

VIKRAM AND THE VAMPIRE; OR, TALES OF INDIAN DEVILRY.

ADAPTED BY

RICHARD F. BURTON,

Vice-President, Anthropological Society, London.

THE VAMPIRE'S THIRD STORY.

OF A HIGH-MINDED FAMILY.

IN the venerable city of Bardwan, O warrior king! (quoth the Vampire) during the reign of the mighty Rupsen, flourished one Rajeshwar, a Rajput warrior of distinguished fame. By his valour and conduct he had risen from the lowest ranks of the army to command it as its captain. And arrived at that dignity he did not put a stop to all improvements, like other chiefs, who rejoice to rest and to return thanks; on the contrary, he became such a reformer that, to some extent, he remodelled the art of war.

Instead of attending to rules and regulations drawn up by pundits and Brahmans in their studies, he consulted chiefly his own experience and judgment. He threw aside the systematic plans of campaigns laid down in the Shastras (ancient books), and he acted upon the spur of the moment. He displayed a skill in the choice of ground, in the use of light troops, and in securing his own supplies whilst he cut off those of the enemy, which Kartikaya himself, god of war, might have envied. Finding that the bows of his troops were clumsy and slow to use, he had them all changed before compelled so to do by defeat; he also gave his attention to the sword-handles, which cramped the men's grasp, but which, having been used for eighteen hundred years, were considered perfect weapons. And he organised a special corps of warriors using fire arrows, and he soon brought it to such perfection that, by using it against the elephants of his enemies, he gained many a campaign.

One instance of his superior judgment I am about to quote to thee, O Vikram, after which I return to my tale; for thou art truly a warrior king, very likely to imitate the innovations of the great general Rajeshwar.

A grunt from the monarch was the result of the Vampire's sneer.

I resume. He found his master's armies recruited from Northern Hindostan, and officered by kshatriya warriors, who grew great only because they grew old and—fat. Thus the energy and talent of the younger men were worse than wasted in troubles and disorders; whilst the seniors were often so ancient that they could not mount their chargers unaided, nor, when they were mounted, could they see anything a dozen yards before them. But they had served in a certain obsolete campaign, and until Rajeshwar gave them pensions and dismissals, they claimed a right to take first part in all campaigns present and future. The commander-in-chief refused to use any captain who could not stand steady on his legs or endure the sun for a whole day. When a soldier distinguished himself in action he raised him to the powers and privileges of the warrior caste. And whereas it had been the habit to lavish circles and bars of silver and other metals upon all those who had joined in the war, whether they had sat behind a heap of sand or had been foremost to attack the foe, he broke through the pernicious custom, and rendered the honour valuable by conferring it only upon the deserving. I need

hardly say, that in an inordinately short space of time his army beat every king and general that opposed it.

One day the great commander-in-chief was seated in a certain room near the threshold of his gate, when the voices of a number of people outside were heard. Rajeshwar asked, 'Who is at the door, and what is the meaning of the noise I hear?' The porter replied, 'It is a fine thing your honour has asked. Many persons come sitting at the door of the rich for the purpose of obtaining a livelihood and wealth. When they meet together they talk of various things: it is these very people who are now making this noise.'

Rajeshwar, on hearing this, remained silent.

In the meantime a traveller, a Rajput, by name Birbal, hoping to obtain employment, came from the southern quarter to the palace of the chief. The porter having listened to his story, made the circumstance known to his master, saying, 'O chief! an armed man has arrived here, hoping to obtain employment, and is standing at the door. If I receive a command he shall be brought into your honour's presence.'

'Bring him in,' cried the commander-in-chief.

The porter brought him in, and Rajeshwar inquired, 'O Rajput, who and what art thou?'

Birbal submitted that he was a person of distinguished fame for the use of weapons, and that his name for fidelity and valour had gone forth to the uttermost end of Bharat-Kandha.[1]

The chief was well accustomed to this style of self-introduction, and its only effect upon his mind was a wish to shame the man by showing him that he had not the least knowledge of weapons. He therefore bade him bare his blade and perform some feat.

Birbal at once drew his good sword. Guessing the thoughts which were hovering about the chief's mind, he put forth his left hand, extending the forefinger upwards, waved his blade like the arm of a windmill round his head, and, with a dexterous stroke, so shaved off a bit of nail that it fell to the ground, and not a drop of blood appeared upon the finger-tip.

'Live for ever!' exclaimed Rajeshwar in admiration. He then addressed to the recruit a few questions concerning the art of war, or rather concerning his peculiar views of it. To all of which Birbal answered with a spirit and a judgment which convinced the hearer that he was no common sworder.

Whereupon Rajeshwar bore off the new man at arms to the palace of the king Rupsen, and recommended that he should be engaged without delay.

The king, being a man of few words and real ideas, after hearing his commander-in-chief, asked, 'O Rajput, what shalt I give thee for thy daily expenditure?'

'Give me a thousand ounces of gold daily,' said Birbal, 'and then I shall have wherewithal to live on.'

'Hast thou an army with thee?' exclaimed the king in the greatest astonishment.

'I have not,' responded the Rajput somewhat stiffly. 'I have first, a wife; second, a son; third, a daughter; fourth, myself; there is no fifth person with me.'

All the people of the court on hearing this turned aside their heads to laugh, and even the women who were peeping at the scene, covered their mouths with their veils. The Rajput was then dismissed the presence.

[1] India.

It is, however, noticeable amongst you humans, that the world often takes you at your own valuation. Set a high price upon yourselves, and each man shall say to his neighbour, 'In this man there must be something.' Tell every one that you are brave, clever, generous, or even handsome, and after a time they will begin to believe you. And when thus you have attained success, it will be harder to unconvince them than it was to convince them. Thus——

'Listen not to him, sirrah,' cried Raja Vikram to Dharma-Dhwaj, the young prince, who had fallen a little way behind and was giving ear attentively to the Vampire's ethics. 'Listen to him not. And tell me, villain, with these ignoble principles of thine, what will become of modesty, humility, self-sacrifice, and a host of other good qualities (guna) which—which are good qualities?'

'I know not,' rejoined the Baital, 'neither do I care. But my habitually inspiriting a succession of human bodies has taught me one fact. The wise man knows himself, and is, therefore, neither unduly humble nor elated, because he had no more to do with making himself than with the cut of his cloak, or with the fitness of his loin-cloth. But the fool either loses his head by comparing himself with still greater fools, or is prostrated when he finds himself inferior to others and lesser fools. This shyness he calls modesty, humility, and so forth. Now, whenever entering a corpse, whether it be of man, woman, or child, I feel peculiarly modest, I know that my tenement lately belonged to some conceited ass. And——'

'Wouldst thou have me bump thy back against the ground?' asked Rajah Vikram angrily.

The Baital muttered some reply scarcely intelligible about his having this time stumbled upon a metaphysical thread of ideas, and then continued his story.

Now Rupsen, the king, began by inquiring of himself why the Rajput had rated his services so highly. Then he reflected that if this recruit had asked so much money, it must have been for some reason which would afterwards become apparent. Next, he hoped that if he gave him so much, his generosity might some day turn out to his own advantage. Finally, with this idea in his mind, he summoned Birbal and the steward of his household, and said to the latter, 'Give this Rajput a thousand ounces of gold daily from our treasury.'

It is related that Birbal made the best possible use of his wealth. He used every morning to divide it into two portions, one of which was distributed to Brahmans and Purvhitas.[1] Of the remaining moiety, having made two parts, he gave one as alms to pilgrims, Vishnu's mendicants (Bairagis) and worshippers of Shiva (Sanyasis) whose bodies, smeared with ashes and hardly covered with a narrow cotton cloth and a rope about their loins, and whose heads of artificial hair clotted like a rope, besieged his gate. With the remaining fourth, having caused food to be prepared, he fed the poor, and himself and his family ate what was left. Every evening, arming himself with sword and buckler, he took up his position as guard at the royal bedside, and walked round it all night sword in hand. If the king chanced to wake and asked who was present, Birbal immediately gave reply that 'Birbal is here; whatever command you give, that he will obey.' And oftentimes

[1] The ancient name of a priest by profession, meaning 'præpositus' or præses. He was the friend and counsellor of a chief, the minister of a king, and his companion in peace and war. (M. Müller's *Ancient Sanskrit Literature*, p. 485.)

Rupsen gave him unusual commands, for it is said, 'To try thy servant, bid him do things in season and out of season: if he obey thee willingly, know him to be useful; if he reply, dismiss him at once. Thus is a servant tried, even as a wife by the poverty of her husband, and brethren and friends by asking their aid.'

In such manner, through desire of money, Birbal remained on guard all night; and whether eating, drinking, sleeping, sitting, going or wandering about, during the twenty-four hours, he held his master in watchful remembrance. This, indeed, is the custom; if a man sell another the latter is sold, but a servant by doing service sells himself, and when a man has become dependent, how can he be happy? Certain it is that, however intelligent, clever, or learned a man may be, yet, while he is in his master's presence, he remains silent as a dumb man, and struck with dread. Only while he is away from his lord, can he be at ease. Hence, learned men say that to do service aright, is harder than any religious study.

On one occasion it is related that there happened to be heard at night time the wailing of a woman in a neighbouring cemetery. The king on hearing it called out, 'Who is in waiting?'

'I am here,' replied Birbal, 'what command is there?'

'Go,' spoke the king, 'to the place whence proceeds this sound of a woman crying, and having inquired the cause of her grief, return quickly.'

On receiving this order the Rajput went to obey it, and the king, unseen by him, and attired in a black dress, followed for the purpose of observing his courage.

Presently Birbal arrived at the cemetery. And what sees he there? A beautiful woman of a light yellow colour, loaded with jewels from head to foot, holding a horn in her right and a necklace in her left hand. Sometimes she danced, sometimes she jumped, and sometimes she ran about. There was not a tear in her eye, but beating her head and making lamentable cries, she kept dashing herself on the ground.

Seeing her condition and not recognising the goddess born of sea foam, and whom all the host of heaven loved,[1] Birbal inquired, 'Why art thou thus beating thyself and crying out? Who art thou? And what grief is upon thee?'

'I am the Royal-Luck,' she replied.

'For what reason,' asked Birbal, 'art thou weeping?'

The goddess then began to relate her position to the Rajput. She said, with tears, 'In the king's palace low caste (Shudra) acts are done, and hence misfortune will certainly fall upon it, and I shall forsake it. After a month has passed the king, having endured excessive affliction, will die. In grief for this I weep. I have brought much happiness to the king's house, and hence I am full of regret that this my prediction cannot in any way prove untrue.'

'Is there,' asked Birbal, 'any remedy for this trouble, so that the king may be preserved and live a hundred years?'

'Yes,' said the goddess, 'there is. About eight miles to the east thou wilt find a temple dedicated to my terrible sister Devi. Offer to her thy son's head, cut off with thine own hand, and the reign of thy king shall endure for an age.' So saying Raj-Lakshmi disappeared.

Birbal answered not a word, but

[1] Lakshmi, Goddess of Prosperity; Raj-Lakshmi, the King's Fortune, which we should call tutelary genius. Lakshi-chara is our 'luckless,' forming, as Mr. Ward says, an extraordinary coincidence of sound and meaning, in languages so different. But the derivation is very distinct.

with hurried steps he turned towards his home. The king still in black, so as not to be seen, followed him closely and observed and listened to everything he did.

The Rajput went straight to his wife, awakened her, and related to her everything that had happened. The wise have said, 'she alone deserves the name of wife who always receives her husband with affectionate and submissive words.' When she heard the circumstances she at once aroused her son, and her daughter also awoke. Then Birbal told them all that they must follow him to the temple of Devi in the wood.

On the way the Rajput said to his wife, 'If thou wilt give up thy son willingly, I will sacrifice him for our master's sake to Devi the Destroyer.'

She replied, 'Father and mother, son and daughter, brother and relative, have I now none. You are everything to me. It is written in the scripture that a wife is not made pure by gifts to priests, nor by performing religious rites; her virtue consists in waiting upon her husband, in obeying him and in loving him—yea! though he be lame, maimed in the hands, dumb, deaf, blind, one-eyed, leprous, or humpbacked. It is a true saying that "a son under one's authority, a body free from sickness, a desire to acquire knowledge, an intelligent friend, and an obedient wife; whoever holds these five things will find them bestowers of happiness and dispellers of affliction. An unwilling servant, a parsimonious king, an insincere friend, and a wife not under control; these things are disturbers of ease and givers of trouble."'

Then the good wife turned to her son and said, 'Child, by the gift of thy head, the king's life may be spared, and the kingdom remain unshaken.'

'Mother,' replied that excellent youth, 'in my opinion we should hasten this matter. Firstly, I must obey your command; secondly, I must promote the interests of my master; thirdly, if this body be of any use to a goddess, nothing better can be done with it in this world.'

('Excuse me, Raja Vikram,' said the Baital, interrupting himself, 'if I repeat these fair discourses at full length; it is interesting to hear a young person, whose throat is about to be cut, talk so like a doctor of laws.')

Then the youth thus addressed his sire, 'Father, whoever can be of use to his master, the life of that man in this world has been lived to good purpose, and by reason of his usefulness he will be rewarded in other worlds.'

But his sister exclaimed, 'If a mother should give poison to her daughter, and a father sell his son, and a king seize the entire property of his subjects, where then could one look for protection?' But they heeded her not, and continued talking as they journeyed towards the temple of Devi,—the king all the while secretly following them.

Presently they reached the temple, a single room, surrounded by a spacious paved area; in front was an immense building capable of seating hundreds of people. Before the image there were pools of blood, where victims had lately been slaughtered. Devi was in the sanctum, a large black figure with ten arms. With a spear in one of her right hands she pierced the giant Mahisha; and with one of her left hands she held the tail of a serpent, and the hair of the giant, whose breast the serpent was biting. Her other arms were all raised above her head, and were filled with different instruments of war; against her right leg leaned a lion.

Then Birbal joined his hands in prayer, and thus addressed the awful goddess: 'O mother, let the

king's life be prolonged for a thousand years by the sacrifice of my son. O Devi, mother! destroy, destroy his enemies! Kill! kill! Reduce them to ashes! Drive them away! Devour them! devour them! Cut them in two! Drink, drink their blood! Destroy them root and branch! With thy thunderbolt, spear, scymitar, discus, or rope, annihilate them! Spheng! Spheng!'

The Rajput, having caused his son to kneel before the goddess, struck him so violent a blow that his head rolled upon the ground. He then threw the sword down, when his daughter, frantic with grief, snatched it up and struck her neck with such force that her head, separated from the body, fell. In her turn the mother, unable to survive the loss of her children, seized the weapon and succeeded in decapitating herself. Birbal, beholding all this slaughter, thus reflected: 'My children are dead; why, now, should I remain in servitude, and upon whom shall I bestow the gold I receive from the king?' He then gave himself so deep a wound in the neck, that his head also separated from his body.

Rupsen, the king, seeing these four heads on the ground, said in his heart, 'For my sake has the family of Birbal been destroyed. Kingly power, for the sake of upholding which the destruction of a whole household is necessary, is a mere curse, and to carry on government in this manner is not just.' He then took up the sword and was about to slay himself, when the Destroying Goddess, probably satisfied with bloodshed, stayed his hand, bidding him at the same time ask any boon he pleased.

The generous monarch begged, thereupon, that his faithful servant might be restored to life, together with all his high-minded family, and the goddess Devi in the twinkling of an eye fetched from Patala, the regions below the earth, a vase full of Amrita, the water of immortality, sprinkled it upon the dead, and raised them all as before. After which the whole party walked leisurely home, and in due time the king divided his throne with his friend Birbal.

Having stopped for a moment, the Baital proceeded to remark in a sententious tone, 'Happy the servant who grudges not his own life to save that of his master! And happy, thrice happy the master who can annihilate all greedy longing for life and worldly prosperity. Raja, I have to ask thee one searching question—Of these five, who was the greatest fool?'

'Demon!' exclaimed the great Vikram, all whose cherished feelings about fidelity and family affection, obedience and high-mindedness, were outraged by this Vampire view of the question, 'if thou meanest by the greatest fool the noblest mind, I reply without hesitating Rupsen, the king.'

'Why, prithee?' asked the Baital.

'Because, dull demon,' said the king, 'Birbal was bound to offer up his life for a master who treated him so generously; the son could not disobey his father, and the women naturally and instinctively killed themselves, because the example was set to them. But Rupsen the king gave up his throne for the sake of his retainer, and valued not a straw his life and his high inducements to live. For this reason I think him the most meritorious.'

'Surely, mighty Vikram,' laughed the Vampire, 'you will be tired of ever clambering up yon tall tree, even had you the legs and arms of Hanuman[1] himself.'

And so saying he disappeared from the cloth, although it had been placed upon the ground.

But the poor Baital had little

[1] The Monkey God.

reason to congratulate himself on the success of his escape. In a short time he was again bundled into the cloth with the usual want of ceremony, and he revenged himself by telling another true story.

THE VAMPIRE'S FOURTH STORY.

OF A WOMAN WHO TOLD THE TRUTH.

'Listen, great king!' again began the Baital.

An unimportant baniya[1] (trader) Hiranyadatt, had a daughter, whose name was Madansena Sundari the Beautiful. Her face was like the moon; her hair like the clouds; her eyes like those of a musk-rat; her eyebrows like a bent bow; her nose like a parrot's bill; her neck like that of a dove; her teeth like pomegranate grains; the red colour of her lips like that of a gourd; her waist lithe and bending like the pard's; her hands and feet like softest blossoms; her complexion like the jasmine—in fact, day by day the splendour of her youth increased.

When she had arrived at maturity her father and mother began often to revolve the subject of her marriage in their minds. And the people of all that country side ruled by Birbar king of Madanpur, bruited it abroad that in the house of Hiranyadatt had been born a daughter, by whose beauty gods, men and munis (sages) were fascinated.

Thereupon many men, causing their portraits to be painted, sent them by messengers to Hiranyadatt the baniya, who showed them all to his daughter. But she was capricious, as beauties sometimes are, and when her father said, 'Make choice of a husband thyself,' she told him that none pleased her, and moreover she begged of him to find her a husband who possessed good looks, good qualities, and good sense.

At length when some days had passed, four suitors came from four different countries. The father told them that he must have from each some indication that he possessed the required good qualities, that he was satisfied with their looks, but that they must satisfy him about their knowledge.

'I have,' the first said, 'a perfect acquaintance with the Scriptures (Shastras); in science there is none to rival me. As for my handsome mien, it may plainly be seen by you.'

The second exclaimed, 'My attainments are unique in the knowledge of archery. I am acquainted with the art of discharging arrows and killing anything which though not seen is heard, and my fine proportions are plainly visible to you.'

The third continued, 'I understand the language of land and water animals, of birds and of beasts, and I have no equal in strength. Of my comeliness you yourself may judge.'

'I have the knowledge,' quoth the fourth, 'how to make a certain cloth which can be sold for five rubies: having sold it I give the proceeds of one ruby to a Brahman, of the second I make an offering to a deity, a third I wear on my own person, a fourth I keep for my wife; and, having sold the fifth, I spend it in giving feasts. This is my knowledge and none other is acquainted with it. My good looks are apparent.'

The father hearing these speeches began to reflect, 'It is said that excess in anything is not good. Sita[2] was very lovely but the demon Ravana carried her away, and Bali king

[1] Generally written 'Banyan.'

[2] The daughter of Raja Janaka, married to Ramachandra. The latter placed his wife under the charge of his brother Lakshmana, and went into the forest to worship. The demon Ravana disguised himself as a beggar, and carried off the prize.

of Mahabahpur gave much alms but at length he became poor.[1] My daughter is too fair to remain a maiden; to which of these shall I give her?'

So saying Hiranyadatt went to his daughter, explained the qualities of the four suitors, and asked, 'To which shall I give thee?' On hearing these words she was abashed, and hanging down her head, knew not what to reply.

Then the baniya reflected and said to himself, 'He who is acquainted with the Shastras is a Brahman, he who could shoot an arrow at the sound was a Kshatriya or warrior, and he who made the cloth was a Shudra or servile. But the youth who understands the language of birds is of our own caste. To him therefore will I marry her.' And accordingly he proceeded with the betrothal of his daughter.

Meanwhile Madansena went one day, during the spring season, into the garden for a stroll. It happened, just before she came out, that Somdatt the son of the merchant Dharmdatt had gone for pleasure into the forest, and was returning to his home through the same garden.

He was fascinated at the sight of the maiden, and said to his friend, 'Brother, if I can obtain her my life will be prosperous, and if I do not obtain her my living in the world will be in vain.'

Having thus spoken, and becoming restless from the fear of separation, he involuntarily drew near to her, and seizing her hand said—

'If thou wilt not form an affection for me, I will throw away my life on thy account.'

'Be pleased not to do this,' she replied; 'it will be sinful, and it will involve me in the guilt and punishment of shedding blood; hence I shall be miserable in this world and in that to be.'

'Thy blandishments,' he replied, 'have pierced my heart, and the consuming thought of parting from thee has burnt up my body, and memory and understanding have been destroyed by this pain; and from excess of love I have no sense of right or wrong. But if thou wilt make me a promise, I will live again.'

She replied, 'Truly the iron age (Kali Yug) has commenced, since which time falsehood has increased in the world and truth has diminished; people talk smoothly with their tongues, but nourish deceit in their hearts; religion is destroyed, crime has increased, and the earth has begun to give little fruit. Kings levy fines, Brahmans have waxed covetous, the son obeys not his sire's commands, brother distrusts brother; friendship has departed from amongst friends; sincerity has left masters; servants have given up service; man has abandoned manliness, and women have abandoned modesty. Five days hence, my marriage is to be; but if thou slay not thyself, I will visit thee first, and after that I will remain with my husband.'

Having given this promise and having sworn by the Ganges, she returned home. The merchant's son also went his ways.

Presently the marriage ceremonies came on and Hiranyadatt the baniya expended a lakh of rupees in feasts and presents to the bridegroom. The bodies of the twain were anointed with turmeric, the bride was made to hold in her hand the iron box for eye paint, and the youth a pair of betel scissors. During the night before the wedding, there was loud and shrill music, the heads and limbs of the young couple were rubbed with an oint-

[1] This great king was tricked by the god Vishnu out of the sway of heaven and earth, but from his exceeding piety he was appointed to reign in Patala, or Hades.

ment of oil, and the bridegroom's head was duly shaved. The wedding procession was very grand. The streets were a blaze of flambeaux and torches carried in the hand, fireworks by the ten were discharged as the people passed, elephants, camels, and horses richly caparisoned, were placed in convenient situations, and before the procession had reached the house of the bride half a dozen wicked boys and bad young men were killed or wounded.[1] After the marriage formulas were repeated the baniya gave a feast or supper, and the food was so excellent that all sat down quietly, no one uttered a complaint, or brought dishonour on the bride's family, or cut with scissors the garments of his neighbour.

The ceremony thus happily concluded, the husband brought Madansena home to his own house. After some days the wife of her husband's youngest brother and also the wife of his eldest brother led her at night by force to her bridegroom, and seated her on a bed ornamented with flowers.

As her husband proceeded to take her hand, she jerked it away, and at once openly told him all that she had promised to Somdatt on condition of his not killing himself.

'All things,' rejoined the bridegroom, hearing her words, 'have their sense ascertained by speech; in speech they have their basis, and from speech they proceed; consequently a falsifier of speech falsifies everything. If truly you are desirous of going to him, go!'

Receiving her husband's permission she arose and went off to the young merchant's house in full dress. Upon the road a thief saw her, and in high good humour came up and asked—

'Whither goest thou at midnight in such darkness, having put on all these fine clothes and ornaments?'

She replied that she was going to the house of her beloved.

'And who here,' said the thief, 'is thy protector?'

'Kama Deva,' she replied, 'the beautiful youth who with his fiery arrows wounds with love the hearts of the inhabitants of the three worlds, Rati-pati, the husband of Rati,[2] accompanied by the kokila bird,[3] the humming bee and gentle breezes.' She then told to the thief the whole story, adding—

'Destroy not my jewels: I give thee a promise before I go that on my return thou shalt have all these ornaments.'

Hearing this the thief thought to himself that it would be useless now to destroy her jewels, when she had promised to give them to him presently of her own good will. He therefore let her go and sat down and thus soliloquised:

'To me it is astonishing that he who sustained me in my mother's womb should take no care of me now that I have been born and am able to enjoy the good things of this world. I know not whether he is asleep or dead. And I would rather swallow poison than ask man for money or favour. And these six things tend to lower a man:—friendship with the perfidious, causeless laughter; altercation with women; serving an unworthy master, riding an ass, and speaking any language but Sanskrit. And these five things the deity writes on our fate at the hour of birth:—first, age; secondly, action; thirdly, wealth;

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[1] The procession is fair game, and is often attacked in the dark with sticks and stones, causing serious disputes. At the supper the guests confer the obligation, and are exceedingly exacting.

[2] Rati is the wife of Kama, the god of desire; and we explain the word by 'Spring personified.'

[3] The Indian Cuckoo (*Cuculus Indicus*). It is supposed to lay its eggs in the nest of the crow.

fourthly, science; fifthly, fame. I have now done a good deed, and as long as a man's virtue is in the ascendant, all people becoming his servants obey him. But when virtuous deeds diminish even his friends become inimical to him.'

Meanwhile Madansena had reached the place where Somdatt the young trader had fallen asleep.

She awoke him suddenly, and he springing up in alarm quickly asked her, 'Art thou the daughter of a deity? or of a saint? or of a serpent? Tell me truly, who art thou? And whence hast thou come?'

She replied, 'I am human,—Madansena, the daughter of the baniya Hiranyadatt. Dost thou not remember taking my hand in that grove, and declaring that thou wouldst slay thyself if I did not swear to visit thee first and after that remain with my husband?'

'Hast thou,' he inquired, 'told all this to thy husband or not?'

She replied, 'I have told him everything; and he, thoroughly understanding the whole affair, gave me permission.'

'This matter,' exclaimed Somdatt in a melancholy voice, 'is like pearls without a suitable dress, or food without clarified butter,[1] or singing without melody; they are all alike unnatural. In the same way, unclean clothes will mar beauty, bad food will undermine strength, a bad wife will worry her husband to death, a disreputable son will ruin his family, an enraged demon will kill, and a woman, whether she love or hate, will be a source of pain. For there are few things which a woman will not do. She never brings to her tongue what is in her heart, she never speaks out what is on her tongue, and she never tells what she is doing. Truly the Deity has created woman a strange creature in this world.' He concluded with these words: 'Return thou home; with another man's wife I have no concern.'

Madansena rose and departed. On her way she met the thief, who, hearing her tale, gave her great praise, and let her go unplundered.[2]

She then went to her husband, and related the whole matter to him. But he had ceased to love her, and he said, 'Neither a king nor a minister, nor a wife, nor a person's hair nor his nails look well out of their places. And the beauty of the kokila is its note, of a woman is her chastity, of an ugly man knowledge, and of a devotee forgiveness.'

The Vampire having narrated thus far, suddenly asked the king, 'Of these three, whose virtue was the greatest?'

Vikram, who had been greatly edified by the tale, forgot himself, and ejaculated, 'The thief's.'

'And pray why?' asked the Baital.

'Because,' the hero explained, 'when her husband saw that she loved another man, however purely, he ceased to feel affection for her. Somdatt let her go unharmed, for fear of being punished by the king. But there was no reason why the thief should fear the law and dismiss her; therefore he was the best.'

'Hi! hi! hi!' laughed the demon, spitefully. 'Here, then, ends my story.'

Upon which, escaping as before from the cloth in which he was slung behind the raja's back, the Baital disappeared through the darkness of the night, leaving father and son looking at each other in dismay.

[1] This is the well known Ghi or Ghee, the one sauce of India, which is as badly off in that matter as England.

[2] The European reader will observe that it is her purity which carries the heroine through all these perils.

'Son Dharma Dhwaj,' quoth the great Vikram, 'the next time when that villain Vampire asks me a question, I allow thee to take the liberty of pinching my arm even before I have had time to answer his questions. In this way we shall never, of a truth, end our task.'

'Your words be upon my head, sire,' replied the young prince. But he expected no good from his father's new plan, as, arrived under the siras-tree, he heard the Baital laughing with all his might.

'Surely he is laughing at our beards, sire,' said the beardless prince, who hated to be laughed at like a young person.

'Let them laugh that win,' fiercely cried Raja Vikram, who hated to be laughed at like an elderly person.

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The Vampire lost no time in opening a fresh story.

THE VAMPIRE'S FIFTH STORY.

OF THE THIEF WHO LAUGHED AND WEPT.

Your majesty (quoth the demon, with unusual politeness), there is a country called Malaya, on the western coast of the land of Bharat—you see that I am particular in specifying the place—and in it was a city known as Chandrodaya, whose king was named Randhir.

This raja, like most others of his semi-deified order, had been in youth what is called a sarvarasi[1] (gay man); that is, he ate and drank and listened to music, and looked at dancers and made love much more than he studied, reflected, prayed, or conversed with the wise. After the age of thirty he began to reform, and he brought such zeal to the good cause, that in an incredibly short space of time he came to be accounted and quoted as the very paragon of correct rajas. This was very praiseworthy. Many of Bramha's vicegerents on earth, be it observed, have loved food and drink, and music and dancing, and the worship of Kama, to the end of their days.

Amongst his officers was Gunshankur, a magistrate of police, who, curious to say, was as honest as he was just. He administered equity with as much care before as after dinner; he took no bribes even in the matter of advancing his family; he was rather merciful than otherwise to the poor, and he never punished the rich ostentatiously, in order to display his and his laws' disrespect for persons. Besides which, when sitting on the carpet of justice, he did not, as some kotwals do, use rough or angry language to those who cannot reply; nor did he take offence when none was intended.

All the people of the city Chandrodaya, in the province of Malaya, on the western coast of Bharatland, loved and esteemed this excellent magistrate; which did not, however, prevent thefts being committed so frequently and so regularly, that no one felt his property secure. At last the merchants who had suffered most from these depredations, went in a body before Gunshankur, and said to him:

'O flower of the law! robbers have exercised great tyranny upon us, so great indeed that we can no longer stay in this city.'

Then the magistrate replied, 'What has happened, has happened. But in future you shall be free from annoyance. I will make due preparation for these robbers.'

Thus saying Gunshankur called together his various delegates, and directed them to increase the number of their people. He pointed out to them how they should keep

[1] Literally 'one of all tastes'—a wild man, we should say.

watch by night; besides which he ordered them to open registers of any arrival and departure, to make themselves acquainted by means of spies with the movements of every suspected person in the city, and to raise a body of paggi (trackers), who could follow the footprints of thieves even when they wore thieving shoes,[1] till they came up with and arrested them. And lastly, he gave the patrols full power, whenever they might catch a robber in the act, to slay him without asking questions.

People in numbers began to mount guard throughout the city every night, but notwithstanding this, robberies continued to be committed. After a time all the merchants having again met together went before the magistrate, and said, 'O incarnation of justice! you have changed your officers, you have hired watchmen, and you have established patrols: nevertheless the thieves have not diminished, and plundering is ever taking place.'

Thereupon Gunshankur carried them to the palace and made them lay their petition at the feet of king Randhir. That raja having consoled them sent them home, saying, 'Be ye of good cheer. I will to-night adopt a new plan, which, with the blessing of the Bhagwan, shall free ye from further anxiety.'

Observe, O Vikram, that Randhir was one of those concerning whom the poet sang—

The unwise run from one end to the other.

Not content with becoming highly respectable, correct, and even unimpeachable in point of character, he reformed even his reformation and did much more than he was required to do.

When Canopus began to sparkle gaily in the southern skies, the king arose and prepared for a night's work. He disguised his face by smearing it with a certain paint, by twirling his mustachios up to his eyes, by parting his beard upon his chin, and conducting the two ends towards his ears, and by tightly tying a hair from a horse's tail over his nose, so as quite to change its shape. He then wrapped himself in a coarse outer garment, girt his loins, buckled on his sword, drew his shield upon his arm, and without saying a word to those within the palace, he went out into the streets alone and on foot.

It was dark, and Raja Randhir walked through the silent city for nearly an hour without meeting any one. As however he passed through a back street in the merchants' quarter, he saw what appeared to be a hairless dog lying at the foot of a house-wall. He approached it and up leaped a human figure, whilst a loud voice cried out, 'Who art thou?'

Randhir replied, 'I am a thief; who art thou?'

'And I also am a thief,' rejoined the other, much pleased at hearing this; 'come, then, and let us make together. But what art thou, a high-toper or a lully-prigger?'[2]

'A little more ceremony between coves in the lorst,'[3] whispered the king, speaking as a flash man, 'were not out of place. But look sharp, mind old Oliver,[4] or the lambskin man[5] will have the pull of us, and as sure as eggs is eggs we shall be scragged as soon as lagged.'[6]

'Well, keep your red rag[7] quiet,' grumbled the other, 'and let us be working.'

Then the pair, king and thief,

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[1] These are generally made of rags and bits of leather; they have often toes behind the foot, with other similar contrivances, yet they scarcely ever deceive an experienced man.

[2] The high-toper is a swell thief, the other is a low dog.

[3] I.e. engaged in shoplifting.

[4] The moon.

[5] The judge.

[6] To be lagged is to be taken; scragging is hanging.

[7] The tongue.

began work in right earnest. The gang seemed to swarm in the street. They were drinking spirits, slaying victims, rubbing their bodies with oil, daubing their eyes with lamp-black, and repeating incantations to enable them to see in the darkness; others were practising the lessons of the god with the golden spear,[1] and carrying out the four modes of breaching a house—picking out burnt bricks, cutting through unbaked ones when old, when softened by recent damp, by sprinkling with water, and by exposure to the sun, or corroded by saline exudations and crusted over with salt; throwing water on a mud wall; and boring through one of wood. The sons of Skanda were making breaches in the shape of lotus blossoms, the sun, the new moon, the lake and the water jar, and they seemed to be anointed with magic unguents, so that no eye could behold, no weapon harm them.

At length having filled his bag with costly plunder, the thief said to the king, 'Now, my rummy cove, we'll be off to the flash ken, where the lads and the morts are waiting to whet their whistles.'

Randhir who as a king was perfectly familiar with 'thieves' Latin,' took heart and resolved to hunt out the secrets of the den. On the way, his companion, perfectly satisfied with the importance which he had attached to a rat-hole,[2] and convinced that he was a true robber, taught him the whistle, the word, and the sign peculiar to the gang, and promised him that he should smack the lit[3] that night before 'turning in.'

So saying the thief rapped twice at the city gate, which was at once opened to him, and preceding his accomplice led the way to a rock about two kos (four miles) distant from the walls. Before entering the dark forest at the foot of the eminence, the robber stood still for a moment and whistled twice through his fingers with a shrill scream that rang through the silent glades. After a few minutes the signal was answered by the hooting of an owl, which the robber acknowleged by shrieking like a jackal. Thereupon half a dozen armed men arose from their crouching places in the grass, and one advanced towards the new comers to receive the sign. It was given and they both passed on, whilst the guard sank, as it were, into the bowels of the earth. All these things Randhir carefully remarked: besides which he neglected not to take note of all the distinguishable objects that lay on the road, and, when he entered the wood, he scratched with his dagger all the tree trunks within reach.

After a sharp walk the pair reached a high perpendicular sheet of rock, rising abruptly from a clear space in the jungle and profusely printed over with vermilion hands. The thief having walked up to it and made his obeisence, stooped to the ground and removed a bunch of grass. The two then raised by their united efforts a heavy trap-door, through which poured a stream of light, whilst a confused hubbub of voices was heard below.

'This is the ken,' said the robber, preparing to descend a thin ladder of bamboo, 'follow me!' And he disappeared with his bag of valuables.

The king did as he was bid, and the pair entered together a large hall or rather a cave, which pre-

[1] This is the god Kartikeya, a mixture of Mars and Mercury, who revealed to a certain Yugáchárya the scriptures known as 'Chauriya-Vidyá'—Anglicè, 'Thieves' Manual.' The classical robbers of the Hindu drama always perform according to its precepts. There is another work respected by thieves, and called the 'Chora-Panchásikha,' because consisting of fifty lines.

[2] Supposed to be a good omen.

[3] I.e. share the booty.

sented a singular spectacle. It was lighted up by links fixed to the sombre walls, which threw a smoky glare over the place, and the contrast after the deep darkness reminded Randhir of his mother's descriptions of Patal-puri, the infernal city. Carpets of every kind, from the choicest tapestry to the coarsest rug, were spread upon the ground, and were strewed with bags, wallets, weapons, heaps of booty, drinking cups, and all the materials of debauchery.

Passing through this cave the thief led Randhir into another, which was full of thieves, preparing for the pleasures of the night. Some were changing garments, ragged and dirtied by creeping through gaps in the houses; others were washing the blood from their hands and feet; these combed out their long, dishevelled, dusty hair; those anointed their skins with perfumed cocoa-nut oil. There were all manner of murderers present, a villanous collection of Kartikeya's and Bhawani's[1] crew. There were stabbers with their poniards hung to lanyards lashed round their naked waists, Dhaturiya-poisoners[2] distinguished by the little bag slung under the left arm, and Phansigars[3] wearing their fatal kerchiefs round their necks. And Randhir had reason to thank the good deed in the last life that had sent him there in such strict disguise, for amongst the robbers he found, as might be expected, a number of his own people, spies and watchmen, guards and patrols.

The thief, whose importance of manner now showed him to be the chief of the gang, was greeted with applause as he entered the robing room, and he bade all make salaam to the new companion. A number of questions concerning the success of the night's work was quickly put and answered: then the company, having got ready for the revel, flocked into the first cave. There they sat down each in his own place and began to eat and drink and make merry.

After some hours the flaring torches began to burn out and drowsiness to overpower the strongest heads. Most of the robbers rolled themselves up in the rugs and, covering their heads, went to sleep. A few still sat with their backs to the wall, nodding drowsily or leaning on one side, and too stupefied with opium and hemp to make any exertion.

At that moment a servant woman, whom the king saw for the first time, came into the cave and looking at him exclaimed, 'O raja! how came you with these wicked men? Do you run away as fast as you can, or they will surely kill you when they awake.'

'I do not know the way; in which direction am I to go?' asked Randhir.

The woman then showed him the road. He threaded the confused mass of snorers, treading with the foot of a tiger-cat, found the ladder, raised the trap-door by exerting all his strength, and breathed once more the open air of heaven. And before plunging into the depths of the wood, he again marked the place where the entrance lay, and carefully replaced the bunch of grass.

Hardly had Raja Randhir returned to the palace, and removed the traces of his night's occupation, when he received a second deputation of the merchants, complaining bitterly and with the longest faces about their fresh misfortunes.

'O pearl of equity!' said the men of money, 'but yesterday you con-

[1] Bhawani is one of the many forms of the destroying goddess, the wife of Shiva.
[2] Wretches who kill with the narcotic seed of the stramonium.
[3] Better known as 'Thugs,' which in India means simply 'rascals.'

soled us with the promise of some contrivance by the blessing of which our houses and coffers would be safe from theft; whereas our goods have never yet suffered so severely as during the last twelve hours.'

Again Randhir dismissed them, swearing that this time he would either die or destroy the wretches who had been guilty of such violence.

Then having mentally prepared his measures, the raja warned a company of archers to hold themselves in readiness for secret service, and as each one of his own people returned from the robbers' cave, he had him privily arrested and put to death—because, it is said, the deceased do not, like Baitals, tell tales. About nightfall, when he thought that the thieves, having finished their work of plunder, would meet together as usual for wassail and debauchery, he armed himself, marched out his men, and led them to the rock in the jungle.

But the robbers, aroused by the disappearance of the new companion, had made inquiries and had gained intelligence of the impending danger. They feared to flee during the day time, lest being tracked they should be discovered and destroyed in detail. When night came, they hesitated to disperse from the certainty that they would be captured in the morning. Then their captain, who throughout had been of one opinion, proposed to them that they should resist, and promised them success if they would hear his words. The gang respected him, for he was known to be brave: they all listened to his advice, and they promised to be obedient.

As young night began to cast transparent shade upon the jungle ground, the chief of the thieves mustered his men, inspected their bows and arrows, gave them encouraging words, and led them forth from the cave. Having placed them in ambush he climbed the rock to espy the movements of the enemy, whilst others applied their noses and ears to the level ground. Presently the moon shone full upon Randhir and his band of archers, who were advancing quickly and carelessly, for they expected to catch the robbers in their cave. The captain allowed them to march nearly through the line of ambush. Then he gave the signal, and at that moment the thieves, rising suddenly from the bush, fell upon the royal troops and drove them back in confusion.

The king also fled, when the chief of the robbers shouted out, 'Hola! thou a Rajput and running away from combat?' Randhir hearing this halted, and the two, confronting each other, bared their blades and began to do battle with prodigious fury.

The king was cunning of fence, and so was the thief. They began the duel, as skilful swordsmen should, by bending almost double, skipping in a circle, each keeping his eye well fixed upon the other, with frowning brows and contemptuous lips; at the same time executing divers gambados and measured leaps, springing forward like frogs and backward like monkeys, and beating time with their sabres upon their shields, which rattled like drums.

Then Randhir suddenly facing his antagonist, cut at his legs with a loud cry, but the thief sprang in the air and the blade whistled harmlessly under him. Next moment the robber chief's sword, thrice whirled round his head, descended like lightning in a slanting direction towards the king's left shoulder: the latter, however, received it upon his target and escaped all hurt, though he staggered with the violence of the blow.

And thus they continued attacking each other, parrying and replying, till their breath failed them and their hands and wrists were numbed

and cramped with fatigue. They were so well matched in courage, strength and address, that neither obtained the least advantage, till the robber's right foot catching a stone slid from under him, and thus he fell to the ground at the mercy of his enemy. The thieves fled, and the raja, throwing himself on his prize, tied his hands behind him, and brought him back to the city at the point of his good sword.

The next morning Randhir visited his prisoner, whom he caused to be bathed, and washed, and covered with fine clothes. He then had him mounted on a camel and sent him on a circuit of the city, accompanied by a crier proclaiming aloud:

'Who hears! who hears! who hears! the king commands! This is the thief who has robbed and plundered the city of Chandrodaya. Let all men therefore assemble themselves together this evening in the open space outside the gate leading towards the sea. And let them behold the penalty of evil deeds and learn to be wise.'

Randhir had condemned the thief to be crucified, nailed and tied with his hands and feet stretched out at full length, in an erect posture until death: everything he wished to eat was ordered to him in order to prolong life and misery.[1] And when death should draw near, melted gold was to be poured down his throat till it should burst from his neck and other parts of his body.

In the evening the thief was led out for execution, and by chance the procession passed close to the house of a wealthy landowner. He had a favourite daughter named Shobhani who was in the flower of her youth and very lovely: every day she improved and every moment added to her grace and beauty. The girl had been carefully kept out of sight of mankind, never being allowed outside the high walls of the garden, because her nurse, a wise woman, much trusted in the neighbourhood, had at the hour of death given a solemn warning to her parents. The prediction was that the maiden should be the admiration of the city, and should die a Sati-widow[2] before becoming a man's wife. From that hour Shobhani was kept as a pearl in its casket by her father, who had vowed never to survive her, and had even fixed upon the place and style of his suicide.

But the shaft of Fate[3] strikes down the vulture sailing above the clouds, and follows the worm into the bowels of the earth, and pierces the fish at the bottom of the ocean —how then can mortal man expect to escape it? As the robber chief, mounted upon the camel, was passing to the cross under the old householder's windows, a fire breaking out in the women's apartments, drove the inmates into the rooms looking upon the street.

The hum of many voices arose from the solid pavement of heads: 'This is the thief who has been robbing the whole city; let him tremble now, for Randhir will surely crucify him!'

In beauty and bravery of bear-

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[1] Crucifixion, until late years, was common amongst the Buddhists of the Burmese empire. According to an eye-witness, Mr. F. Carey, the punishment was inflicted in two ways. Sometimes criminals were crucified by their hands and feet being nailed to a scaffold; others were merely tied up, and fed. In these cases the legs and feet of the patient begin to swell and mortify at the expiration of three or four days; men are said to have lived in this state for a fortnight, and at last they expired from fatigue and mortification. The sufferings from cramp also must be very severe. In India generally impalement was more common than crucifixion.

[2] Our Suttee. There is an admirable Hindu proverb, which says, 'No one knows the ways of woman; she kills her husband and becomes a Sati.'

[3] Fate and Destiny are rather Moslem than Hindu fancies.

ing, as in strength and courage, no man in Chandrodaya surpassed the robber, who, being magnificently dressed, looked, despite his disgraceful cavalcade, like the son of a king. He sat with an unmoved countenance, hardly hearing in his pride the scoffs of the mob; calm and steady when the whole city was frenzied with anxiety because of him. But as he heard the word 'tremble,' his lips quivered, his eyes flashed fire, and deep lines gathered between his eyebrows.

Shobhani started with a scream from the casement behind which she had hid herself, gazing with an intense womanly curiosity into the thoroughfare. The robber's face was upon a level with, and not half a dozen feet from, her pale cheeks. She marked his handsome features, and his look of wrath made her quiver as if it had been a flash of lightning. Then she broke away from the fascination of his youth and beauty, and ran breathless to her father, saying:

'Go this moment and get that thief released!'

The old housekeeper replied: 'That thief has been pilfering and plundering the whole city, and by his means the king's archers were defeated; why, then, at my request, should our most gracious raja Randhir release him?'

Shobhani, almost beside herself, exclaimed: "If by giving up your whole property you can induce the raja to release him, then instantly so do; if he does not come to me, I must give up my life!'

The maiden then covered her head with her veil, and sat down in in the deepest despair, whilst her father, hearing her words, burst into a cry of grief, and hastened to present himself before the raja. He cried out:

'O great king, be pleased to receive four lakhs of rupees and to release this thief.'

But the king replied: 'He has been robbing the whole city, and by reason of him my guards have been destroyed. I cannot by any means release him.'

Then the old householder finding, as he had expected, the raja inexorable, and not to be moved, either by tears or bribes, or by the cruel fate of the girl, returned home with fire in his heart, and addressed her:

'Daughter, I have said and done all that is possible; but it avails me nought with the king. Now, then, we die.'

In the mean time, the guards having led the thief all round the city, took him outside the gates and made him stand near the cross. Then the messengers of death arrived from the palace, and the executioners began to nail his limbs. He bore the agony with the fortitude of the brave; but when he heard what had been done by the old householder's daughter, he raised his voice and wept bitterly, as though his heart had been bursting, and almost with the same breath he laughed heartily as at a feast. All were startled by his merriment; coming as it did at a time when the iron was piercing his flesh, no man could see any reason for it.

When he died, Shobhani, who was married to him in the spirit, recited to herself these sayings:

'There are thirty-five millions of hairs on the human body! The woman who ascends the pile with her husband will remain so many years in heaven. As the snake-catcher draws the serpent from his hole, so she, rescuing her husband from hell, rejoices with him; aye, though he may have sunk to a region of torment, be restrained in dreadful bonds, have reached the place of anguish, be exhausted of strength, and afflicted and tortured for his crimes. No other effectual duty is known for virtuous women at any time after the death of their lords, except casting themselves into the same fire. As long as a woman, in

her successive transmigrations, shall decline burning herself, like a faithful wife, in the same fire with her deceased lord, so long shall she not be exempted from springing again to life in the body of some female animal.'

Therefore the beautiful Shobhani, virgin and wife, resolved to burn herself, and make the next life of the thief certain. She showed her courage by thrusting her finger into a torch flame till it became a cinder, and she solemnly bathed in the nearest stream.

A hole was dug in the ground, and upon a bed of green tree trunks were heaped hemp, pitch, faggots, and clarified butter, to form the funeral pyre. The dead body, anointed, bathed, and dressed in new clothes, was then laid upon the heap, which was some two feet high. Shobhani prayed that as long as fourteen Indras reign, or as many years as there are hairs in her head, she might abide in heaven with her husband, and be waited upon by the heavenly dancers. She then presented her ornaments and little gifts of corn to her friends, tied some cotton round both wrists, put two new combs in her hair, painted her forehead, and tied up in the end of her body-cloth clean parched rice[1] and cowrie-shells. These she gave to the bystanders, as she walked seven times round the funeral pyre, upon which lay the body. She then ascended the heap of wood, sat down upon it, and taking the thief's head in her lap, without cords or levers or upper layer of faggots, she ordered the pile to be lighted. The crowd standing around set fire to it in several places, drummed their drums, blew their conchs, and raised a loud cry of 'Hari bul! Hari bul!'[2] Straw was thrown on, and pitch and clarified butter were freely poured out. But Shobhani's was a blessed easy death (Saha-maran): no part of her body was seen to move after the pyre was lighted—in fact, she seemed to die before the flame touched her.

By the blessing of his daughter's death, the old householder beheaded himself.[3] He caused an instrument to be made in the shape of a half-moon, with an edge like a razor, and fitting the back of his neck. At both ends of it, as at the beam of a balance, chains were fastened. He sat down with eyes closed; he was rubbed with the purifying clay of the holy river, Vaiturani;[4] and he repeated the proper incantations. Then placing his feet upon the extremities of the chains, he suddenly jerked up his neck, and his severed head rolled from his body upon the ground. What a happy death was this!

The Baital was silent, as if meditating on the fortunate transmigration which the old householder had thus secured.

'But what could the thief have been laughing at, sire?' asked the young prince Dharma Dhwaj of his father.

'At the prodigious folly of the girl, my son,' replied the warrior king, thoughtlessly.

'I am indebted once more to your majesty,' burst out the Baital,

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[1] Properly speaking, the husbandman should plough with not less than four bullocks; but few can afford this. If he plough with a cow or a bullock, and not with a bull, the produce of his ground is unclean, and may not be used in any religious ceremony.

[2] A shout of triumph, like our 'Huzza!' and of course religious, meaning, 'Call upon Hari!' i.e. Krishna, i.e. Vishnu.

[3] This form of suicide is one of those recognised in India. So in Europe we read of fanatics who, with a suicidal ingenuity, have succeeded in crucifying themselves.

[4] The river of Jagannuth in Orissa; it shares the honours of sanctity with some twenty-nine others, and in the lower regions it represents the classical Styx.

'for releasing me from this unpleasant position, but the raja's penetration is again at fault. Not to leave your royal son—not heir—labouring under a false impression, before going I will explain why the brave thief burst into tears, and why he laughed at such a moment.

'He wept when he reflected that he could not requite her kindness in being willing to give up everything she had in the world to save his life; and this thought deeply grieved him.

'Then it struck him as being passing strange that she had begun to love him when the last sand of his life was well nigh run out; that wondrous are the ways of the revolving heavens which bestow wealth upon the niggard that cannot use it, wisdom to the bad man who will misuse it, a beautiful wife on the fool who cannot protect her, and fertilising showers upon the stony hills. And thinking over these things, the gallant and beautiful thief laughed aloud.

'Before returning to my siras-tree,' continued the Vampire, 'as I am about to do in virtue of your majesty's unintelligent reply, I may remark that men may laugh and cry, or may cry and laugh, about everything in this world, from their neighbours' deaths, which, as a general rule, in no wise concerns them, to their own latter ends, which do concern them exceedingly. For my part, I am in the habit of laughing at everything, because it animates the brain, stimulates the lungs, beautifies the countenance, and—for the moment, good-bye, Raja Vikram!'

The warrior king, being forewarned this time, shifted the bundle containing the Baital from his back to under his arm, where he pressed it with all his might.

This proceeding, however, did not prevent the Vampire from slipping back to his tree, and leaving an empty cloth upon the raja's back.

Presently the demon was trussed up as usual; a voice sounded behind Vikram, and the loquacious thing again began to talk.

LANDS AND SEAS OF ANOTHER WORLD.

By R. A. Proctor, B.A., F.R.A.S.
Author of 'Saturn and its System,' &c. &c.

AT a recent meeting of the Astronomical Society a globe was exhibited by Mr. Browning, one of the Fellows, on which lands and seas were depictured as upon an ordinary terrestrial globe. By far the larger part of these lands and seas were laid down as well-known entities, respecting which no more doubt is felt among astronomers than is felt by geographers respecting the oceans and continents of our own earth. Yet the world which is represented by Mr. Browning's globe is one which is never less than one hundred and twenty times farther from us than our own moon.

It is rather singular that the planet Mars—the orb which is represented by Mr. Browning's globe—is the only object in the whole heavens which is known to exhibit features resembling those of our earth. Astronomers have examined the moon in vain for such features: she presents an arid waste of extinct volcanoes, dreary mountain scenery surrounding lifeless plains (the *seas* of the old astronomers); an airless hemisphere of desolation, in fact, which has no counterpart on the terrestrial globe. The planets Jupiter and Saturn, orbs which far transcend our earth in mass and volume, which are adorned with magnificent systems of subsidiary bodies, and which seem in every respect worthy to be the abodes of nobler races than those which subsist upon our earth, afford no indications which justify us in asserting that they resemble the earth in any of those points which we are accustomed to regard as essential to the wants of living creatures. Nearly the whole of the light which we receive from these splendid orbs is reflected, not from their real surface, but from vaporous masses suspended in their atmospheres. It is indeed doubtful whether anything has ever been seen of the real surface of either planet, save perhaps that a small spot has here and there been faintly visible through the dense overhanging mantle of vapour. And strangely enough, the two small planets, which present in other respects the most marked contrast to the giant members of our system, resemble them in this point. Venus and Mercury seem both to be protected from the intense heat to which they would otherwise be exposed through their proximity to the sun, by densely vaporous envelopes, which only permit the true surface of the planets to be faintly seen, even under the most favourable conditions. The planet Mars, however, discloses to us his real surface, and this surface presents indications which cannot reasonably be doubted to result from the existence of continents and oceans, resembling those of our own earth in all essential features. Moreover, that wonderfully delicate instrument of research, the spectroscope, has confirmed these indications in a manner which hardly suffers any further dubiety to rest upon their meaning. We do not think that our readers will find a brief record of the process of discovery which has culminated in the construction of Martial charts and globes, otherwise than interesting.

It does not appear that Galileo, when he applied to Mars the same telescope which had revealed to him the satellites of Jupiter, was able to detect any features of interest in the nearer planet. More than half a century, indeed, appears to have passed, after the invention of the

telescope, before anything was detected which led to the suspicion that Mars has permanent markings upon his surface. In the beginning of March, 1666, Cassini, with a telescope 16 feet in length, but very far inferior in power to many modern tubes not one quarter as long, noticed features sufficiently remarkable to enable him to determine roughly the rotation-period of the planet. Not many days later our own countryman, the talented Dr. Hooke (who had detected spots on Mars in 1665), made two drawings of Mars which will bear comparison with all but the best modern views. These drawings were taken by means of a telescope no less than twelve yards long. At the end of the same month observers at Rome, using Divini's glasses, constructed a drawing of Mars, which aroused the wrath of Cassini; 'for,' says he, 'these observers represent the spots they saw as small, far apart, remote from the middle of the disc, and the eastern spot less than the west, whereas by observations made on the same day at Bonomia, I know that there were two very large spots close to each other, in the midst of the disc, and the eastern bigger than the western.' Certain it is that Cassini deduced from his observations a nearly correct rotation-period, while the Roman observers gave a period only one half the true one, having apparently been deceived by a certain resemblance which exists between two opposite hemispheres of the planet.

In 1704–1719 Maraldi made a series of observations of Mars, and two of his drawings are easily recognisable. In one there is seen a triangular or funnel-shaped spot, running nearly north and south, which is doubtless the feature called the 'Hour-glass Sea' by modern astronomers. In the other there is an elbow-shaped spot which powerful modern instruments have broken up into two important 'seas.'

Sir W. Herschel, however, was the first who attempted a systematic examination of Martial features. His object was rather a singular one; in fact, it will hardly appear, at first sight, what relation can exist between that object and the features of Mars's surface. Herschel wished to ascertain *whether the length of our day is constant.* He considered that by watching the rotation of some other member of the solar system he might be set upon the traces of any change which may be taking place in our earth's motion of rotation. He soon found that (as has been already indicated) Mars is the only planet available for this purpose, as being the only planet whose surface bears recognisable marks. He set himself therefore to construct a series of pictures of the planet.

Herschel was not very successful, however. We have heard his pictures described as 'caricatures' of Mars. Their defects are not due, of course, to any want of care or skill in this eminent observer, but to the imperfect definition of his large reflectors. It has been said of these instruments that they would 'bunch a star into a cocked hat,' and, therefore, it can readily be conceived that they were wanting in that extreme accuracy of definition which would alone suffice to present the surface-details of so distant an object as the planet Mars. And by a singular accident Herschel was not even successful in determining the rotation-period of Mars with the accuracy which might have been deduced from his long series of observations. In comparing views taken at an interval of two years, he accidentally *omitted one rotation*, so that the Martial day, as determined by him, was two minutes too long.

The next series of observations which deserves special comment, is that taken by Messrs. Beer and

Mädler, in the years 1830–1837. They used an instrument about four inches in aperture, and rather more than five feet in focal length. With this instrument, which in less experienced hands would have been wholly inadequate for observations of such difficulty, they constructed an admirable series of views, which they subsequently combined in a 'chart of Mars.' They also obtained a close approximation to the length of the Martial day, which they found to consist of 24h. 37m. 23·8s., a result not differing much more than a second from the true value!

We pass over a number of excellent drawings which have been made by Kunowski, Delarue, Lockyer, Nasmyth, the Padre Secchi, and other observers, to describe the exquisite drawings which were constructed by the eagle-eyed Dawes, in 1852–1864. This eminent observer, whose loss astronomy has lately had to deplore, made use in 1852 of an exquisite 6½-inch refractor from the celebrated Munich works. He described this instrument to the present writer as 'absolutely perfect.' Later observations he made with a fine refractor 8½ inches in aperture.

The first peculiarity which strikes one in examining Dawes' views of Mars, is the multiplicity of the details which they contain. One begins to doubt whether all that is pictured is to be taken as representing what the observer actually saw. For while there are large and well-marked features corresponding with those seen in other drawings, there are a multitude of light streaks and patches which one might well suppose to represent merely the general effect presented to the observer by parts of the planet not rendered quite so distinctly visible as the rest. Then, again, on a rough comparison of several views, whether taken on succeeding days or belonging to different years, one does not find the sort of resemblance which one would be led to expect.

It is not a little singular that these peculiarities, which would lead one at first sight to attach little value to Dawes' drawings of Mars, are precisely those which enable us to assign to them their real importance. It is well known that Mr. Dawes was averse to long and tedious mathematical processes. Where his observations required such processes, he left the work to be done by others. Content with doing that, which none could do so well as he, he left the interpretation of his observations—where this required mathematical computation of any complexity—to those whose tastes led them to care more for work of that sort. Now, when a series of observations has been made upon a globe continually varying in its presentation towards the eye, it is a much more difficult and laborious process than might be supposed, to reduce all these observations in such a way that the real configuration of the globe shall become known. Just as our earth in travelling round the sun bows first one pole then the other towards him, and, by rotating on its polar axis, brings different countries in succession under his rays, so Mars presents a continually varying configuration to the observer on earth. Nay, there is an even greater complexity in the latter variations, because the earth itself, from which we observe Mars, is not at rest. Thus it becomes a perplexing problem to educe, from a mere series of eye-transcripts of the planet, the real features which exist upon his globe. But when this has been carefully done, it clearly becomes possible to determine how far those eye-transcripts may be trusted. If we see that the varying figures presented by the same feature are due merely to the varying presentation of the planet, we not

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only learn that that feature exists on the planet, but we have satisfactory evidence of the skill of the observer who has made the drawings.

Now, when Mr. Dawes' drawings are tested in this way, it is found that they accord in the most satisfactory manner. Features which present no apparent resemblance are found to resolve themselves into the same well-marked ocean or continent, when each is brought to the centre of the planet's disc. One singular instance of this is worthy of notice. We have spoken of a long sea running north and south on Mars' globe, which was represented by Maraldi as a dark triangle, and which, as seen in modern telescopes, has seemed to merit the name of 'the Hour-glass Sea.' This sea appears in many of Mr. Dawes' drawings, and on account of its extent and peculiar figure, there is in most cases very little difficulty in recognising it. But in explaining his tracings to the present writer, Mr. Dawes pointed out the existence of a dark marking near the border of the disc (in two or three drawings) which he compared to the leg of an old-fashioned table. It appeared as a double curve resembling Hogarth's 'line of beauty.' Now, when the requisite calculation and construction had been gone through, it was found that this mark, brought to the centre of the disc, assumed the exact figure of the Hour-glass Sea; and a comparison of the position of the marking with the position of the Hour-glass Sea in another drawing, reference being made to the planet's rotation in the interval, left no doubt that the 'Table-leg Sea' and the 'Hour-glass Sea' were one and the same.

The numerous details in Mr. Dawes' drawings being shown in this way to correspond to real features on the planet's surface, it became feasible to construct a chart which should represent all these features exactly as oceans and continents are represented in the maps of hemispheres which usually accompany terrestrial atlases. This has been done, and two charts have been constructed, in which all the features detected by Mr. Dawes find a place. For convenience of reference, these features have received the names of those astronomers whose researches have added in any way to our knowledge of this interesting planet. These names we shall make use of in giving a very brief sketch of the Martial oceans and continents; in other words, a brief treatise on *areography*.

Each pole of Mars is capped by a polar cap, which varies in extent according to the progress of the Martial seasons. Around each polar cap there is a polar sea—the northern sea being termed in the charts Schröter Sea, the southern Phillips Sea. The equatorial regions of Mars are mainly occupied by extensive continents. There are four of these—viz., Dawes Continent, Mädler Continent, Secchi Continent, and Herschel I. (Sir W.) Continent. Between Dawes Continent and Herschel Continent flows the Hour-glass Sea, termed in the chart Kaiser Sea, the large southern ocean out of which this sea flows being denominated Dawes Ocean. Between Mädler Continent and Dawes Continent flows Dawes Strait, connecting a large southern ocean and a northern sea, named after Tycho. Herschel Continent is separated from Secchi Continent by Huggins Inlet, flowing from a large southern sea termed Maraldi Sea. In like manner Bessel Inlet, flowing out of Airy Sea (a northern sea), separates the Mädler and Secchi Continents. Between Dawes Ocean and Delarue Ocean there lie two large islands, Phillips Island, lying within the Martial tropics, and Jacob Island, lying in the southern temperate zone. Dawes Ocean sepa-

rates into four large seas extending northwards. Large tracts of land lie between these seas, but whether they are islands or not is uncertain, as their south polar extremities are never very clearly defined. In Delarue Ocean there is a small island which presents so bright and glistening an aspect as to suggest the probability of its being usually snow-covered. It is called in the chart Dawes' Snow Island. Three seas, separated by lands of doubtful extent, reach from Delarue Ocean towards the south pole. We have mentioned the northern seas Tycho and Airy. These are connected, and form, with a third sea, named Beer Sea, a continuous fluid zone around the northern polar regions. In the zone of land which separates this sea from Schröter Sea, there lies an extensive sea or lake named after Delambre.

One of the most singular features of the Martial globe is the prevalence of long and winding inlets and bottle-necked seas. These features are wholly distinct from anything known on our own earth. For example, Huggins Inlet is a long forked stream, far too wide to be compared to any terrestrial river, extending for about three thousand miles from its two-forked commencement, near Airy Sea, to the point at which it falls into the Maraldi Sea. Bessel Inlet is nearly as long. Another inlet called in the chart Nasmyth Inlet, is yet more remarkable. Commencing near Tycho Sea, it flows to the east, running parallel to that sea and Beer Sea. It then turns sharply southwards, and, expanding, forms Kaiser Sea. Oudemann's Inlet connects (apparently) two bell-shaped seas; but it is not quite clear whether these seas are separated or not by an interval of land from Beer Sea. The bottle-necked seas or lakes are singular features. The seas connected by Oudemann's Inlet probably form a twin pair of seas of this sort. Two very remarkable seas, closely resembling each other in figure, and each of which is separated from Delarue Ocean by a narrow curved strait, are very noteworthy features. Were it not for their enormous real dimensions—each sea is at least 300 miles long by 150 broad, and the channels which connect them with Delarue Ocean are fully 250 miles long—one would be disposed to detect in their singular resemblance the evidence of artificial construction. The same remark applies to two closely resembling flask-shaped seas, which flow into Tycho Sea. Another well-marked sea of this sort flows into the 'Hour-glass,' or Kaiser Sea.

On our earth the oceans are three times as extensive as the continents. It may be noticed also that Europe, Asia, and Africa form a single large island, so to speak; while another large island is formed by the two Americas. On Mars a very different arrangement prevails. In the first place, there is little disparity between the extent of oceans and continents; and then, these are mixed up in the most complex manner. A traveller either by land or water could visit almost every quarter of the planet without leaving the element on which he had commenced his journeyings. Thus, he might proceed by water along Nasmyth Inlet for some 2,000 miles; thence southwards, for some 1,500 miles along the Kaiser Sea into Dawes Ocean; thence he might coast along the four seas, which extend for upwards of 5,000 miles around the southern temperate zone; thence, after circumnavigating Jacob Island and Phillips Island (a journey of about 6,000 miles), he could sail into Delarue Ocean, and visit the three open seas and the five bottle-necked seas which are connected with it, a journey of some 6,000 miles. After this he could sail down Dawes Strait into the sea which surrounds the

northern temperate zone, and after circumnavigating this zone he could sail up Bessel Inlet; the journey, after leaving Delarue Ocean, being fully 10,000 miles in length. Thus he would have visited almost every quarter of the Martial globe, and journeyed upwards of 30,000 miles, *always in sight of land, and generally with land in view on both sides.* Again, a traveller by land, starting from Dawes Continent, could round the extremity of Nasmyth Inlet and pass by a long neck of land called Mädler Land into Herschel Continent; thence rounding Huggins Inlet to Secchi Continent; thence rounding Bessel Inlet to Mädler Continent; and finally, rounding the south-eastern extremity of Delarue Ocean, he could visit all the lands which surround the southern temperate zone.

In this intricate labyrinthine fashion are the lands and seas of Mars intertwined. And perhaps, if we consider the physical relations of the planet, we shall recognise the adaptation of this arrangement to the wants of the planet's inhabitants. It must be remembered that if the lands and seas of Mars had been arranged as those of our own earth, the large ocean masses corresponding to our Pacific and Indian Oceans would never have been swayed by a tidal wave. If Mars has a satellite, it must be an exceedingly minute one; for the most powerful telescopes have been directed towards the planet without discovering any. The effects of the sun in producing tides must be almost inappreciable on Mars. These effects, it is well known, depend on the relation which a planet's diameter bears to its distance from the sun. Our earth's diameter is about 8,000 miles, and its distance from the sun 91,500,000 miles; and the solar tide upon our earth is very small. We can conceive, then, how small the Martial tides would be, when we remember that his diameter is less than 5,000 miles, and his distance from the sun upwards of 150,000,000 miles. Large oceans, unswayed by tides, would become stagnant and impure. It seems probable that the waters on Mars are sufficiently moderate in quantity to circulate freely by the mere processes of evaporation and downfall.

We have been assuming that the dark spots on Mars are really seas, and the light ochrish-coloured spots continents. Some astronomers have expressed doubts on this point; but such doubts may surely be looked on as unreasonable. We can never, of course, feel absolutely certain respecting the habitudes of so distant a globe; but there are many sound reasons for concluding that the surface of Mars is really diversified by land and water.

In the first place, there is the colour of the spots. It was formerly supposed that the greenish tint of the dark spots might be merely the effect of contrast with the brighter spots which give to Mars its ruddy tint, and earned for it the title of ὁ πυρόεις among the Greeks. But this opinion has been found to be erroneous, and all modern observers agree that the green tint really belongs to the dark spots. In fact, more doubt rests on the reality of the orange tint than on that of the green. Astronomers have been disposed to ascribe the orange colour to the absorptive qualities of the Martial atmosphere, and it is only within the last few years that the improbability of this view has been established.

Then we have the evidence drawn from the white spots which cap the Martial poles. If these are really masses of ice, resembling those which surround the poles of our own earth, the question must of course be answered in the affirmative; for whence could such enormous masses of snow and ice be formed, save from large seas? Now we can hardly see on what grounds

it can reasonably be doubted that these white spots are rightly called

The snowy poles of moonless Mars.

Their variation has been found to correspond exactly with the progress of the Martial seasons—and this not for one or two Martial years, but ever since Sir W. Herschel first called attention to the periodicity of the variation. There is something singularly striking in the contrast between the small sharply defined ellipse of white light round the pole of that hemisphere which is enjoying the Martial summer, and the irregular and wide-spreading tracts of snowy light round the cold pole. In the winter these tracts extend as far from the pole as latitude 45°, a circumstance which indicates an extent of snow-fall corresponding very closely to that which in winter covers the northern tracts of Asia and America. In summer, on the other hand, the icy circle is reduced within a range of about 8° or 10° from the pole; so that arctic travellers on Mars are not likely to approach either pole more closely than Sir Edward Parry approached the North Pole of the earth in his celebrated 'boat and sledge' journey in 1837. Now, when we see features corresponding so closely with those presented by our own earth, and consider further the *à priori* probability that our nearest neighbour among the planets should be constituted much as the earth is, we are led at once to the conclusion that these white patches are in reality snowy masses, and therefore that there must exist large seas and oceans whence the vapours are raised from which these snows have been condensed.

But, further, we have distinct evidence of the existence of a cloud-bearing atmosphere around Mars. The features of the planet are often blurred and indistinct when every circumstance is favourable for observation. And it is especially noteworthy that the wintry hemisphere is always much less distinct than the hemisphere which is enjoying the Martial summer. 'A variable envelope,' writes Professor Phillips, 'gathers and fluctuates over a permanent basis of bright and dusky tracts on the surface of Mars, partially modifying the aspect of the fundamental features and even in some cases disguising them under new lights and shades, which present no constancy,—a thin vaporous atmosphere probably resting on a surface of land, snow, and water.' It is also remarked that the outer parts of the disc are nearly always much more indistinct than the central parts; the former shine with that white light which we receive from the cloud-belts of Jupiter; and if we remember that the outer parts of the disc contain those regions of Mars which have lately come into sunshine, or are about to pass out of it, we see the meaning of the phenomenon to be this, that *the morning and evening skies of the Martialists are more clouded than the midday sky*—a condition which is known to prevail in certain seasons and latitudes on our own earth also. The indistinctness of the wintry hemisphere points to the prevalence of cloudy skies during the Martial winter; and this peculiarity is not only conformable with recognised habitudes on our own earth, but corresponds with the variations of the Polar snow-caps. 'The enormous transfer of moisture from one hemisphere to the other,' writes Professor Phillips, 'while the snows are melting round one pole and forming round the other, must generate over a great part of the planet heavy storms and great breadths of fluctuating clouds, which would not, as on the quickly rotating mass of Jupiter, gather into equatorial bands, but be more under the influence of prominent land and irregular tracts of ocean.'

But the strongest argument in favour of a similarity in general physical relations between Mars and our own earth, is drawn from the revelations which have been afforded by the spectroscope. We regret that space will not permit us to dwell on this evidence so fully as its interest deserves. Those of our readers who are anxious to examine the subject more at length, should read Mr. Huggins' paper on the spectrum of Mars, in the *Monthly Notices* for 1867. The main facts pointed to by his researches are the following:—First, the red colour of Mars is *not* due to an absorptive power in his atmosphere, resembling that in our own air which causes the ruddy skies of twilight. If this were so the snowy poles would lose their white colour, since we see them through the densest strata of the Martial atmosphere. But, secondly, although the atmosphere around the planet is not so abnormally dense as to produce the ruddy tint of the planet, yet that atmosphere does contain gases and vapours corresponding to those which are present in our own air; for lines appear in the spectrum which correspond with those which appear in the solar spectrum when the sun's light traverses the lower strata of the earth's atmosphere. 'That these lines,' says Mr. Huggins, 'were not produced by the portion of the earth's atmosphere through which the light of Mars had passed, was shown by the absence of similar lines in the spectrum of the moon, which at the time of observation had a smaller altitude than Mars;' so that, if the lines had been due to the earth's atmosphere, they should have been stronger in the moon's spectrum than in that of the planet.

It appears, then, from the searching scrutiny of the spectroscope, that the planet has an atmosphere, and that that atmosphere most probably resembles our own in general constitution. Combining this evidence with that which we already possess of the presence of water in its liquid, vaporous, and solid states, upon the surface, and with the certainty that the red tint of parts of the planet is due to a real ruddiness of substance (corresponding to the tint of certain soils upon our own earth), we cannot but recognise the extreme probability that in all essential habitudes the planet Mars resembles our own earth. One circumstance may at first excite surprise: the fact, namely, that in a planet so much farther from the sun than our earth, there should exist so close a resemblance, as respects climatic relations. But if we consider the results of Tyndall's researches on the Radiation of Heat, and remember that a very moderate increase in the quantity of certain vapours present in our atmosphere, would suffice to render the climate of the earth intolerable through excess of heat (just as glass walls cause a hot-house to be as an oven long after the sun has set), we shall not fail to see that Mars may readily be compensated by a corresponding arrangement for his increased distance from the vivifying centre of the solar system.

THE FRENCH ARMY IN 1734.

RECENT events have directe much of public attention, both at home and abroad, to questions concerning military organisation. In France, especially, the army is at present in progress of development to an extent far beyond that which it has attained at any period since the first empire. Familiar as is the history of the French army since the era of the Revolution, but little attention has been devoted, in this country at least, to the state of that army under the '*ancien régime*;' and it may not be altogether without interest to look at a picture of the land forces of the French kingdom as they existed in the year 1734.

The following summary is taken from a volume entitled *Un Abrégé de la Carte générale du Militaire de France*, published 1735. This work is compiled much after the manner of a modern army-list, with the addition of certain courtly statistics in the style of the *Almanach de Gotha*. It contains a full account of the forces composing the army of Louis XV. as they existed at the date of its publication.

In this article the matter will be treated merely from an antiquarian point of view, the writer making no pretence to a technical knowledge of military details.

France possessed, comparatively speaking, a large army even a hundred and thirty years ago. It amounted, on paper, to upwards of three hundred thousand men, in a population not exceeding twenty millions. The forces were, however, on a war footing; the greater part serving in Germany and Italy. The French levies were augmented by German, Swiss, Italian, and, unhappily, Irish regiments.

The household troops, 'Maison du Roy,' presented an imposing list of corps, both horse and foot. These guards were divided into two orders, so to speak; viz., those mounting guard within the Louvre, and those who were stationed outside that palace; thus somewhat corresponding to our gentlemen-at-arms and yeomen of the guard, whose duties inside the palace are distinct from those of the horse and foot guards.

At the head of the list came the well-known 'Gardes du Corps,' four companies in all. The first was the Scotch company, descended from the Scotch Archers. The Scotch element had long since passed away; the French Cavaliers would however still respond to the roll call, '*en écossais*,' 'I am here!' (spelt, and no doubt pronounced, 'Amir').

The other three companies were professedly and actually French. The captain of each company was a general of the army, and each guardsman possessed at least a subaltern's rank.

Each company was divided into two squadrons, with altogether 360 men to the company. Of each company of guards the greater part were serving in Germany in 1734.

After the 'Gardes du Corps' came the Hundred Swiss, answering to the Yeoman of the Guard, whose 'exons' correspond to the French 'exempts' (sub-officers). The English term is a curious rendering of the French. The 'Cent Suisses' were halberdiers, and a very privileged corps. The 'Cent Gardes' of the present day hold much the same position in the Imperial Guard. These Swiss are not to be confounded with the 'Gardes Suisses,' of whom we shall speak presently.

Next in order came the 'Gardes de la Porte,' and the 'Gardes de la Prévôté de l'Hôtel du Roy;'

each company of small strength, the former, as its name implies, doing duty at the palace gates—the latter being the guard of that high judicial functionary, the 'Grand Prévôt.' These two companies also belonged to the Guard of the Interior.

Among the Exterior Guards came first the Gendarmerie of the Guard; the name signifying literally men-at-arms, its application to the police force being of a post-revolutionary origin, which point will be treated of when we consider the corps of Maréchaussées. One squadron of the 'Gendarmerie de la Garde' was with the army of Germany.

Next in order, the 'Chevaux Légers' of the guard, of similar organisation to the foregoing; the squadron also serving in the field, with a depôt at head-quarters.

The foot guards consisted, firstly, of the 'Gardes Françaises,' a regiment of six battalions. These were with the king in Germany, leaving a depôt at Paris. Certain of the French guards, as well as the Swiss, were told off for personal service on the king, at table, and otherwise, these being termed 'Gardes de la Manche.' This is almost the only regiment in 1735 whose staff included a drum-major, without whose imposing presence no French regiment assuredly of the present day could march with an easy conscience.

The uniform of the French guards was blue with red facings. The regiment of Swiss guards had four battalions, whose red coats with blue facings must have caused them much to resemble our own foot guards.

The various corps forming the household troops, as well as certain distinguished regiments of the line, possessed a complete judicial staff, including a 'grand juge' (a judge-advocate, we suppose), assistant-judges, 'greffier,' provosts' archers, and an 'exécuteur de justice;' the presence of which latter ominous person would seem to imply that in the—we will hope—rare occasion of a member of a crack corps being subjected to the last penalty of the law, his happy despatch by a file of his comrades and ball-cartridge was considered derogatory to the dignity of the regiment.

We have next to deal with that renowned corps the 'Mousquetaires,' in uniforms of bright scarlet, white plumes to the hat, and when *en grande tenue*, wearing a tabard-like vestment of blue velvet, garnished back and front with an embroidered silver cross.

The 'Mousquetaires' were divided into two companies, or squadrons, of over 250 men each; 150 of each company were in Germany in 1734. They were armed, as their name implied, with muskets (not carbines), and although mounted, were not, properly speaking, cavalry; belonging, in fact, more to the dragoon order, as it was then understood, being of the nature of mounted infantry. This is shown by their music consisting of hautbois and drums—not of trumpets and kettle-drums, after the manner of the 'Gardes du Corps' and other cavalry.

The horse grenadiers of the guard followed immediately after the 'Mousquetaires.' This arm of the service continued a favourite with Napoleon, and is still retained in the Russian army, or was so in the days of the Emperor Nicholas. In 1734 the grenade was no longer generally used by the soldiers called after it; and the horse grenadiers of the Guard were simply heavy-mounted infantry, armed with musket and bayonet for dismounted use, and with sabre and pistols in their cavalry capacity. They also retained the axe, formerly also a distinctive implement of grenadiers.

The sappers or pioneers of French and other infantry regiments would

seem to have had their origin from among the grenadiers; the axe, bearskin, and their position at the head of a battalion, apparently pointing to that source.

The horse grenadiers were clothed in red, and wore the bearskin cap. At this period there were also two companies of horse grenadiers amongst the British household troops.

We have now got through the muster-roll of the guards, and come to a corps which, however, is not of the line—to wit, the 'Gendarmerie.' These, as has been already mentioned of the 'Gendarmerie de la Garde,' had no connection with the police. The application of the term, after the Revolution, to the military constabulary, arose apparently from the archers of the provost marshals (Maréchaussées) taking rank with the special corps of men-at-arms by order of seniority; it being borne in mind that the Archers of the Prévôté were a corps of great dignity, being also represented in the 'Maison du Roy' amongst the guards of the interior of the Louvre.

The united corps of Gendarmerie and Chevaux Légers consisted of sixteen companies—ten of gendarmes and six of light horse. The first company, like that of the 'Gardes du Corps,' was, by title, Scotch, and of great antiquity and dignity; taking the *pas* even of the 'Mousquetaires' when mounting the grand guard over the royal quarters.

The above companies wore a scarlet uniform, and mustered each about seventy-five men. They were formed into squadrons by two companies together, the whole corps forming a brigade of twelve hundred men, divided into eight squadrons.

In their original intention, our dragoon guard regiments no doubt held a position between the household troops and the line analogous to that occupied by the Gendarmerie.

The above-mentioned Chevaux Légers are not to be confounded with the fifty-nine regiments of light cavalry of the line, of whom we must defer speaking for the moment, as, following the order of the list, we have to deal next with the infantry.

The first and oldest French infantry regiments were representatives of the 'légions' organised by Henri II. in 1589, named after their provinces—viz., 'Picardie,' 'Champagne,' &c. These old regiments come first on the roster; the first six being termed the 'Old Corps'—i.e. 'Picardie,' 'Navarre,' 'Champagne,' 'Piémont,' 'Normandie,' and 'Marine;' each of four battalions, the strength of each regiment being about three thousand men. The regiment 'Bourbonnais,' and five others, took rank next in order, as the 'Petit vieux Corps,' all of three battalions, except the 12th Regiment, 'du Roy,' which possessed four battalions.

The list goes on through the 121 regiments of foot—French, Swiss, German, Italian, and Irish; the number of battalions to each regiment varying from three to one. As many as sixteen companies would sometimes go to a battalion, occasioning an absurdly disproportionate number of officers, suggesting the suspicion that many battalions existed rather for the benefit of the officers than *vice versâ*. This, however, was the case only with the national French regiments, the Swiss and German regiments of the French line having generally six companies to a battalion of about seven hundred men.

The uniform of the infantry was, for the most part, of a greyish white, with various facings. A good many regiments, however, wore blue, and some, especially the Irish, were clothed in red.

The 46th Regiment was the 'Royal

Artillery,' of five battalions; originally, as was the case with us, an infantry regiment, raised for the special protection of the gunners. In after times, up to the Revolution, the Royal Corps of Artillery included several regiments besides the above. In the *État militaire de France* for 1788, the regiment La Fère appears amongst this corps; and rather low down in the list of second lieutenants comes the name of Monsieur de Buonaparte. We believe he got promotion not long afterwards.

Besides the infantry of the regular army, there was a militia consisting of 126 battalions; of which 122 were fusiliers, and 4 belonged to a corps of so-called Arquebusiers of Roussillon. The term 'arquebusier' in 1734 was, however, nominal, the men being armed with the ordinary firelock.

The French militia was organised much after the manner of our own. The corps were local, and commanded for the most part by the nobility of the respective provinces. Their total strength was over one hundred thousand men.

Our list brings us now to the cavalry of the line: all 'light' nominally, though a cuirassier regiment is included in the number. There were fifty-nine regiments of this arm, mostly of three squadrons. The squadron numbered about 160 troopers, including trumpeters, and was subdivided into four troops; so that a regiment of about 520 men possessed 42 officers, without counting medical or other staff. The nomenclature of the regiments was much after our own style—e.g. the 4th, 'Royal;' 5th, 'Du Roy,' *King's Own*, and the like; the 7th, 'Cuirassiers du Roy;' the 8th, 'Royal des Cravates'—a renowned corps; whether giving their name to the article of clothing, or receiving it therefrom, is not clear at the present day.

'Royal Allemand' (the 11th), with bearskin caps 'à la Polonaise,' became unfortunately conspicuous at the time when the first rumblings of the revolutionary storm were beginning to make themselves heard, by a disastrous attempt to deal with a Parisian reform meeting.

The 12th, 'Carabiniers,' was made up of ten brigades, with eight trumpeters and a kettle-drummer to each brigade. The whole regiment, officers and men, mustered over seventeen hundred. It had '*grand état-major*,' with almoner and prévôté. Though the so-called brigades consisted of but two squadrons, like the regimental divisions of the Austrian cavalry, yet they were commanded by officers of the rank of brigadier, with a lieutenant-colonel and major to each brigade. The term 'brigadier' is calculated sometimes to mislead in speaking of the French army, as it applies both to the general officer of that rank and to a corporal of cavalry. The term 'brigadier-general' was not used in the French army, at least in 1734. When the brigadier actually commanded a brigade he was termed 'chef de brigade.'

Many of the regiments farther down the list, for the most part of recent creation, had but two squadrons. They mustered, however, 320 troopers, with four troops to the squadron, being of much the same strength as a British cavalry regiment of the present day on its ordinary footing. Nearly every French regiment of cavalry, as well as infantry, was represented in the armies either of Germany or Italy in 1734.

In the 56th Cavalry we have an Irish regiment—'Fitz-James'—the Comte de Fitz-James Berwick colonel. The Irish regiments in the French service, curiously enough, stuck to the English royal scarlet coat.

The cavalry list is brought to a

conclusion by three German hussar regiments, wearing busbies and tight jackets, much after the manner of their kindred of the present day. These, though composed also of three squadrons, were numerically stronger than the French regiments, amounting each to six hundred men. All through the list the French trooper is designated 'maître,' as distinguished from the infantry 'soldat.'

The corps of dragoons comprised fifteen regiments of four squadrons each, giving about 720 officers and men to the regiment. These dragoons were, as has been already observed, mounted infantry, armed with musket and bayonet for infantry service, and with sabres and pistols of mounted use. They also were furnished with axes, in order that they might act as pioneers when required. Their uniforms were red or blue, worn with the three-cornered hat, and for undress a 'bonnet,' or foraging-cap of cloth to match the uniform coat. In the reign of Louis XVI., the dragoons wore a brass helmet, covered with leopard's skin and adorned with a horsehair crest, a similar head-piece being retained by the French dragoons of the present day.

Besides the regiments of horse, foot, and dragoons, which have been just passed in review, there were certain independent companies, numbering from one to two hundred men each, and amounting altogether to about two thousand three hundred foot, and one thousand five hundred dragoons. A few Swiss companies also served as a frontier guard.

The 'Invalides' mustered from thirteen to fourteen thousand strong, and were divided into 135 garrison companies, four companies of subofficers, one company for the guard of the 'Hôtel Royal' at Paris, and a few others for miscellaneous service. Each branch of the service was represented in the corps of 'Invalides'—horse, foot, and dragoons.

Besides the royal regiment of artillery, there was an independent staff of artillery-officers, and there were schools of artillery at Strasbourg, La Fère, and other places. Five companies of miners and six of workmen also belonged to this arm, and were attached to the battalions of the Royal Artillery regiment. Under Louis XVI., separate regiments of artillery had their head-quarters at the various depôts. Napoleon's regiment, that of La Fère, is now, we believe, the 4th Regiment of Artillery.

The engineer officers formed a staff distinct from the companies of sappers and miners, and were about three hundred in number.

The corps which comes last in the list is that of the 'Maréchaussées,' by no means, however, least in dignity among the royal forces. Immediately preceding their muster-roll, a place is devoted to the company entitled, *par excellence*, 'The Constabulary of France,' consisting of ten officers and forty-eight guards. This was a very distinguished corps, and besides its standard-bearer and trumpeter, boasted a staff which included a commissary, controller, 'procureur du roy,' and 'greffier.'

The company of the Prévôté of the Mint has likewise a place to itself. It mustered eighteen officers with sixty guards, and possessed a staff similar to that of the preceding corps. Both of these companies retained their invalids on their own muster-roll.

The 'Maréchaussées' were divided into thirty companies. They are mentioned as being 'on the footing of, and belonging to, the corps of the Gendarmerie of France,' and thus, very naturally, adopted the latter appellation when the term 'maréchaussée' (marshalsea) became inappropriate after the abolition of the provosts as executive officers of the law. The

modern French gendarmerie have retained the old organisation for the most part—viz., that of brigades or pickets of five men each, in which manner the companies of 'Maréchaussées' were composed. This force mustered altogether 313 officers, with 2,890 troopers.

It will scarcely fail to strike the reader of the above list that it shows many points of resemblance between the French army as it existed 130 years ago and the British army of the present day. The individuality attaching to each corps, in name at least, has still its counterpart with our regiments, although it has long since passed away in France. In the cavalry list, too, instead of the orderly ticketing off of light and heavy regiments numerically, which is to be met with in the modern continental army, the cuirassiers, hussars, and light horse of the *ancien régime* followed each other at hazard in the same list, just as Scots' Greys, Lancers, and Hussars with us belong seriatim to one and the same muster-roll. Various points of resemblance also in the respective household corps have been pointed out. There is nothing, however, in these points of comparison as regarding mere matters of detail which would necessarily detract from the efficient character of either service, but there are other matters of resemblance which, at the present time, may be not unprofitably considered.

The old French army, like our own at this day, was raised nominally by voluntary enlistment, a system, however, into which practices of hocussing and crimping entered largely. We should be sorry to take an officer of a foreign army into any of the recruiting public-houses of Charles Street, Westminster, in order to exhibit the manner of raising men for the Queen's service.

Regiments, too, were articles to be bought and sold in the market, and it is now seriously debated in the British Parliament whether such a system is for the good of the service or not. We have no doubt that an officer of the 'Gardes Françaises,' or 'Royal Allemand,' would have insisted, with perfect good faith, that his men preferred being commanded by born gentlemen to men who had risen from the ranks; asserting, too, that the non-commissioned officers concurred in this providential arrangement. Poor Louis XVI. kindly undertook to cleanse the Augean stables with rosewater, and about the year 1788 decreed that officers, not being noble and chevaliers of St. Louis, should still sometimes have a chance of commanding a regiment.

We almost tremble to recall the fact that men who being, by the natural order of things, privates and sergeants in his most Christian majesty's army, did afterwards not only presumptuously undertake the command of regiments, but did actually assume the rank and duties of general officers, not without success. Sergeant Hoche of the French Guards was afterwards heard of in the above capacity; several others likewise acting altogether against precedent, both independently and under Sub-Lieutenant Buonaparte of La Fère.

EVERLASTING NOW.

1.

Everlasting Now,
How beautiful art thou!
Through the ferny greenwood dells,
When the oaks were golden,
Hyacinths rang their bonny bells,
A tune of music olden;
Sorrow and care had swept away
That melody so light and gay:
Why did it wake once more that day?
I do not know. But once again
Thoughts long dead and buried,
Shook their wings, a sunny train,
And o'er my spirit wearied
Poured a fresh and childish song,
One I had forgotten long,
Nay, not one, a flock, a throng.

2.

Everlasting Now,
How wonderful art thou!
In a dingy, noisy street,
A pure, white lilac growing,
Showered down odours to my feet,
And mingled with their flowing,
Sounds and sights of long ago,
Roses which have ceased to blow,
Winters of forgotten snow.
Stranger faces passing by
Saw I then no longer,
Visions of the inner eye
Ever are the stronger:
Came a face quite close to me,
One I here no longer see,
Smiled, and vanished suddenly.

3.

Everlasting Now,
How terrible art thou!
Wandering by the river's side,
When the sun was setting,
Whispers came from far and wide,
'There is no forgetting,

Past is present, Now is vast,
What is future will be past,
All will be but Now at last.'
Then there shot a keen regret
For a harsh word spoken,
Glistening still with tear-drops wet,
Love's fair flowret broken,
Years long past had seen that wrong,
But of bitter thoughts a throng
Sprang to life all fresh and strong.

4.

Everlasting Now,
How bitter-sweet art thou!
Soul! who never can forget,
Thou must live for ever!
Eyes! with tears of penance wet,
Ye must wake for ever!
Canst thou face the Eternal Now?
Or, as mortal things laid low,
Dost thou crave an end? Not so!
Thou! who wakest memory's ear,
By such subtle blending
Of the present and the near,
With the life unending,
Tune us to that perfect key,
Giving life its unity,
Life, which hides itself in Thee!

A. F. C. K.

METAPHYSICUS AND SCIENTIA.

A PARABLE FOR THE PRESENT DAY.

THE kingdom of Universus is so happily placed as to lack one quality by which most kingdoms are continually disturbed—it has no boundaries. It extends equally in all directions, being in all directions infinite. This, no doubt, is the cause of the influential position it has ever maintained. It stands alone in the world, recognising no time, space, power, or authority but what is comprehended in itself. From the very nature of the case, two kingdoms of Universus could by no possibility coexist.

That disturbing element however, which it lacks absolutely, it possesses relatively. If it has no boundaries, it possesses divisions; and the disputes occasioned in inferior nations by the former, are unhappily produced in Universus by the latter. The whole extent of the country is divided into two unequal parts, of which the best known is called Terra Visibilis, and the *least* known bears the name of Terra Invisibilis. Geographers, moreover, relate that Terra Visibilis itself is subdivided into two parts, of which the smallest is called Terra Ipsa, and this, it would seem, is the only part which has been thoroughly investigated and surveyed. The other part is called Terra Siderum. This has also been mapped out and measured, but only imperfectly; and nothing whatever is known of *its* inhabitants, wealth, or resources. The remaining half of Universus is called, as we have said, Terra Invisibilis; but of this, excepting only its existence, its unlimited extent, and a few other things of the like kind, nothing whatever seems to be known.

Long before the time of which we are now writing, a certain King Metaphysicus, together with his wife Theologia, held sway over the dominions of Universus. The birth and origin of these rulers are hidden in the remotest antiquity. It would appear that they were very near of kin, being both descended from Psyche and Religio; and it was said they had taken after their parents in the most wonderful way—Metaphysicus bearing a strong likeness to his father Psyche, while Theologia, excepting that she was considerably taller, and had a harsher expression of countenance, was not unlike her mother. And here it may be noted as a striking example of a well-known peculiarity among primæval peoples, that not only the king and queen, but a great many of their subjects, were also wont to derive their origin from the same Psyche; and, in consideration of their descent, they laid claim to a considerable inheritance in Terra Invisibilis, from which region, tradition reported, Psyche had first come.

Metaphysicus and Theologia were blessed with a very numerous progeny, most of whom were daughters. By fortunate marriages these had managed to establish themselves in different parts of Terra Ipsa. One of the oldest of these daughters was called Theologia Judaica. She was now an elderly dame, of rather unprepossessing appearance, and was reported to be in reduced circumstances. A younger sister, of benign and pleasing aspect, was Theologia Christiana, who, by intermarriage with a King Christus, had become mistress of a great part of Terra Ipsa, as well as obtained by her marriage settlement a considerable share of the remote Terra Invisibilis. Another daughter was married to a potentate named Mahomet. There was moreover another, who was supposed to have brought disgrace on her family by her unexpected

elopement with one Count Positivus, of whom we shall hear more by and by. Besides these, other sisters were established in different parts of Terra Ipsa. Most of these ladies had large issue—indeed, the prolific qualities of the family were very wonderful.

It was observed that an unmistakable family-likeness ran through all the descendants of Metaphysicus and his queen. One notable feature which all had in common was, a certain fixed expression of the eye, as if its vision was directed to some distant object, the outline of which it could but indistinctly perceive. The ladies were moreover gifted with a very gentle and benevolent expression of features, most attractive to the beholder. But it was said by those who knew them best, that this was only a kind of fair-weather countenance, for that when anything happened to cross their wishes they could instantly assume a look of most terrible fury; and, as their temper was unfortunately very capricious, they wore their stormy visages more often than might be wished.

The capital of his dominions, and where King Metaphysicus was wont to hold his court, was called Mens Humana. It occupied a strip of country where Terra Invisibilis jutted into and overlapped a part of Terra Visibilis. This city was planned, laid out, and finally built, under Psyche himself, and dates from the time when that king took possession of his dominions. It is said to be a large city, of great grandeur, wealth, and dignity. It occupies some of the highest ground in Terra Visibilis; but though its situation is high, yet it cannot be easily discerned by strangers, owing to the fact that it is almost always surrounded by heavy mists and dark clouds. It is perhaps owing to this that the air of the place is said to be hurtful to foreigners, though Metaphysicus and his subjects seem to suffer no inconvenience from it.

The government of Metaphysicus was despotic, and was administered with considerable severity. The laws were remarkable for their indistinctness, and their capacity for receiving almost any number of interpretations. It was accordingly a great country for lawyers, who, together with soldiers and police, were among the most flourishing of all the inhabitants. It should here be noticed that Metaphysicus derived a good share of his power and authority from his wife, from whom he had obtained possession of it by marriage. Most of the soldiers were hers; the lawyers also were in her pay, and consequently her influence was very great. Indeed, there had been a time when the queen might have been said to be sole ruler of the kingdom, when her smallest wish was law, and when even her husband dared not dispute her absolute sovereignty. But this was only in the early days of their marriage. Latterly her power, though still considerable, had grown very much less.

Within this territory of Metaphysicus and his queen there sprang up in course of time a Republic, which gave itself the name of Scientia. Although it had not long attained to the rank of an independent state, its origin was of very ancient date. It would seem to have been first founded by a few deserters from the kingdom of Metaphysicus—men who questioned his authority, and repudiated his laws, which they took every opportunity to evade or resist; and when, as was but natural, the servants of Metaphysicus took steps for punishing these malcontents, they adopted the resolution of leaving his kingdom, and founding a government of their own. This they accordingly did. They colonised a part of Terra Ipsa, at no great distance from the capital of Metaphysicus,

which had until then been suffered to lie fallow; and there they built what was at first only a rude fortification, but which in time expanded into a fair and noble city, occupying five hills, which were called Sensûs Humani. The city took to itself the name of the hills on which it was built, and there were probably few in the unbounded realms of Metaphysicus, to whom the name and fame of the city of Sensûs Humani were unknown. The Republic therefore had gradually increased in power, wealth, and in population, until it was in a fairly thriving condition. But it must not be supposed that this position was attained without considerable effort on the part of its inhabitants, or without great opposition on the part of Metaphysicus and his queen. Many a sad record still exists showing the sufferings which the first founders of Scientia had to undergo, on account of the jealousy of Theologia; many a monument has since been raised by their descendants to these first heroes of the Republic. At first, when its population was few, and its defences weak, it was no uncommon thing for the soldiers of Theologia to make a sudden attack upon it, slaying the leading men with sword or fire, razing the fortifications to the ground, and carrying away the common people captives to the capital of Metaphysicus. But the old city was no sooner destroyed than a new one rose from its ashes, only, however, in its turn to fall a victim to the rage of Theologia's army. This state of things had lasted, it was said, for a very long time, until at last, the Republic having gradually attained to considerable power, the contest between it and its mother kingdom was henceforward conducted on more equal terms; and now, excepting a few occasional skirmishes between some of the more eager troops, or perhaps a challenge thrown out by some veteran champion from one army or the other, matters might be said to be comparatively on a peaceful footing. That things should ever have come to this pitch must be admitted to reflect great honour on the soldiers of the Republic, for, though it was asserted by some that the temper of Metaphysicus and his wife had become mellowed by years, and that they were less eager for the destruction of Scientia than they had once been, yet others with just as much reason maintained that the safety of the Republic depended entirely on the strength of its resources, and the number and bravery of its troops, for that as to the temper of Metaphysicus and his queen, it was in reality just as hostile to the Republic as it had ever been.

Nor should it be supposed that in cherishing this jealousy Metaphysicus and Theologia were quite without excuse. They could not but remember that there had been a time when the whole of their subjects had lived together in peace and unity; when there was no questioning of their authority or wilful rebellion against their laws; when there was no robbers'-nest like that of Scientia with its fortified city of Sensûs Humani, to mar the peaceful and uniform aspect of their kingdom. Now, on the other hand, what a different prospect met their view. Their territory had been shorn of its wonted proportions by this hateful Republic; the army of Theologia, those famous soldiers with their long black cloaks and square helmets, who had been victorious in so many fields, were now dispirited and disorganised, not a few having actually gone over to the camp of the Republic; while the rest of their subjects, once united and content, were continually becoming more restless, leaving the fair realms of Metaphysicus, and going in vast numbers to cultivate the fields of Scientia. Besides, these evils, great as they were in

themselves, were all on the increase. Scientia was almost daily extending her dominion, throwing out her colonies into new regions, strengthening the fortifications of her already acquired possessions, and displaying in short an aggressive and ambitious temper of the worst sort. As Theologia had once said, with tears in her eyes: 'If Scientia would only be content with the extent of territory which it claimed in the first instance, merely acknowledging its liege lord by an occasional act of homage and the payment for form's sake of an insignificant tax or two, all had been well. As it was, with Scientia daily increasing in power, with disaffection and mutiny in her army, and her once faithful subjects gradually deserting herself and her husband, she really did not know what the end would be.'

Notwithstanding, however, this outburst on the part of the queen, it must be remembered that her affairs were not yet in such a desperate condition as her language would lead one to suppose. The resources of herself and Metaphysicus were out of all proportion greater than those of Scientia; their population was also greater, their wealth and commerce were more developed, their armies more numerous and better paid, though, perhaps, they were not so well armed and led as the troops of the Republic. In short, as matters then stood, it seemed highly probable that the kingdom of Metaphysicus would hold its own for a very long time.

But about this time the leading spirits of the Republic having taken the exact measure of the power of their old enemies, as well as of their own growing resources, conceived a new attack on the realms of Metaphysicus and Theologia. Hitherto, as we have seen, they had been gradually increasing their boundaries, taking in and cultivating a great part of Terra Ipsa, laying out and planning all that came within their reach of Terra Siderum, and in short leaving no part of the ancient domains of Metaphysicus in quiet, excepting only the remote provinces of Terra Invisibilis. Now, however, emboldened by their past successes, they began to conceive a project which, if carried out, would serve to set at rest for ever the mutual jealousies which still existed between themselves and King Metaphysicus. This was nothing less than a division of the whole kingdom of Universus into its two parts, of which Metaphysicus and his queen were still to retain their authority over the one called Invisibilis; while as to the remaining part called Terra Visibilis, the Republic claimed to exercise supreme rule and authority over it. If this demand of theirs were conceded the Republicans professed themselves willing to leave Metaphysicus and his queen in full and undisturbed possession of their remaining dominions, while they themselves desired in return an equal immunity from the least interference on the part of Metaphysicus or Theologia. Of course such a proposal as this could not have the remotest chance of success, and even if Metaphysicus himself had felt inclined to give way to the demands of Scientia, yet the more determined nature of Theologia would never have consented to the surrender. But so sanguine were some of the leaders of the Republic of the ultimate success of their negotiation, that they had already drawn up a plan according to which the government of Terra Visibilis was to be entirely reorganised after their own laws, adhering of course to the Republican form they had already adopted; the armies of Theologia were to be disbanded, with the exception of those soldiers who were willing to be re-enlisted on the side of Scientia, and finally the seat of government was to be trans-

ferred from the dull hazy site of Mens Humana, to the purer and healthier air which they affirmed the inhabitants of Sensûs Humani enjoyed.

The feelings with which this daring proposal, when formally made, was received at the court of Metaphysicus, may be more readily imagined than described. The king himself received the proposal with a mixture of indignation and ridicule. To the anger of the queen was superadded a feeling of regret at the leniency with which she had latterly treated the unscrupulous and ungrateful Republic. The soldiers, too, gave vent to their feelings in their own manner, by vehemently clashing their weapons and demanding to be led once more against their old enemies. In short, as might have been expected, too many conflicting interests were concerned in the proposal to enable it to be received with other feelings than those of anger and contempt. Indeed, it was whispered that some of the leading men of the Republic were themselves dissatisfied with the terms of the proposal, which their more forward companions had agreed on; advocating, as was said, a joint government between Metaphysicus and the Republic (with, however, the present power of the former considerably curtailed), rather than an entire separation of territory, and the exclusive dominion in either of its own ruling power. But however that might be, the court of Metaphysicus agreed that as the proposal had been formally and authoritatively made, it had to be met in some way or other. It was then determined to give a full and, if possible, impartial consideration to the reasons set forward by the Republic in defence of its claim. These reasons, which had already been made public, were as follows:

1. The part of the kingdom of Universus called Terra Visibilis, and which includes the subdivisions of Terra Ipsa and Terra Siderum, belongs to Scientia from the very nature of the case, and for the same reason the part called Terra Invisibilis is the sole property of Metaphysicus and Theologia.

2. The government of the aforesaid Metaphysicus and his queen over Terra Visibilis, having long been conducted on arbitrary and tyrannical principles, has become most prejudicial to the well-being of its inhabitants, and a well-grounded source of dissatisfaction to the rulers of Scientia.

3. The taxes levied in times past, and, in a somewhat lesser degree, those which are still imposed by Metaphysicus and his queen for the support and maintenance of their State and army, were and are outrageously high, and entirely beyond the power of the greater part of the inhabitants to pay. This remark seems to us to apply especially to a certain tax called Faith or Belief, which is exacted with such cruel rigour by the army of Theologia.

4. The government of Metaphysicus and Theologia, for their own especial advantage, supply their subjects with certain provisions, which are produced in great quantity in the immediate neighbourhood of Mens Humana; which productions, we, the representatives of Scientia, cannot but regard as most baneful and pernicious; not serving at all to the true nourishment of such as subsist on them, but rather filling them up with a kind of windy complacent conceit in their own wisdom. Among these noxious productions, we may instance especially those called abstractions, intuitions, *à priori* reasoning, and subjective method.

5. The government of Metaphysicus and his queen is accustomed, through its authorised teachers, to delude its people and keep them in due subjection, by certain pretended objects of reverence and worship; the same having no reality in fact, but existing merely in the imaginations of Metaphysicus and his subjects.

6. The kingdom of Metaphysicus has not advanced with time, and is therefore utterly opposed to all progress; indeed, it may be safely affirmed that the very stage in which it now is, it had already attained on its first starting into existence centuries ago.

7. Even allowing, for argument's sake, that the government of Metaphysicus and Theologia has been useful in its day, and has ruled its subjects according to its light, yet it is now no less certain, that it is become weak and decrepid by age; and hence unfitted for the arduous duties which it is called upon to exercise.

Such were the reasons put forward by the Republic of Scientia as the ground of their claim for the

partition of the ancient kingdom of Universus, as well as for their demand to rule over the part of it called Terra Visibilis. These reasons, it would appear, were mainly drawn up by a nobleman called Count Positivus, who was one of the ruling spirits of Scientia at this time. This Count Positivus had begun life by enrolling himself as a volunteer in the army of the Republic, and after some years of active service in that capacity was gradually promoted, until he attained finally the rank of commander-in-chief. Under his leadership, the army of Scientia was said to have acquired a military organisation which it had not hitherto attained. He was also said to have invented a new marching order for his troops, which he divided into seven main divisions, assigning to each division its proper place; and this order he never allowed under any circumstances to be disturbed. In accordance with the reform which he thus introduced into the army, he drew up a code of laws, partly military and partly civil, which he vehemently urged the Republic to adopt. To this the leading men of Scientia had, after some discussion, consented. The power of Positivus was therefore very great among his fellow-subjects, some of whom, it was said, would very willingly have made him Dictator and Protector-General of the Republic, especially as his own wishes were well known to point in a similar direction. But this might have been an exaggeration, for it is not to be supposed that such a power as Scientia, which had always gloried in its republican principles, would have readily consented to set over it an absolute ruler, even though he were of such high rank and consideration as Count Positivus. The opinions of this renowned soldier and statesman, with regard to the point at issue between Metaphysicus and Scientia, are sufficiently indicated in the reasons which we have just given, and of which, as we have said, Positivus was to a great extent the author. This remark however is especially true of the seventh or concluding article, which fairly represents a favourite opinion of Positivus, viz. that Metaphysicus and Theologia, or in the order he was accustomed to name them, Theologia and Metaphysicus, had hitherto had an undoubted right to reign over the realms of Universus; but now that a new order of things was about to be inaugurated by himself and his followers, this right existed no longer, but was transferred, by the reason and necessity of the case, to the rulers of Scientia. Unluckily for the lasting fame of Positivus, he some few years after the publication of his great legal work, took a step which in a great measure served to undo the influence he had already acquired in Scientia. This step was indeed nothing less than a tacit recantation of most of the principles he had hitherto maintained. From the position he had always assumed with regard to Metaphysicus and his queen, he had naturally become the object of great dislike and suspicion to these potentates, and this dislike he had always been supposed to return with interest. What was then the surprise and consternation of his friends when they heard that he had eloped, and effected a clandestine marriage, with one of the younger daughters of Theologia! The report was unhappily too true, and the scandal it occasioned in the Republic has not ceased even to this time. Its effect was to cause a complete estrangement between Positivus and some of his fastest friends, one of whom endeavoured to account for the event by suggesting that he could not have been in his senses at the time. However that might be, the marriage was undoubtedly completed, and in due time it resulted in the birth of a daughter, who was said to be of a delicate constitution, and who was

called after her parents, Theologia Positiva. Nor did the apostasy of Count Positivus from his early principles cease here, for after residing for the greater part of his life in the Republic of Scientia, he, shortly after his ill-omened marriage, actually went to live in the dominions of Metaphysicus, where he died.

We have described this celebrated man at some length because he was a renowned character in those times, and because it was mainly through his agency that the Republic of Scientia had determined to make those overtures of which we have spoken.

To resume our narrative, we have already described the feelings with which the proposals of the Republic were received at the court of Metaphysicus. Some of the younger soldiers were loud in their demands to be led once more against their ancient foes. But the older and more experienced were too wary to commit themselves to such rash measures. They knew that the power of the Republic was now scarce inferior to their own, so that it was dangerous to take the field against them. They remembered, moreover, that in recent conflicts, the result had been most uncertain; the opposing forces meeting each other, and after a great display of hostilities, which, however, consisted mainly of shouting and calling each other names, each drew off its forces without the loss of a single man. Consequently, at least for the present, they resolved to turn their attention to the answering of the proposals submitted to them. This task was fitly entrusted to a family of great men called the Philosophi. Now members of this family were not uncommon both in the court of Metaphysicus and in the Republic. They were, however, all descended from the same ancestors, and no matter where they exercised their profession (they were mostly brought up to be lawyers), they had in common certain family features, and a particular manner of conducting their business that could hardly be mistaken. Among the first was a wonderful power of vision. Objects which to ordinary eyes were invisible, their merest glance could readily detect. This power was said to belong in an especial degree to those who lived in the realms of Metaphysicus, and as the atmosphere of these realms was reputed to be somewhat hazy, this might have happened according to the well-known law that objects at some distance appear larger when seen through a fog. They had, moreover, great skill in discovering points of likeness when different things were submitted to their attention. No objects it was said could be so diverse in appearance that some Philosophus could not trace in them some particular of resemblance, though it might be only as big as a needle's point. These points of resemblance, when once established by the concurrent testimony of one or more, they were accustomed to call laws. Of these they had of every sort a great number. Now, although there had always existed great enmity between the adherents of Metaphysicus and the leaders of the Republic, this feeling seems to have extended itself in a less degree to the Philosophi than to any other class of persons. Indeed, it was not an uncommon thing for the Philosophi of Metaphysicus to go down and pay a visit to those of the Republic, the latter in their turn taking care to return the call. Moreover, certain of those who followed Metaphysicus were reported to be in some degree favourable to the claims advanced by the Republic; and on the other hand there were a few in the Republic, even among the followers of Positivus (who himself also belonged to the same family), who were not at all averse to the recog-

nition of some at least of the claims of Metaphysicus. Hence, certain sanguine persons were wont to hope that some time or other a compromise might be effected, and a reconciliation brought about between Metaphysicus and the Republic, through the intervention of this powerful family; one of these persons, for example, who was himself a well-known partisan of Positivus, and a leading man in the Republic, had lately written a history of the Philosophi, in which appeared this sentence: 'The problem of our age is how to change this conflict (i.e. between Metaphysicus and the Republic) into a concourse. . . . This problem may be solved by the transformation of Science into Philosophy, and by the transformation of Philosophy into Religion.' (It will be observed that this man names Religio instead of queen Theologia. He preferred, as did also many others, the mother to the daughter.) But at present things were not in a condition to allow the Philosophi to act as peaceful mediators between the rival powers.

Metaphysicus, then, as we have stated, submitted the scheme of the Republic, together with the reasons on which it was based, to the Philosophi dwelling at his court, selecting, however, those members of the family who were known to be most favourable to the Republic, and who were likely, therefore, to gain the confidence of its rulers. Metaphysicus did not indeed effect this without great opposition from the more zealous of his adherents, among whom the loudest in expressing their indignation were the soldiers of Theologia.

The Philosophi selected for the purpose, having had laid before them the proposals of the Republic, immediately set to work upon them, and after a long and anxious consideration of the scheme, and the reasons by which it was sought to be defended, they drew up an elaborate reply, which, with the sanction of Metaphysicus, was, after some delay, submitted to the Republic.

This reply ran to too great a length to permit us to quote it as a whole. We must content ourselves with giving a *résumé* of the main points dwelt upon in the answer to each separate reason.

I. As to the first Article, affirming the right of Scientia to rule over the whole of Terra Visibilis, *from the nature of the case*, they said that it was a simple *petitio principii*, for that, professing to lay claim to it, and so acknowledging it was not theirs, they affirmed in the same breath that it belonged to them. Moreover, they, the Philosophi, could not see the drift and meaning of the reason assigned for their pretended ownership, to wit, 'the nature of the case.' Did this mean that there had always existed an intention or purpose to assign Terra Visibilis to them? if so, on whose part? or whence derived? and how came the rulers of Scientia to ascertain the fact? In short, they, the Philosophi, could not but think that this reason laboured under the mist and darkness which were supposed to belong exclusively to the benighted subjects of Metaphysicus. Had those who drew up the article been previously regaling themselves with that noxious production *à priori* reasoning, which they found so much fault with in Article IV.? On the whole, the Philosophi wondered much that such a reason could be thought worth anything by the enlightened inhabitants of Scientia. However, they were willing to receive, if possible, more arguments on this obscure point.

As to Art. II., they could not but admit that there was considerable truth in the allegation therein contained, for that in time past the government of Metaphysicus, owing it was feared, to the fact that the queen was apt sometimes to take

the reins of government into her own hands, much oppression had taken place of the founders of the Republic. This even Metaphysicus himself now admitted to be wrong. As, however, Theologia no longer possessed the influence in the counsels of the government which she once maintained, it might be hoped that no oppression would take place for the future. At the same time, they did not conceive that the conduct of Metaphysicus in time past, especially as such conduct had been confessedly amended, afforded a just and sufficient reason for this claim of Scientia to the half of his kingdom.

On Art. III., they remarked that it was the undoubted prerogative of every State to levy the taxes necessary to its wellbeing on its subjects, without any interference from neighbouring powers. That a court such as that of Metaphysicus was of course a more expensive establishment than the simple mode of government adopted by the Republic. That, so far as they could learn by inquiry, there existed no indisposition on the part of the loyal subjects of Metaphysicus to render the required amount of Belief or of any other tax lawfully imposed on them. And if the tax called Belief was especially objected against, they (the rulers of Scientia) might remember that they levied a tax of the same kind on their own subjects, and, *in proportion to the objects for which it was levied*, of a far more extortionate character than that which it was said oppressed the subjects of Metaphysicus.

To Art. IV. it was replied that every country had its own natural productions, differing according to soil, climate, the wants of the people, &c. —with these it was necessary that its inhabitants should be supplied. They did not wish to deny that their general diet was of a lighter description than that which the inhabitants of Scientia seemed to prefer. But, then, it suited the people, and it had the advantage of being more easily digested; while, as to its nutritive qualities, it was affirmed that those who had lived upon it for some time, if put upon the comparatively coarse heavy food on which the people of Scientia subsisted, they directly felt the worst possible effects to proceed from it, for that it produced pains, cramps, dimness of vision, and a general lowering of the system. They, the Philosophi, could not help thinking that it might be better for the inhabitants of the two countries, if each mixed a little of the productions of its neighbour with its own. Something of this kind had been attempted by those Philosophi who best knew the wants of both countries, but the system had not as yet become general. As to the assertion that the articles of diet used by the people of Metaphysicus were more productive of conceit (which it seems was a kind of disease) than that used by the Republicans, they thought it very doubtful; indeed, they could not but observe that 'experientia'—which formed the staple article of food among the Republicans, and which their country, and especially the district round Sensûs Humani, produced in such abundance—often brought about conceit of the worst sort; while, as to 'phenomena' and 'objective method,' the other main articles of food used by the Republicans, it was affirmed they were not far behind 'experientia' in the same respect. In order, however, to set this great question of the relative merits of the food of the Metaphysici and the Republicans completely at rest, it was proposed to send a sample of each article used in either country to a well-known chemical analyst, who would ascertain the elements of which each was composed, as it was more than suspected that particular articles of diet, supposed to be confined to one of the two

nations, were regularly used by its neighbour under a different name. As soon as this investigation was completed, they, the Philosophi, meant to publish the results.

As to Art. V.—It was usual, they said, for each government to secure the obedience of its subjects by those means which seemed best fitted to itself for attaining that object. They had, it is true, certain entities to whom they conceived worship and reverence were certainly due; but as to such objects of worship having no foundation, they maintained that they had at least as much foundation as those mysterious powers which they, the Republicans, worshipped. If, e.g. the Metaphysici worshipped Deus, the Great Spirit, who they maintained was the Creator or Founder of the kingdom of Universus, at least they had as much reason for this as the Republicans could have for their admitted reverence for the goddess Natura. If again they believed in an unseen minister of Deus, by name Providentia, they had precisely the same reasons for this belief as their rivals had for the existence of their mysterious *ordo rerum*, or their unseen forces, as e.g. Inertia, &c. And while both the people of Metaphysicus and the inhabitants of Scientia fittingly recognised that Universus had its laws, it appeared at least as justifiable to refer the origin of these to Mens or Ratio (other names of Deus) as to Necessitas (a blind goddess of the Republicans). Moreover, the assumption of the existence of these powers, forces, &c., were admitted by the rulers of Scientia themselves to be needful, in order to explain the most elementary parts of their teaching. Until, then, the Republicans could dispense with all these deities, which they reverenced—deities which were in reality just as unknown to them as their gods were to the Metaphysici—it seemed idle to make this a reason for asking Metaphysicus to abdicate in their favour the sovereignty he had so long held. If, lastly, the report was true—which indeed they, the Philosophi, much doubted—that the leading people of Scientia wished to make the subjects of Metaphysicus worship only the gods which they themselves worshipped, and call them only by the titles which they themselves employed, they could not but think this as unjust and tyrannical a proceeding as any of those which they had accused Metaphysicus and his queen of having, in former days, practised against the founders of the Republic.

In reply to Art. VI. the Philosophi begun by stating that the term 'progress' was a mere relative term, for that which meant progress to a man of Scientia might not have the same meaning to a subject of Metaphysicus, and *vice versâ*. However, they were prepared to grant that Scientia, in the contributions it had made to general knowledge, had greatly excelled the kingdom of Metaphysicus. This was indeed a thing worthy of all praise. But they must remember the advantages which Scientia had over her rivals, and these in a great measure due to the exertions of Metaphysicus himself—as Count Positivus had justly allowed. When Metaphysicus was young there were no schools, and so his education and training had necessarily been imperfect. If Metaphysicus had only had the training which was now so common, it could scarcely be supposed that he would have cherished the strange opinions and illogical methods for which, in different parts of his life, he had unhappily become so well known. At the same time, no one could deny that he had exhibited improvement, especially in late years. He had obtained two celebrated teachers from Scientia, named Logicus and Psychologicus, and under their teaching he had

attained to a clearer knowledge, and a more intelligent appreciation of the real bounds, wealth, and resources of his kingdom; especially had this been the case with his capital, Mens Humana, which had undergone a complete survey under the direction of Psychologicus, the result being to modify considerably the opinions entertained of its origin and proper limits. For whereas men had formerly thought that this city had existed from time immemorial, and had come into existence in the complete form in which they saw it at present, it was discovered that this was by no means the case, for there still remained traces which proved that Mens Humana had once been a humble town, of very small proportions, and had only gradually attained its present greatness and splendour; moreover, it had always been thought by Metaphysicus that the original builder of his capital was one called Intuitio, who had been employed by Psyche; whereas, a strict examination into ancient archives, and the former state of the city at various times, had revealed the fact that its builder was one Associatio. In short, in the investigation which took place, many unexpected facts, both interesting and important, were said to have been discovered. It was resolved, in accordance with the advice of Psychologicus, to remodel Mens Humana, especially by altering the direction of some of the principal streets, and doing away with the sharp turnings and awkward corners by which they were once characterised. Now they, the Philosophi, could not help thinking that all this was a mark of progress, and was sufficient to prove that Metaphysicus was not so averse to reformation and improvement as had been thought. Besides which, it was well known that Metaphysicus was not so subservient to the will of his wife as he had once been. Altogether, it seemed to them that the allegation contained in Art. VI., although it had been true at one time, was true no longer, and could not therefore be entertained as an argument for acceding to the proposal of Scientia.

VII. To the last Article, they said that it unhappily was too true Metaphysicus was an old man. They might say that he was already an old man when Scientia first came into existence. But the Republic should remember what a wondrous change in his own constitution, as well as in that of his kingdom, had been effected by the improvements he had recently adopted, no less than by his relinquishment of some hurtful habits—such as that of indulging in violent passions, undue submission to his wife and her relations, and the like — the consequence of these changes being, according to his own medical attendants, to give him a new lease of life. Indeed, it was the opinion of more than one who were best acquainted with the innate vitality of his constitution, that he was destined to live continually. But however that might happen, they could not agree that because he had reigned a long time, he must reign no longer, for the power which had originally placed him on the throne —the goodwill of his subjects—now served to keep him there; and no proof had been as yet submitted to them of any great diminution in the feelings of loyalty, love, and veneration by which the majority of his subjects had in past days been confessedly animated towards Metaphysicus. On the contrary, so assured did they feel of the hold which he possessed in the affections of his people, that were he to consent to the proposals of the Republic, and resign all control over Terra Visibilis, they would venture to prophesy that many days would not elapse before he would be again reinstated, and that by an overflowing majority, in his old place

and authority. Moreover, it was affirmed that Metaphysicus had a very large following, even in Scientia itself, and that, too, among several families of distinction, of whom, besides the Philosophi already named, were the Mathematici, Physici, and others; indeed there existed grounds for believing that Metaphysical affinities were rife in most of the principal families of the Republic.

For the foregoing reasons, the Philosophi, in behalf of Metaphysicus, expressed their unanimous conclusion that no sufficient grounds had been shown by Scientia why its demands should be conceded—at least to the extent proposed. They would not, however, undertake to say that some compromise might not be effected which would place the existing relations between Metaphysicus and the Republic on a more stable footing. They were, however, fully convinced that the scheme, as it stood at present, would, so far from establishing those relations on a permanently peaceful basis, eventually terminate in adding to the complications already existing, and produce unrest and dissatisfaction, not only among the subjects of Metaphysicus, but even among the inhabitants of Scientia itself.

It may be imagined that such a calm and moderate reply to the imperious and somewhat extravagant demands of the Republic was received with small satisfaction by the more zealous partisans of Metaphysicus and his queen. Great, indeed, was the anger manifested both in the court of the monarch and in the camp of Theologia. Many scrupled not to assert that the cause of Metaphysicus had been wilfully and wantonly betrayed by his advisers, whom they stigmatised as traitors. The soldiers of Theologia were especially aggrieved by the admissions of the former errors of Metaphysicus which the Philosophi had made. They also murmured against the obsequious tone, as they called it, of the whole reply; in short, there was hardly one particular, either in manner or matter, which they did not endeavour to hold up to popular execration. But the more thoughtful, both among the Metaphysici and the Republicans, were unfeignedly glad to see that such an important matter had been carried to a conclusion in so peaceful a manner. It augured, as they thought, the advent of a period when the disputes between these rival powers were destined to receive a satisfactory and equitable adjustment—when the boundary lines which separated the dominions of Metaphysicus from the territory of the Republic would be marked out as clearly as *the nature of the country permitted*; and when, instead of discord and war, peace and harmony might prevail between the once bitter enemies, Metaphysicus and Scientia.

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Correspondents are desired to observe, that all Communications must be addressed direct to the Editor.

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FRASER'S MAGAZINE.

SEPTEMBER 1868.

THE ALCOHOLIC CONTROVERSY.[1]

IN the present controversy concerning the Drink Traffic, which seems likely, ere long, to come to a critical struggle, it may be of interest and not uninstructive to read the following words of Sir Walter Scott,[2] penned in the year 1817, as the result of his observations on rural Pauperism.

'There is a very natural desire to trust to one or two empirical remedies, such as general systems of *education*, and so forth. But a man with a broken constitution might as well put faith in Spilsbury or Godbold.[3] It is not the knowledge, but the use which is made of it, that is productive of real benefit. . . . . There is a terrible evil in England, ... to wit, *tippling-houses*. . . . . In Scotland there are few. A man, therefore, cannot easily *spend much money* on liquor; since he must walk three or four miles to the place of suction and back again, which infers a sort of malice prepense of which few are capable: and, the habitual opportunity of indulgence not being at hand, the habits of intemperance and *of waste* connected with it, are not acquired. If *financiers* would admit a general limitation of alehouses over England to one-fourth of the number, the money now spent in that manner would remain with the peasant, as a source of self-support and independence.'

Sir Walter Scott was an acute and impartial observer, as free from fanatical extremes as an earnest and active mind can possibly be. We do not attribute to him any peculiar and unusual discernment, as indicated in this passage: nay, before ending this article we may be able to show that magistrates and squires who reside on their estates are by no means slow to observe the same facts. There they get a closer insight into farmers and peasants, not to say a healthier sympathy with them. But the richer classes who dwell in towns have but few personal relations with the poorer, and are either too busy or too proud to look into their domestic circum-

[1] *The Permissive Bill (for Local Prohibition of the Liquor Traffic)*, as introduced into Parliament by Sir Wilfrid Lawson and Mr. Thomas Bazley.
Pamphlets on the Liquor Traffic, by the Rev. Professor Kirk, Edinburgh.
Argument for Prohibition of the Liquor Traffic, by Dr. F. R. Lees.
Parliamentary Debates on the Drink Traffic, from *Meliora*, 1865.
A Model Manufacturing Town (Bessbrook, County Armagh). From *Meliora*, 1867.

[2] *Life*, chap. xxxix.

[3] Apparently two advertising quacks of that day.

stances. It is not a rare case, that when resident country magistrates have refused licenses for new drinking-shops (perhaps at the earnest request of the neighbourhood), other magistrates at the Quarter Sessions overrule the refusal, and force the shops on the reluctant people.

But we desire to point more definite attention to Sir Walter's words. He does not speak merely of coarse and visible drunkenness, which is sure to be deprecated even by those whose fortunes thrive upon it. He speaks also of the *expense* of liquor to our labourers as in itself a grave evil, and, indeed, as a chief cause of pauperism. This is undoubtedly the fact, and is too much overlooked. If the peasantry drink beer at all, a quart a day, say 5*d.*, is the least that any of them are likely to drink, and that is nearly 3*s.* a week, to be taken out of wages which barely average 10*s.* or 11*s.*, and in certain years and counties have sunk to 8*s.*, and even 7*s.* And a large number of labourers, without being at all aware of excess, drink a shilling's worth of beer every day; while the florid complexion thence arising may even make them seem healthier. But the necessary consequence of losing thus even 3*s.* a week is, that peasants can save nothing. They live up to their wages; have difficulty in affording anything to a weakly wife, or a sick child; have no ability to pay for schooling; nay, when the family begins to increase, the father cannot afford to lose the few pence which the elder children are able to earn; hence he keeps them away from school, even if it be provided gratuitously. On the first stoppage of employment, or any attack of illness falling on himself, he is suddenly destitute, and his whole family become paupers. The same is very largely the case with 'moderate drinkers' in the towns, where wages are higher and rent dearer. Moreover, the teetotaller not only has more resources in casual illness, but he is less likely to encounter disease. Nothing is more obvious than that the men who are by no means drunkards, but only regular drinkers, are led into occasional excess, which deranges the health. Life insurances are now cheaper to teetotallers than to moderate drinkers; a fact to which there is no reply. It shows the latter class to be less healthy than the former; indeed, their constitution is more inflammable, so that they do not well recover from accidental severe hurts. It is notorious that brewers' draymen, florid and round of cheek, have no toughness of constitution; and their wounds do not heal well. Thus illness is both commoner and likely to become less tractable, as a result of the drinking which, in general estimate, is moderate, and quite clear of drunkenness. And wherever *piecework* is established (which is evidently desirable, both for worker and for employer, when possible), the 'moderate' drinker is sure to earn less. A Scotch employer recently furnished to Professor Kirk an illustration of this, from the case of a workman who took the pledge of abstinence and kept it for eight weeks. On referring to the wages' book it appeared that during those eight weeks the man earned 13*l.* 14*s.* 8*d.*; while in the eight weeks preceding he earned only 10*l.* 14*s.* 4*d.*; and in the eight weeks following, only 10*l.* 15*s.* That is, as an abstainer he earned just 3*l.* more, or 7*s.* 6*d.* a week, than as a moderate drinker. Add to this, for drink saved, 5*s.* more, as an average, and we may estimate as a not improbable bonus on teetotalism, 12*s.* 6*d.* a week: say 30*l.* a year. Such is the source whence our co-operators draw their capital; which, when they have set up a common store, saves to them the whole difference between wholesale price and that of doubly retailed

goods. Hence a new fund for saving. Sir Walter had no possible foresight of this movement; he wrote in the humdrum days of 1817, when the nation had hardly gained breath from the great French war and the convulsions of trade which its cessation caused. Nevertheless he saw clearly how *expenditure* on drink is related to pauperism.

He saw, further, the intimate relation between a multiplicity of drink-shops and freer drinking. Nothing can be clearer or more decisive than his argument. Very few have what he calls a 'malice prepense' for drink. Few will take the trouble to go miles to get it; and when once the habit is broken they cease to desire the liquors. Sir John Davis last year stated in a public meeting that every great Asiatic religion, *except* Christianity, has proscribed intoxicating liquors. He estimated that 800 millions of the earth's population (Buddhist, Brahminist, and Mahommedan) live under this religious prohibition: and whatever allowance we make for the indulgence in opium, hashish, bang, or fermented milk, it seems unreasonable to doubt that several hundreds of millions are totally without alcoholic drinks or other narcotics, in cold as well as hot climates. But the experience of even Scotland alone suffices to establish, *first*:—that people who are reared without facilities of the drink grow up without cravings for it, or any need of it whatever, as diet; *next*, that the very same people, or rather their children, are in not many years infallibly corrupted (in the present low stage of our moral development), if daily plied with a manifold presentation of the fatal liquors. This was with Sir Walter a fact, long before the word teetotalism arose, or the question of total abstinence had been publicly debated.

More still, he discerned, that the crooked policy of the king's exchequer was at the bottom of the whole evil. He wishes that '*Financiers* would admit a general limitation of ale-houses over England!' He would have them cut down to one-fourth of the number, but the Exchequer did not like to lose the duty. This is the disgraceful fact, which may try to hide itself, yet creeps out in too many ways; not least, in our introduction of spirit-shops into India, undisguisedly for the sake of revenue, and to the disgust of intelligent natives. The modern *gin-palace* was unknown until near the close of Sir Walter's life; and it is only the *ale-house* which he censured. The greater enormities of spirit-drinking so shocked well-meaning legislators, that they tried to counteract the pest, by multiplying beer-houses, in spite of all the mischief which they had previously done. It is difficult to imagine that the experience of the past was *forgotten*; but two sinister influences combined in 1830 to suffocate or counteract experience. The one came from the political economists, who were already strong among the parliamentary Liberals. The economy of that day aspired to be a deductive science, based on a few simple axioms (and as such James Mill presented it), so as to be nearly independent of experience. Its professors seemed to themselves to have a calculus far loftier than that of the common statesman, and imagined that it ought to dictate to politics: moreover, some of them struck out the idea that free trade in liquor was the true cure alike for excess of drink and for adulteration. To obtain free trade in spirits was impossible; for every one was groaning over the new gin-palaces; but the notion was started, and was sincerely believed, that a great multiplication of beer-houses in which spirits could not be got, would draw people off from the spirit-shops. At the same time, compe-

tition (a principle then assumed to be a pure good[1] without evil) was to give to the public a sound, wholesome, cheap beer, which would put to shame the variously cooked stuff sold by the clients of the great brewers, who, by the favour of the magistrates, it was said, had been allowed to monopolise the licensed trade. To this influence of the political economists was added a second, at the force of which we must guess as we can, for an executive does not always avow, or perhaps even know, all its own motives. But certain it is, that when a mass of new beer-houses arose, which, without permission of the magistrates, could get licenses by merely paying for them to the excise office, the Exchequer had an immediate new harvest, first from the licenses, next from the increased consumption of malt. Indeed, in the great debate of 1736, a member of the Lower House pointedly said that the unbounded liberty of setting up drink-shops had not proceeded from their evils not being foreseen or generally felt; but, by an error in politics, we had made it the interest of THOSE to multiply such houses, *whose business it was*, and *who alone had the power* to restrict them. Sir Walter Scott saw in 1817 that the gains made by the Exchequer were the unmanageable difficulty to those who wished to reduce the number of drink-shops; and the same thing remains a fact to the present day. His was far too solid an intellect to be led into a flimsy theory, such as is now often advanced under Liberal professions—that common people *ought* to be strong-minded, and will only be cosseted into *moral weakness* if the Legislature will not let them be tempted. Multiplied endless fact proves that a grave fraction of the population has *not* moral strength to resist, and, if it yields, is not only itself lost, but becomes a pest and curse to others. What sort of pedantry is that, which, calling itself enlightened statesmanship, practically says:—Men *ought* to have self-control; and if they have not, so much the worse for them; let them perish (and inflict endless miseries on their families, endless loss on society) rather than that the State should care to lessen their temptations. No one is anxious to restore lotteries, which were suppressed solely on this very ground, that the temptation was too great for persons of weak mind. Evidently it is the duty of the wiser to protect the less wise, equally as of the stronger to protect the weaker. The State (peculiarly anxious perhaps to save the tills of tradesmen and desks of merchants from shop-boys and clerks who might be led to dabble in lotteries) attacks the trader who makes a gain by other people's vice; and this is the only successful mode of interfering. Just so, it was early discerned that to punish the drunken was of little avail (in fact, it is but one more fine on the innocent *family* of the drunkard); hence fines were also inflicted on the unlawful *sellers* of intoxicating drink; quite independently of the question whether their sale had actually caused drunkenness, on the simple ground that all such shops were intrinsically a nuisance; yet all that was contemplated was to keep down their number, since total suppression was universally regarded as physically or morally impossible. Moreover, to sell *too much* liquor to a man was always a legal offence, and is to this day; a circumstance which, in an economical point of view, stifles a trade. Nothing can be more ridiculous to an economist who

[1] When a customer is a bad judge of goods, sharp competition makes adulteration almost inevitable; and of all customers, drinkers are the worst judges of the article.

sticks to his science, than to say that a seller must be anxious not to sell 'too much' of his wares, or must trouble his conscience with the buyer's judicious use of them. And he is right, if the trade be of a normal kind, and gain be its object.

The law evidently treats the trader who sells *too much* of the intoxicating liquor as the *guilty cause* of intoxication. This seems not harsh only, but utterly unjust, to some, who will have it that only the *buyer* is to blame. We must, therefore, spend a few words on the topic. Much metaphysical jangling is often wasted on the word Cause; and as the word is unavoidable, it is well to insist on its popular and necessary meaning. We deal with a social and political question, and must employ the word in that practical sense which alone can enter politics. In Greek the man is αἴτιος (causative, responsible, perhaps *guilty*) who is αἰτία (a *cause*) of something undesirable to society; and so must it be with all nations. To judge of a man's guilt, we have to deal with causation popularly, not metaphysically. Events never depend on a single cause. When a man fires a train of gunpowder, he is *one* cause of explosion, the quality of gunpowder is *another*, the atmospheric medium is a *third*; but the man was not ignorant of the properties of gunpowder, hence we throw on him the whole blame, and treat him as emphatically *the* 'cause,' if the explosion be hurtful. So when European traders sell brandy to North American savages, knowing that the red men cannot resist the temptation of the 'fire-water,' no moralist can avoid pronouncing the sale inhuman, and that the seller is the cause of all the evils which follow. To plead that he sells *only for his own gain*, is anything but a justification; it rather makes the deed more formidable, more hostile to the human race. Other motives are local, partial, transitory; but the love of gain is unlimited in time and space, and undiscriminating in its pursuit of customers. If a man sell to Indians a poison cunningly disguised because he hates their tribe, and wishes to exterminate it, we judge the sale to be a terrible crime, yet it is a crime which the perpetrator may never repeat, nor desire to repeat; its mischief may be all in the past. But trade expands itself indefinitely in proportion to its own success. The gains, when large, are not consumed forthwith, but a sensible part is reserved as new capital to extend the sale. The great principle of active trade is, as far as possible, to lower price in order to increase the *quantity* sold. A trader who thinks it his duty to restrict his sale of an article from moral considerations, has little chance of gain from that article; and if he sell nothing else, his scruples of conscience are likely to make him bankrupt. This is so evident, that when we hear of men entering the trade of selling spirits to Indians or opium to Chinese, we infer at once that they are not troubled with moral scruples. We know that though conscientious men may have inherited such a position, no conscientious man would voluntarily enter it. Such a traffic is essentially bad; sales ought not to be carried on by such machinery. Nor is any agency, in time and gnise of peace, more formidable to a State than the conspiracy of powerful capitalists against the virtue of individual citizens. A rich man is permitted to corrupt a woman to his own vicious desires by the offer of money. Legislators may abhor his act, but they have never taken in hand to exact any severe or proportionate punishment. But a conspiracy between a trader and a second party to corrupt a woman for convenience to the purse of the

former and the passions of the latter, has always been a high misdemeanour, severely punishable. There is at least some limit to the evil which the animal passions of one man may work; but there is no limit to the operations of avarice, which is incessant, eternal, and grows with its own successes. And the enormous resources which great firms of capitalists wield, enable them, by various agencies, to deceive, and allure to ruin, many thousands of inexperienced or weak victims.

There is some difference of opinion, what is the *natural* tendency of men towards opium, spirits, and other narcotics. Many have said that we are universally and naturally prone to like such things, so that it is always a self-denial and a sort of asceticism to resist it. Others, on the very contrary, maintain that all these articles are naturally disagreeable to us; that we at first reject them, and are brought to like them only by artifice and custom. Between these contrasted beliefs stand persons who say that some children naturally like, others naturally dislike them; also, those who maintain, that the taste of the child is to reject, and of the adult to desire them. But in the midst of this difference there is complete and absolute agreement, that either all, or nearly all, persons of both sexes may be trained not only to like intoxicating drugs, but to be dependent on them, to count them as necessaries of life, to covet them more than food; in short, to lose all power of resisting their temptation. It is hardly too much to say, that every child born into the world might be trained to like opium, or absinthe, or proof spirit, by clever tempering and sweetening. When a delicious flavour of noyau, orange-flower, or other fruit is added to a liqueur, what young lady does not soon think it exquisite, though at first she complain that the spirit burns her? Notoriously, by the frequent use of such liqueurs the palate becomes deadened, the love of the sweet and fragrant declines, the craving for the scalding sensation increases. Utterly nasty as is wormwood, the taste for spirituous absinthe has become frightfully common in Paris. Opium drunkenness is almost unknown to us in England. We may hear it rumoured of this or that individual, alive or dead; but it does not obtrude itself, we are not accustomed to it. We shudder at the reports, though Sir John Bowring says it is not so bad as spirit drinking. But because no 'vested interest' in opium chewing or laudanum sipping is yet established here, they will help us to take a fresher moral view of trade in narcotics. Let us suppose some enterprising confectioner to compound new sweetmeats and new drinks, peculiarly delicious, but with a very slight twang of opium, not enough to overpower the nicer flavours, but just enough to give a *character* to the stuff. He might then warn all customers to ask particularly for A.K.X.'s Honey Drops, and by the arts of advertisement might give great currency to his mixtures, with no small benefit to his purse. But when it was perceived that a taste for opium was thus little by little imbibed unawares, what should we think of his trade? Should we admit the excuse, that opium *in quantities so small* does no harm? No: for the question would vehemently press: Is society to allow itself to be stealthily inoculated with the taste for this drug, for no better reason, than that a trader wants to enrich himself by it? The taste, once imbibed, may be like infection by a pestilence. The argument that a man has a 'natural right' to sell what he pleases would not be listened to for a moment. If for any reason the sale of opium was needful, we should say, 'Let it be confined to the chemist; or let it be otherwise put under

strict regulation.' The idea of a 'free' trade, whether for the convenience of opium eaters, or for the enrichment of sellers, would not seem to us endurable. If upon this came evidence, that some half-dozen persons had become infatuated with the new taste, and had lost self-control under its allurement;—if only one person were exhibited as a wretched lost creature, no better than a lunatic, from opium eating;—the law would plainly say to the confectioner, 'You are the *cause* of this terrible result. You shall not be punished for the past, but you are prohibited in the future, and will be counted guilty as a poisoner if you repeat it.' To say, 'My customer took the drug willingly,' is no defence: no one may help another to suicide, nor to insanity. But by reason of the insidious nature of these drugs, the customer is deceived as much as if he were an ignorant child. Each new sip makes him less and less aware of what is creeping into him. As Dr. Johnson is reported to have said to a lady, 'Madam, I can be abstinent, but I cannot be moderate;' so, there are many men who lose themselves after the first or second cup. The sorceress could not have turned the crew of Ulysses into brutes, if they had totally refused to sip; but, since the first taste sapped the vigour of their will, we pronounce Circe, who laid the snare and caught them in it, the chief agent of their degradation.

Dr. Lees, in his very comprehensive and exhaustive attack on the liquor traffic (even if to many his definite inferences seem overstrained), has brought together a prodigious mass of fact and argument, which too few of our public men can have read, yet none may wisely overlook or despise. In his Sequel, p. 44, he has (what might hardly have been expected of him *à priori*) a defence of the individual publican to which it may be difficult for the upholders of the existing system to reply. He puts a case not rare in our large towns,—that a man drops into a series of drink shops as he passes them in his walk, and takes a cup of liquor in each. Tapster A causes to the man an agreeable excitement, which tapster B increases. The third glass from tapster C makes him either comfortable or elevated: in fact he is now quite 'refreshed,' and if he were wise he would pause. But the drink has wholly taken away his wisdom. Even if, when he left home, he sternly resolved not to go beyond three cups, no power of self-control remains. How is tapster D to know this, when the unhappy victim enters his door? The man does not stagger nor utter ribald words; he may perhaps seem in high spirits or flushed, but to refuse him a dram is what no one can claim of a seller. This fourth cup lands the man on that puzzling *neutral ground*, which the police call neither drunk nor sober. He has nearly reached the crisis at which he is most dangerous; for his moral checks are gone, he is like a steam-engine without its governor: he may be carried into any deed of violence by unbridled impulse: his physical powers for evil are not yet sensibly impaired, yet no one has a right to arrest him. He enters the shop of tapster E and gets his fifth cup, which carries him over the line of neutrality into flagrant and very dangerous drunkenness. Now *at length* it becomes unlawful to give him more liquor. Yet if (luckily for the community) he reach tapster F without committing some frightful crime, the sixth cup which is there administered (the only one of all for which the seller is punishable), makes him harmless; too unsteady to strike a blow, hardly able to keep his feet, an object of compassion more than of terror. Dr. Lees sarcastically regards F as our benefactor, for having struck down a

dangerous madman. The duty of F, according to law, was simply to turn the man into the street, which is just the worst thing he could do for the public; and of course we cannot lay upon F the duty of leaving his own business and running for the police. In short, of these six drinksellers, E alone seems to be reasonably punishable; but who can claim that E should accurately discern the stage of derangement which the man had reached? The drink indeed may have been served, as it constantly is, by an inexperienced young girl. Evidently no penalty can be inflicted on any of the six, except the last, who has effectually carried the wild beast off his feet, and done more good than harm.

The inference of Dr. Lees is, that no control *can* be kept over sellers who sell *for their own interest*, as traders must; and (if we understand him) all necessary sales should be made by a seller who has no interest in extending the sale, no gain depending on the *quantity* sold. This can only be managed by putting sales into the hand of *public agents*, who receive a fixed salary from public funds, and are not allowed to accept gifts or fees. Of course such agents must proceed under strict INSTRUCTIONS; and it becomes a delicate and important, yet still a secondary question, what those instructions are to be. It is not Dr. Lees' wish that, under any circumstances, the liquors should be sold 'as beverage;' but it is evident that that topic *must* come under public discussion if the Bill reach that stage, whatever Dr. Lees, or the powerful Society for which he writes and speaks, may desire. But our readers may need to have it pointedly impressed on them, that these gentlemen, when they talk of prohibition, do not mean prohibition of the *use*, nor prohibition of the *sale*, but only prohibition of the *traffic*. TRAFFIC is necessarily for the gain of a private trader, who cannot take cognisance of public morality; SALE may be carried on by the State, centrally or locally, which would not seek to gain, would have no motive to adulterate, nor to enlarge the quantity sold, while it is solemnly bound to study the public morality. We add, that neither do they object to private brewing clubs, or anything but public traffic in the liquor.

We are not here arguing for, we are only expounding, the aims and views of the United Kingdom Alliance (the Grand Alliance, as Lord Brougham has named it), of which Sir Walter Trevelyan is President. The Bill, which they urge, in the original draught contained clauses to regulate the sale of liquor by public agents, but it soon appeared that opponents would get enormous advantage by attacking this novel system instead of defending that which exists; hence, these clauses were cut away. But after the present system shall have been effectually condemned by permitting any local mass of ratepayers to vote the traffic out of existence, the other side of the question will be taken up by the persons interested in it; or, indeed, during the passage of the Bill, the adversaries who find themselves unable to stop it, may introduce, as amendments, clauses analogous to those of the original draught. It is therefore misunderstanding, where it is not slander, to represent that this Society is endeavouring to 'oppress a minority,' or to enforce their own notions on others. They see an evil, confessedly of prodigious magnitude, which the Government and the Parliament have long fostered; the sight has aroused them to activity. Nothing can be debated in Parliament without a definite scheme, no zeal can be excited in the millions without a broad principle. Their scheme is the 'Permissive Bill,' their principle is total

prohibition of the traffic. If the Parliament and Ministry will carry any other Bill *effective in repressing the evils*, the wind will be taken out of the sails of agitation, and if any of the agitators are fanatical, they will be powerless.

If the Alliance continue to gain strength as it has done, if its great popularity with the newly enfranchised voters portends early success in Parliament, a party may arise among the gentry and in Parliament itself, which will move for a part of that at which the Alliance aims—viz., to forbid all sale of intoxicating liquor *for drinking on the premises* except to actual inmates of an hotel, and (with very severe regulations to prevent evasion) to real diners. In short, the bar and the tap-room may be destroyed. This is the most obvious course, and at first sight the only reasonable one. The Maine Law does not forbid citizens from importing wine, beer, or spirits. (This also is a point which, it would seem, few indeed of its English assailants understand.) A hamper of wine may come freely through the custom-house, direct to a private house, in the original package unbroken; families who choose, can have all these liquors for domestic use, and this liberty has not hindered the vast public benefits which are claimed for the Maine Law by General Neal Dow, who attests that it has suppressed impure houses, cleared out the nests of rascality, made the worst streets in Portland respectable and safe, emptied the jails, and reduced pauperism almost to zero. Now (it may be argued), this confesses the evils of the trade to result almost wholly from its retail branch, and especially from 'drinking on the premises.' For ourselves, nothing would better please us than to see our upper classes collectively embrace this belief, if only they will proceed to act upon it. But if we are to judge of the future by the past, they will not act upon it, except in hope of stopping some impending measure which is still less acceptable. For even in 1830 it was augured that to insert in the Beer Act, 'to be drunk on the premises,' was a mistake; and since 1834–5, the greatness of the mistake has been visibly far beyond the worst which had been dreaded. Nevertheless, the third part of a century has passed; the deadly clause has not been rescinded, much less replaced by the opposite '*not* to be drunk on the premises;' in fact, nothing has been done but to multiply drinkshops of both kinds.

A short outline of our past legislation may here conduce to clearness of survey. In the reign of Edward I., the birth reign of the modern Parliament, it was enacted that taverns and alehouses be closed at the tolling of curfew. Wine was sold in the tavern, as well as beer; and in the reign of Edward III. only three taverns were allowed in London. But alehouses were under no restraint, and became a wide nuisance; until, under Henry VII. (1497), an Act was passed empowering two justices of the peace to suppress alehouses at their discretion. Under Edward VI. new laws, of greater stringency, were passed against the traffic, with preambles declaring the gravity of its evils. Nevertheless, with the development of trade and increase of capital, things appear to have got worse and worse, until Parliament, under James I., declares that the odious and loathsome sin of drunkenness is of late grown into common use, being the root and foundation of many other enormous sins, as bloodshed, stabbing, murder, fornication, adultery, and such like, to the great dishonour of God and our nation, the overthrow of many good arts and manual trades, &c. &c. In the reign of Charles I. the officers of the Crown appear energetically to have done their duty

against alehouses, but the magistrates were less zealous, perhaps being in league with 'vested interests.' The sermons of the Puritans show how widespread was the evil during the Commonwealth; but with Charles II. a saturnalia of profligacy was opened, and Parliament, following a precedent of the late reign, made the king's Exchequer permanently an accomplice in the drink trade by granting to it a new tax on beer. The Lord Keeper COVENTRY in 1623, charging the circuit judges, had denounced 'alehouses and tippling houses as the greatest pests in the kingdom.' He declaimed bitterly on the delinquency of the justices of the peace; announced that he once discharged two justices for setting up one needless alehouse, and that he 'would be *glad* to do the like again, upon the same occasion.' No such utterance has come from any minister of the Crown, from the fatal day when the Exchequer took 'hush-money' from the drink trade. In the reign of Charles II. permission was also given to distil brandy from wine and malt, and a new germ of evil was planted—the spirit trade.

By the time of George II. the nation had become more and more corrupted, especially through the cheapness of spirits. At length the magistrates, the nobility, the bishops, and a large part of the Commons took alarm, and very severe duties and license money were imposed, expressly to make gin and other spirits dear, so as to arrest their consumption. Pulteney, as leader of the opposition, strongly objected to the Bill; and Sir Robert Walpole, the minister, is said by his biographer to have looked coldly on it, though he yielded to the strong feeling of the House. The local constables of London did not carry out the Act faithfully, and the Ministry took no pains to displace them. The drink-sellers are also said to have eluded the law, by putting spirits into the wine. (The very same thing happened about thirty years ago in the State of New York. 400,000 persons there signed the pledge against drinking ardent spirits. Over 10,000 persons apparently abandoned the trade: but they merely 'strengthened' the wine, and the futility of such a half measure was proved.) A violent struggle followed, from 1736 to 1741, which came to a head under a new Parliament. Sir Robert Walpole was displaced, and Pulteney came into power. In 1743 he carried the Commons with him, in repealing the law of 1736; but against vehement resistance from the Lords. All the bishops present, nine in number, and the Archbishop of Canterbury, voted against it, and with five lay lords entered their protest on the journals; nevertheless the repeal was carried by the urgency of Ministers, and the price of gin was again lowered. This did not improve the public morals. Things got worse until 1750, when the people themselves became aware into what an abyss they had fallen, and from many quarters petitioned for restraint. The 'Tippling Act' was then passed, which, with changes in detail, virtually remained until 1828. In that year began the now existing legislation. Its professed object was to consolidate into one Act the very numerous Acts which encumbered the statute book. In a copy of the Act now before us we find no notice of a change in duties; but we understand that, as a part of the new system, the duty on gin was lowered, which suggested to 'enterprising capitalists' the erection of the modern gin-palaces. The visible mischief thence arising caused new alarm, and in 1830 (to counteract the gin) the free beer-houses were sanctioned. No; they were *not* 'free' to sell 'in your own jugs;' that privilege was reserved

as a bonus to the licensed houses; the clause to which we have already alluded ('to be drunk on the premises') was inserted, not purposely to promote immorality, but as a sop to the 'vested interests.' A single year showed the egregious folly of this legislation. Free alehouses had been a pest in rural districts before spirits were known; were they likely to be less mischievous in a thick town population, where each man is lost in a crowd, and the vicious are under no shame from their neighbours; where neither squire nor clergyman, nor schoolmaster, nor magistrate, has the slightest moral influence over the mass of the people? The competition of beerhouses and licensed victuallers made both worse; for, to obtain custom, disreputable attractions were called in by some, and others imitated them from fear of losing custom. The magistrates, never severe enough, became laxer, because it seemed useless to be particular about the license, when any man could get from the Excise leave to open a beerhouse, which seemed as bad as the average of the victuallers: moreover, economists set up the doctrine, that the license was not to guard against public vice; for, what had the Government to do with that? its sole object in the license was revenue, as was proved in the new beerhouses. Government had no other functions than to protect persons and property. What did Government, as such, know about Virtue? Let it mind its own business, and leave Virtue to the individual and to the Churches. This poisonous, absurd, suicidal doctrine, the cardinal heresy of modern Liberalism in both worlds, has substantially tainted legislation and executive action at home and abroad, from the rise of political economy into parliamentary distinction to the present day. Especially it has been powerful under the reign of the middle classes, from 1832 to 1868. In 1834 the terrible increase of evil, from the increase of the shops and the lessened control of the magistrates, enabled Mr. James Silk Buckingham to obtain a committee of the Commons to inquire into it. The Whig Ministry was pre-eminent in their contempt of him and his motion, declared their hostility to it, and treated temperance deputations somewhat rudely. Lord Althorp, leader of the Ministry in the Commons, told one deputation that Mr. Buckingham had a bee in his bonnet, that his aims were quixotic and absurd, and that there would not be a man in the House to second his resolution. O'Connell was still coarser in his contempt. And for what did Mr. Buckingham want a committee? Simply 'to ascertain whether any legislative measure can be devised to prevent the further spread of so great a national evil.' The motto of the Whig-Liberals concerning intemperance may seem to have been, *Vestigia nulla retrorsum!* The Legislature passes two Acts, each of which visibly and undeniably *causes* a great increase of drinking and of drunkenness. Common sense would say, 'Repeal those Acts, since they have been proved mischievous.' But the Chancellor of the Exchequer, who is yearly enriched many millions by the people's vice, replies, 'The idea is absurd and quixotic.' Mr. Buckingham persevered, and though the Grey Ministry was supposed omnipotent in the House, his facts were so overwhelming, and his simple earnestness so convincing, that, to every one's surprise, and not least to his own, he carried his measure against Whigs and philosophical Radicals and Economists by a majority of forty-seven in a House of about 200. The committee heard an immensity of testimony, and in its report next year (1835) it *advised the gradual diminishing and eventual abolition of* the liquor traffic.

Of course we all know that, ever since, everything to the contrary has been done; and in spite of education, in spite of Temperance societies, in spite of immense and most valuable financial reform, in spite of lightened taxation, more extensive markets, more intelligent workmen; in spite of a great increase in religious earnestness, nay, and although the teetotallers of the three Kingdoms are said to be between two and three millions, yet our drunkenness is apparently unabated, and our violent crime is worse than ever. The worst crimes are either caused by drink, or impossible without its aid; our pauperism ever increases, and is extremely alarming. In Liverpool one inhabitant in eleven, in Edinburgh one in ten, is now stated to be a pauper.

Infatuation, which has persevered against all experience, against remonstrance and outcry, and against the warning of a Parliamentary committee; which has thus sinned with its eyes open for thirty-three years together,—must arise from perversity of intellect. Apparently it cares more that a class shall be enriched, and the Exchequer have no trouble, than that a nation shall not rest on a basis of brutal proletarians. We must in justice add, that the Whig Ministry in 1839 willingly passed, in the Metropolitan Police Bill, a restriction of the *Sunday* sale of intoxicating drink to four hours. Though a local Act, it was beneficial, and important as an experiment. Space does not allow us to detail intelligibly the see-saw Acts that have been passed or attempted concerning Sunday closing; and it is so very easy both to overrate and to underrate legislation in this direction, that we cannot write concerning it concisely.

But we may briefly allude to movements in the House of Lords. In 1839 Lord Brougham, who, when in the Commons, had strongly disapproved of the clause 'to be drunk on the premises,' moved to repeal the Beer Act of 1830. The Duke of Wellington supported the second reading of the Bill, and said, that very soon after the Beer Bill passed, the country became aware that there were great objections to the measure. From that time to the present he had invariably supported every remedial measure proposed; but, *from some influence or other*, every attempt, he said, had proved unsuccessful. Many other Lords spoke vehemently on the same side, and the chief objection of those who opposed was, that the gin-palace was worse than the beershop. Lord Melbourne did not oppose referring the Bill to a select committee; but said he could not pledge himself, or the Government in the other House, to the adoption of this Bill *or any other on the subject*. These words explain what was the influence hinted at by the Duke of Wellington—the intense obstinacy with which the Whigs, official and unofficial, upheld the shops, which, Lord Brougham declared, 'he was ashamed to avow, had grown up under the fostering care of Parliament, and threw baleful influences over the whole community.' In the close, the bishops (all but two) absented themselves from the voting—of which Lord Brougham caustically complained—and the influence of the Government prevailed to throw out the Bill. Twenty-nine years have since passed, and Lord Brougham,[1] despairing of Parliament, has for about ten years given his utterances on this subject to *the people*, chiefly in his character of President of the Association of Social Science. In 1854, an elaborate report was made to the Lords by a committee; to which we now refer, only because it distinctly declared the *multiplica-*

[1] The above was out of hand before Lord B.'s death.

tion of drinkshops to be the great cause of the frightful evils. It is deplorable to add, that as an appendix to the French Treaty, and with a view to bring in French wine, a vast addition has since been made to the shops. That even the mildest French wine is stronger than beer, seems to have been forgotten; but far stronger liqueurs are now salable and sold at the confectioners', which (if we may believe painful reports) give a taste for strong drink to ladies and to women-servants.

After this outline of legislative proceedings, it may be instructive to consider the history of events outside of Parliament. England is perhaps necessarily destined to receive moral impulses from her colonies; which, otherwise fundamentally like her, are so much less rigid and have so great opportunity of experimental action. The republican freedom of America had given to the spirit trade uncontrolled development and had produced evils on a still greater scale than with us. Here therefore began the reaction in the heart of society. In 1826 the American Temperance Society was organised in Boston, pledged to *abstain* from ardent spirits. Many thousands of drunkards were reclaimed by this movement. The intelligence of it excited philanthropists in the United Kingdom as early as 1828 and the two following years; but, inasmuch as our rich men drink wine, not spirits, while the drunkenness of our poor was chiefly from beer, the American pledge appeared here unsuitable. This led to chemical inquiry, which showed that *all* the liquors contained the very same element, ALCOHOL; that this alone was that for which they were drunk, and this alone committed the moral and physical ravage. The discovery drove the more eager philanthropists to the doctrine of *total* abstinence from alcoholic liquors as beverage. But when, through the power of the Whig majority in 1835, the advice of Buckingham's committee was treated as a dead letter, a less ardent school of moral reformers, adhering to the original American scheme, instigated a crusade against the use of spirits as a beverage. Abstinence from them was called 'Temperance.' Several of our bishops espoused the cause: our young Queen, soon after ascending the throne, gave her adhesion to 'Temperance.' More than 2,000 medical men added their signatures to a document, which went the whole length of teetotalism, declaring that no alcoholic liquors are needful as drink, and that total universal abstinence from them is greatly to be desired. The movement spread, but only like a fire of straw, and quickly vanished. The cause of this, we believe, was, the discovery in New York State (adverted to above), that to abstain from what were called 'spirits' might mean, simply to drink the very same quantity of alcohol in wine; so that this pledge was a nullity.

Meanwhile the other column of the movement went ahead. It had taken form in Dublin as early as 1829, under the celebrated Dr. Cheyne, Physician to the Forces, and the Rev. Dr. W. Urwick. In 1832 its influence was felt from Dunfermline to Bristol. In that year the word Teetotal, in its modern application, arose at Preston. It is said to belong to old Lancashire dialect, as a *reduplication* of Total. From Preston went forth ardent missionaries,—poor men, of whom JAMES TEARE is by far the foremost name, —preaching the new creed of total abstinence over the whole land. Father MATHEW some years later passed over Ireland, riding as it were on a wave of moral enthusiasm, the effects of which have never wholly been lost. That fervent population, regarding him as an apostle, accepted from him the

pledge in much sincerity; but were too weak of will to endure long against the eternal solicitations of the licensed trafficker. Enthusiasm delivered them for a little while from the slavery of habit, but was unable to impart abiding force and rational freedom; so that Father Mathew had to see and deplore the wreck of a very large part of his labours. Out of this mournful experience rose in many minds the conviction, that the mass of our people is in too weak a state, too infantine a stage of development, to bear exposure to this insidious enemy, which meets them at every corner; that moral dissuasion, however good and necessary, is insufficient; and that the removal of temptation is essential to any permanent success with the weaker members of the community; who are a formidable fraction of the whole. Suppose them but one-twentieth; that is, a million and a half persons in the United Kingdom. How dreadful is the thought, that legislators, knowing the weakness of such a mass of people, should say to a body of traders: 'Sell intoxicating liquors to those persons as freely as you please,—but *on two conditions*: you must stop short of making them drunk, and you must pay to the Queen ten shillings a gallon on all the proof spirit which you sell.' Every one with half an eye might see, that of these two conditions the latter was certain to be fulfilled, and the former to be neglected. It is just as, in the Acts of past centuries for carrying black labourers from Africa to the colonies, it was stipulated that they should be carried by their own consent, without fraud or force; fine words, but in practice a dead letter. Such a dead letter is the condition, that the trader may sell as much liquor as he pleases, *provided* it do not induce drunkenness. The proviso can be nothing but a salve to the legislator's conscience, as long as the Exchequer is so deeply interested in the trader's gains. 'By an error of policy, we have made it the interest of those to increase the sale of drink, to whom belongs the function of restricting it.' Besides, if no one drank up to the point of visible drunkenness, is it not disgraceful and ruinous to encourage the labouring classes to waste their resources on drink, and remain for ever on the edge of pauperism? None of the artisans or townspeople, who have employment, need be poor, if they knew how to husband their wages and their time. Folly or vice alone keeps them poor. And can any minister of the Queen defend the principle of basing her revenue on that folly and vice which is the people's ruin? The system will not stand when voices in Parliament unshrinkingly denounce it.

Active writers of much good talent, deep in their own philosophy, are pleased to speak scornfully of the millions, for not having constancy and strength of will to endure temptation. Is this humane or wise? Is it statesmanlike—is it not rather criminally pedantic—to shut our eyes to the fact that few even of adults can resist fashion, example, evil habit? A community once corrupted has little vitality of self-reform. When the masses of the nation, discovering the cause of their degradation, implore us to keep temptation from themselves, from their neighbours, and especially from their children; and preserve their daughters from contamination and from drunken husbands, are we really to reply, 'This is not a PATERNAL Government: you are freemen; we cannot take care of your virtue, nor of your children's. It is your look-out, not ours.' Such an answer seems to us not *fraternal*, but enough to drive men to fanaticism. But the philosopher adds that virtue *ought* to be robust, and able to endure contact with fire

without being burned; and that a nation will become enfeebled in conscience if it be coddled into morality by being screened from temptation; and that it ought to be 'educated' into strength of mind. Education does not consist merely in book-learning or in theories. Excellent these may be, but they do not impart strength of will. The training of *habit* is the first thing needful; intellectual culture, superimposed on this, will do wonders; but if you first corrupt the habits and the tastes, your after education has but poor chance of success. Sir Walter Scott, in the quotation with which we opened, speaks with some scorn of education as an 'empirical' remedy. He would probably have been sharper still, could he have foreseen the supercilious airs with which our doctrinaires deride the notion that temptation should be lessened, and enforce the omnipotence of an education which the presence of the drinkshop impedes or makes impossible. Scotland has long had excellent educational apparatus, and has eagerly taken advantage of it; nevertheless, there, as everywhere else, corruption is commensurate with the increase of these shops. Besides, all this argument not only assumes that in a free nation the State has no function of caring for the public morals (a notion from which we cannot sufficiently express our deep dissent); it also overlooks the misery and loss which every mass of humble persons endures from the corruption and immorality of husbands or wives, kinsfolk and neighbours; from the rowdiness and violence, the ribaldry and profanity which surround them; from the increase of crime, pauperism, and taxation. To all these things the tranquil student has nothing to say but, 'Do not be so silly as to wish for OVER-LEGISLATION.'

But while our literary men thus display their sagacity, many of our country gentlemen act instead of talking. Noblemen and squires, differing in politics, on seeing how ill things went on under the rule of Mammon, took the remedy into their own hands. Partly as magistrates by refusing licenses, partly as landlords by inserting in leases a prohibition of beershops, they have driven the drink traffic out of their estates. We have before us a list of 89 such estates in England and Scotland. It does not bring them down to the present date, and we believe others might now be added. Not to encroach too much on our limits, we transcribe the names of nobility alone: His Royal Highness the late Prince Consort (Balmoral), the Duke of Argyll, Duke of Grafton, Duke of Buccleuch, Marquis of Breadalbane, Marquis of Cholmondeley, Marquis of Westminster, Earl of Shaftesbury (Dorsetshire), Earl of Beverley, Earl Ducie (Tortworth, Gloucestershire), Earl of Harrington, Earl of Minto (at Minto and Ashkirk), Earl of Radnor (at Highworth, Wilts), Earl of Zetland (Upleatham, Cleveland), Earl of Stair, Earl of Dalhousie, Earl Fitzwilliam (near Rotherham), Right Hon. Lord Palmerston (at Romsey, Hants), Lord Walsingham (Norfolk), Lord Delamere (Cheshire), Lord Boyne (Durham), Lord Tredegar (South Wales), Lord Strathmore (Forfar), Lord Belper (Kingston, Notts), Lord Wenlock (Yorkshire), Lord Carrington (Humberstone), Lord Polwarth (Mertoun), Lady Macdougal (Makerston), Lady Byron (near Leamington). We must explain, that where persons held leases it was not always possible at once to make thorough work. Thus the late Lord Palmerston, at Romsey, suppressed beershops as fast as the leases fell in. Noblemen and titled persons have this advantage, that when as magistrates they refuse licenses on their estates, they are not 'snubbed' at the quarter sessions, and their decision reversed by other magistrates from a dis-

tance; but even they, on many of their estates, cannot for some years get rid of beershops. In the north of Ireland there is a considerable tract of country, in proximity to Dungannon, supposed to cover 66 square miles, over the whole area of which no intoxicating liquor is sold, retail or wholesale. The total population is between 9,000 and 10,000. The system in all three Kingdoms has now gone on for so many years, that we can confidently say it has had *a fair trial*, and justifies certain important inferences.

In the first place, prohibition is no longer a mere theory; here is the thing itself in operation. To introduce it by law will not be an experiment in the dark. Next, as far as appears, there is no such discontented minority as might reasonably have been anticipated when one man imposes his will on a whole community. No petitions to Parliament, no indignation meetings, no outcry as of injured persons, reaches the public ear. Every account that we obtain is that of general content and general benefit, lessening of distress, lowering of rates, vanishing of crime; while the policeman is nearly or wholly needless. It may be that some are discontented, but in the general content and prosperity see the uselessness of complaint; yet the critic must have a truly wild notion of the rights of the minority who rises as champion of these hypothetical grumblers. He must esteem nothing but anarchy to be freedom. Thirdly, the U.K.A. has in these facts an excellent reply to the imputation that it wants to oppress a minority by a majority. If prohibition, enforced by one man on a whole community, is found to be so beneficial, so wise, that the community is glad of it, can any one call *the very same enactment* oppression, if imposed, after public deliberation, by a two-thirds vote of the people themselves? Further, these landlords are open to the stinging charge of reserving to themselves a right of drink which they do not concede to the people. The Duke of Buccleuch, we warrant, has wine and beer in his own cellars. He can get a pipe of wine direct from France, and hogsheads of ale from Bass; but the poor man cannot get '*his* pint of beer,' about which our legislators whimper. Is then this 'one law for the rich and another for the poor?' Of course, everywhere the rich more easily buys wholesale, or buys from abroad; as also he can travel and live in hotels, which the poor cannot. No poor man thinks this to be an unfairness. Moreover, if the poorer choose to combine, they can buy a barrel of anything, and divide it among them. But they cease to desire the liquor when it is entirely out of sight; and this is the moral excellence of *total* abstinence. The people as little thirst for it as do the Turks in remote villages.

The pamphlet quoted at the head of this article ('A Model Manufacturing Town') gives a full and graphic account of the town of Bessbrook, erected by a benevolent Quaker, John Grubb Richardson. Its population is nearly 3,000, most of whom work in his flax mills, but some of his workers live in neighbouring farmhouses, or in the town of Newry. The buildings in Bessbrook are chiefly dwelling-houses, with the mills; there are also co-operative stores and a few good shops, no two of the same trade. These shopkeepers profess to sell at the Newry prices, and are liable to ejection if Mr. Richardson find them dishonest. These and other details concerning schools, library, reading-room, and dining-room, are of much interest; but we are here concerned only with the main point—the key of the whole—that no intoxicating drink enters the town. Were this admitted, its companions must quickly follow—the pawnshop, the jail, the police-barrack,

things now unknown in Bessbrook. Surely, with such experience under mere private arrangements, which may in a moment be overthrown by a new proprietor, a case is made out for securing these advantages by law and making them permanent. To allow every parish to vote down 'drinking on the premises,'—that is, to extirpate tap-rooms and bars—leaving the trade for strictly domestic supply untouched, may prove (as the U. K. A. believes it will prove) insufficient to stay the plague which is abroad. But it is the *least* change which can have a chance of success, and it is difficult to understand what is to be said against it that can deserve a moment's attention. Excursionists, if they *will* have brandy, must take it in their pockets, as they very often do. Who can with a grave face say, that national welfare is to be sacrificed to their convenience?

In a movement which has been carried on with much enthusiasm for thirty-six years, there are naturally many new developments, unknown to the uninitiated. There is quite a little library of temperance literature, having three distinct branches—the Biblical, the medico-chemical, and the political. To the last we have no further need of adverting; as to the Biblical, we must explain its nature. It is a necessary weakness of the human mind, that when it professes to believe in an infallible book, it is apt to distort the words into the sense which the reader thinks the only wise, true, noble, or credible one. This is popularly called 'making the Scripture a nose of wax;' and in every controversy in which the parties agree as to the infallibility of Scripture, and desire to make out that it is for them, and not against them, both sides are liable to this weakness. It comes out pretty strongly—we might say, undisguisedly—in some of the teetotallers. We have read, more than once, such reasonings as these in American writers, and very able ones, too: 'It would be little short of blasphemy to suppose that our Lord could work a miracle to produce and recommend *that* drink which we know to be the cause of endless evils, moral and physical,' &c. Or again, 'When the Scripture so abounds with warnings against wine, we cannot imagine that the same book recommends the same liquor,' &c. But this is not to expound a text impartially. Dr. Lees, who in England is the patriarch of the belief, that the sacramental wine of Christ and the Apostles was *unfermented*, will be judged by most persons eminently guilty of the same weakness. The Corinthians who got drunk at the Lord's Supper cannot have used unfermented wine; yet Paul, in reproving them, does not touch on this as their error. His remedy in the future is not to avoid carefully the *wrong sort* of wine, but to avoid eating their real supper at the ecclesiastical festival: that is, he advises to deviate from the original form, and make the church supper a mere ecclesiastical type. So again, in John ii., persons who have no hypothesis to maintain, find it impossible to interpret the words of the master of the feast reasonably, on the assumption that the wine was unfermented. On the other hand, Dr. Lees' industrious ingenuity has brought to light many useful facts, and his comments on the various Hebrew words which we translate *wine*, show how superficially the subject has been hitherto considered. Very few of us know that the Romans habitually used an unfermented wine, and called it *vinum*. When the advocates of our wines and spirits eagerly appeal to texts, they win little against Dr. Lees. 'Every *creature of God* is good, and nothing to be refused,' is quoted by them triumphantly, as if it did not apply

to opium or deadly nightshade as well, or better, than to alcohol. 'Take a little wine for thy stomach's sake,' says Paul to Timothy. Many of our readers will reply by saying, Was Paul a physician? Is his advice a religious precept? Am I certainly in the same state of body as Timothy was? Is a medical prescription daily diet? But Dr. Lees has yet another answer: How do you know that Paul did not mean *unfermented* wine? We may here add, that a teetotal chemist (a Mr. Wright) in Kensington, prepares for sale unfermented wine, which is highly appropriate to banquets. The chief objection to it is, that it is too dear for the community, and richer teetotallers are charitably unwilling to set the fashion of a free use. Possibly many churches now use it for the sacramental wine, as is done most extensively in the Northern United States. Indeed, otherwise the ministers would be there marked men, highly unacceptable to any thorough-going congregation.

But we must make some remarks on the chemical or medical side of the temperance literature. It may be impossible to say that the practical doctrine of the teetotallers is new; indeed, it is with them a strong fact, that the most eminent men, not only of the more remote past, have held the doctrine, but also of more recent times, since chemistry and physiology have assumed their modern forms. The doctrine laid down by the late Dr. Cheyne, of Dublin, Physician of the Forces, a highly distinguished man, and of Dr. Carrick, a celebrated Bristol physician, when applied to for information in 1832, scarcely differs in practical result from that which Dr. James Edmunds and Dr. H. Monroe now enunciate. The writer of these lines can attest that in 1824, the then eminent Dr. Kidd of Oxford distinctly laid down, that total abstainers (*ceteris paribus*) had tougher constitutions than even very moderate wine-drinkers. Nevertheless, among the mass of medical men, both then and now, equally as in the community at large, the prevalent doctrine concerning beer and wine, though not concerning spirits, was and is, that they are *nourishing*, add *force* as well as *warmth*, that they aid digestion, and in our climate may fairly be called necessaries. Spirits were believed not to nourish, but to add heat to the system, and perhaps force; yet not to be necessary, except perhaps in damp climates. That all this is unscientific, appears, the moment we learn that beer and wine owe their characteristic properties only to the alcohol in them. (Beer, of course, may give us some benefit from its hop, which gentian, camomile, or quassia, would give nearly as well; port wine may act on us from its logwood: but no one drinks the liquors pleasurably for these qualities.) All these matters have been now carefully reconsidered from high vantage ground. In laying results before the reader, it would be most improper here to dogmatise, as if from our own knowledge. We do but chronicle the history of opinion and the development of facts.

In the early years of this century it was unhesitatingly believed, here and in America, that brandy and other spirits kept a man warm in severe cold. The lumberer of Maine, who worked for hours up to his waist in water, and then floated on his raft down the creek, took frequent sups to warm himself. The humble stage coachman on the outskirts of London, who crawled six or eight miles in two hours, and stopped at every public-house in hope of picking up a passenger, used to swallow a dram at each, for the same purpose. The sailor thought grog of service to warm him in the cold, and cool him in the heat. A great shock to this belief

came from the first Arctic voyage of Captain Ross, and from those of Parry which followed. Undeniable trial showed that spirits *chilled* men, and were most dangerous. Coffee and tea superseded them under Parry, and the same change was introduced in the long-stage coaches. To allow the control of valuable horses, and risk the lives of passengers, to a coachman who took drams, was in itself too bad; but the intelligent coachmen of the new order discovered of themselves that the supposed warmth of spirits was a delusion. We now know that Russian experience is decidedly to the same effect; and so many have been the opportunities of testing the fact, that we stand on ground superior to that of minute science. Nevertheless, in an unhappy hour, Liebig, by some error of analysis or of physiology, pronounced that alcohol affords carbon to the lungs for generating heat. The error was soon discovered by others. The fact that alcohol, when imbibed in even the smallest quantity, is breathed out unchanged, is recognised by the smell, and can be collected from the breath quite pure, is enough to refute it. It is not 'burned in the lungs.' Experimentalists also allege that, on collecting the breath, *less* carbonic acid is found in it after taking alcohol than before, which denotes that the alcohol has *lessened* animal heat; and the same is confirmed by placing the bulb of a thermometer under the tongue. It is not for us to assert or deny that so delicate experiments have been performed accurately. We read (but do not pretend to verify the statement) that Sir Humphrey Davy first performed the experiment with the thermometer, and the celebrated chemist Dr. Prout that on the carbonic acid of the breath; moreover, that Dr. J. M. M'Culloch, among others, has verified both experiments, which, it is said, are very easy. A disagreeable inference may be drawn from the eagerness with which Liebig's statement was jumped at by wine-loving doctors, and from the persistency with which it is announced dogmatically to this day. Of course, it is in direct collision with Arctic experience, to say nothing of the counter scientific evidence and opinion. We may add that Dr. Anstie, who opposes teetotalism in the *Cornhill* and elsewhere, distinctly concedes it as proved, especially since the researches of Dr. Sidney Ringer, that when the body is at its normal standard of temperature, a draught of alcohol *chills* it.

A second controversy is evidently difficult, and still unsettled;—whether alcohol adds *force*, or, in more popular phrase, whether a man is *stronger* after it. There is ambiguity in our tests of strength. Power to perform a great feat—as of lifting an enormous weight—is ill called strength, if a man soon collapses after it. Power of continuance must be also considered. Dr. W. B. Carpenter has brought together important and interesting facts to prove that where *lasting* effort is required, alcohol is purely mischievous. Yet he is disposed to believe that it does impart momentary force, which, like that of a maniac, is soon followed by a proportionate prostration. This exactly answers to the idea of a *stimulus*, or spur, which seems to use up existing strength rapidly, but certainly adds no strength. Such is precisely Liebig's view. He says that the sup of spirit enables the drinker to make up deficient power at the expense of his body. He consumes his capital instead of his interest. Wine, he adds, is followed by an expenditure of power. This admits that it gives temporary ability of action. To the same effect is Sir Benjamin Brodie's latest opinion, who insists that power is not created by alcohol, but only rapidly used up. On the contrary,

the late Dr. W. Brinton, physician to St. Thomas's, in his great work on Dietetics, lays down that there is 'little doubt that a moderate dose of beer or wine would in most cases *at once* diminish the maximum weight which a healthy person could lift.'

Space does not allow us to quote similar testimonies. The new belief seems to be, that while (confessedly) large doses of alcohol kill by narcotism, small doses ought not to be called *stimulant*, but *irritant*; and that they irritate precisely because the system rejects the alcohol as noxious. The controversy will be, to excellent service, fought out by men of science. We here only notice, that Tom Sayers the pugilist, and the betters at boat races, seem to be of the new opinion. Knowing persons will not bet on a rower who fortifies himself with porter. Tom Sayers, though fond of liquor (which indeed was his death), found that, to fight his best, he must not touch a drop.

The decision of this question may ultimately depend on the kindred one, whether alcohol *nourishes*; but the mysterious uncertainty what is vital force, what may impart electricity, what relation the electricity may have to that force, imposes much humility on a layman's argument. 'Nourishment' is here defined to mean the adding of some needful material, which the body will take up and build into its own fabric. The idea that alcohol is in this sense nourishing, has been most unwillingly renounced; but after experiments in 1860, which no one can suspect of wanting scientific impartiality and thoroughness — made by a Parisian committee of two physiologists and one chemist —our leading medical journals regarded the matter as settled. It was even said that no professional man could now call alcohol *food* without risking his reputation. The decisive facts alleged by the French trio are especially these: that alcohol is ejected in its *pure* state, as fast as the body can get rid of it; that it is found *pure* in the blood and brains; and that its derivatives are never found. If it is never disintegrated, it cannot be food. But when it became necessary to admit that alcohol does not nourish, it was next alleged to be nevertheless *quasi*-nutritious, on the ground that it lessened consumption, arrested decay of the tissues, and made food go farther. But when the meaning of this is analysed, it is found to assert that alcohol makes the current of life more sluggish, and lowers vital power. In vigorous life the tissues decay rapidly, and are rapidly renewed. Lumps of clay or tobacco in the stomach lessen hunger, stop digestion, 'economise food;' but also lower vitality. If alcohol does this, to call it on that ground quasi-nutritious is truly deceptive.

But the French experimentalists assert that this is exactly what it does; that it hardens food in the stomach, disintegrates the gastric juice, and *arrests digestion*.[1] The conclusions of the celebrated trio, Lallemand, Perrin, and Duroy, are thus summed up:

1. Alcohol is not food;
2. In a feeble dose it excites, in a larger it stupefies;
3. It is never transformed in the organism;
4. It accumulates in the brain and in the liver;
5. It is ejected entire and pure by the lungs, by the skin, and especially by the kidneys;

[1] The question of *digestion* was treated by killing young dogs, and examining the contents of their stomachs after giving or withholding alcohol. Of course, if alcohol *improved* the gastric juice, or *softened* food so as to make digestion easier, it might assist nourishment, though not itself nourishing; but if it *harden* food and *spoil* the gastric juice, the argument is at an end.

6. It is pathogenetic, causing functional disturbance and organic alterations in brain, liver, and kidneys.

7. Spirituous drinks owe all their peculiarity to the alcohol they contain. Their use is often noxious, and should only be tolerated in exceptional circumstances.

Thus the inquirers may seem to have ended in teetotalism, or something a hair's breadth different. Dr. Monroe of Hull, and others, have repeated and confirmed the experiments on the gastric juice, so as to make a strange contrast to the doctrine of the current practitioners concerning the *digestive aid* of alcohol. He has also used pale ale and sherry in his experiments, to avoid the objection that alcohol in spirits was too strong. The French committee state that they employed mild as well as strong doses. To the above we may add, that in *Materia Medica* the standard writers class alcohol and opium together, as narcotic poisons.

Now, what is this to us, beyond the literary curiosity of knowing that a collision exists between the bulk of practitioners on the one side, and the non-practising men of science on the other? Without pretending to enter the lists of science, we justly deduce that no government should treat alcoholic drink as it treats potatoes, milk, and honey; nor class it with foods; nor talk of it as 'a necessary article,' as 'a valuable beverage,' as 'indispensable for general use;' and so on. The experience of great nations, of millions of mankind, is indeed a sufficient disproof of its necessity; but we have here, over and above, undeniable scientific proof that it is rightly classed with medicines, with poisons. Too much indeed is made of this last word by the teetotallers. They lose advantage by hot pursuit of the enemy. Prussic acid is a more deadly poison than alcohol; yet, are we never to take it in the flavour of noyau or of bitter almonds? Possibly *all* flavours will one day be called poisons.

We observe that there is some controversy about the definition of poison, into which we cannot enter; but the experience of whole nations appears to show that certain condiments are taken solely because food needs to have some *taste*. Instinct leads men to prefer even a nasty taste, as that of garlic, to none at all. Instinct suggests pepper with one dish, salt with another, and so on—as diet, not as exceptional medicine. When this is the case, we turn a deaf ear to the objection that a particular condiment is a poison. Pepper probably makes beans less flatulent, water-melons less aguish. Salt kills worms within us; and it is obviously hard to clear food from all germs of animalcules, often invisible. Even if salt had *no* property of food, if it were purely a poison, purely noxious, it might do us more good by killing worms, than harm by its directly bad effect on our ourselves; and similarly of other condiments. Dr. Lees and his friends can afford to provoke ridicule for objecting to brandy, even in Christmas pudding and mince-pie, for they have a respectable *moral* ground—they would not impart a *taste* for alcohol any more than for opium. But to leave this specific reason, and rest on the generic objection, that alcohol, like prussic acid, is a poison, does but involve the argument in clouds of doubt and disputation. That writers on toxicology class alcohol with narcotic medicines, is the great fact to press on Parliament; and the less it is embarrassed by argumentation about minute doses of poison, the better it is calculated for political service.

In the present conjuncture it seems inevitable that we shall have to follow in the wake of the United States, from whom the first great

impulse against alcoholic liquors rose. The battle still rages on that side of the Atlantic. The Rum party and the Slavery party were in fact but one; and they die hard. Nevertheless, there are some phenomena, little known in this country, which show how intense a hold the doctrine of total abstinence has taken of the Free States, whose spirit and principles are sure to conquer. We confine ourselves to a few facts. First, the champions of the liquor trade struggle for arrangements in their favour, which are more severe against them than teetotallers here demand. For they desire, as the normal system, one of licenses far more stringent than ours, and at the same time concede a permissive veto to a bare majority of every parish. But our U.K.A. asks only a permissive veto for a two-thirds majority of the local ratepayers, and leaves the country under the present system everywhere until the veto is used. Next, the U.K.A. doubtfully counts some three peers in its ranks; but in the United States, the prime of the Senate, the president of each house of Congress, and great numbers of the most eminent persons in the Northern States, are prohibitionists. So far has this gone, that the halls of Congress are freely used for temperance meetings, no opponent thinking it of any use to object. A senator may be in the chair, and senators around him on the platform. Nay, we read in a letter from America by General Neal Dow, that no member of Congress is allowed to get his customary glass of wine or spirits in the dining-hall; all such liquors being voted out of the entire building. With such a state of things, what is the 'reaction' against prohibitory law, of which our newspapers make so much?

If we do not mistake, the natural history of the whole phenomenon is entirely misjudged by our papers, which go on insisting that the struggle is one between a pharisaical majority and a discontented oppressed minority. But, except where Germans, or Irishmen who cling to towns, have immigrated largely and recently, the controversy is not between two homogeneous masses of the nation, but *between powerful capitalists on the one side* and *the mass of the people on the other.* The voting power lies with the people, but the members of the Legislature are drawn from the families of the richer classes, and are in social relations with the capitalists. When an election turns on the liquor question, the people send up men pledged to vote the trade down: nevertheless, the magistrates in a few great towns, being of the capitalist class, deliberately neglect to execute the law; and the trade, thus supported, sometimes goes on even openly in defiance of law. When other questions are uppermost, then —in one or other State—in the course of seventeen years—it may be expected that a majority of the Legislature is at last discovered to be favourable to a renewed liquor traffic, and to sympathise with the discontented minority. But what is the ground of discontent? There is, no doubt, a residuum in certain towns (*fæx Romuli*), — ignorant Irish, habitual rowdies, sottish men, rogues, prostitutes, and youths prematurely indulging in manly vice, who dread to lose the bar and the tap; but these could have no political weight. The discontent which moves the Legislature is that of capitalists, who import and drink at home as much liquor as they please, but murmur only when they cannot *sell* and make *gain* at the expense of the weak-minded. As soon as a Legislature, thus elected on another issue, discovers that it can count on a majority for reopening the trade, it is likely to move against the prohibitory law, and enact a

system of licenses.[1] But after a short interval the country people (*tribus rusticæ*) are sure to re-establish prohibition more stringently than ever. To prevent themselves from being thus eluded, the people of Michigan have lately put the prohibitory law into their *Constitution*; so that it will no longer be possible for legislators to tamper with it. In all probability State after State, as fast as it is brought up to blood-heat on this subject, will follow the lead of Michigan; after which the capitalists will despair of recovering their impure source of gain, and many odious vices will be starved out. As regards the Germans, it must be admitted, that all the recent immigrants are discontented that they cannot get their familiar beer; and though there is much sottishness connected with it, they are not to be treated as on a level with the spirit-drinkers. They stir up their countrymen who were in America before them; thus in a few States the controversy is not simply between capitalists and the public. It ought not to be overlooked, though our limits forbid here to enlarge on it, that in all our colonies the movement against the drink trade is active, and that it always *has its strength from below*, but is resisted, as here, by the moneyed classes.

As to these islands, the reason why landlords in rural places get on so well with a prohibition fully equal to that of Maine, is, because there are no powerful capitalists to counteract them. The truth comes out in another way in the experience of Co-operative Stores. It is rarely indeed that the workmen to whom these belong will endure that beer be sold in them; as Mr. Gladstone (according to the newspapers) was lately surprised to discover. *Capitalists* have no influence on those stores: that is why the beer is so easily voted out. Nor do we hear of a 'discontented minority.' In our *towns* the struggle will be quite different; and the danger with us, in the near future, is great, lest the local leaders of the Liberals side with the capitalists against the nation. These leaders are sometimes themselves 'in the trade,' and everywhere have near friends or political associates in it. If they take this course and carry the party with them, a split in the Liberal ranks will come at an early date, and be very fatal to immediate hopes. Much depends on two men, Mr. Gladstone and Mr. J. S. Mill. If they pronounce clearly and vigorously for the morality of the people as more important than profits to one class of tradesmen (whom Mr. C. Buxton feels most painfully to have got rich at the expense of the people's vice and misery), all will go right: the capitalists will have to submit. But if Mr. Gladstone adhere to Whig routine, and Mr. J. S. Mill to economic theory, the noble excellencies of both will precipitate an obstinate struggle, to which we can foresee only one end. The example of the United States, and the high-strung convictions of the Temperance party, augur for the Liberals immediate weakness and ultimate discomfiture.

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[1] This has happened once in Maine, once in Massachusetts. Since writing the above, we have a copy of the new license law of Massachusetts. Its extreme and ridiculous severity shows that the framers *intend its precautions to be violated*, not to be executed. They are dust to throw into the eyes of good, simple people; for they are certainly impossible. Space forbids further elucidations.

RECENT DEVELOPMENTS OF PROTESTANTISM.

A GENTLEMAN of observant habits, travelling recently on the Continent with his eyes open to the religious aspects of society, had occasion to take note of two contrasted phases of the religious character. 'I believe in everything,' said one intelligent foreigner, presumably with a smile of modest complacency. What the Church affirmed, what the Bible announced, —any list of inspired books you happened to prefer, any system of dogma you might please to mention,—all was welcome to this comprehensive soul. Possibilities and impossibilities,—things rational and things irrational,—things proved and things disproved,—found room in the spiritual cosmos or chaos of his brain. 'I believe in nothing,' exclaimed an equally intelligent native of the same country, with a glance of equal complacency. Vain to assail this one with the batteries of logic. He heard them like the murmur of the far-off sea. With one sublime negation he put his extinguisher on the spiritual universe. Thus did these philosophic brethren take their stand upon opposite sides of the earth, each with a hemisphere to himself, one in all-embracing night, the other in boundless day, both in a state of unruffled self-satisfaction.

It might probably be found, were inquiry practicable and worth the while, that the consideration which dictated the respective professions of faith of these philosophers was the same with both, and that it was none other than the simple and prosaic consideration of facility. Blind assertion, blind negation, are alike easy, alike despicable, alike wrong. We naturally look for them in countries where a priestly caste and an Ultramontane theory have deranged the moral instincts of man, and where the attempt is systematically made to lay an arrest upon civilisation in the name of God. But in all countries there is temptation to that intellectual indolence which takes shelter in the falsehood of extremes. The vice betrays its influence in vague apprehension, in a pusillanimous caution and reticence, in loud exclamations that danger is abroad. This cowardice, reacting on the young, is apt to hurry them, the moment they slip the moorings of their boyhood, to some extreme of negation. It is not easy to maintain that spirit of firm resistance to every kind and degree of error, that openness to every manifestation of truth, that calm intrepidity of heart and keenness of intellectual vision, which, without haste, without agitation, without conceit, without the fuss of presumptuous superficiality, in the freshness and enthusiasm of eternal youth, constitutes the chivalry of Protestantism. A Protestantism older than Luther's, and also younger; for it is among the perennial phenomena of human society, vivacious in great and living nations, sinking into abeyance when nations settle into lethargy, never superfluous in any. A Protestantism in some essential respects the same, from the days when Abraham and Melchizedek protested against the cruel rites wherewith priesthoods had begun to stain the simplicities of primeval faith, to the days when science, education, the freedom of the household and the freedom of the State, protest against Ultramontane usurpations in Vienna and Rome. A Protestantism, last of all, which has and must ever have a twofold action, with the one hand retaining what is good in the old, with the other welcoming what is good in the new.

Such were the reflections which occurred to us on taking up, with a view to something in the way of critical estimate and survey, the *Introduction to the Study of the New*

Testament,[1] recently given to the world by Dr. Samuel Davidson. The work to some extent represents what is upon the whole the most important movement, coming strictly under the head of religious Protestantism, which has taken place in recent times. We refer to the modern critical movement in connection with the books of the Bible, particularly those of the New Testament. It may indeed be maintained, not without show of reason, that this estimate of the importance of the movement is exaggerated. We may be told that, at best, it has been concerned with the outworks of Christianity — with the literary documents in which the record of the Christian revelation is preserved; and that movements of an internal kind, related directly to the life and activity of the Church, such as the development of missionary enterprise and the permeation of modern society by the influences of Christian philanthropy, have been of more vital consequence. The satisfactory answer to this is, that the labours of the critical schools, though bearing formally upon externals, have touched at many points upon questions affecting the character, the scope, the intention of the Christian revelation itself. The discovery of a new fact in any science is rightly deemed a matter of greater moment than the application of facts previously known; and the critical movement alone, among movements of recent times, has made contributions to the ascertainment of what Christianity is, and has modified to some considerable extent the idea entertained of Christian truth by former generations. It deserves, therefore, the rank we have assigned it.

On one point—and it is a main point—Dr. Davidson affords us, in his preface, information which is intelligible and satisfactory. The view of Holy Writ adopted by Protestants in the sixteenth and seventeenth centuries, after the Reformation had passed into its second or dogmatic stage, has been proved to be untenable. It was an error, a pernicious error, and modern criticism has made an end of it. Dr. Davidson has a right, without more ado, to state this fact as established. The view in question narrowed the limits of Divine inspiration, and, within those limits, unduly intensified it. The writers of the books of the Bible were held to have been infallibly inspired — to have been preserved from error in all matters, historical, speculative, scientific, doctrinal. Writers of every other class, however near the apostolic age, were pronounced of no authority whatever. A supernatural and fictitious pre-eminence, similar to that which is conferred on the Pope by the theory of papal infallibility, was claimed for the collection of books, varying widely in character, value, and degrees of spiritual import, bound within the boards of the Bible. Dr. Davidson does not 'draw out the meaning which he attaches' to the words 'inspiration' and 'revelation,' but neither does he leave us in doubt as to the general position he takes up. The Spirit of God, he holds, 'neither dwelt exclusively in apostles, nor rendered them infallible;' 'God's word is in the Scriptures, all scripture is not the word of God;' the degrees of inspiration were various; the Bible contains the highest truth and all things necessary for salvation, but may contain also things not true. He justly remarks that 'a large array of great names may be cited' in support of these statements, and that they are 'strengthened by the authority of many among the profoundest of Christian thinkers.'

[1] *An Introduction to the Study of the New Testament.* By Samuel Davidson, D.D. of the University of Halle, and LL.D. Two vols. Longmans, 1868.

It is highly creditable to Dr. Davidson, and exactly what we should have expected from the manliness and veracity of his character, that he recognises the advance which has lately been made in social toleration in England, and frankly avows that no special heroism is now required for the profession of liberal opinions respecting the origin and records of Christianity. He states that a current of free religious thought has set in, that views which would have excited 'bitter hostility' not long ago are now calmly listened to, and that 'the reputed authorship of books embraced in the canon is discussed and rejected without the idea that the inquiry is dangerous to the soul.' This is true, and Dr. Davidson is better able than most men to attest its truth. He can remember a time when the scowl of alarmed and exasperated ignorance was a serious matter in the theological province. He knows that he is still in the numerical minority. But he does not confound between frank and, it may be, forcible expression of difference in theological opinion and the persecuting malevolence of bigotry. It would be an advantage if his example in this respect were universally followed. There are quarters in which there still lingers an almost womanly tone of remonstrance against the social proscription which is said to await heterodoxy. This is out of date. Only very young men in an excited state of mind are to be pardoned for going into transports of indignation because they cannot persuade the world that they are in the right. Martyrdom has become so mild and metaphorical an affair that brave men will take what of it may be going and say nothing about it. This is the course adopted by Dr. Davidson; and it is with a feeling of refreshment that we miss the whine of injured virtue in his preface.

The fact chronicled in the said preface, however, is of sufficient importance to warrant an additional word or two. That the theory of infallible inspiration has been discarded by that religious intelligence which is sure to take the community in good time along with it is no small matter. So subtle, intense, and inextinguishable is the spiritual power of Christianity that no theory can altogether prevail against it; but if one theory more than another is fitted to exert a paralysing influence upon the good that is in the Christian religion—to place the Christian faith in all senses at a disadvantage—to introduce discord and incoherence into the plan of Divine Providence as reverentially construed by man—it is the theory of infallible inspiration. Between its papal and its puritan form we can discern no essential difference. It may practically be more absurd and mischievous to impute a Divine superiority to error to some of the foolishest men in forty successive generations than to impute preternatural faultlessness to a set of books which contain the thoughts and emotions experienced by a few of the loftiest of human kind in those exalted moments when their words, to use the ancient and august expression, seemed to be the very 'breath of God.' But the principle of mathematical precision and fixity, as applied to the conveyance of spiritual truth to the mind, is in both cases the same. So much mightier, besides, is the living voice than the printed record—the actual institution than its parchment basis and ground plan—that the infallibility, though preposterous, of a living Pope and a Visible Church has been, on the whole, a greater power upon earth than the Biblical infallibility, though plausible, of the verbal inspirationists. As to the historical fact of Protestantism having, after scarce half a century of triumphant advance, come to a dead halt in Europe, and then actually lost considerable territories

to Rome, there can be no dispute. Lord Macaulay, in one of his finest essays, delineates with pictorial vividness the circumstances of the case; but he offers no explanation of a fact by which he is evidently perplexed. The explanation is that the Society of Jesus, enthusiastically believing in an infallible Church, assailed a Protestantism which had folded its hands and gone to sleep upon an infallible book. An infallible Church, animated by enthusiasm and ruled by sagacious energy, could, in one way or another, be intensely alive to the present. To use a colloquial phrase, it could be all there. It could avail itself of that mysterious and transcendent predominance which the present, however insignificant, asserts for the living generation over the past, however venerable—a predominance which will make the weakest of poets, if only he has the tune of the time, more popular and prevalent in his day than the 'bards sublime' of other ages. Papal infallibility, supremely well managed, might be much such a thing, on a wider scale and more imposing stage, as that infallibility which Mr. Kinglake correctly and piquantly describes as arrogated by the *Times* newspaper at the period of the Crimean war. Papal infallibility, in a state of ideal shrewdness, would always say, in the most sonorous tones, what the civilised world wanted to have said at the time. Implicit faith would be conceded to an oracle which every man could feel to be an echo of himself. A student here and there might demonstrate that this infallibility had veered like a weathercock; but such demonstrations have an infinitesimally small effect with the multitude. The announcement of an imaginary capture of Sebastapol did not perceptibly lower the *prestige* of the *Times*. A consummately able Pope, with consummately able cardinals and bishops, would at this moment be putting all the artillery of the Vatican into requisition to fire salvos in honour of scientific discovery, democratic progress, and the principle of nationalities. The man who obviously incarnated the keenest intelligence of the present would be acknowledged to have the authority of a present god. If, then, the question touches capacity of action, aggression, influence, among men, we shall back a Church against a book; and we have no difficulty in accounting for the success of the infallible Church of the Jesuits over the infallible dogma of the later Reformers. The infallibility of modern Ultramontanism, ostentatiously divorcing itself from the present, can end only in atrophy or revolution.

Equally powerless is the Protestant tenet of infallible inspiration in contest with that scepticism which discards the religious explanation of human history, and laughs to scorn the religious account of human progress and destiny. In the court of philosophy, all narrowness is a disadvantage, and the religious philosophy which limits the communion of God with man to a few books, written probably without exception by Hebrews, has no conformity to those instincts on which religious philosophy ultimately rests. The hypothesis that Christianity is the expansion of Judaism; that the Mosaic dispensation was a temporary departure from the genial humanities and simple reverences of the old Abrahamic faith, an expedient adapted to the necessities of the world, and to the inveterate tendency of the religious consciousness to lapse into ferocity or licentiousness; that Christ, representing ideal humanity in actual unity with Godhead, affording the key to Judaism, restoring the primitive faith in the universal fatherhood of God, and proclaiming all that is normally human, all that is pure and right and beautiful in man, to be and to have always been 'of the Father,' founded a spiritual and

immortal religion: this hypothesis is, to say the least, coherent and dignified, throwing a grand unity into the human tale, accounting for all the facts, and presenting a tenable and inspiring theory of human progress. But the hypothesis that, as mere isolated phenomena, with no analogue in nature, with no margin of gradation to connect them with other productions, human or divine, certain books were infallibly dictated by God, and not only contain, but are, in their *ipsissima verba*, the complete and exclusive word of God, is neither dignified, coherent nor probable. Had a miracle been wrought for the occasion, had a celestial finger pierced the clouds and touched book after book, while a Divine voice declared that this, and this, and this, were infallibly inspired, there would at least have been evidence in support of their infallibility which a Christian theist could accept and a consistent reasoner apprehend. But since it is not even affirmed by Protestants that the men who marked off the inspired books were themselves inspired; since the inspiration of the Church after the Apostolic age is vehemently denied by Protestants; since the determination of the Canon, in so far as it is yet determined, was a work of centuries, and the balance of probability between book and book was in many cases a nice, a difficult, or an insoluble problem; the Protestant hypothesis of infallible verbal inspiration residing in certain books may confidently be pronounced one of the most illogical that ever asked credence from mankind.

And while we admit that the maintenance of reasonable opinions on this point is no longer visited with actual social persecution, we are bound to add that a silly and feeble state of mind in relation to the subject is still not unfrequently met with, both among the clergy and the laity. A stupid cant about the 'dangers of rationalism' is indulged in by many persons who are, in some sense, good persons. It is the despair of intelligent maintainers of spiritual philosophy and religious truth, to find that men calling themselves Protestants can drug and coax their consciences into sanctioning immoral tattle like this. How are you to contend for the integrity of man's moral instincts, and to maintain that conscience is an authoritative law for the intellect and for the life, if you are confronted with the phenomenon of men and women deeming it a sin to hold some particular view as to the authorship of the letters to Timothy, or the Gospel of John? What hope can you entertain that reason and faith will continue to make good their ancient, honourable, and benignant alliance in England, if men shudder at you as a 'rationalist,' because you do not talk with fatuous dogmatism on questions touching the authorship of books about which Origen hesitated, and on which Eusebius had no information? To refer to but one point, can any man who is not prepared to emancipate himself at one stroke from the laws of morals and the laws of mind, deny that the exclusion from the dogmatic formularies of the Protestant Churches, such as the Westminster Confession of Faith, of all reference to the ancient and, long ere the sixteenth century, the unalterable distinction between the 'undisputed' and the 'disputed' among the books of the New Testament, was of the nature of a pious fraud? The mere fact that such a distinction existed from the remotest times is a rock on which the theory of an infallible verbal inspiration, equally diffused through all the books of the Protestant canon, is shattered into fragments. Infallible verbal inspiration was the mortar required to build up the edifice of Protestant ecclesiasticism, and on the difficulties of the question, Protestant divines were expediently silent. They had,

probably, no idea that they were doing a disingenuous and evil thing. In the fierceness of their renascent ecclesiasticism, they believed it to be their duty to keep the laity quiet, and to comfort simple minds with the breadth and plainness of the formula,—The Bible, the whole religion of Protestants. But the meaning of a pious fraud is that men perpetrated it with pious intent; and the fact remains that, at the period of the Reformation, the ecclesiastical authorities of Protestantism practically represented as settled a controversy respecting the relative value of scriptural books which never had been settled, which never can be settled, and the non-settlement of which is an absolute and pointed refutation of the theory of equal, infallible, universal inspiration attaching to the collection of books called the Bible. We are aware that, in making these remarks, we expose ourselves to the risk of being told that we are threshing straw which has been threshed a hundred times already. We cannot help it. We write with a practical purpose. The ineptitudes of religious Toryism do not cease to be mischievous because they have been often refuted, and if that 'vital spark of heavenly flame,' true religion, is to make good its existence against the tremendous negations of the day, it must shake off the imbecile cant which is the disgrace of Protestantism. Atheistic science, whatever else may be laid to its charge, does not make men fools. By clear, open-browed, logically consistent adherence to truth, and thus alone, can it be confronted, and the sphynx-like smile of contempt on its stony lip and in its passionless eye, be calmly and defiantly met.

The modern critical movement may be correctly described as in some sense a reaction against, in some sense a progress beyond, the supreme error of ecclesiastical Protestantism in adopting, at the Reformation, the dogma of infallible inspiration. By the conditions of the case, the movement was conducted, not by Churches, which were committed to the dogma of infallible inspiration, but by individuals. In the great majority of instances, these individuals have been members of Churches, but they have not written in their ecclesiastical capacity; and in some cases, they have been repaid for their zeal and ability by being cast out of communion. To many this will seem an unmingled evil, and there is no doubt that the discredited state of the great ecclesiastical organisations of Protestantism in the eyes of not a few laymen is due in great measure to the fact that ecclesiastically there has been no advance made upon the settlement of the sixteenth century with reference to Holy Writ. But, when boldly contemplated — when set in the light of the highest interests of civilisation — the circumstance is not to be regretted. Ecclesiastical organisation, as one of the agencies in the progress of mankind, has apparently well nigh exhausted its capabilities. For some fifteen hundred years it was a mighty power in European civilisation; but mankind is outgrowing it; those individual forces which play their part on the broad stage of human society are supplanting it. From Michaelis to Schleiermacher, from Neander to Ewald, from Arnold of Rugby to Dr. Samuel Davidson, the leaders in the modern critico-spiritual movement have had but the slightest connection with ecclesiasticism.

Mr. Disraeli in one of his books calls Neander 'the founder of spiritual Christianity;' and the remark seems to us the happiest of those observations which, in its random surveys of the universe in general, his genius has rayed forth. The works of Neander exhibit a profoundly spiritual, profoundly human, apprehension of Christianity, taking

the place of the old systematising logic of divines. Neander was more than a critic. His mind was essentially constructive, and his critical faculty was but the pioneer of his constructive spiritualism, in discovering the fundamental ideas of Christian truth, the essential constituents of Christian life. A subtle instinct of analysis was associated in his mind with an equally subtle and still more rare and valuable instinct of synthesis. Frank in his avowal of belief that Christianity is not merely one among many phenomena developed by the mutual action of historical circumstance and man's moral consciousness—explicitly declaring that it did not lie in human nature to create Christianity out of its own resources,—he held also that the finest essence of human nature, the truest truth of human reason, 'whatever has its ground in their idea and destination,' is developed in the human mind by the higher principle of Christianity, 'such as we see it actually realised in Him who is its source, and in whom is expressed the original type and model after which humanity has to strive.' The Divine and the human in Christianity interpenetrate each other, according to him, so constantly and so closely that, in cases where, by the influence of philosophical schools or less spiritual religions, the soil had been rendered suitable for its reception, Christianity sprung up with a growth so spontaneous and flower-like, that it seemed itself to result from 'the joint action of the several spiritual elements it had drawn together.' On the other hand, when, by the intensity of its human sympathies, Christianity was blended for a time with the impure elements of human nature which clustered round it, the opinion might arise that the impurity was of the essence of the Christian religion. But its invincible tendency was to work out the evil thing. Thus assimilating, thus purifying—more human than aught that is bad in man, because truer to the normal type of humanity, and yet communicating a Divine and searching fire without which human nature could never attain its normal development,—Christianity, as contemplated by Neander, combined the 'heaven-derived element of the Theistic religion,' which had been preserved and transmitted by the Hebrews, with the free and melodious humanity of Hellenic culture, to usher in modern civilisation. It was, of course, inseparable from these views that Neander should look with a feeling as closely approaching to contempt as was possible for his gentle and benignant nature upon those who shrink from the strictest possible inquisition into every department of theological truth. 'Nothing,' he exclaims, 'but what can stand as truth before the scrutiny of genuine, unprejudiced science—of a science which does not see through the glass of a particular philosophical or dogmatic school—can be profitable for instruction, doctrine, and reproof.'

Looking upon Neander as, on the whole, the best representative of the last great movement of vital Protestantism in Europe, we are prepared to recognise men very much farther removed from ecclesiasticism than Neander, as taking part in a genuine and effective manner, in the same general enterprise. Lessing, with his grand strength of intellect and rugged moral force, with his impetuosity, his ardour, his brave human sympathy, his unconquerable faith in truth and in progress, we shall call the less mighty and massive but more clear, logical, and cultivated Luther of this new Reformation. Mr. Carlyle's estimate of Lessing, which was probably thought too generously appreciative forty years ago, is more likely to be deemed unduly limited now. 'He is a sceptic,' says Carlyle, 'in many things, but the noblest of sceptics; a mild, manly, half-careless enthusiasm

struggles through his indignant unbelief: he stands before us like a toilworn but unwearied and heroic champion, earning not the conquest but the battle; as indeed himself admits to us, that "it is not the finding of the truth, but the honest search for it that profits."' That passionate devotion to truth which seeks ever, with intense insatiable gaze, to penetrate deeper and deeper into the fountains of the light, will now be generally admitted to hold less of scepticism and more of faith than mere sluggish acquiescence in accepted formulas. It is being perceived that a brood of basest vices—mean spite, acrid vanity, censoriousness, dull conceit, pusillanimity, stupid pride, not spiritual but pharisaic, malignant suspicion, cruel detestation of all who dare to look and think for themselves, and a universal slipperiness and half-honesty of mind—can be associated with that stolid faith which is the reverse of Lessing's scepticism. Intellectual intrepidity, on the other hand, though apt to become an affectation, and though then, in the case of young men particularly, one of the most insufferable affectations that can afflict society, is seen, when genuine, as it emphatically was in Lessing, to be the parent of noble and exalted qualities of heart and soul, generosity, candour, clearness, intelligence, veracity, magnanimity. Royally gifted in the finest qualities of the logical and sympathetic, if not strictly creative faculties of the mind,—glancing with magnificent comprehensiveness along the course and education of mankind, moral, intellectual, æsthetic,—a priest in the service alike of the Good, the True, and the Beautiful,—Ephraim Lessing was such a sceptic as, in view of the towering presumption of the physicists, one would welcome in England at this hour.

Not far distant from Lessing in time, different exceedingly in all but the inmost harmonies of soul from that superb genius, yet essentially a fellow worker with him in the cause of spiritual progress, we behold the pale, delicate form, infinitely earnest and thoughtful, of Novalis. His works have long been trodden down beneath the march of materialistic science in Germany, and it were bold to prophesy that, 'ascending pure, the bell-like fame' of that rare spirit will soon again make itself widely heard. But the place he occupies is unique and most important as an ardent and informed student of physical science who was nevertheless, in the very roots of his being, a Christian spiritualist. If physical science is to have a soul of higher truth, and not to be a mere ministration to the bodily wants of man,—if it is to expand, adorn, illumine the temple in which man's spirit worships, instead of spreading man's table with daintier victual at the expense of making 'his whole horizon dark,'—it will have to think of some such spiritual philosophy as that towards which Novalis directed it. 'Man,' he says once, 'is the higher sense of our planet.' The human spirit affords the key to the physical universe; and mind, with its instinct of creative energy and its conception of law, demonstrates that the universe is no mere clash of blind mechanical forces. 'Man'—this is another of his sayings—'is the eye which earth turns to heaven,' the pinnacle of the world cutting the cloud canopy, opening on the empyrean, and seeing God. The existence of an Infinite Spirit is the *one* fact which man, as distinguished from other denizens of the planet, knows; and this, says the imperious physicism of the day, is the superlative of falsehoods. 'Of the world,' Jean Paul prophesied in grim humour, 'will be made a world-machine, of the ether a gas, of God a Force, and of the second world a coffin.' There are some who would pronounce the fulfilment of this prophecy to be the

consummation of human culture; but if such is *not* to be the apotheosis of physical science, its professors may find expressions like those which we have quoted from Novalis not unworthy of attention.

Still more strange may it appear to claim, among those who have carried on the genuine Protestant movement in modern times, a place for Goethe. No man, however, has illustrated so remarkably as Goethe the extra-ecclesiastical Christianity of the age. Intellectual impartiality, with infinite kindly tolerance of nature and an intuitive and errorless appreciation of the inner meaning of systems and the organic facts of human life, characterised him. No one has realised with truer sympathy the old patriarchal religion as represented by Abraham. Its placid contentment, its non-proselytising repose of faith, its emotional simplicity, its freedom from agitations of feeling, agonised self-searching, sentimental ecstasy, its sunny breadth and joyfulness, its childlike trust in the All-Father, were delightful to Goethe. It may seem to some an absurd remark, but it will not seem so to Mr. Carlyle, and perhaps not to Mr. Lewes, that there was a broad natural affinity of character between Abraham and Goethe. But the sense of sin was incomparably more powerful in the former than in the latter. Total absence of a consciousness of sin, complete exemption from self-accusation, clear attainment of reverence for himself, this indeed is one of the most eminent and original of the characteristics of Goethe. The more remarkable is it that he should have sounded, as he did, the most secret depths of that Divine sorrow which was finished on the cross of Christ,—the mystery and might of that crown of thorns which was the weakest and strongest thing in human history. In that work in which Goethe has gone with deepest earnestness into his philosophy of life, and revealed to us the convictions from which the roots of his being drew their spiritual nourishment, we find him not only appreciating with exquisite fairness the richness and unity of the Hebrew scriptures, but anticipating some of the best and most favourably received views of the life and death of Christ which have lately appeared. The Divine man, as he depicts him, 'goes on his way inflexibly, and while he exalts the lower to himself, while he makes the ignorant, the poor, the sick, partakers of his wisdom, of his riches, of his strength, he, on the other hand, in no way conceals his Divine origin; he dares to equal himself with God, nay, to declare that he himself is God.' This might have suggested the most profound and touching passages in *Ecce Homo*. Of the death of Christ Goethe wrote in tones of genuine reverence, from which literary artists and sensational preachers might alike receive a lesson. 'We draw,' these are his words, 'a veil over those sufferings, even because we reverence them so highly. We hold it a damnable audacity to bring forth that torturing cross, and the Holy One who suffers on it, or to expose them to the light of the sun, which hid its face when a reckless world forced such a sight on it; to take these mysterious secrets, in which the divine depth of sorrow lies hid, and play with them, fondle them, trick them out, and rest not until the most reverend of all solemnities appears vulgar and paltry.'

In these remarks we may seem to have launched out too discursively. It is exceedingly to our purpose, however, to show with what reverence and admiration the clear human eye of a Lessing, a Novalis, a Goethe, looked upon the religion and the literature of the Bible. There is a criticism which has not only divested itself of ecclesiastical bias and theological prejudice, but even, to a greater or less extent, of that piety, that devout exaltation of

feeling, which are the indispensable accomplishments of a just critic of religious writings. In this point, we are bound to say, Dr. Davidson, with all his high merits, falls short. He belongs to the arid intellectual school. He has neither the frank humanity of Goethe and Lessing, nor the devout enthusiasm of Novalis, nor that serene passion of faith in Christian ideas which distinguished Neander. Differing from the best of the Germans, he differs also unmistakably from the characteristically English school of criticism. Jowett, Westcott, Alford, Stanley, are visibly inspired with a loving admiration for the writings they investigate, and write in the interest, so to speak, not of an abstract intellectualism, but of Christian life. Their criticism, therefore, has the glow of vital fire in it. They take one thing for granted, —they set out with one firm conviction,—that the New Testament books are good books, nay, superlatively good books. This, *mutatis mutandis*, is what all men agree in considering an indispensable condition of sound and fruitful criticism in the case of Homer, Dante, Shakespeare. Let us be understood. It is not necessary that the Homeric critic, in order to be an excellent critic, should believe that the *Iliad* and the *Odyssey* were written by Homer, It is possible that a critic, who is convinced that *Hamlet*, *Othello*, and *A Midsummer Night's Dream* were written by Bacon, may write pertinent and suggestive criticism of these dramas. But if a critic informs the world that the poems of Homer and Shakespeare, by whomsoever written, are bad poetry, —insipid, feeble, dull, unnatural or unimaginative,—then the presumption may fairly be considered strong that his criticism will be defective. In like manner, every circumstance relating to the authorship, the authenticity, the meaning of the New Testament books is open to criticism; but they are religious books; they are the best expression of the religious consciousness which the world has seen; the suffrage of devout mankind for a thousand years pronounces them such. Therefore, as the ablest man who is devoid of poetic sympathy cannot profitably criticise Homer, the most learned and keen-sighted critic who lacks devotional sympathy will fail in criticising the New Testament.

Taken at the lowest estimate, these writings contain a delineation of the divinest life that ever shed the ray of its serene holiness and loving purity, its tender, and comprehensive, and all-conquering humanity, upon mankind. How it came there is not the question. There it is; painted against the everlasting azure in hues as purely bright as the lilies of heaven, yet with a ruddy, homely glow, as of earth's household fires; a poem-picture, a celestial idyll, yet belonging to the very earth, and executed here and there with broken, faltering touch as of the feeble human hand. Such is the life of Christ as portrayed in the synoptical gospels. And though differing greatly from these, are not the writings which purport to be by John and Paul, whether they rise to the altitudes of devotional abstraction or thrill with the ecstasies of religious enthusiasm, a manifest record of sentiments and emotions as sacred as ever glowed in human bosoms, sentiments and emotions which the witness of our hearts attests, responding as we do to their lofty inspirations in essentially the same manner as that in which we kindle at the august sentiments of Plato, but in a still higher degree?

The elements by the introduction of which into poetry its excellence would be destroyed are folly and feebleness; and the corresponding elements, by the introduction of which into religious compositions, their worth would be transformed

into worthlessness, are falsehood and knavery. The tendency and the alleged result of the particular school of German criticism to which Dr. Davidson adheres have been to discover lines of refined cunning, of subtle knavery, running through the structural mass of the New Testament writings. We are anxious to avoid language too strong for the occasion. We by no means affirm that literary forgery in the earliest ages of our era was deemed so heinous a crime as we now hold it to be. But the most guarded recollection of this fact permits us to state that, if the Tübingen criticism is correct, the author of the Gospel known by the name of Luke and of the Acts of the Apostles, and the author of the Gospel believed by the Church to have been by John, were cool, keen, far-sighted ecclesiastical schemers, who wrote with a purpose they studiously concealed, who deliberately falsified intelligence, misrepresented facts, invented incidents, and told what, in commercial epochs, are called lies. The person who called himself Luke wrote with the intent of 'levelling up' one apostle to the rank of another, and of slily discrediting a sect of the period. He either invented such parables as those of the prodigal son and the lost sheep, or he modified them to suit his ends. He supplied visions as might be required, put in miracles where they were wanted, altered the words of speakers as he thought fit. When his work was done, the Church, strange to say, accepted it with gratitude, not to him but to an imaginary author, and with a sublime disinterestedness he retired into impenetrable oblivion. Not until nearly two thousand years after he executed his forgery was the fact of his existence discovered, his name lying beyond reach of conjecture. The performance of him who adopted the pseudonym John was still more thorough-going, audacious, and astonishing. All other forgeries pale before that of this mighty master in the art. He assumed, to begin with, a tone of spiritual and ethical exaltation from the aërial altitude of which the tone of Plato's *Phaedon* would be a descent. He invented prayers of ineffable sanctity and fervour, and put them into the mouth of Christ as his communing with the Father. He excogitated, in all the fulness of its dramatic detail, the resurrection of Lazarus, and wrote it down as an actual incident. His book was in a marvellously short time accepted as the composition of the Apostle John, but he too managed to dive at once into the sea of forgetfulness, leaving not a trace behind. Such is a literal, unadorned statement of the latest results of the Tübingen criticism, which results Dr. Davidson imports. We use this last word advisedly; for, though recognising the honesty, industry, immense energy of Dr. Davidson's volumes, we fail to discover in them any original element. His thorough-going acceptance of the destructive criticism in the case of St. John—his decision that the writer of the Gospel was an unknown forger of the middle of the second century—may or may not be new in England, but is an acceptance merely.

There is a glow of enthusiasm even in the work of destruction when it is the form in which effect is given to a philosophical theory ardently believed. The Tübingen critics, in destroying the religious history of the world according to the Christians, were constructing a religious history of the world according to Hegel, or at lowest preparing a basis for it. But Dr. Davidson has not this advantage. He is not an impassioned Hegelian. For him we cannot imagine more severe and dry exertion, more stern and wearing toil, than that of following in the wake of Baur and his disciples. In a spirit of unaffected appreciation, nay, of amazement, we

acknowledge the industry, the patience, the thoroughness, displayed in these volumes. The entire dissertation on the Gospel of John is a marvel of negative criticism. The most wonderful part of it, as it strikes us, is that in which Dr. Davidson undertakes to prove that Justin was unacquainted with the fourth Gospel. He does not indeed convince us. His toil seems like that of following, one by one, the touches of light in a Turner picture, and trying to prove that each was an accidental stroke of the brush. That there should be from thirty-five to forty passages in one writing, in all of which it is more or less probable and in some of which it is all but certain that allusion is made to another writing, and yet that the writer of the former had never seen the latter, would, we think, be a coincidence unexampled in the annals of literature, and is practically an impossibility. Dr. Davidson fails, we think, to see that the cumulative argument is against him, and that if even a bare possibility of reference having been made by Justin to John in say forty places remains, the likelihood that Justin had read our Gospel will be exceedingly strong. But for resolute, patient, unrewarded toil, for power of keen, microscopic scrutiny, as exhibited in the long enterprise of erasing traces of John from the pages of Justin, Dr. Davidson has a right to respectful acknowledgment.

Cunning, subtlety, pious diplomacy do not turn out consummate excellence. Nobleness alone produces nobleness. Knavery, even refined and half-conscious knavery, is corrosive; it rusts, it consumes, it destroys; it does not inlay with the fine gold or imperishable enamel of New Testament work. No plausible, pretentious, glozing, egotistical quack was equal to the production of a Gospel of John. Lessing would, we think, have stamped his foot impatiently at the elaborate theories of forgery brought forward by the Tübingen critics, and Goethe would have smiled in incredulous irony at their stupendous toil in proving the impossible.

There is criticism and criticism: the criticism which is searching but sympathetic, the criticism which is merely destructive. In a garden in summer, you may see an active party of gardeners bringing their hydraulic apparatus to bear upon a stately fruit-bearing tree. They lash it with impetuous showers, wash off blight and parasitic disease, bring the dead wood shattering to the ground. The tree is incalculably benefited; every leaf drinks in more freely the air and the sunlight; and the fruit-clusters are richer and fairer in harvest. You may see a tree also which has been taken possession of by a colony of caterpillars. For a time its leaves and branches present a scene of liveliest animation. But, gradually every green thing disappears; the tree is reduced to a fretwork of bare poles; and the caterpillars themselves find, not only that the tree is killed, but that their occupation is gone. The former critical operation cannot be too vigorously performed upon the Christian tree of the nations, but if critics perform only the office of the caterpillar the triumph of their science will be at the same time its extinction. We may, indeed, be told that no tree was ever killed by caterpillars which did not deserve to be killed; and that, if the caterpillars also died, they honourably obeyed that law of nature which ordains that when a creature has done its work it shall cease to draw its wages. This is true. But we do not argue with those who wholly condemn and disallow religion, as dependent upon connection and communication between God and man; and no one seriously disputes that, if the soul of man has converse with its Maker, and if a certain order of emotions, duties, habitudes, institutions, arising

from this converse, have a legitimate and permanent place in civilisation, the Christian Scriptures comprise the best and most authoritative religious literature in existence. Criticism is essentially a derivative, essentially a subordinate science, and this is true no less of religious than of poetical criticism. The great poet comes first; the critic constructs canons from his poems. Mistaken estimates of poetical worth and ability may temporarily prevail, and individual intellects of great power, nay, even of great poetical genius, may assent to them. A vigorous criticism will rectify these mistakes. But though a critic may bring down Kotzebue to his proper level, no critic will supersede Homer. To do this may not be, in the nature of things, impossible; but a poet greater than Homer, a poet whose works will demonstrate to us that Homer was after all a trivial and discordant versifier, must arise before it will be done. In like manner, it is not absolutely inconceivable that a religious genius may arise who will show that the religious instincts of humanity are misrepresented and betrayed in the New Testament; but this is not likely to be proved by men in whom all the religious sympathies are exceptionably feeble, who are unmoved by outbursts of religious feeling,—such, for example, as we meet with in Paul's letters and in the fourth Gospel,—to which religious natures from Clement of Rome to Thomas Carlyle have responded with the deepest thrills of answering emotion.

A large proportion, however, of the Biblical criticism which has appeared in the recent period in Europe, is that of the spiritual gardener, not that of the spiritual caterpillar. Inestimable have been the benefits it has conferred. It has searched with the keen but genial beam of informed reason the lurking places of bigotry and superstition, of pious folly and of priestly fraud, and the old tree has gained new vigour, so that it is possible for it to shake itself out of obsolete forms of dogmatic system, and throw out its branches in the open air. To adopt another figure, modern criticism has recalled us to the simplicity of religious truth, as contrasted with the huge system-building of theologians. Extreme elaboration may, in certain instances, neutralise the spiritual influence it is intended to promote. An unsophisticated conscience has more power to keep a man moral, than acquaintance with a thousand volumes of casuistry; and the simple facts of Christ's life, seen in connection with that intense and radiant glow of spiritual fervour which they kindled in the world, and which we have at its purest in the New Testament books, possess a mightier influence to quicken and purify the religious consciousness in man, to give him assurance of a Divine law, than whole libraries of theology. Morality and religion are thus seen in their ancient and blissful alliance, and the great religious names of all times and nations are found to have been subscribed to essentially one faith. Unbiassed by ecclesiastical partisanship, unprejudiced by theological system, modern criticism looks back under the rim of that cloud of misunderstanding which has canopied the religious world to the clear morning of Christian unity, and, in the calmness of the dawn, may venture to read a presage of stillness and harmony in the eventide. The Ultramontanism which sits as an incubus on the breast of Roman Catholic Europe, the infallible dogmatism which lays its chains upon spiritual freedom in Protestant lands, may both pass swiftly away, and Christendom, in both its sections, may learn at last to sit at the feet of Christ.

OATNESSIANA.

PART I.—CAPTAIN ORD'S RETURN.

CHAPTER XIII.

'CHARLOTTE, I want to prepare you for a gentleman whom Mr. Wedderburn has invited to dinner,' Mrs. Wedderburn said, in the dull dusk of a winter afternoon, entering and seating herself in Charlotte's room, where Charlotte according to formula was going languidly through some appointed item in her list of duties, before dressing for dinner.

Ever since the dismissal of Tommy Spens and the sailing of his regiment, which Charlotte had seen months ago noted in the newspapers, she had never said a word or looked a look against her father and mother's decision. She had not once again withdrawn from the family circle, or broken an engagement in the busy round of trivial occupations—drops in a placid sea which filled her life. Such perfect submission and compliance without outward necessity and hardship, afforded a finer, truer test of a woman's temper than cowering under persecution or yielding to outrage could have done. Withal and in spite of herself, the girl looked as if she had received a blow. She did not fall ill, and she did not quarrel with her friends, destiny, or Providence. She walked and worked, spoke and laughed, the last perhaps oftener and louder, though more tremulously than before; but it was as if the spirit had gone out of the play, the pith out of the body, the wine been drained from the banquet.

'There is no occasion for speaking of it to the other girls,' Mrs. Wedderburn said—as if she had forgotten that she had not yet spoken of it to Charlotte—'because of course they will not appear at table, but I have had to give a hint to that magpie, Miss Murdoch—yes, dear, I don't often call names, I detest the practice, but she is a magpie, and if it were not that, after all, I can depend upon her principles'—Mrs. Wedderburn wandered away again, forcing Charlotte to shake off her languor and open her kind eyes to see what had come to mamma—'if her French were not good so far, her music very good, I am afraid I should have to part with Miss Murdoch.'

'I don't know that any one else would get on better with the girls, mamma, except one of those very superior women one is frightened to think of. And we are not so very superior ourselves, as to be entitled to look for phœnixes. What do you think?'

'There is one thing I think—we are not able to pay for them. I am ashamed not to be able to heighten Miss Murdoch's very moderate salary, as it is.'

Then Charlotte supposed that poor mamma was ruffled about money matters, as she very well might be, though she kept so good a heart and face on them in general, and Charlotte tried her soft hand at smoothing down the plumes: 'Louey and Laura are so big and womanly (really I think they are more womanly than I am), won't they be brought out soon now—that is if they don't go to school?'

But the plumes would not be smoothed down, though a tartness not wholly unpleasant, so much was it allied to animation, and so frank as to be almost genial, was the utmost amount of temper which Mrs. Wedderburn was in the habit of displaying. 'I don't call a ten-

dency to unruliness womanliness, but the reverse. I disapprove entirely of fast young women, and I don't choose to have three young ladies at once to look after. As to going to school,' continued Mrs. Wedderburn, waxing snappish as well as tart, 'the difficulty is rather where are we to get bread to eat this winter. The colonies are in a very unsatisfactory state. I don't blame the poor boys altogether,' she added, softening, 'but I doubt sadly that there is a want of enterprise or a want of consideration about them, otherwise they would not be continually writing home for remittances.'

'Poor mamma,' exclaimed Charlotte, taking the high-spirited woman's hand, as much impressed by so rare an admission of difficulties as if it had been the utter breakdown of a weaker woman; 'you and papa have so much to think of and care for—after all your trouble with your family already—getting up in years, too, as you two are.'

'My dear Charlotte,' murmured Mrs. Wedderburn, rallying a little, 'pray don't superannuate us by way of consolation.'

'No; but when other people find a recompense in ease, and reflected honour, and enjoyment, I am glad that I am not a boy, if I could not have served you better—not that I blame our boys, poor fellows! I'm sure I'd have done fifty times worse, and been a hundred times greater a plague. I'm plague enough as a girl.'

'You!—you are the greatest comfort I have, or ever expect to have, though I don't want to make you conceited,' declared Mrs. Wedderburn, in one of those sudden, exceptional bursts of fondness, which are all-powerful from such a woman. 'But about the gentleman who is coming to dinner,' she resumed in her ordinary tone: 'I dare say you will be surprised, but you must see the propriety of having him for a guest. It is the sailor-nabob, Captain Ord, who has got Dalgordon. Upon my word, the determination which that man has shown to raise himself, even among the county gentry, is very commendable. If there is a thing I respect and admire in a man, next to his worthily wearing an old renown, it is the native force of character, even in what is the original rugged roughness of all gems, which is to be met with in the founder of a family. I don't know if I ever told you, though I am not the woman to be a bit ashamed of it,' continued Mrs. Wedderburn, who had recovered from her momentary worry and depression, and was in full flow of talk—'my own grandfather—(like the grandfather of the great Earl of Craven, of whom I hear you and the girls and Miss Murdoch talking, as the champion and second husband of a king's daughter and a king's widow, Elizabeth of England and Bohemia by birth and marriage, and queen of hearts in her own right)—went up to London with pack-horses, and entered a brewery first as a drayman. My grandfather was not Lord Mayor of London, but he died and left behind him a hundred thousand pounds, and that fine place Nunham Hall, down in Kent, of which you have often heard me speak. I was only a younger child of his younger child, but I had my share, and was "a fortune" (good lack! where is it gone?) when I came out, on his account.'

'Ah! yes—I know. However, I was not aware you were democratic;' and Charlotte raised her brown brows. 'I conclude this Oatness sailor is sharp and money-making, as so many of them are; but his behaviour to one of those poor plain Miss Quhairs of Sandycroft, of which Boswell Erskine told me—and I wish you could have seen what a passion Boswell

put herself into about it—was not at all pretty behaviour.'

'My dear'—Mrs. Wedderburn laid down the law decisively—'Boswell Erskine has all the low gossip of the town. Where she gets it, or what interest she can find in it, goodness only knows. It is one of the reasons why I am forced to keep you away from her, because it is positively distressing, the degree to which she is letting herself down. But about the woman Quhair: I think she showed what she was when she threatened Captain Ord with his boyish letters, and took his money.'

'Well, certainly, mamma,' agreed even Charlotte, 'it was bad; she could not have been much worth. A woman who weighs herself in the balance against money must be dreadfully, shamefully unwomanly; and that is leaving out of sight the indelicate exposure of her wrongs.'

'No doubt. I think also, Charlotte, that it is not in the spirit of justice, whatever it may be in the letter, to forbid that a man who has shown himself a superior man, like Captain Ord, should have a chance of freeing himself from the misery and disgrace of an early unhappy entanglement. He has given her what she sought, and what more would you have? It is not generous to be for ever bringing up the story against him. For my part, I consider that Captain Ord deserves to be encouraged; but more than that—for I shall make no pretences, child—your father will have a good deal to do with him in business connected with the boundaries and the rights of the two estates. Captain Ord may either be very obliging—indeed, I believe he has obliged us already—or very troublesome; and you have some idea how ill fitted poor dear papa is to bear any new burden, or contend with a fresh adversary.'

'Of course it is right, if you and papa think so; but will the man like it—will he know how to behave himself?' hesitated Charlotte.

'My love, the world is wide contrasted with Oatness.' Mrs. Wedderburn could hardly keep from smiling at her daughter's illiberality. 'I grant you Captain Ord is nobody, or rather was nobody, in point of extraction here. But he has played his part in the great world, and a very manly, spirited, successful part it seems to have been. You need not refuse to credit him with the outside manners of a gentleman, which any butler may pick up; and after all, some butlers are the most gentlemanlike men I can remember.'

Charlotte did not again cry out on mamma's development of radical principles. She had got so far accustomed to it, that she contented herself with protesting,

'I did not mean to affront Captain Ord. I dare say it was silly of me; but I judged from the vulgarity of his appearance.'

'Oh! appearances are the most deceitful things in the world. Think of a king of England's earning the name of Yeoman George, Turnip George! You could not expect but that there would be a little surface coarseness, a little of the "rough diamond" quality of which I was speaking, about this self-made, courageous, clever Laird of Dalgordon. I protest I think him rather a fine-looking man, as men go. When he was captain of an East Indiaman, Captain Ord must have seen good society in his own vessel, and sat at the table with as good people as we are, Charlotte.'

Charlotte felt ashamed of her fastidiousness. 'I am satisfied. I did not mean to be supercilious and disdainful.'

'People will say we ought not to be too particular,' reflected Mrs. Wedderburn, with a return of her sadness and bitterness. 'We are sinking fast into a shifty family;

girls and boys robbed of their natural advantages, racking our brains to make the two ends meet. And I can see for myself that the world is quite ready to show us the cold shoulder. Not only servants and tradespeople presume and are saucy, but our own class is meaner than I should have thought it. Lady Foulis has driven twice into Oatness to my certain knowledge without calling; and Mrs. Lamb has not so much has answered the note I wrote to her about the club books, a fortnight ago.'

'Mamma, I am convinced these were not intentional slights,' Charlotte interposed, earnestly. 'I heard yesterday that the Foulis have scarlatina in their house. Very likely Lady Foulis had driven in from Balmyre to see the doctor again, she is so anxious about the children. She would not know whether our children had ever had the complaint; and it stopped short with Mattie, did it not? Then, Mrs. Lamb is so lazy, I don't credit she would answer a note herself on any motive short of saving a person's life. The note must lie till the boys' tutor, or the nursery governess or Mr. Lamb, can be got to take it up. You may depend upon it my explanation is the right one. The Erskines are as poor as we are, and the Foulis and the Lambs do not give them up.'

'I really believe because the Erskines would not care, human beings are so perverse. The Erskines would not mind, they are growing so odd, every one of them: Mr. Erskine with his learning, Mrs. Erskine with her valetudinarianism, and Boswell with her independence. I fancy the neighbours take them up as curiosities in dress and everything else. I should not care to stand on such a footing, or to have any of my family stand on it. It is better you should be quite aware of the truth. I am sorry to vex you, dear, only it may be breaking it to you in time. The Erskines are very much embarrassed in their circumstances—that is well known—they themselves make no concealment of it, but flaunt the fact in what I call a grossly indelicate manner; and it is very much doubted whether Mr. Erskine will be able to keep the Rymont. Still they are not a large family; they are not so necessitous as we are. It is likely that they will go abroad, and live cheaply in good style there (not that they value style); and enough may be saved out of the wreck to provide for Boswell, the one child of the family. Charlotte, the case is very different with us, who are a swarm of what Scotch people in their satire call "gentle beggars."

Notwithstanding her strong statement of the family poverty, Mrs. Wedderburn was imperative that Charlotte should dress in her silk gauze, even for so sorry a stranger as Captain Ord, and Mrs. Wedderburn herself selected the blue velvet band, which should be sufficiently simple and should yet relieve the simplicity of Charlotte's hair.

To Charlotte—a shade put out and vexed by a communication, the substance of which she had known very well before, but which seemed to acquire a reality from being said in so many words duly impressed upon her—and utterly guileless of any ulterior motive, the additions to her toilet were vanity and vexation of spirit. She acquiesced in them in habitual deference to her mother, and under a vague impression that it would be disrespectful to her father's guest to omit them. She did it sweetly because the girl was sweet. She did not even see any cause for thinking particularly of Tommy Spens, smoking his solitary cigar beneath the fiery cross at his Burmese station, as she dressed for the purpose of being civil to Captain Ord.

It was certainly necessary to afford Miss Murdoch and her charge a hint of the visitor, and of the behaviour which was expected from them in the background, above all in the case of Miss Murdoch. That preceptress of youth had connived at and applauded Louisa Wedderburn's caricature of the great sea Captain, flourishing his broad hand —too white in its soft fatness now, and cherished as if it had never incurred tar or pulled a rope in the whole term of its existence—in order to show off his magnificent diamond ring, the gift of a rajah or a begum at the least. Miss Murdoch had entered with virtuous, maidenly scorn and indignation into the minutest details of the breaking off of Captain Ord's engagement with his first love, Miss Suffie Quhair, and had heaped condemnation more impartially than Oatness did, upon the couple. But at this moment a change came over the spirit of Miss Murdoch's dream. She was fully alive to the rare accident which brought to the Park a laird, a brother laird, who in consequence of the disadvantage of his antecedents, was not altogether removed from herself in position; so that *if* Captain Ord thought of connecting himself remotely with the county gentry by marrying an accomplished woman, quite a lady in manners, who had been intrusted with the education of the Misses Wedderburn of the Park, why, no one would say there was any misalliance in the union which would substitute Miss Murdoch for Miss Suffie Quhair. At the same time it would be a great rise in the social scale for the lady, and there would be an immense superiority in Dalgordon to the most flourishing establishment of the professor of music. Miss Murdoch was not very mercenary, but the temptation was glittering and unique; she was not over wise with her accomplishments, but she was sane, this plain-headed governess, in spite of her excitable, variable spirits and not too well regulated imagination. She was perfectly aware that no other laird was likely to come in her way, either at the Park or elsewhere, at whom she could set her cap with the most distant prospect of success.

It was absolutely necessary that Mrs. Wedderburn should administer a tolerably severe lesson to Miss Murdoch on that lady's place in society, and on the comparative terms of equality established already between Mrs. Wedderburn and Captain Ord. This must be before Miss Murdoch made her appearance with her pupils in the Park drawing-room armed for tea and conquest, casting sheeps'-eyes at the prize of the old sailor lover to whom Suffie Quhair, in the shade of the threshing-mill at Sandycroft, had stooped in her day, dreaming a brief woman's dream of romance and disinterestedness. Such were the chances of life that Captain Ord was the hero of Oatness, the hero of the Park drawing-room, while Suffie, no way released from her occupation by the pecuniary douceur which had been paid to her, was still engaged in determining whether Hornie (an inauspicious name for a cow in Scotland, but the Misses Quhair were not imaginative, so not superstitious) had a spool in her cloven foot, or whether the limping member was merely 'ga'ed' by the sand.

When Miss Murdoch had acquired her lesson, she probably felt in a degree what she represented so strongly to Miss Margaret Rogers the next Saturday—as never more disgusted in her life. The tremendous sacrifice,—or 'shocking sell,' Miss Murdoch described it, descending in her indignation to the weedy walks of slang,—which Mrs. Wedderburn, with all her hauteur and ambition and talk of presentations at Court and seasons in town, was bent on accomplishing, suggested

itself so evidently, that Miss Murdoch could not believe that Miss Wedderburn remained blind to it.

Miss Murdoch was not the only individual who tasted gall and wormwood in the ingredients of what Mrs. Wedderburn pleasantly denominated 'a little friendly dinner, in order to get better acquainted with our new neighbour Captain Ord of Dalgordon,' and that not only after Miss Murdoch and her charge debouched on the circumscribed field of the drawing-room, but throughout the orthodox courses and dessert, from the moment Captain Ord made his appearance. He came in his vast white vest, the gorgeous crimson camellia, the first tribute of the conservatories of Dalgordon, in his button-hole. He had set off amidst the breathless acclamations, well nigh the huzzas, of Mrs. John Ord, her small fry, and the natives of the suburb through which he had chosen to pass on his road to the Park, and reached his destination without breaking his neck, or being subjected to more than a few stumbles from his astonished and aggrieved horse. His iron nerves were not shaken, so that he was able to dust his boots surreptitiously, but not unseen or unsneered at by the servants, who were among his keenest critics and greatest enemies. He entered the drawing-room with his gait subtly suggestive of unstable elements, ground swells, and hissing raging storms, and greeted the family as if with the accompaniment of a flourish of trumpets. At the first beat of the gong he presented his arm to Mrs. Wedderburn, conducted her in triumph to her place of honour, and seated himself at her right hand. He did for her what carving fashion had left her to do, with power and expedition. He showed himself master of his table napkin and his array of wine glasses, and ate his ice and his grapes according to the Hoyle of ice and grape consumption. He conversed loudly in bursts of fluency on any topic introduced. He started up and opened the door for the ladies. He remained just long enough, and with comparatively civilised appreciation of one of the last bottles of Lafitte left in the Park cellars, at table with Mr. Wedderburn. He seated himself near Charlotte in the drawing-room, he attended her to the piano and turned over the leaves of her music for her, though he was careless of rendering the same service to Miss Murdoch and her pupils; he asked for well known popular songs not so much operatic as concertic; he even offered Charlotte the accompaniment of a tolerable bold bravura second to her fresh delicate first.

If any one could have heard the delighted murmur of the great Captain's hollow heart, it would have sounded akin to that of the glorious Lord Mayor of London, who, in the middle of a banquet, secretly nudged his sympathetic sister, and gasped out to her the irresistible adjuration, 'Gude guide us, Jean, this is no like the shop in ——' referring to his cradle—figuratively, which had not been of silver—'Gude guide us, Tam, this is no like Suffie Quhair, her best room, and her stack of warm toast.'

For Captain Ord scarcely suffered from the ordeal. Like many men, not very noble-minded, or large-hearted, or gentleman-like, he had two distinct manners for the high and the low of his acquaintance, with corresponding attitudes, gestures, style of language—one manner for Mrs. John Ord and his old associates, and still a manner, as the French put it nicely, for the Wedderburns and the Erskines. Any restraint or oppression which the maintenance of the better manner might produce, was counterbalanced by the gratification of

attaining his ends, and the proud and agreeable prospect which he saw opening out before him. Not that he admired Charlotte Wedderburn particularly, save in one light. He described her next day to the inquisitive Mrs. John Ord in an off-hand fashion, as a milk-and-water little thing—with regard to figure head, not so fine a woman by one half, as her mother had been—not even set off by a fright of a gouvernante or humble companion—all the same, Miss Wedderburn was a regular clipper.

Next to Captain Ord, Charlotte minded the occasion least. She had not her mother's guilty conscience, or her father's combination of weak fastidiousness and moody despair, or poor Miss Murdoch's green eyes of envy, which could even fall with a momentary blight on Miss Murdoch's beau-ideal of elegance and amiability, Miss Wedderburn. Brought up as Charlotte had been in the true school of good breeding, which signifies that to be a lady, as in another sense to be a Christian, is to be self-restrained and courteous to every human being, and within a more defined orbit to every guest at her father's table, she was not only good-naturedly tolerant of Captain Ord, but she was frightened lest she should mortify the great vulgar man. She forced herself to laugh at the clumsiest of his jokes, she continued to sing while he loomed by her side. On her own account she was mildly interested in Captain Ord as an unexplored specimen of animated nature, and a little more amused than she would have been, had he been more like herself, by his very extravagances and absurdities. It struck her with a comical effect to be told so elaborately, and with so many asseverations, of the extent of indigo fields and cinnamon plantations with which Captain Ord and his employers had trafficked, the sums they had acquired in particular transactions, the bargain he had got of Dalgordon—the acres of which exceeded those of the Park—the ease with which he could have spared a few thousands more for the purchase. The last communication, torture to Mr. Wedderburn, was sport to Charlotte. It diverted the girl to be pressed by him to eat more of the dish he was helping—and he so confident of his code of manners; to be asked by him to sing 'Tyrol, Tyrol, my native land,' and nearly put out in the fulfilment of the request, by the addition of sonorous staccato notes, like abrupt trumpet blasts. It did not disturb Charlotte's equanimity, or spoil her play, to be cross-examined by Mrs. Wedderburn after Captain Ord was gone, on his conversation—down to the songs he had solicited.

But from the animation of Captain Ord's arrival, to the empressement of his departure, the affair had been grievous to his host and hostess.

Mr. Wedderburn was a painfully impotent man, with an impotency which might have been held in check, had he—if one can suppose it with no sonship or nephewship to the Attorney-General or the Lord-Advocate to bridge across the gap—attained any degree of success at the bar, even the appointment of sheriff in a small and remote county—or had he but escaped the unlucky lawsuit, with which his wife so seldom reproached him, that had swallowed up the bulk of her fortune. As it was, the impotency prevailed, and sat heavily on the poor harmless, delicate-minded gentleman, to whose very instincts the entire atmosphere which surrounded Captain Ord—his triumphant, simple-minded display of his apprehension of and skill in table etiquette, his loud voice and ringing laughter, his cockneyisms more than his Scotticisms, his startling, baffling ignorance of the merest conven-

tionalisms of thought and expression among gentlemen, the exquisitely jarring tone of his offensive purse-pride, and what he would have called his luck, over the penniless, luckless gentleman, were horrible to Mr. Wedderburn. And Mr. Wedderburn was compelled, with all his stiffness and slowness of intellect, all his sensitive honour, to fathom, though it were dimly, in the form of a miserable conjecture, and a faint, far-away, intolerable vision, the cause why his high-spirited, cultivated wife—the woman he looked up to, clung to—bore, nay welcomed the trial. He had a sick suspicion why she condoned every offence of the gentleman on her right hand, and smiled upon Captain Ord with all the might and the magic of her wit, breeding, and acknowledged position, impoverished as it was. So utter was Mr. Wedderburn's revolt at the idea then first presented to him, that had he not been broken-spirited, his hostility would have expressed itself in rage—the deep, sullen resentment of an ordinarily quiet, pacific man. But along with the revolt arose the despairing sense of impotency—the impotency of a life in its every function and act—to prevent the degradation next to sacrilege which it shocked him so much as to dread. All conspired to bend the poor gentleman's grey head in more than wonted hopelessness; and when he was called upon to speak, forced him to mumble with more than customary indistinctness and irrelevancy at the foot of his own table. Matters had never gone well with Mr. Wedderburn of the Park; they seemed to have gone worse than ever since his rejection of the alliance with Tommy Spens, his young kinsman and equal, who 'liked Charlotte, and whom Charlotte liked;' and they must be hard on a fatal pass when they threatened this catastrophe.

Mrs. Wedderburn, acting well the affable, propitious, pleased hostess and mother of a marriageable daughter, though she did not flinch from the purpose which she had lived to set before her mind as the family's sole salvation, found herself gnawed in anticipation by humiliation and remorse, contrition for the deed and pity for the victim. That victim was neither enemy nor stranger: she was Mrs. Wedderburn's familiar friend and cherished darling of an eldest daughter; she was her mother's good and bonnie Charlotte, the favourite child—whom Mrs. Wedderburn had refused to Tommy Spens' Burmese exile and hardships, and was ready to offer to Captain Thomas Ord, at the shrine of grovelling and brutal English mammon worship—whom, while Mrs. Wedderburn was sterner than a Roman mother, she loved all the while as the apple of her eye.

CHAPTER XIV.

The spring at Oatness was the weak point of the four seasons. The east winds scourged the coast from March to June.

Occasionally there was a day's or a week's respite of bland, genial west wind, when the gowans blossomed into a white flag of truce, and the larks trilled above them in a carol which was pure joy—that joy oftener found in hope than in fulfilment in this nether world.

But the true lovers of Oatness loved its very springs, yet they were bleak as anything which has promise can be bleak. The tried earth grew hard as iron. The light soil, pulverised to dust, was carried in blinding showers to mix with the salt sea spray. The lengthening day-light only seemed to make visible the effects of the strengthening cold when no braird, save that of blue-green spikes of winter wheat, struggled for exis-

tence on the lea; and the turnip crops were sown again and again to be caught up and borne off on the strong wings of the fierce wind which strewed with unfructifying seed the troubled yeasty breast of the slate or the bottle-green coloured Frith. The sky grew green in spring, especially towards evening, when the rose flush of sunset was either lurid or dull. The red merged in a few minutes—first into a nankin colour, then into a daffodil, next into a pale, chill-as-ice, clear, cutting green, before it passed from a band of impenetrable purple-blue into a heavy pall of grey-black. Athwart such a sky, the moon when new lay like a Turkish scimitar, and the evening star scintillated and sent out rays and points till it showed as a distant frosted silver Maltese cross. The green had forgotten its proper place, for it withdrew to a great extent from the pinched and whitened pasture, and it refused to paint a single scene in the exposed gardens where ragged wallflowers, gilliflowers, and marigolds were twisted round by the necks, and pleading pertinacious primroses and polyanthuses were beaten flat with the ground, and had their innocent faces bruised and smeared by shocks and earth stains. This happened at a time when green was expending itself in inland woods where cushat doves cooed, and in sheltered landward gardens where dusky violets contended with fair lilies of the valley, alike nestled and sheathed in wealth of leaves, and blackbirds and thrushes sang, not so much in empty hope, as in the realisation of the summer and the satisfaction of their being.

Still the true lovers of Oatness said that to those whose blood was not nipped past circulation, whose lungs, muscles, nerves were sound and tough, who had nothing to fear from catarrhs, coughs, inflammations, neuralgias, there was something inexpressibly exhilarating in braving and overcoming the blast; something in the sting and tingle of its buffets, which was long draughts of life and health, worth all the soft caresses and tender wooings of southern gales. These days, which were interludes in the hand to hand strife, how kind and dear they were by contrast! When the east wind had fought out its fury and died away growling and striking to the last, when the cowslips hung out their yellow bells, and the wild thyme blossomed in odoriferous tufts, on the Oatness links, how faded, tame and scentless, or oppressive in their perfume, were the wood sorrel and the hyacinths of low lying guarded hollows, opposed to the first.

This spring at Oatness and the Park came while the regiment—the one which Charlotte Wedderburn cared for in the British army—was abroad, and about as far off as steam and water could take it. If it ever should return, Charlotte could not take much comfort in the prospect, she had had such dreary tales dinned into her ears of selfish old bon-vivants attached to military hospitals and clubs, or of shabby old gentlemen dragging out life on the pinchings of half-pay in cheap, obscure, or deserted quarters, lieutenants and captains at sixty and seventy, captains and lieutenants still when laid in their coffins. It seemed hard that Tommy Spens, who was so precociously manly, should come to so meagre and ignoble an end. It seemed terribly hard that there should be a St. George so gagged and bound by circumstances, that he could not so much as find a dragon to encounter and slay. Charlotte was tempted to reflect with a deeper tinge of bitterness on the brisk capable young men before the mast, the merchant seamen who so soon, by comparison, rose to a position to settle in life without imprudence, and to become thriving

heads of houses. But what could Tommy do? He could not make a war, even if that were desirable; and without a war which should put a summary end to his senior officers, he might be as steady, diligent, clever as admirable Crichton in his profession, if he did not hit on a rare invention in artillery or engineering—and inventions were far from reliable investments—if he were not a Armstrong or a Todleben, if he did not command interest, he could not make his majority follow hard on his captaincy. Such a tremendous run of luck was not to be thought of. Charlotte's soft, bright, gay, oval face lost its dimples and became grave and sad whenever she thought of Tommy Spens, and she was not sure whether it was not wrong to think of him at all. For Tommy, with the pride which is in the code of honour of many a young man, forming a clause in the code with which few young women can sympathise, sailed for Burmah and gave no further sign. Brought up in a great measure at the Park, in familiar and intimate association with the family all his days, he had not brought himself to remonstrate against the sentence which had been accorded to him, after Mr. and Mrs. Wedderburn had grown accustomed to the bold temerity of the idea, and when Tommy Spens could have claimed that he had tried his captaincy and its resources, were it only for a few weeks, and had not found them wanting. Tommy Spens had not made a ready vehicle of his relationship and old friendship to renew such a suit as has been urged afresh on occasions, from Malta, Alexandria, Aden, and received in triumph a second and favourable reading. But, with what looked like proper pride to the sore and exacting Tommy, and like ingratitude and heartlessness to those members of the family who could think ill of him, he had not written at all, not from Marseilles or Calcutta, to his former guardian.

For aught that Charlotte could tell, except on presumptive evidence, Tommy Spens might have dismissed her image speedily from his severe thoughts. He might have turned them with military promptness, after the type of 'eyes right,' 'eyes left,' in a very different direction—to a susceptible heiress outward bound, and promotion by purchase. It is certain that some men are so constituted, that their first impulse after a refusal is, like 'louping ower a linn,' to heal their wounded vanity by marrying immediately somebody or anybody. Or Tommy Spens might have desperate views of perpetual celibacy, or of retirement from the service and the rank of a gentleman, which were likely to serve him so scurvily, and of starting in life as a working man and wedding a working woman, who would have no family claims and worldly axioms to consider; between whom and him there would come no scare-crows of propriety and expediency, but who would clasp his empty hand and go to his bare room ungrudgingly and fearlessly. Such recklessness seemed possible to the hot blood of youth, and to the dogged light which shone in Tommy's blue-grey eyes. And Charlotte's mother had bidden Charlotte not think of Tommy Spens, except very slightly and superficially. Now Charlotte Wedderburn, intelligent as she was, somewhat because of the delicate nature of her intelligence, was at that stage of young ladyhood, the innocence and simplicity of which are so much admired, that its weakness and immaturity—not to say its ignorance—are in danger of being forgotten. She had hardly learned to think for herself yet, though she could think and would think to purpose when she was older. She had not decided where parental authority was to end, and

personal responsibility to begin. A clever girl really, she was backward in will. She still found implicit submission to the powers that be, much the easiest and most satisfactory proceeding. She still felt very naughty and headstrong when she judged for herself, though she did not believe in the infallibility of Mr. and Mrs. Wedderburn any more than in that of the Pope of Rome. Nevertheless Charlotte did her best to be as passively obedient as a young Jesuit. She tried not to think except in that inevitable passing way of poor Tommy Spens, who was always thinking of her, whose nature it was to be true as steel and faithful as death, who remembered her more unfailingly than he went on parade, and desired her as he sought good, and said his prayers for grace. She tried to be happy without his presence haunting her, and mingling with everything which she said and did; to fill up her life with being cheerfully busy, obliging, reverent, God-fearing. She was conscientious in keeping up her music, her Dante, her Schiller, her history of human kind and her natural history, and she had some taste and genius for the whole of these studies; she took airings with papa, she shopped and called at the country houses with mamma, and entered sympathetically and with womanly ingenuity into all the contrivances which the shortness of funds in the Park exchequer imposed upon the Wedderburns when they attempted social intercourse with their equals in rank. She was considerate and attentive to Miss Murdoch, affectionate to her younger sisters and brother. She was kind to the servants and to any poor waif and stray about Oatness, though it should be proved that the Wedderburns themselves were the only paupers in the place—and being very young and pliable, 'good and fair and wise,' though immature, she could live without Tommy Spens, she could live down the past, though she could no more obliterate it than she could annihilate any part of her being. She was a dear and dangerous daughter to Mrs. Wedderburn.

Very early in Mrs. Wedderburn's acquaintance with the successor of the Anglo-Scotch earl at Dalgordon, it had dawned upon her, not only that he could have the lowest seat at her table, where a subaltern, an artist, a tutor could sit, but that she might actually come to receive him as a member of her family. He might be a wealthy, vulgar husband to the refined rustic Charlotte, whose short season in town, with all its impediments, had not made up for the quiet secluded life which the family were obliged to lead at the Park. Without question it was a bitter draught to swallow; but Mrs. Wedderburn was a devoted woman, who would not decline to drink anything which she might bring herself to regard as for the good of her husband and children. She told herself that the match would have been inadmissible if the Park had been in a good neighbourhood, limited as its means were for visiting. But of the country houses round Oatness, except those of Fauldhill, Orchardson, and Balmyre, where the proprietors were married men with young families, half were either shut up or occupied by birds of passage. A whole family was expatriated to Nice on account of the delicate health of one of its members. The head of another house was a barrister, unlike Mr. Wedderburn, in full practice; and, when the Courts were up, fonder of running off to the German baths, or of yachting on the coast of Norway, than of spending his holidays at Blackmoor for the benefit of the Wedderburns. These birds of passage did not care for the resident gentry, or trouble to cultivate them, but brought down their own friends and their own

interests, and kept themselves to themselves. Sometimes they were of such a sort as needed to be kept at arm's length, and avoided decidedly—offshoots from the manufacturing towns, fifty times worse than Captain Ord, driven to a distance from their source by their own eccentricities. Such was the family where the master of the house dined at the same table with his servants, and shared their work; and there was an excuse for it, since his own grandmother, whom he addressed by her Christian name, was one of them. And that other family where the only lady walked out in a lavender moire antique of a morning, and was carried from the dinner table to bed, seized with strikingly sudden indisposition, of an evening.

The Wedderburns, and the Erskines no better off than themselves, were very nearly left alone in their glory. What was to become of Charlotte and of her sisters in succession? It was seen, in part, what had become of Boswell Erskine, who had run wild, struck up an intimacy with Clementine Spottiswoode, who was very well, in her way, as the minister's daughter, but who was not very well as the bosom friend of Miss Erskine of the Rymont. One step leads to another, as everybody knows, and a descent which begins by being gradual increases in speed, and may end with horrible rapidity. Boswell Erskine had got herself talked of in a way that Mrs. Wedderburn would not for the world should reach Charlotte's undefiled ears. Mrs. Wedderburn, in the middle of her own troubles, must seize the earliest opportunity to consult with Mrs. Lamb, or Lady Cheape, or Lady Foulis about the incredible story which Miss Murdoch had taken it upon her to repeat—fortunately with a remnant of caution and common sense, to Mrs. Wedderburn alone. For the sake of common humanity, and the credit of the upper class, steps must be taken to put a stop to the scandal, and hush it up, else something disastrous would happen to the girl, who was next to motherless, and who was 'one of ourselves.'

In the meantime, Charlotte Wedderburn was wasting her sweetness on the desert air if ever girl wasted it, and her father and mother could no more afford to take her into the world, than they could consent to send her away to push her fortune and work behind people's backs in Australia. Sometimes when Mrs. Wedderburn was bilious or feverish, she had a miserable vision of their difficulties,—borrowed money, interest on life insurances, bills coming down in an instant like an avalanche, and burying the family in utter ruin. She had a dreadful dream of Mr. Wedderburn, and herself the better man of the two, dying prematurely from anxiety and care, and Charlotte driven on the stage as a singer—though she sang but in a true, sweet, silvery way, rather pleasantly than powerfully, as she did everything else, poor darling—because Mrs. Wedderburn, who had been 'a fortune,' could not conjecture, with all her own efforts at economy, how Miss Murdoch managed to live on the very moderate salary which was all that could now be afforded to the Park governess. Perhaps it would have been better after all to have vouchsafed some encouragement to the poor gloomy young lieutenant and captain, but that would have been to knock Charlotte on the head at once, and kill the goose which might yet lay the golden eggs—so far as the rest of the family were concerned.

Dalgordon would be an excellent establishment for Charlotte, as good as anything she could have looked for, if one would put Captain Ord out of sight. It was likely that he would keep himself a good deal out of sight of his wife, if he married above his rank. He would pace the quarter-deck of his lawn or

dressing-room, chat and joke with his gardener or his butler, drink his allowance of grog on the sly, where the smell would annoy nobody, play with his children, snooze in the dining-room after dinner, and only come into the drawing-room for a cup of tea and a little music from Mrs. Ord.

Such a prospect might have been an irksome contemplation for Charlotte, if she had not had her own family for her next neighbours; but she would have her own friends as well as her children, her books, her work, her gardens, her walks and drives at home, besides her duties and amusements abroad. The mistress of Dalgordon would be a person of some importance in the world, and need never want for occupations and interests.

Of course Captain Ord would not expect Charlotte Wedderburn to attach herself to his obscure connections—by great good fortune they were not near relations—but neither would Charlotte detach him violently and absolutely from them. Mrs. Wedderburn could fancy Charlotte's going a little too far in noticing them without her mother to counsel and check her—for the girl was a lady in nature, unassuming and gentle, fain to honour all men, above all any man or woman who had a right to her honour, with nothing but her unconscious dignity and perfect trust—to prevent her goodness being taken advantage of. But Charlotte would not be without support in this respect. The influence of the Wedderburns of the Park was paramount at Oatness, and would counterbalance the degradation of Captain Ord's extraction, and that of the old Ord alliances. The extreme buoyance of the Wedderburns' birth and breeding would float even a Captain Ord (backed by Dalgordon) though the man had disparaging kith and kin. It was one of the few gains of their desertion by the rest of the gentry, that the Wedderburn family, but for the erratic Erskines, who could not find fault with their neighbour on account of their own gross derelictions without any redeeming circumstances, were left monarchs of all they surveyed beyond the circuit of Fauldhill and Orchardson. The Wedderburns could do what they pleased, it seemed, even to the elevation of Captain Ord with his ballast, which was a *sine quâ non*, over the heads of his fellows into their ranks.

It was the absence of such a *sine quâ non* in the false step of Boswell Erskine's which made Mrs. Wedderburn inveigh against it at that time with peculiar asperity, as very deplorable.

Captain Ord had no vices that Mrs. Wedderburn knew of. He did not drink or swear—before her. He was not an unclean liver. He was an honest man, who, as far as she could discover, had repudiated no just claim on him except Miss Suffie Quhair's, which Mrs. Wedderburn regarded as unjust in spirit. He had been mindful of his brother's widow and children; his widest reputation was that of an open-hearted, open-handed man. He had taken on some polish, he would take on more. He had ambition and energy, and though he would never be an enlightened, accomplished man, and, oh, dear, he would always be very far from an elegant man, he was no fool, he would tone down, find his level, cease to be loud and boastful. (By what alchemy Mrs. Wedderburn was to see these wonders worked, she alone could tell, but it is necessary to bear in mind that Captain Ord was not so rampant at the Park as on his single visit to Sandycroft or when with Mrs. John Ord; he was bad enough, but he was comparatively gagged before his superiors, while he swaggered at full swing among his equals and infe-

riors.) He might be very much improved before the Russels came back, or the Fordyces settled in the neighbourhood. The Cheapes were exceedingly easy-going people, and the Foulises not ill-natured, and Mr. Lamb was reputed liberal in his crossness. As it was, Captain Ord was not so much worse in some respects, while he was a thousand times better in others, than the old Admiral who had married Mary Montgomery long ago, when first Mrs. Wedderburn knew the Park and Oatness. *He* swore like a trooper and drank like a fish, and said such abominably coarse things that Mr. Wedderburn had told her he quitted the room and would not sit and listen to the Admiral when there were only gentlemen present.

According to Mrs. Wedderburn's views there was a horrible expediency, nay, propriety in the match which she was to contribute her aid to bring about for her eldest daughter. And Mrs. Wedderburn was not without excuse. Many a woman of name and fame noble, and with the distinction to be attained in court journals, *Morning Posts* and county *Chronicles*, does worse than did the daughter or granddaughter of the great London brewer who had thought somewhat of the long descent and gentle name and bearing of Wedderburn of the Park before she had engaged in the foolish barter of her capacity and affluence for his incapacity and indigence, as well as —happily for the salvation of the two—of the fair exchange of true love between them. Captain Ord was not like the wicked old Admiral of a day gone by, he was not like many a wretched sinner of every generation. He was neither worn out in body or mind. He was neither a mass of corruption, nor half-witted, nor mad. He was in the prime of life, health, and spirit, a decent man and a virtuous. Low-bred, vulgar, overbearing he was, perhaps harder to endure and accustom one's self to, at the first brush, than a greater sinner and a greater gentleman, but in the name of all morality let it be credited that there were men in multitudes infinitely worse than Captain Ord as Mrs. Wedderburn knew him, and many mothers infinitely more unprincipled and reckless than Mrs. Wedderburn proved herself.

Mrs. Wedderburn had no doubt of Captain Ord's wishes and intentions, which were almost obtrusively and unbecomingly visible to every one who had eyes and ears to see and hear them, though Charlotte was blind and deaf for an unconscionable time. Such dullness in girls of nineteen is apt to be alleged without much plausibility. Girls of nineteen are more awake to these influences, more coquettish if you will, though there need not be any coquetry in the matter, than women of nine and twenty and nine and thirty. But a preoccupied girl like Charlotte, with respect to an unlikely man whom without any arrogance she regarded as far removed from her, might plead ignorance with perfect truth. So many of Captain Ord's words and ways puzzled Charlotte, that those among them which might have enlightened her as to his purpose, were hustled away unaccounted for with the rest. When suspicion forced itself upon her at last, and Charlotte started back in ludicrous consternation, she comforted herself that no mischief could accrue from the absurd mistake, humiliating though it was. She would whisper it half laughing, half crying with bashfulness and affront to mamma; and mamma in her turn, partly indignant, partly diverted, would manage to put the poor man on his proper footing, without exposing him, or distressing Charlotte, or arousing papa's mild ire and disdain. Mamma was so clever—had so much tact.

What was Charlotte's horror to find mamma blandly listen without

amazement, or condemnation, or even amusement, and talk of the mistake—Charlotte was too meek to call it an impertinence and an insult, but she certainly called it a blunder—as if it were an idea to be entertained and weighed. 'Well, my dear, if the Laird of Dalgordon is smitten, is it not natural? I can tell you, from the family papers, it is not the first time that a laird of Dalgordon has met such a death at the Park.'

To be sure, when Mrs. Wedderburn penetrated the depth of Charlotte's vexation and alarm, she sought to soothe the girl by making light of the implication: 'it was probably all a fancy of Miss Vanity's,' and there was no occasion for present annoyance, because of course nothing could be done either way till the fancy was proved to be a reality. Charlotte would not have mamma and papa dismiss a man who had never spoken, when, good heavens! such speech might be the farthest thing possible from the poor frank friendly mortal's thoughts?

But now that Charlotte's eyes and ears were opened, she could not help seeing and hearing that Mrs. Wedderburn did not put Captain Ord on his proper footing, and open his eyes. On the contrary, there were pains taken on Charlotte's mother's part to meet and mingle with him in more and more intimate association; to draw out and show off his solid merits; to gloss over his glaring defects. And from that day there was a skilful resolute siege laid to the fortress of poor Charlotte's will and heart, not so much by Captain Ord as by Mrs. Wedderburn, never intermitted for an hour during the dreary winter days and monotonous spring weeks. At that season, by an unfortunate combination of many causes, by the few available county families having had recourse to Edinburgh for a little variety, or to Bridge of Allan and Rothesay, to escape from the pitiless, long-protracted east winds; by the continued absence of the Oatness sea-bathers, who occasionally numbered in their ranks people of sufficient station to be recognised without loss of prestige by the London brewer's descendant; by a crisis having come to the affairs of the Erskines of the Rymont,—the Wedderburns were a household more solitary and left to throw themselves into the arms of Captain Ord than ever. The contest between Mrs. Wedderburn and Charlotte was that between middle age and experience on the one hand, and youth and inexperience on the other; between what is ripe and firm and what is green and tender, in relations where advice and remonstrance become something like authoritative, irresistible command. It was a struggle which in itself, when there were not bold, headstrong, rebellious spirits and exceptional circumstances concerned, was disastrously unequal. Mrs. Wedderburn did not fall into the common error of advising and remonstrating with Charlotte before any event had happened to advise and remonstrate upon—thus, as it were, exciting and training the girl to argue the point and resist effectually when the time for resistance came. Mrs. Wedderburn went to work more craftily, and with all the animation and intensity of nature, which contained a fascination for Charlotte as they had contained it for her father before her. She spoke at Charlotte, and fired whole batteries of masked guns at the girl's position, with an unwearying regularity and precision which must have beat down the stoutest defences in time, were it only by pounding them away stone after stone. She advanced against her enemy and daughter by deliberate attack and by sudden assault; she wrested from the foe the opposite ranges; she sapped the breastworks. All the time, she never allowed Charlotte a single opportunity of firing back with the pat-

tering hail of a vehement protest, the dead shot of a direct refusal. She was far too spirited and shrewd an antagonist not to succeed in avoiding close quarters, even with her own daughter, if Mrs. Wedderburn wished it; not to be fit to parry an importunate cry of 'question?' though it had been uttered by a louder, shriller, less shy, hurt voice than Charlotte's. What a martial array of argument Mrs. Wedderburn could lead forth against her daughter!

For the text of one sermon figured the precocious self-conceit, indelicacy, false sentiment of girls who could be guilty of juvenile flirtations, and of clinging to these forward maudlin performances. This was discoursed upon until Charlotte's modesty and humility became renegades, and, abandoning her own standard, showed themselves under that of her mother. Mrs. Wedderburn did not wilfully deceive Charlotte when she so beguiled the girl's forces to desert her. Mrs. Wedderburn had the advantage of believing what she expressed with the strength of conviction—that girlish attachments are damaging delusions, and that Tommy Spens' admiration might be that poor passing inclination on the cherished remembrance of which a girl may waste her best years, and break her heart in vain, but which does not usually fix a man; which, when a better match or a more engaging girl cross his path, he will in nineteen cases out of twenty have no hesitation in casting to the winds.

There were homilies on the conditions of Miss Wedderburn of the Park's lot—the necessity of her contemplating a marriage settlement as an ordained womanly and reasonable deliverance from the horrors of dependence and poverty. Of course such calculations were not pleasant, and it would be more romantic to wed like the birds of the air, only theirs was but a summer union; or like working men and women, who, as a rule, rushed together on the impulse of a moment, and repented it all their lives afterwards. But the thoughtful consideration, the self-restraint, even the self-sacrifice, which such a necessity involved, were to Mrs. Wedderburn the very elements of that *noblesse oblige* which, she had loved to teach her children, however they had learned the lesson, was the essence of gentle breeding.

Had Charlotte found it pleasant, not to say to have all her youthful enjoyments curtailed, but to know her father pressed for money, her brothers in exile? Had Charlotte been so careless or so selfish as not to quiver with shame when Mrs. Wedderburn paid Miss Murdoch her pittance of a salary, and was not able to add her travelling expenses, or to offer her anything but the most paltry present; and Hume was too big for Miss Murdoch, and bullied her, but they could not give him a tutor. Mrs. Wedderburn fully expected to be taken up and exposed by some governesses' benevolent society one of these days. If they were any of them worth their salt, they would post her and her miserable doings. If she had been in their place she'd have done it fast enough. And in self-defence Mrs. Wedderburn would only have to plead that she herself had to supplement Miss Murdoch's accomplishments (how could they be extensive in so low a market?) by Mrs. Wedderburn's own out-of-date Italian, and water-colours. She could not buy new music, and she was compelled to have the children taught dancing with the assistance of Charlotte and rows of chairs; and though that might appear funny to a girl like Charlotte sometimes, it was irksome to a heavy heart at other moments, was it not? How did Charlotte feel when the old nursery maid Penny, who had grown infirm in the Wedderburns' service, could not be kept at ease

to die in it, but had to retire with her infirmities without an annuity, because Mr. Wedderburn could not pension his aged faithful servant to the smallest amount, save by robbing his own children, or, what was worse to a man of honour, defrauding his creditors? When Dr. Spottiswoode wanted missionary subscriptions, if there was anything to be done in the parish—luckily (Mrs. Wedderburn introduced her bitter assertion here) they themselves were the poor—though Dr. Spottiswoode was judicious, and manœuvred to pass them over, because their donations were so small that they were not worth the looking up, how did Charlotte relish the omission?

Mrs. Wedderburn had been accustomed to none of these doings—the turned dresses, the made-up dishes, the shabbiness to Miss Murdoch, the ingratitude to Penny, the inability to join in any liberal or benevolent action; but she could not help herself; she must hang her head beside Mr. Wedderburn. She had fervently hoped, however, that her favourite child would have a different fate.

Then followed a few well chosen, cleverly adapted praises of Captain Ord, a plain, worthy, friendly *gentleman*, if to be gentle was to act well. He was already doing wonders at his fine place of Dalgordon, the capabilities of which had never been fully developed. He would make it a centre of activity and interest, and of bounty, beauty, blessing to Oatness. If he should chance to marry—and if he married at all, it was on the books that he would marry well—his wife would have a great deal in her power to do for all around her, and would be a most enviable person on the highest grounds; and on the lowest, her husband would be a cordial indulgent man, whom it did one good merely to see, and whom it ought to do one greater good to make happy.

All the strategies were wound up by effective lines, parallel and cross, drawn from the convenient case of Mary Montgomery and her old Admiral,—what a task that good creature had undertaken! how courageously she had set about and gone through with it! how she had been supported in her duties, so that she had even wrought a reformation on the hoary sinner who respected her, and was grateful to her, and what a god-send she had been with her pin-money to her orphan nephews and nieces! How much happier she had proved in the end, than her sister the beauty who had gone her own way, which was first to run away with, and then from, a wretched lieutenant. The last remark was made so innocently, that it failed of being a home thrust.

Din a falsehood into young ears with sufficient power, and long enough, and the odds are that out of very exhaustion, and the impatience of weakness, they will believe it. Din a half truth, and the odds are ten to one. A good young girl's spirit is a sensitive, scrupulous spirit, whether the temper which accompanies it be frank or reserved, gay or pensive, unless the spirit be a marvel of strong-mindedness and self-confidence to be wondered at and admired from afar. There are so many older, wiser, stronger cowards in the world, it was not extraordinary that a young girl was found one of them, and that she fell into the great error of fearing more to inflict an injury than to do a wrong.

Another diploma besides that of being presented at court, which Miss Wedderburn of the Park possessed in the eyes of Oatness, was the art of riding on horseback in her correct turn out (the principal part of which was the habit, originally provided by a metropolitan tailor, and aired in Rotten Row) accompanied by her father with a groom behind them. The whole style of the thing was almost more

aristocratic to Oatness perceptions than the rickety Park phaeton. Riding was pleasanter to Charlotte than driving, though Mrs. Wedderburn, who was wont to be her daughter's companion in the latter exercise, was not too strict a mother to her grown up children, was a lively woman, and Charlotte thought her mother very entertaining, and loved her dearly. But a gallop on the firm, fresh sands, with the sea-waves curling up to the horses' feet and the lapwings and the seamews whirling overhead, was much more inspiriting than any carriage drive, and although papa was a great deal quieter than mamma, he was never cross. He was a little low-spirited, poor papa! but he had always been so gentle in his preoccupation and nervousness, that Charlotte had felt somehow as if she, a healthy, happy young girl, ought to spare, shelter, and cheer him, when mamma was not there to perform the service as her right, and with all her heart, as to do mamma justice she performed it.

Tommy Spens used to get a tolerable mount out of the Park stables. Empty the stalls were indeed in his day, though they had been all too full, and the kennel also, during Mr. Wedderburn's father's reign. But the stables were not yet so destitute that they could not accommodate the slim young lieutenant with an ancient hunter, or a useful message pony. Then the excessive earnestness and sedateness of the young man melted under the influence of the open air, the broad sunshine, the seemly association; and in place of being profoundly serious and alarmingly sarcastic, Tommy was eager, warm, glad and gracious for the moment, careering with his mate.

But all that was over and gone. Tommy was panting for the keen, free northern winds in the hot humid air—stagnant over the swampy rice fields, and rank rotting jungle of his station in farther India. And as he was a sterlingly honest and sincere lad, he was probably at least three fourths as isolated and dismal, among his independent, careless comrades, sons of men of rank or of fortune, as he had sometimes hinted he must be, to the commiserating Charlotte.

In spring, at Oatness, the purple and grey banks of cloud were too gloomy, and the biting blast too armed to the teeth with small shingle and flakes of foam to admit of loiterings on the terrace and strolls on the beach. Driving with mamma brought vividly to mind the mocking proverb of lands farther south,—'May, lovely May, give, oh! give me your roses, but leave me my furs.' There were bitter-sweet suggestions darting into and out of the mind like swallows, whether there was ever such cold in Burmah as that which in Affghanistan froze Sir Robert's soldiers in the one terrible night in the Khyber Pass; whether the burning bronze of the sun would not be as endurable to young, loving hearts together, as the chilling 'ondings' of snow, and the blighting 'whudderings' of wind to young alienated hearts, asunder. The only out-of-door excursion which repaid the trouble and remained agreeable, was a good long ride with papa.

Then it happened that in the wild Oatness spring, when it was gradually taming into a fresh and brilliant summer, Captain Ord no longer witched the world with his original horsemanship in solitary state and danger, but rode day after day, at the risk of setting off his companions' perturbed horses, with Mr. Wedderburn of the Park and Mr. Wedderburn's young daughter. And though Charlotte in her tight jacket, Spanish hat and gauntlets, sat well on her bonnie bay, did credit to the old Park coachman, who had been her riding-master, and formed an

entire contrast to Captain Ord, bumping up and down, and sliding backwards and forwards on the back of his great black horse, she had never sat so heavily. Neither the pace, the breeze, the coming summer, which were able to bring a show of colour into her soft, fair face, could lift the cloud from her brow, the weight from her heart, or clear away the deceptive mist which Mrs. Wedderburn, like a potent Italian necromancer, had raised before her eyes. Charlotte's were dewy and dreamy eyes, uncertain yet in their troubled vision, not fixed and steady like Tommy Spens's eyes, which could have seen through fold after fold of such a mist, and by their keen, incisive gift, pierced, rent, and scattered it, and then in their unflinching straightforwardness and rock-crystal clearness, foolishly and harshly refused to credit that there had ever existed any mist at all to obscure and bewilder a dimmer, more immature sight.

Captain Ord rode every day with Mr. Wedderburn like a member of the Park family, and Oatness, after snuffing the air, looking knowing, and crying 'Aha!' at yet another incident in its hero's history, burst into a tremendous clapping of hands and stamping of feet.

Oatness people prophesied Captain Ord's engagement to Miss Wedderburn, not so much as if a halo had fallen from one of their goddesses' heads, and she had stepped down from her pedestal, but as if they were overpowered by the greatness of their god, and struck with their own audacity and stolidity, in having ever conceived themselves on an equality with him, by totally mistaking his place.

Mr. Wedderburn, remiss as he was, had remonstrated against the compromising association, and Mrs. Wedderburn could bring him no farther than the groaning admission,—'Her prospects are not very bright, as you say, Louisa; poor thing! poor dear Charlotte! No, I know nothing worse of Ord than that he is body and soul a man of the people, and I believe there are hundreds such as he from the colonies, turning up every year, and, I suppose, they do make their way, and work themselves into the higher classes, eventually, as you say. But I will have no undue influence used, remember, Louisa.'

'No undue influence shall be used. What do you take me for, Hume?' Mrs. Wedderburn asked, in some irritation. But she had no fear of her husband. She knew though the blood of the Wedderburns flowed blue in his veins for the last five hundred years, though he was too much of a gentleman to say anything worse of a man who shook his aristocratic prejudices to the centre, than 'he is a man of the people,' he had always drifted where stronger people had drawn him all his life. One sometimes heard of clear cut, salient characters, but Mr. Wedderburn's was a faintly defined, wavy-lined nature, the individuality of which melted and blended into whatever harder and closer material was opposed to its filmy composition.

Mrs. John Ord was the next individual who became enlightened, and retired from the spectacle of the equestrian party cantering and trotting in the March sunshine, much moved, into the shade of her cottage, wiping her eyes, and catching and smothering under her maternal apron the astounded and violently contending red head of her Johnny in an action emblematical of his extinction as the heir of Dalgordon. Still, when the effects of the shock wore off, she could trust that their uncle would not quite forget, but would continue to notice Johnnie and Eezie and the wee one. At the worst, he could not take back his gifts, and though he should never bestow on her another silk gown or box of tea—she had enough to serve her for her life.

And would the Park family own her as a connection, and would she not fairly die of the grandeur and the trouble of the owning, though Oatness were to die afterwards of envy?

Then Dr. Spottiswoode took up the strain, and perhaps he uttered the most emphatic comment to his friend the schoolmaster: 'I'll tell you what,' Jamie Proudfoot, I've seen queer things in my day, and so have you, but since the world is no better than this yet, that a bonnie, refined, meek lassie, whose heart is not in her own keeping, but away far beyond the sea, Charlotte Wedderburn of the Park, is to be given to an unlettered, blustering nabob-captain (between ourselves a deal worse than that, an unheroic, unchristian man), because he has brought home bags of money, I'm not able to stand it. Worse things have been done before, hundreds of times, and will be done again, man—do I not read the session-books, though you keep them? But since we two cannot mend the world, it is high time we were coming down from our pulpit and desk, shutting them up and leaving them to the bats, if not to the moles. I christened the bit lassie, and sooner than you be bidden cry her, and me marry her this gate, we'll throw a classic or two into our wallets—Anacreon and Ovid, and a few of the worst of the billies, for what better is the world, in proportion, Jamie, in proportion, I should like to ken?—and retire into a cave in the wilderness rather than abide at our posts with the disgrace of such works as our fruits.'

In the languor and confusion of ideas which were stealing over Charlotte in the sharp, bracing spring time, she did not take Suffie Quhair into consideration, not even when her rides occasionally took her and her companions along the greens, and past the bare little farm-house of Sandycroft, realistic in its unadornment (save in the matter of milkiness) as a dry stone dyke. Charlotte did not speculate whether the party might meet Suffie, or how the meeting would affect Captain Ord. Charlotte hardly remembered to think of the old story, and the poor common elderly woman with whom Captain Ord had broken troth. It was as great an effort for Charlotte to remember and think in those days, as if her brain were softening. She was blinded and carried along by the course of events, never to be roused and released, or roused and released too late.

As for Captain Ord, had such an accident as an encounter with Suffie occurred, he would have recognised and nodded an acknowledgment to his old love with all ease, without a sense of trouble either way.

But when Suffie caught a remote glimpse of the cavalcade, the Laird of the Park, Captain Ord as a brother laird and cavalier, shaking his bridle reins instead of splicing a rope, or winding up a windlass, and his lady love as folk dared whisper of gentle, small, pretty young Miss Wedderburn, Suffie held up her work-worn hand to shade her dazzled eyes, that she might look after them. Then she was startled by a cracked voice and by an oracle in blue calicot and white linen, scooped out in shape like a hollow tree, rising from the side of the road where she had been resting on her way to Sandycroft, and sawing the air with a gaunt arm. 'Booted and spurred, and gallant let him ride, Miss Suffie,' declared the oracle austerely, 'but ere he go aff the face of the earth—you'll see.'

Suffie turned and walked fast out of hearing. Tam Ord might break his troth to her, and come and flash on her sight, with as good as the queen's daughter, but she could not stand to hear him wished an ill wish like a curse, where he rode—no, not though she had taken his arles and entered with him into the world's base service.

SCHOOL AND UNIVERSITY SYSTEM IN SCOTLAND.

THE student of Scottish history cannot fail to be struck with what, for want of a better expression, may be called the waywardness of events in the life of the Scottish nation prior to the Reformation. From the earliest records until the middle of the sixteenth century, the history of Scotland is not much more than a chapter of accidents. There is no order in it. Events seem to follow each other irrespective of any law, and irrespective of calculation. There is no trace of any movement of forces swelling up irresistibly and moulding the character of the people, and their laws and institutions, such as may generally be traced in the history of nations. From the death of Alexander III. (1263), till the reign of James IV., it can hardly be said that there was any government or any order in Scotland. The chronicles of these two centuries and a half are dumb so far as the life of the people is concerned. The war of independence, no doubt, occurred during that period, but the result of that war, which was but the last stand of the Saxons against the Normans, was only to increase the confusion. The material prosperity of the country, which during the reign of the Alexanders was certainly not behind that of England at the same date, was crushed out during the period of turbulent disorder which succeeded the death of Bruce. The power of the nobles brought with it uncontrolled license, but did not secure liberty. The crown was powerless to restrain the nobility, and cared little or nothing for the good of the country; and the people were steeped in poverty, in ignorance, and misery. Individual events, such as Bannockburn, and Otterburn, and Flodden, stand out surrounded by a lurid picturesqueness of their own; and individual men have left their names for good or evil on the records of the country. But the events arose at haphazard by themselves, and not as links in the chain of circumstances leading up to some national development; and the men, whose deeds have left their stamp on the imagination of the people, gained what glory they may have gained, not by any national or patriotic actions for the good of the country and its people, but by rebelling and fighting and committing murder for the interests of themselves and their families.

It was not until the early days of the Reformation that indications were manifested of the growth of a class in the state. Till then everything that was done was for the good of individuals; but at the beginning of the sixteenth century the middle class began to be a power. At that time the turbulence of the nobles had weakened the Crown; the intrigues of the Church had weakened the nobility; and the corrupt lives of the clergy had weakened the Church. Thus the way was paved for the influence of the commons; and from this time the history of Scotland is the history of the Scottish people—a people interesting from many circumstances, but chiefly perhaps from the marked character of the classes which compose it. For in Scotland, while the landed aristocracy and the wealthier professional classes still keep aloof from the people, and have in a great measure adopted English tastes and habits, and Episcopal forms of worship, and English ideas on education, the middle and lower classes have remained staunch to Scottish traditions and influences. These two classes have become in a manner blended together into one class without any very distinct line of demar-

cation between them. They attend the Presbyterian churches, send their children to the parochial or other schools, and to the universities, where they sit together on the same benches; they associate together afterwards, and live their own lives, influenced to an almost inappreciable extent by the vexatious restrictions and annoyances of caste which are so noticeable in the middle classes south of the Tweed. These characteristics are due partly, no doubt, to the comparative poverty of the country, but mainly to the levelling influence of the Presbyterian Church and to the diffusion of a certain stamp of education among all classes of the people through the agency of the school and university system. This system originated in the mind of John Knox. It was a part of his ideal constitution; 'a constitution,' as has been well said, 'in which the clergy as ministers of God should rule all things—rule politically at the council board, and rule in private at the fireside.'[1]

It is with a view to bring out the more prominent features of this system that the following pages are written; to show wherein it is effective and wherein deficient, and to consider shortly whether any alterations might be suggested by which it might be brought more closely into harmony with the ideas of the present day. To do this it will be necessary to trace briefly the historical growth of the different institutions, and thus to see in what manner the intellectual life of the nation has been influenced by it. For while, on the one hand, the relation of the schools to the universities, and the stamp of education impressed upon the people by means of it, cannot be said to be productive of what in England would be considered a first or even a second order of culture, it must be conceded on the other hand that the wide-spread intelligence and hard-headed practical success of the Scottish people is to be attributed in a great measure to this system.

The history of education in Scotland divides itself into three periods coincident with three epochs in the church history of the country. The first is from the reign of David I. to the Reformation; the second from the Reformation to the Disruption of the Kirk in 1843; and the third from that date to the present time. The first period may be shortly dismissed. As early as the year 1124 there is mention of a school at Abernethy, a village on the borders of Perth and Fifeshire; and, according to Chalmers in his *Caledonia*, schools existed in many of the principal towns during the reign of David I. In the middle of the twelfth century it is certain that schools were established in both Perth and Stirling; in the thirteenth notices occur of grammar schools in nearly all the chief towns then existing; and in 1494, during the reign of James IV., a statute was passed, wherein it was ordained that barons and freeholders who were of substance should put their eldest sons or heirs to the 'schules frae they be six or nine years of age, and to remain at the grammar schules quill they be competentlie founded and have perfite Latine.'

All these schools were under the direction of the Church, and were closely connected with the cathedrals, monasteries, and other religious establishments of the country. The teachers were ecclesiastics, and from a very early period the monks, who were ambitious to engross the education of youth, obtained grants of all the principal seminaries. Even as late as 1519 the Rector of the High School of Edinburgh was obliged to attend at the

[1] *Short Studies on Great Subjects*, vol. i. p. 158.

Abbey in his surplice, to assist at 'hie solempe festual times,' to be present at 'hie mess and even-song,' and to make himself otherwise useful in the chapel. The scholars, in like manner, who attended these schools were either destined for the Church, or were the sons of the nobility or others whose influence at court enabled them to gain admittance. The chief subjects of instruction were selected with a view to meet the requirements of the scholars. Latin was principally taught as the language necessary for ecclesiastics. Greek was unknown to the priests, and the Church, in Scotland at least, did not encourage the study of that language. English was not taught in the grammar schools. In some of them, in Aberdeen for instance, 'English speaking' was an offence especially mentioned in the school 'directories,' and severely punishable. Hebrew, French, Latin, Greek, and even Gaelic, were allowed to be spoken by the regulations of the Aberdeen school in the sixteenth century, but the use of the vernacular was strictly prohibited. In this period then the educational appliances, such as they were, existed exclusively for the benefit of the clergy and nobility. The universities had not yet been permanently established, or, at least, they were doing nothing towards the education of the country, and the schools existed only in the towns. Education had not penetrated to the middle or lower strata of society, and no schools existed in the country districts. As it was in the latter days before the French Revolution, so it was in Scotland before the Reformation: 'les nobles et les religieux avaient tout, le peuple n'avaient rien.'

It was left to John Knox to inaugurate the second era in the history of Scottish education. Through his influence Scotland participated in the movement of intellectual forces which arose in Europe in the middle of the sixteenth century, and to this movement may be traced the educational machinery of the country, in its full development, and even in its idiosyncrasies.

In 1411, nearly a century before these events, the University of St. Andrew's was founded on the model of those at Paris and Bologna, but it was not until the erection of the colleges of St. Leonards and St. Mary in 1512 and 1552 respectively, that this university rose to any importance. These colleges, like those of Glasgow and Aberdeen, founded about the same time, were raised by the exertions of the bishops and archbishops. They were erected in the chief cities of their several sees; they were placed under the superintendence of the monks; the declared object of their existence was the defence and increase of the Catholic faith, and, like the grammar schools, they were mainly attended by ecclesiastics and the sons of the nobility.[1] The University of Edinburgh, on the other hand, is of later date, and owes its erection, not to the bishops or clergy, but to the rising influence of the middle classes, and to the fall of both Catholicism and Episcopacy, and the ascendancy of Presbyterianism. As soon as the Reformation was established the magistrates of the city took the matter in hand, and in concert with the Presbyterian ministers attempted to establish a university. These attempts however were thwarted by the bishops, who were jealous of the prosperity of the older seminaries. The project was abandoned for the time, but in 1579 it was revived, and in that

[1] 'So many sons of the nobility and gentry came to study at St. Leonards, that the name of the College of Poor Clerks, which the founder had originally given it, conveyed a very erroneous idea of those who resided within its walls.'—M'Crie's *Life of Melville*, p. 351.

year the magistrates commenced building apartments for the accommodation of professors and students, and in 1583 the classes were opened under the patronage of the Town Council. So much for the foundation of the universities.

The idea of a school system preparatory to these Reformed universities was conceived by Knox. The *First Book of Discipline* in Scottish ecclesiastical history was drawn up by him and four other ministers in 1560. In this document the subject of the education of the people holds, next to religion, the most prominent place. 'The compilers of it,' says M'Crie, in his *Life of Knox*, 'required that a school should be erected in every parish for the instruction of youth in the principles of religion, grammar, and the Latin tongue. They proposed that a college should be erected in every notable town, in which logic and rhetoric should be taught along with the learned languages. They seemed to have had it in their eye to revive the system adopted by some of the ancient republics, in which the youth were considered as the property of the public rather than of their parents, by obliging the nobility and gentry to educate their children, and by providing at the public expense for the education of the children of the poor who discovered talents for learning. Their regulations for the three national universities discover an enlightened regard to the interests of literature, and may suggest hints which deserve attention in the present day.'

The school and university system of Scotland dates from the provisions in the *First Book of Discipline*. The theory of this system as originally conceived was to supply every member of the community with the means of obtaining for his children not only the elements of education, but such instruction as would fit them to pass from a national school to a national university, and qualify them for any position in society. This theory, as we shall see, has never been lost sight of in Scotland since it was formed. It is the hinge upon which the whole educational machinery turns, and on the manner of its development depends the success or failure of Scottish education.

The means by which this theory was carried out were not brought fully into operation for nearly a century. The power of the nobles was still sufficiently strong to resist any claim for restitution of the church property which had been seized by them, and it was not until the beginning of the seventeenth century that any special ordinance was passed regarding the establishment and maintenance of schools. Till 1616 the instruction of youth was left to the 'reader or minister' in the country parishes, but in that year the Privy Council directed that 'in every parish of this kingdom where convenient means may be had for entertaining a school, a school shall be established, and a fit person appointed to teach the same, upon the expense of the parochinaris, according to the quality and quantity of the parish.' This Act of Council was ratified by Parliament in 1633, and this is the first legislative enactment regulating the establishment of parish schools. These acts however were passed during the ascendancy of episcopacy in Scotland, and it was not until the great civil war that the foundation of the present parochial system of schools was laid. In the year 1646 an act was passed which though repealed at the Restoration was re-enacted in the statute of 1696, entitled 'An Act for Settling Schools.' By this Act it is ordained that 'there shall be a school settled and established, and a schoolmaster appointed in every parish, not already provided, by the advice of the heritors and minister of the parish.' Under this Act the heri-

tors are bound to provide a commodious school house, and a salary not above 200 (11*l.* 2*s.* 2$\frac{3}{4}$*d.*) nor under 100 marks (5*l.* 11*s.* 1$\frac{1}{3}$*d.*). Each heritor is to be assessed in proportion to his rent, and is allowed relief from his tenants to the extent of one half. This Act is the true foundation of the Scottish parochial system of schools, and it is by means of this system that the theory of the Reformers has been carried out in the country districts of Scotland. Certain enactments subsequent to 1696 have provided increased salaries and accommodation, and have enjoined the erection of additional schools in widely extended parishes. But since 1696 Scotland has enjoyed a system of country schools, national in character and intended to meet the requirements of the country districts. How far this national system has answered these requirements, and what modification it has undergone of late years, we shall see subsequently.

For the towns there has been no special enactment. But practically from a very early period every town or burgh in Scotland has been provided with at least one public school open to the community. The majority of these schools are now called 'burgh schools,' and are subject to the regulation and control of the authorities of the burgh as such. Many of them trace their origin back to the old ecclesiastical schools which existed prior to the Reformation, and which in the course of time passed from the control of the church into the hands of the municipal authorities. Some were originally parish schools and still are supported partly by the heritors, partly by the burgh; these are known by the name of burgh and parochial schools. Some again are of recent date, and have sprung up to supply the deficiencies existing in the old burgh schools. They are known by the name of academies or institutions. For the most part they are the result of voluntary effort and are partly proprietary, partly public. In some cases they are founded and exist in opposition to the burgh school; in others they have partially amalgamated with it, the magistrates and town council being subscribers in their corporate capacity, and retaining the whole or a portion of the patronage and direction; in other cases they have absorbed the burgh school in themselves. The management of these schools is in the hands of a body of directors selected from the subscribers. In the smaller towns these burgh schools supply the same kind of education that is provided in the parochial schools, and are attended for the most part by very much the same class of scholars. In the larger towns, such as Edinburgh and Glasgow, the burgh schools have risen above the condition of elementary schools, and are attended by a rather higher class of scholars than that which attends the parochial schools. Provision however was made for such children by the establishment of Sessional schools. These schools were so called from the fact that they were established and maintained by the kirk sessions of the town districts in which they were situated, and were under their management and supervision subject to the control of the General Assembly of the Kirk.

Such, then, was the nature of the school system of Scotland, from the Reformation until 1843. It was an organised national system, taking its origin from the *First Book of Discipline*, and established partly by law, partly by tradition. It consisted of parochial schools in the country districts, burgh schools in the smaller towns, high (burgh) schools for the wealthier, and sessional schools for the humbler classes in the large towns. All these schools supplied much the

same type of education, and they had two features in common, namely: (1) that they were all under the supervision of the Kirk, and (2) that they all prepared scholars for the universities.

(1.) The supervision of the Kirk over these different classes of schools had a twofold origin. It was derived, in the first place, as a natural inheritance by the Church of the Reformation which succeeded to all the claims of its predecessor over education; and, in the second place, it was guaranteed by successive Acts of Parliament from 1567 to 1706, into the enactments of which it is unnecessary to enter. This supervision, as originally designed, was carried out, not by fitful visitations, but on an organised system, which in some of its features might still serve as a model in the adjustment of an educational scheme. It contained three elements. A central supervision over all the schools, in the country and in the towns; a board of examiners, who were responsible for the efficiency of the school and its surroundings; and a local board which regulated the rate of fees, the hours of attendance, and other matters of internal economy, and in whose hands the appointment of the teacher lay. The central authority was the General Assembly of the Kirk, and to this body detailed reports of the character of the schools in every parish in Scotland, with the numbers in attendance and the quality of instruction, were returned annually by the board of examiners. These examiners consisted of the minister of the parish and his brethren in the presbytery; and their duties were to examine and report upon every school in their presbytery at least once a year, and to examine candidates for the masterships of the various schools. The local board, in whose hands was the appointment of the teachers, consisted of, in the country districts, the heritors of a certain valued rent, and the minister in each parish; in the burghs, of the town councils. In this threefold agency the management, supervision, and examination of all the schools in Scotland were vested until the year 1843, when the disruption of the Kirk took place. At this time nearly two fifths of the ministers left their churches and manses, and formed themselves into the religious community known by the name of the Free Church. By this disruption the school organisation was broken up. As the Free Church ministers gave up their churches, so the parochial, burgh, and sessional schoolmasters who joined the Free Church were compelled to resign their schools. In order to provide for them, an 'education scheme' was set on foot, by means of which Free Church schools were established in most of the parishes, towns, and villages adjoining the Free Churches erected in these localities, and were placed under the local supervision of the Free Church presbyteries, and the central control of the Free Church General Assembly, after the model of the schools of the old Church; and Free Church colleges for the training of ministers were founded in Edinburgh, Glasgow, and Aberdeen.

This may be considered as the commencement of denominationalism in Scotland, and with it we enter upon the third era in the history of Scottish education. Before this time there was a certain number of Episcopalian and a certain number of Roman Catholic schools, but those schools did not, and do not even now, exercise much influence upon the education of the country.

Denominationalism, then, has existed in Scotland for twenty-four years; and although the actual number of children educated by means of denominational schools is small when compared with the

number educated by means of the old national and the miscellaneous schools, the system has indirectly done a great deal of good. In the returns presented by the Royal Commission in 1866, it appears that there are, in round numbers, some 600 Free Church schools, educating about 48,000 children; 130 Roman Catholic and Episcopalian schools, educating about 12,000, and 45 United and other Presbyterian schools, educating about 3,000 children. Making an allowance of 7,000 children educated by denominational schools from which there are no returns, we may credit these schools with the education of 70,000 scholars annually. But, according to the calculations of the Commissioners, there are 418,367 children on the roll of some school in Scotland. It is not, therefore, by the direct work done that this new system has benefited the country. It is by calling attention to the deficiencies of the old system, and by preparing the minds of the people for a return to the national system on a wider basis, and freed from exclusively ecclesiastical superintendence, that the lapse into denominationalism has done good. Till 1843, as has been shown, the Church was supreme over education; but since the disruption, the ruling power of the clergy has been unconsciously but rapidly slipping away. The organisation which had existed since the Reformation being broken up, the inadequacy of the system to meet the wants of the people became apparent. It was found that the new schools were all required; and even with them and a host of private adventure and miscellaneous schools, which had sprung up as supplementary to the parochial and burgh schools, there was still a great want of suitable school accommodation, and a considerable proportion of children of school age who were not on the roll of any school, and who, in all probability, were growing up in ignorance.[1]

The schools, moreover, were found to be under no efficient system of examination. The old organisation was becoming obsolete. The annual visitations of the presbyteries were proved to be of little value as tests of the working of the schools. The examining bodies were too much influenced by local considerations to be impartial, and they were powerless to punish or reward the teachers' according to their merits. The teachers held their offices for life, and their salaries were paid to them in accordance with statutory enactments whether they produced good results or bad results; the praise or blame therefore of the clergy was a matter of indifference to them. And hence it came to pass that these annual examinations by the ministers and presbyteries lost much of their character of inspections, and became complimentary visits, salutary as visits and as venerable institutions in accordance with which the ministers, heritors, and parents of the children met together, all interested in a common object, but as tests of efficiency or inefficiency of little or no value.[2] In like manner the examination of candidates for the masterships of the parochial schools was found to

[1] According to the calculations of the Commissioners (2nd General Report, p. 174), there are 92,000 children in Scotland attending no school *of any kind*; and it appears from the Sub-Commissioners' Reports, that in 133 selected parishes there are 60,124 children of school age, and accommodation in the parochial schools of these parishes for only 14,657 scholars. In other words, if these 133 parishes be taken as adequate specimens, the parochial schools in Scotland provide accommodation for only 25 per cent. of the children between the ages of three and fifteen.—*Report of Assistant-Commissioners on Country Districts*, p. 38.

[2] Cf. *Report of Assistant-Commissioners on the Country Districts*, pp. 42–52. Also, *Report upon the Hebrides*, passim.

be far from thorough or efficient; and there are, even to this day, 'many parishes saddled with teachers who slipped through the presbyterial examination, and in these parishes the education of whole generations of children is much below what it would have been had the examination been more stringent.'[1] From a suspicion of these shortcomings, and from other and perhaps less worthy motives, a feeling of hostility to the interference of the clergy began to be evinced by the managing bodies of many of the burgh schools shortly after the disruption. These schools, as has been said, were under the control of the town councils of the different burghs, and a large proportion of these corporations commanded a majority of Free Churchmen in their bodies. In those burghs in which this was the case, the managers resented the interference of the Established Church ministers and within a very few years of the disruption two important cases were brought before the law courts to determine whether or not the schools were subject to the jurisdiction of the presbyteries. One of these cases was litigated for ten years and at a cost of some 3,000*l.*, and was ultimately decided in favour of the Church. The result of this litigation was that an Act of Parliament was passed in 1861, whereby it was enacted, among other important provisions, that the parochial school-masterships might be held by others than Established Churchmen: that candidates for the office should be examined by a body of examiners appointed by the universities and not by the presbyteries: and that the burgh schools should be relieved from the superintendence of the clergy. This Act is still in force, and under its provisions the schools have reached their present condition.

By the disruption, therefore, and by this Act of Parliament which followed upon it, a great change has been produced upon the school system. The supervision of the Kirk no longer exists, and there is now no general supervision of any kind. The first feature, therefore, which up to 1843 was common to all the schools in both town and country has been destroyed.

(2.) But while the power of the Church has been curtailed, the other feature to which allusion has been made—the relation, namely, between the schools and the universities—has remained as close as it was intended to be by the framers of the *Book of Discipline*, and in some respects perhaps closer. Because, while they desired to see all the *national schools* qualified to prepare scholars of all classes in the community for the universities, every school in the country now aspires to the same ambition; and there are few even of the humblest seminaries in the most remote districts which cannot boast of at least one or two students who passed from them directly to the universities. It is important to understand the value of this relationship, because it is probably unique in its own way, and without some idea of the nature of the universities it is impossible to appreciate the educational system in Scotland. These universities, or at least the arts faculties in them, perform the work both of universities and advanced schools. Schools have been divided into three grades, in accordance with the period of age during which scholars attend them. Those of the first grade contain scholars who remain to the age of eighteen and nineteen; those of the second to the age of sixteen; and those of the third to that of fourteen or thereby. In Scotland the first class of schools does not

[1] *Report on Country Districts*, p. 43.

exist. In some remote parochial or Free Church school, a scholar of that age may now and then be found, but he is probably one who, finding himself unfitted for the daily work of a labourer, is desirous of proceeding to one of the universities with a view to becoming a schoolmaster or a minister. The schools, without exception, belong to the second and third grades; and the work of the first-grade schools is performed by the universities. This, then, is the first characteristic which distinguishes the four Scottish universities from their namesakes south of the Tweed. They perform the work of first-grade schools.

But there are other characteristics equally distinctive. There is nothing ecclesiastical about them, and nothing exclusive or restrictive. Instead of being made up of several colleges forming one university, the Scottish universities consist of several distinct faculties independent of each other, in which there are professors appointed to teach the different subjects which constitute the faculty. Thus there is a faculty of theology, another of medicine, another of law, and another of arts. These are quite distinct from each other, and manage their own internal arrangements, subject to the revision of the Senatus Academicus and the University Court. In like manner, each professor in each faculty manages his own class or classes, independently of the other members of his faculty, but subject to certain general rules applicable to the faculty to which he belongs. He divides his students into two or three classes, and delivers his lectures in his class-room each day; and then the relation between professor and student ceases, and they have nothing more to do with each other until they meet again at the next lecture hour. The university terms last during the winter months from November till the middle or end of April, when very little out-door work can be done, and the fees vary from 2*l.* 2*s.* to 4*l.* 4*s.*, according to the classes attended. The student may come at any age. He does not live in college or hall subject to university supervision, as in Oxford and Cambridge. He has his own lodgings in the town, is his own master in all matters, and the university takes no cognisance of his existence beyond its walls. There is no matriculation examination, and no necessity to follow any particular course of study. A fixed attendance at the lectures of some of the professors, and a certificate from them to the effect that the student has attended their classes, is necessary for graduation; but beyond this there is absolute freedom of choice to the students to come at any age, to stay any length of time, to work or not to work, to belong to any religious denomination or to no denomination. In short there is no interference of any kind with the students' lives. They pay their annual fees, and conduct themselves with propriety within the university precincts, and beyond that they are perfectly independent of the university.

From these circumstances, it is obvious that the advantages of a university career are thrown open to a class of students who are practically excluded from the English universities by the expense of living in colleges, by restrictions of age, by matriculation examinations on set subjects necessitating an education at a particular class of schools, by religious considerations, and by the length of the university terms. It is not surprising, therefore, to find that while English universities are in a great measure confined to one class of society, students of every grade in social life, and from every kind of school, frequent the Scottish universities. Out of 882 students who last year (1867) at-

tended the Latin, Greek, and mathematical classes in the universities of Edinburgh, Glasgow, and St. Andrews, and the junior Latin and Greek classes in the university of Aberdeen, no less than 29 were sons of common labourers, farm servants and miners; 16 per cent. of the whole number belonged to that class of men who live by skilled labour and artisan work, blacksmiths, shoemakers, weavers, masons, carpenters, and the like; 125 were the sons of farmers; 111 were the sons of ministers, 94 of merchants, and 39 of schoolmasters. In like manner it appears that while the academies and high schools in the larger towns send rather more than a quarter of the students to the universities, the parochial and other schools on their model contribute a very large proportion. The rolls of the Latin classes in the Edinburgh University showed that 20 per cent. of the students came directly from parish, Free Church, or General Assembly schools in the session 1863–64; 21 per cent. in the session 1864–65; and 29 per cent. in the session 1865–66; of whom 29 per cent. attended the junior and 18 per cent. the senior classes. From one rural parish in Aberdeenshire, the population of which is about 2,000, the teacher of the parochial school has in seven years sent up thirteen students to college, of whom nine went direct and four after one quarter at a grammar school. Seven of these gained bursaries to the amount of 40*l*. In the bursary competition at the Aberdeen University in 1865, 12 per cent. of the candidates mentioned in the order of merit came direct from, and 43 per cent. had been originally educated at, parochial schools; and in the session 1866–67, out of 764 students at the universities of Edinburgh, Glasgow, and St. Andrews, 203, or nearly 27 per cent., came direct from parochial, Free Church, sessional and other schools upon the old model.

These four universities therefore are, in the widest sense of the word, national, and the old theory of Scottish education is carried out by means of them. Their doors are open to the wealthiest of the community and the poorest, even to the beggars.[1] Go into any Scottish family in the country, a shepherd's, or a gardener's, or a village shoemaker's, and the chances are that some member of the family has had a university education. In Aberdeenshire, it is stated that the greater number of small tenant farmers are Masters of Arts, and not a few of their labourers may have been in the same class-room at college with them. Anecdotes without number might be related about the class of young men who attend these Scottish universities, the hardships which they undergo in the prosecution of their studies, and the sacrifices made by their parents in the hopes that, like the father and mother of Dominie Sampson, they may live to see their son 'wag his head in the pulpit.' The session at the Scottish universities lasts only during the winter months, twenty-four weeks in all, when the poorer class of students can do but little work at home, and those who are desirous of graduating generally manage to earn during summer sufficient money to keep them at college in winter. Many of them teach in country schools during the vacation. A shepherd's son called on the Assistant-Commissioners in the recent inquiry, and told them of his

[1] 'It was related to us as an authentic fact, that the son of a well known Dumfries beggar attended the late Professor Pillan's classes, and was a diligent student. He died before his third session.'—*Report of Assistant-Commissioners upon the Burgh and Middle Class Schools in Scotland*, p. 156.

circumstances. His father had 20*l.* a year of wages, in the West Highlands, besides his house, cow's grass, and croft. He had sent his son to the parochial school in his native parish, where he had done well, and from thence by dint of great sacrifices to the high school at Inverness, from whence he had gone to the Edinburgh University. He spent the winter session at college, lodging in a garret with another student at 3*s.* 6*d.* per week. His whole expenses for the winter, including his college fees, amounted to 22*l.*, and he earned the greater part of this by teaching a school in a remote part of the Highlands. But there are not schools for all to teach, and some are compelled to have recourse to less intellectual if not less honourable callings during the summer months. Some of the less wealthy students are not unwilling to act as golf club carriers or professional golfers on the links at St. Andrews, and it is related that a learned professor in one of the universities recognised with interest a distinguished student discharging the duties of 'gillie' on a Perthshire moor, and earning from the professor his fees for the next session's Greek classes. These anecdotes might be multiplied almost indefinitely, but they all tend to prove the same thing, and that is the nationality of the universities, and the wide extension throughout the community of such instruction as they give. To these circumstances Scotland owes the fact that the proportion of matriculated students in the four universities to the population, is very much higher than it is in any other country in Europe, or indeed in the world. In Scotland there is one matriculated student to every 1,000 of the population, but in the whole of Germany (exclusive of the non-German States of Austria) there is one matriculated student to every 2,600 of the population; whilst in England the proportion is about one matriculated student for every 5,800 of the population.[1]

It is objected to this system that while individuals may be benefited by it, the country suffers; that those who are instructed in the higher branches are raised above their natural sphere; that the picked men of the lower classes acquire tastes and habits which unfit them for the society and occupations of their fellows; that they rise to higher social positions and leave the bulk behind them; and that thus the lower classes are deprived of their picked men and their choicest leaven.[2] There might be something in this objection if it were quite accurate. If a high education given to a few men had the effect of keeping down the masses, and the interests of the many were sacrificed to the few, then the Scottish university system might be pronounced to be a failure. But the very opposite is the case throughout the country. The mass of the humbler classes is not kept down by the success of the ablest men in them; on the contrary, the mass is raised until, as has been said, there is comparatively little distinction between the middle and lower classes. And at the same time a respect for learning is fostered in the country, and a type of character is moulded, which in Scotland extends itself through both the Highland and Lowland race of Scotchmen. Indeed the one bond of union in the intellectual conditions of these two races, so distinct in other characteristics, is the fondness for learning and the appreciation of a kind of scholarlike attainment among their fellows. And this characteristic is found both

[1] *Third Report of Commissioners*, p. v.

[2] *De l'Enseignement secondaire en Angleterre et en Écosse.* Rapport par MM. Demogeot et Montucci, pp. 407, 590. Paris, 1868.

in the south and in the north of Scotland;—among the Lowland shepherds' isolated families, and by the Highland crofter's peat fireside.[1] And it can hardly be otherwise. Students who are the sons of shepherds and farm labourers attend the universities, graduate in the regular course, and then go back to their native parishes as teachers, or it may be ministers, and some of them rise to the highest positions both in the church and the teaching profession. These men return to their families, and bring with them to their humble households something of the educated tone of mind which they have acquired at college, and this unconsciously works its way through the family to the village circle of acquaintances, and so gradually spreads in a manner through the country.

It is from this diffusion of intelligence in all ranks of society that the people of Scotland are led to take such a genuine interest in the education of their children. They see how successful some men of their own rank have been in life, and they are desirous that their children should be equally successful in their lives. They desire that their families should rise in the world. 'I like school just middling,' said a little boy of twelve to one of the Assistant-Commissioners, 'but father says I'll never be a man unless I get a good education, and he keeps me at it.' The same Assistant-Commissioner met two little children, a boy and girl, ages nine and eleven, in the middle of a wild moor in the Highlands. They were five or six miles from their father's house, who was a shepherd, and had an outlying herding some seven miles from any road, and eight or nine from any habitation. He asked them where they were going. They said it was Saturday, and they were going home from school, five miles off, and had to be back again early on Monday morning. He went a little way with them and met their father and mother coming to meet the children. The shepherd told him that they went every Monday to board with another shepherd for the week, and that he and the other herd kept a lad between them to educate their children. This lad cost him 3*l.* 10*s.* per annum—his own wages being about 20*l.*—and he had to pay the weekly board for his children besides.

He did not know what that would be, but the other shepherd was a reasonable man, and he would not charge more than he could help. And you see, sir, we must give them what we can when they are young, as they must do for themselves very early. The lad does not take them far on; just reading, writing, and a little counting. If they get that well, and may be a little bit sewing for the lassie, that's all the schooling I care for; *but they must get that, or they will never be anything but herds all their lives.*[2]

When men living in outlying districts are willing to contend with such disadvantages as these for the sake of their children, those more fortunately situated in towns and

[1] In illustration of this fondness for learning, I may mention a curious instance which has lately come under my notice. There is living in a little Highland village a middle-aged man who had been a ploughman in his youth, but became paralysed when he was eighteen years old. Since then he has been living as a pauper in a hovel with his mother, who is also on the poor's roll, and has spent the long years during which he has been unable to work in trying to make himself a scholar. When I saw him, about eighteen months ago, he had been laboriously working his way through Herodotus with a dictionary and grammar which he had borrowed from the minister. He had nearly finished the second book, and was deeply interested in the history of the Egyptians, and in comparing the account of Egypt and of its inhabitants as given by Herodotus with that given by Moses in the Pentateuch. Fancy a Dorsetshire ploughman reading the second book of Herodotus!

[2] *Report of Assistant-Commissioners on the Country Districts*, p. 11.

villages in the neighbourhood of a school, are not likely to be remiss. Not only do they send their children to school, but they often select the classes which they wish them to attend, and insist upon their doing well in them. In many families the children are made to keep an account of their daily places in school, which is inspected each week, and the first questions addressed to scholars, whether boys or girls, on their return from school, generally refer to their places in the class, the number of scholars in it, the chances of their being 'duxes' at the examination, the prizes which they are likely to get, the places held by the children of their neighbours, and of late years, the passes and failures under the revised code. And this interest in the school work of their children pervades all classes of society in Scotland. What holds of the remotest parish school, holds equally of such a school as the Edinburgh Academy; and the shepherd who sends his children to the one school, is just as eager for their success in it, as the wealthy professional man is for the success of his children in the other. No point in all the mass of evidence collected of late on the question of education, is more conclusively proved, or more interesting to see established, than the fact that the success of the Scottish schools, both in primary and in more advanced instruction, is due to the respect for learning which is felt by all classes in Scotland, and the keen interest which the parents, both fathers and mothers, take in the school training of their children. That this interest is always of the most intelligent or judicious kind, it is not asserted. On the contrary, it appears that when heads of families undertake the exclusive management of the schools, and occupy themselves in constant interference with the teacher and his programme of instruction, the results are often disastrous to the school. Perhaps the most instructive part of the sub-commissioners' report is that in which they deal with schools so managed. They find that 48 per cent. of them are indifferent or bad, and they attribute this result mainly to the influence of local factions and the jealousy of village politics, and in their views they are strongly corroborated by the results of Mr. Fraser's experience in America. But when the interest taken by the parents in the progress of their children is confined within proper limits, the effect is stimulating to the children and the school, and to the cause of education throughout the country.

So far, therefore, as the universities are national, and through their nationality arouse an interest in education and diffuse intelligence among the people, their influence is beneficial; but a free-trade system of education, such as exists in Scotland has its dark, as well as its bright sides. And it is desirable that both sides should be recognised, because there is some danger that an exaggerated estimate of the excellence of Scottish educational institutions may get abroad, owing to the over-friendly criticisms of foreign inquirers. It would be an unfortunate thing for Scotland if her people were to sit with clasped hands and say, 'Here are strangers who have come amongst us, and they have told us, and they have told the world, that our education is perfection, and it is not for us to improve perfection.' The inhabitants of Scotland are shrewd and critical, but it is not difficult to imagine that the national vanity may be puffed up by all the kind things that have been said, and the eulogiums that have been expended on the northern schools. Many of them, no doubt, are doing good service to the country, while probably an equal, perhaps a greater, number

in England are doing nothing. But it is a little hazardous to form an estimate of the education of some five thousand schools, based upon the quality of the teaching in less than a dozen of the very best. And there is some reason to fear that the cloud of glory which has been thrown around these dozen good schools, may hide the spots in the other four or five thousand, and that the weak points in the Scottish system come to be overlooked, while the strong are brought out in bold relief.

And what are the weak points in the system? Two stand out prominently, but under them a great deal that is radical is implied. These two points are, want of organisation, and want of what in England would be considered a high standard of education in the advanced schools and universities, and a want of thoroughness of teaching in the elementary subjects. The first of these defects pervades the whole system. It is not only in the matter of establishing suitable school buildings, but it is in the internal economy and arrangements of all the schools that the system is defective. Acting on the theory that an advanced as well as an elementary education should be within the reach of the whole community, every school in Scotland considers itself qualified to teach at least the elements of the work done in the universities, and every member of the community considers himself qualified to judge of the nature of the school instruction provided. Hence we have each educational institution in the country acting on an independent line of its own, and each teacher in each institution teaching for his own interest, independently of the good of the school. Both of these characteristics may be good in their way, but independence run riot may become license, and too much individuality may result in waste of power, and the Scottish system is liable to both charges. 'Il n'y a pas en Écosse une ligne de démarcation bien tranchée entre l'instruction primaire et l'enseignement secondaire.' So says the report of MM. Demogeot et Montucci; but that is a very gentle way of stating the case against the Scottish schools. The English Commissioners put it more forcibly in their report,[1] but even they might have pronounced a more sweeping condemnation. There is no distinction between the different classes of schools, and no division between the higher and the lower. Infant schools run into elementary, elementary or primary into secondary, and secondary into the universities. Parochial and those like the Free Church and General Assembly schools, and others on the same model, combine in themselves the functions of infant, primary, and secondary schools. The burgh and middle-class schools, in like manner, which might be expected to be secondary, combine in themselves the threefold functions of the parochial. You will often see in the same class rooms, and taught by the same master, boys and girls of fifteen and sixteen years of age reading, it may be, Homer and Virgil, and Molière, and alongside of them infants of six years of age,

[1] On a review of the Scotch system, it is evident that there is little that can be called organisation. The universities do not act in concert with the burgh schools, nor the burgh schools with the parochial. It can hardly be said that the masters in either school act in concert with each other. Boys of the same age are taught the same lessons without any regard to the difference in their abilities. The selection of the studies is left to the parents, and there is no means of grouping these studies so as to tell best on each other. The schools are not put under any efficient supervision, nor are the boys examined in such a way as to test the results of the teaching.—*Second Report of Schools' Enquiry Commission*, p. 61.

learning their letters and the multiplication table, and young men of eighteen and twenty, who according to age ought to be at the university. In the universities, again, there are students far advanced in Greek and Latin and mathematics in the same class with those who hardly know the Greek alphabet, and have not learned the elements of algebra, and men of thirty and even forty years of age alongside of lads of fifteen and fourteen, and even of thirteen years of age. While again, in other countries, different subjects are taught by different masters, whose special qualifications for their own subjects have been tested and recognised, in Scotland, in all but the largest and most important schools, it is common to find the same teacher professing to teach all the branches of a liberal education. I have seen English, Latin, Greek, French, German, mathematics, arithmetic, drawing, and singing, all taught by one overworked man at a miserable salary. And this man, perhaps, in the intervals of his professional pursuits, ekes out his income by discharging the duties of parish registrar, poor inspector, sessions clerk, heritors' clerk, and collector of rates, and is expected to give popular lectures on scientific subjects, and perhaps occasionally to relieve the parish minister of his weekly sermon. The larger schools, in like manner, are arranged on no definite principle. There may or may not be a head-master. If there be, he is called 'rector,' but his authority is only nominal. He may be the medium of communication between the school, the managing body, and the public, but he has no control over the other masters or the internal management of the school. Each teacher is independent of all authority—'a pope in his own class room'—and is responsible to no head-master, or indeed to no one directly, and to the public only indirectly. He lives by his own fees, which are paid to him, and not into any common fund; and so long as his department is well filled, it is a matter of little moment to him how the rest of the school goes on: he has no interest out of his own department.

The independent system has found favour in the eyes of some who have seen a little of it, and it is argued that men exert themselves more, and teach more zealously, when their living depends upon their popularity. But zeal produced by a desire for popularity is not unlikely to degenerate into time-serving. Teachers see that their success depends upon the goodwill of their scholars and still more of their parents, and to secure this goodwill some among them will not hesitate to stoop to methods which are hardly compatible with efficient teaching; and there are very few who do not prefer to give a superficial and popular course of instruction to a class of one hundred scholars than to give a sound education to a class of thirty. And as a necessary corollary to this system of independent departments, there must be no fixed curriculum of study. Each school of this nature consists of a collection of classes under different teachers, each with his own class room and his own subject, and his own rate of fees. Scholars may attend any one or any number of these classes. They may attend French and writing, or Greek and mathematics, or English and German, or they may attend all these subjects. The effect of this is, that there is no definite aim in the school, no harmony of action among the teachers, and no *esprit de corps* among the scholars. Sometimes departments even are not kept distinct, but the subjects which, under any natural allocation, would have been taught in one department are taught in another. Book-keeping, for instance, or geography may be taught by the mathematical master, while

the writing master teaches arithmetic, and the English master the elements of natural science. In some large schools you may find a writing, a commercial, and a mathematical department all teaching the same branches on different principles and at different rates, and all striving against each other. In these schools there appears to be a perpetual struggle for fees. 'If parents choose to send their children to us,' each master would say, 'in preference to another teacher, how can we prevent them? It is a question of supply and demand. I offer my arithmetic at a shilling, my colleague at five: and if a parent prefers a shilling's worth of arithmetic from me to five shillings' worth from my colleague, that is the parent's affair, and I cannot refuse to give it.' Education is sold in these schools like wares in a shop at so much per pound, and the idea of the seller is to sell as many pounds as he can for his own immediate benefit. And he even goes further than this, for in some schools each teacher in each department claims a monopoly for himself in his own subject. 'In one school,' say the Assistant-Commissioners, 'there was an excellent scholar and a highly cultivated man at the head of the classical department. He in his course of instruction desired his scholars to write for him a weekly English essay on classical subjects. The English teacher in this school objected to the classical teacher setting an English essay in his class, as by so doing he poached upon his monopoly of English. He even went the length of complaining to the board of management.'[1] And in the conclusions to which they arrive on this point they say:

> There were very few schools in which this system was in operation that did not suffer by it. The usefulness of the great majority was marred, and the effect was not confined to the teachers, among whom there was too often an absence of harmony—more or less, of course, in different schools—and an indication of ill-feeling and jealousy that could not but be prejudicial to the school, and to the best interests of the scholars. The same feeling found its way in some cases to the masters' families, and to the community interested in the school. We heard of cases in which the teachers and their friends had raised a partisan or factious feeling in favour of or against contending colleagues, and had tried to influence the managing body in favour of one teacher or another. Rumours of this sort of thing unavoidably find their way to the scholars, and the effect cannot but be detrimental to them, both morally and intellectually. And it all arises out of a question of fees. The teachers' pockets are affected, and poor men cannot be generous and disinterested under that pressure. This again is partly due to the small endowments and emoluments provided for the teachers, which we have already discussed. But the result does not tend to the elevation of the teaching profession. And though unquestionably we have come across many teachers in Scotland animated by as fine feelings of honour and integrity, and as much raised above anything sordid as man can be, still it cannot be denied that there are some teachers whose aims are not so disinterested and high as they might be in men who have to mould the minds and character of the young generations in Scotland or in any country. And the one argument in favour of this unhealthy rivalry—because it cannot be dignified by a higher name—is that it prevents indolence and stagnation on the part of the teachers, and produces vigour and animation and zeal in their respective departments. This same end, as we shall show hereafter, can be attained by other means. As it is, as we have said before, when zeal is produced by a desire for fees, it may very easily degenerate into popularity-hunting of an ignoble kind.[2]

But it is not only within the school precincts that the evil effects of this want of organisation are apparent. In the constitution of the boards of management, and in the external arrangements of the educational machinery, the same want of system exists. There is no central

[1] *Report of Assistant-Commissioners on the Burgh and Middle-Class Schools*, p. 100.
[2] Ibid. p. 101.

authority to initiate, to administer, and to supervise. Schools spring up where they are not required, and there are no schools where they are required. Where a primary school is wanted there may be one where the higher branches are chiefly taught; and where a secondary school is wanted there may be nothing but a parochial school, nominally elementary, but really devoting most of its power to the preparation of four or five boys (perhaps the sons of the minister and the schoolmaster) for the university. The school buildings may be good, or they may be unsuitable. The school apparatus may be adequate, or there may not be a bench to write at, or a black board or map throughout the length and breadth of a whole district. The teachers may be good, or they may be incompetent, but holding their offices *ad vitam aut culpam* they cannot be removed: they may be wealthy men or they may be starving; they may be under the official supervision of the Committee of Council, or the entire management of the schools may devolve upon themselves, and they be responsible to no one. The children may attend school, or they may not attend, but grow up in absolute ignorance. All these evils are due to want of organisation, and under this very serious and radical defect the Scottish system labours, and but for the excellence of the material upon which it has to work, and the interest taken by the people in education, due no doubt to the training and influence of the parochial schools, Scotland, instead of being half a century in advance of England in the general diffusion of education, might be as retrograde as any country in Europe.

The second defect in the system is the want of thoroughness in the elementary teaching, and the low standard of cultivation in the more advanced schools and in the universities. In the elementary schools it appears that at least one third are not doing efficient work, and in the burgh and middle-class schools the Commissioners say in qualified terms of praise that 'the education is sound *so far as it goes*, and is adequate as a preparation for the Scottish universities,' but that owing to the age at which the majority of scholars leave school, the education given does not qualify them for success in the military examinations, or in the home and India service competitions. In other words, few of the schools succeed in giving much more than a clerk's education, and very few indeed can lay even the foundation for a high order of cultivation. Whether it is better for the country that a second-rate education should be widely extended, or that a first-rate standard should be cultivated by a small class, is a question which cannot be discussed here. Neither can the proof of this second charge against the Scottish system be elaborated at present, nor can the causes that lead to these deficiencies be stated. To bring out these points it would be necessary to enter into a discussion upon the subjects taught, and the methods of instruction pursued, in the Scottish schools; but the limits of this paper have been already exceeded, and I must conclude.

The school system in Scotland—to bring together what has been already said—has passed through three stages in the process of its development. In the first stage the schools were purely ecclesiastical; in the second they were national, but under ecclesiastical supervision; in the third they were and are denominational and miscellaneous, and under no general supervision. The third period has lasted since 1843, and is in reality only a transition stage. Under it the way has been cleared for a fuller national

development than that of the second stage. In this development the State and not the Church will take the initiative, and by the wider and more vigorous exercise of its authority, while retaining what was good, will supply what was deficient under the old system. The good features of the old national system were mainly two: the close relationship which existed between the schools and the universities, and the theory of central and local supervision. The defects of the old system were also mainly two: want of *internal* organisation, and want of thorough teaching in the lower, and superior teaching in the higher branches. The first two features must be retained, and the two last supplied, by any system that will meet the requirements of the Scottish people, and the problem to be solved is, how to effect this satisfactorily.

It appears that it is almost impossible for the same man to teach both the higher and the lower branches, so that the older and cleverer boys may be prepared for the universities, and the younger and less able be brought up to pass the standards of the revised code. Under present arrangements either the higher or the lower work must be sacrificed. But the existence almost of the Scottish universities depends upon the students who come to them from the humbler class of schools, and the wide diffusion of intelligence throughout the country is due to the same cause. The teaching therefore of the higher branches in these schools cannot be sacrificed without serious damage to the well-being of the country. But the neglect of the bulk of the scholars who attend these schools and do not intend to proceed to the universities is no less serious. How, therefore, can fair play be given to both? The readiest method, if it only could be carried out, is the establishment of graduated schools under the supervision of a Central Board of Education for Scotland, and the establishment of 'bursaries' or money prizes for each grade of schools. In such a scheme the elementary schools would be required to do elementary work, and to do it thoroughly, so that the bulk of the scholars would not be sacrificed to the few. District schools of a higher grade would be established where they are required, and bursaries would be provided for them, open to competition among the more promising scholars from the elementary schools. These higher grade schools would give both literary and scientific education, and would prepare either for the universities or for commercial or scientific life. Bursaries connected with them would be provided, by means of which the best scholars might be carried on to the four Scottish universities, and in order to give a premium to higher instruction in these universities fellowships might be provided in them, by which successful students might proceed to the English or foreign universities.

Such a scheme would greatly tend to remedy the defects in Scottish education without impairing the national character which it has retained since the Reformation. But, however acceptable in theory, the practical difficulties in the way of carrying it out at present are very great. Such a scheme requires funds, and it may almost be said that there are no public funds for educational purposes in Scotland,[1] and it is difficult to see where the necessary funds are to

[1] I cannot enter into the financial condition of the Scottish schools and universities here, but the following extract from the *Assistant-Commissioners' Report on the Burgh and Middle-Class Schools* will illustrate it sufficiently:—'A single endowment such as

be provided. There are, no doubt, certain endowed institutions called hospitals in Scotland with immense revenues doing, comparatively with the public schools, little or nothing towards the interests of education. In the neighbourhood of Edinburgh alone eleven of these hospitals spend an annual income of 44,182*l.* on the board and education of 1,064 scholars, while 1,008 parochial schools educate 86,566 scholars every year with an annual income (from all sources except fees) of 67,428*l.* Or, in other words, the parochial schools do eighty-six times more towards the education of the country every year at very much the same cost as these hospitals. But the funds belonging to these hospitals are so tied up that, however willing the trustees may be to extend the usefulness of the hospitals (and some of them are understood to be most willing to do so), they are powerless to act.[1] If the trustees of all ecclesiastical foundations and charities in Scotland were empowered to revise and alter the statutes and rules of their foundations, or still better, if the recommendation of the Commissioners was carried into effect, and the Central Board of Education were authorised to examine the statutes and rules of these foundations, and, subject when necessary to the approval of Parliament, to make alterations therein with a view to the extension of education, an important revolution might be effected in the educational institutions in the country.

But we must be satisfied in the meantime with less ambitious views. Much good can be brought about with comparatively little change, and the suggested changes may be shortly given in outline here. The first thing to be done is to establish schools in both town and country wherever they are wanted. This can be effected by local rates imposed by local boards, acting under the control of a Central Board for Scotland. I cannot here discuss the various questions that arise as to the constitution of these boards. It may be enough to say that the basis of a local board exists in the board by which the parochial schools are at present managed, and that the interests of education should be represented in the Central Board by the nomination to it of a considerable proportion of men from the governing bodies of the Scottish universities, who are conversant with the details and difficulties of this most intricate and important subject. The second thing to be done is to increase the staff of teachers in the parochial and the burgh schools, and to hold the headmaster in each responsible for the higher branches, and for the internal management of the school; and his under master or masters

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Eton or Winchester possesses larger revenues from endowments or bequests than all the burgh schools and universities put together. . . . . Eton has an income from landed property of 20,569*l.*, besides thirty-seven livings in her exclusive gift worth 10,000*l.* a year, with a probable accession of income from lands of 10,000*l.* a year. Winchester has an income of 17,622*l.*, besides livings in her gift worth 3,888*l.*, and the lion's share in one of the wealthiest houses in Oxford, New College. The Universities of Edinburgh, Glasgow, Aberdeen, St. Andrews, for arts, law, medicine, and divinity, have in round numbers 25,000*l.* a year; but of this sum, 10,000*l.* is not an endowment, but an annual Parliamentary grant. The endowments of the burgh schools (that is to say, of schools in burghs) under the partial or exclusive management of Town Councils, are, at the utmost, 3,000*l.* a year, and Parliamentary grants of an uncertain kind add about 750*l.* more.'

[1] Since the above was written an inquiry has been instituted by the trustees into the condition of the hospitals under the management of the Merchants' Company of Edinburgh, and certain important reforms have been carried out. This is a step in the right direction.

responsible for the elementary work. By this means the want of organisation inside the schools would rapidly disappear and give way to system, and while the schools would still prepare scholars for the universities, the elementary instruction of the younger and less able among the scholars would not be neglected. In the third place all schools of every class should be under official inspection—the elementary and parochial schools under the inspection of Her Majesty's Inspectors, appointed by the Committee of Council, or perhaps better by the Central Board of Education; the more advanced schools under Examiners especially appointed for them.

Supervision, organisation, and inspection, the three agencies by which the parochial schools of the Reformation were managed, are the requirements of the present day in Scotland. If these three requirements were supplied, Scotland, with her people interested in education to an extent unparalleled in any other country, could not fail to reach that high position to which the energy and intelligence of her middle and lower classes entitle her to aspire.

A. C. S.

ON THE FAILURE OF 'NATURAL SELECTION' IN THE CASE OF MAN.

EVERY ONE now is familiar with the Darwinian theory of the origin of species, at least in its main principles and outlines: and nearly all men qualified to form an opinion are convinced of its substantial truth. That theory explains how races of animals vary as ages roll on, so as to adapt themselves to the changing external conditions which those ages bring about. At every given moment, in every given spot on the earth's surface, a 'struggle for existence' is going on among all the forms of organic life, animal and vegetable, then and there alive; a struggle in which, as there is not room for all, the weaker and less adapted succumb, while the stronger and better adapted survive and multiply. As surrounding circumstances, climatic or geological, vary and are modified, corresponding variations (such as are always incidentally appearing among the offspring of all creatures) in the inhabitants of each district crop up, increase, spread, and become permanent. The creatures that are most in harmony with surrounding circumstances have a manifest daily and hourly advantage over those which are less in harmony: live when they die; flourish when they fade; endure through what kills others; can find food, catch prey, escape enemies, when their feebler, slower, blinder brethren, are starved and slain.[1] Thus the most perfect

[1] 'The grand feature in the multiplication of organic life is that of close general resemblance, combined with more or less individual variation. The child resembles its parents or ancestors more or less closely in all its peculiarities, deformities, or beauties; it resembles them in general more than it does any other individuals; yet children of the same parents are not all alike, and it often happens that they differ very considerably from their parents and from each other. This is equally true of man, of all animals, and of all plants. Moreover, it is found that individuals do not differ from their parents in certain particulars only, while in all others they are exact duplicates of them. They differ from them and from each other in every particular: in form, in size, in colour, in the structure of internal as well as of external organs; in those subtle peculiarities which produce differences of constitution, as well as in those still more subtle ones which lead to modifications of mind and character. In other words, in every possible way, in every organ and in every function, individuals of the same stock vary.

'Now, health, strength, and long life are the results of a harmony between the individual and the universe that surrounds it. Let us suppose that at any given moment this harmony is perfect. A certain animal is exactly fitted to secure its prey, to escape from its enemies, to resist the inclemencies of the seasons, and to rear a numerous and healthy offspring. But a change now takes place. A series of cold winters, for instance, come on, making food scarce, and bringing an immigration of some other animals to compete with the former inhabitants of the district. The new immigrant is swift of foot, and surpasses its rivals in the pursuit of game; the winter nights are colder, and require a thicker fur as a protection, and more nourishing food to keep up the heat of the system. Our supposed perfect animal is no longer in harmony with its universe; it is in danger of dying of cold or of starvation. But the animal varies in its offspring. Some of these are swifter than others—they still manage to catch food enough; some are hardier and more thickly furred—they manage in the cold nights to keep warm enough; the slow, the weak, and the thinly clad soon die off. Again and again, in each succeeding generation, the same thing takes place. By this natural process, which is so inevitable that it cannot be conceived not to act, those best adapted to live, live; those least adapted, die. It is sometimes said that we have no direct evidence of the action of this selecting power in nature. But it seems to me we have better evidence than even direct observation would be, because it is more universal, viz. the evidence of necessity. *It* must be so; for, as all wild animals increase in a geometrical ratio, while their actual numbers remain on the average stationary, it follows that as many die annually

specimens of each race and tribe, the strongest, the swiftest, the healthiest, the most courageous—those fullest of vitality—live longest, feed best, overcome their competitors in the choice of mates; and, in virtue of these advantages, become—as it is desirable they should be—the progenitors of the future race. The poorer specimens, the sick, the faulty, the weak, are slain or drop out of existence; are distanced in the chase, are beaten in the fight, can find no females to match with them; and the species is propagated and continued mainly, increasingly, if not exclusively, from its finest and most selected individuals—in a word, its *élite*.

This explains not only those extraordinary changes in the form and habits of the same animals which, when aided and aggravated by man's requirements and careful management, strike us so forcibly in domesticated races, but also those purely natural though far slower modifications which geological researches have brought to our knowledge. Mr. Wallace, in the admirable paper quoted below—which is a perfect model of succinct statement and lucid reasoning—has pointed out how this principle of natural selection has been modified, and in a manner veiled and disguised, though by no means either neutralised or suspended, in the case of MAN; so that neither history nor geology enable us to trace any changes in his external structure analogous to those which we find in such abundance and to such a remarkable extent in the case of the lower animals. He adapts himself, just as they do, to the altered conditions of external nature, but he does it by mental not by bodily modifications. As with them, so with him, the best adapted to surrounding circumstances, the most in harmony with the imperious necessities of life, surmount, survive, and multiply; but in his case the adaptation is made and the harmony secured by intellectual and moral efforts and qualities, which leave no stamp on the corporeal frame. As with them, inferior varieties and individuals succumb and die out in the eternal and universal 'struggle for existence;' only, in the case of man, the inferiority which determines their fate is inferiority not of muscle, of stomach, or of skin, but of brain.

In man, as we now behold him, this is different. He is social and sympathetic. In the rudest tribes the sick are assisted at least with food; less robust health and vigour than the average does not entail death. Neither does the want of perfect limbs or other organs produce the same effect as among the lower animals. Some division of labour takes place; the swiftest hunt, the less active fish or gather fruits; food is to some extent exchanged or divided. The action of natural selection is therefore checked, the weaker, the dwarfish, those of less active limbs or less piercing eyesight, do not suffer the extreme penalty which falls on animals so defective.

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as are born. If, therefore, we deny natural selection, it can only be by asserting that in such a case as I have supposed the strong, the healthy, the swift, the well clad, the well organised animals in every respect, have no advantage over,—do not on the average live longer than, the weak, the unhealthy, the slow, the ill clad, and the imperfectly organised individuals; and this no sane man has yet been found hardy enough to assert. But this is not all; for the offspring on the average resemble their parents, and the selected portion of each succeeding generation will therefore be stronger, swifter, and more thickly furred than the last; and if this process goes on for thousands of generations, our animal will have again become thoroughly in harmony with the new conditions in which he is placed. But he will now be a different creature. He will be not only swifter and stronger, and more furry; he will also probably have changed in colour, in form, perhaps have acquired a longer tail, or differently shaped ears; for it is an ascertained fact, that when one part of an animal is modified, some other parts almost always change as it were in sympathy with it.'—Wallace 'On the Origin of Human Races,' *Journal of the Anthropological Society*, No. 5.

In proportion as these physical characteristics become of less importance, mental and moral qualities will have increasing influence on the well-being of the race. Capacity for acting in concert, for protection and for the acquisition of food and shelter; sympathy, which leads all in turn to assist each other; the sense of right, which checks depredations upon our fellows; the decrease of the combative and destructive propensities; self-restraint in present appetites; and that intelligent foresight which prepares for the future, are all qualities that from their earliest appearance must have been for the benefit of each community, and would, therefore, have become the subjects of 'natural selection.' For it is evident that such qualities would be for the well-being of man; would guard him against external enemies, against internal dissensions, and against the effects of inclement seasons and impending famine, more surely than could any merely physical modification. Tribes in which such mental and moral qualities were predominant, would therefore have an advantage in the struggle for existence over other tribes in which they were less developed, would live and maintain their numbers, while the others would decrease and finally succumb.

Again, when any slow changes of physical geography, or of climate, make it necessary for an animal to alter its food, its clothing, or its weapons, it can only do so by a corresponding change in its own bodily structure and internal organisation. If a larger or more powerful beast is to be captured and devoured, as when a carnivorous animal which has hitherto preyed on sheep is obliged from their decreasing numbers to attack buffaloes, it is only the strongest who can hold,—those with most powerful claws, and formidable canine teeth, that can struggle with and overcome such an animal. Natural selection immediately comes into play, and by its action these organs gradually become adapted to their new requirements. But man, under similar circumstances, does not require longer nails or teeth, greater bodily strength or swiftness. He makes sharper spears, or a better bow, or he constructs a cunning pitfall, or combines in a hunting party to circumvent his new prey. The capacities which enable him to do this are what he requires to be strengthened, and these will, therefore, be gradually modified by 'natural selection,' while the form and structure of his body will remain unchanged. So when a glacial epoch comes on, some animals must acquire warmer fur, or a covering of fat, or else die of cold. Those best clothed by nature are, therefore, preserved by natural selection. Man, under the same circumstances, will make himself warmer clothing, and build better houses; and the necessity of doing this will react upon his mental organisation and social condition—will advance them while his natural body remains naked as before.

When the accustomed food of some animal becomes scarce or totally fails, it can only exist by becoming adapted to a new kind of food, a food perhaps less nourishing and less digestible. 'Natural selection' will now act upon the stomach and intestines, and all their individual variations will be taken advantage of to modify the race into harmony with its new food. In many cases, however, it is probable that this cannot be done. The internal organs may not vary quick enough, and then the animal will decrease in numbers, and finally become extinct. But man guards himself from such accidents by superintending and guiding the operations of nature. He plants the seed of his most agreeable food, and thus procures a supply independent of the accidents of varying seasons or natural extinction. He domesticates animals which serve him either to capture food or for food itself, and thus changes of any great extent in his teeth or digestive organs are rendered unnecessary. Man, too, has everywhere the use of fire, and by its means can render palatable a variety of animal and vegetable substances, which he could hardly otherwise make use of, and thus obtains for himself a supply of food far more varied and abundant than that which any animal can command.

Thus man, by the mere capacity of clothing himself, and making weapons and tools, has taken away from nature that power of changing the external form and structure which she exercises over all other animals. As the competing races by which they are surrounded, the climate, the vegetation, or the animals which serve them for food, are slowly changing, they must undergo a corresponding change in their structure, habits, and constitution, to keep them in harmony with the new conditions—to enable them to live and maintain their numbers. But man does this by means of his intellect alone; which enables him with an unchanged body still to keep in harmony with the changing universe.

From the time, therefore, when the social and sympathetic feelings came into active operation, and the intellectual and moral faculties became fairly developed, man would cease to be influenced by 'natural selection' in his physical form and structure; as an animal he would remain almost stationary; the changes of the surrounding universe would cease to have upon him that powerful modifying effect which they exercise over other parts of the organic world. But from the moment that his

body became stationary, his mind would become subject to those very influences from which his body had escaped; every slight variation in his mental and moral nature which should enable him better to guard against adverse circumstances, and combine for mutual comfort and protection, would be preserved and accumulated; the better and higher specimens of our race would therefore increase and spread, the lower and more brutal would give way and successively die out, and that rapid advancement of mental organisation would occur, which has raised the very lowest races of man so far above the brutes (although differing so little from some of them in physical structure), and, in conjunction with scarcely perceptible modifications of form, has developed the wonderful intellect of the Germanic races.

But this is by no means the whole of the case. As we follow out the reflections suggested by this argument, an entirely new series of consequences and operations opens before us. We perceive that the law of 'natural selection,' and of 'the preservation of favoured races and individuals in the struggle for existence,' has become in the course of man's progress not only thus modified, as Mr. Wallace points out, and directed to one part of his organisation (the brain) alone, but positively suspended, and in many instances almost *reversed*. It even dawns upon us that our existing civilisation, which is the result of the operation of this law in past ages, may be actually retarded and endangered by its tendency to neutralise that law in one or two most material and significant particulars. The great wise, righteous, and beneficent principle which in all other animals, and in man himself, up to a certain stage of his progress, tends to the improvement and perfection of the race, would appear to be forcibly interfered with and nearly set aside; nay, to be set aside pretty much in direct proportion to the complication, completeness, and *culmination* of our civilisation. We do not assert that if our civilisation were purely and philosophically ideal—perfect in character as well as splendid and lofty in degree—this result would follow, or would continue; but it certainly does follow now, and it delays and positively *menaces* the attainment of that ideal condition. Our thesis is this: that the indisputable effect of the state of social progress and culture we have reached, of our high civilisation, in a word, is to counteract and suspend the operation of that righteous and salutary law of 'natural selection' in virtue of which the best specimens of the race—the strongest, the finest, the worthiest—are those which survive, surmount, become paramount, and take precedence; succeed and triumph in the struggle for existence, become the especial progenitors of future generations, continue the species, and propagate an ever improving and perfecting type of humanity.

The principle does not appear to fail in the case of *races* of men. Here the abler, the stronger, the more advanced, the finer in short, are still the favoured ones, succeed in the competition; exterminate, govern, supersede, fight, eat, or work the inferior tribes out of existence. The process is quite as certain, and nearly as rapid, whether we are just or unjust; whether we use carefulness or cruelty. Everywhere the savage tribes of mankind die out at the contact of the civilised ones. Sometimes they are extinguished by conquest and the sword; sometimes by the excessive toil which avaricious victors impose upon the feeble vanquished; often by the diseases which the more artificial man brings with him and which flourish with fearful vigour in a virgin soil; occasionally they fade away before the superior vitality and prolific energy of the invading race in lands where there is not room for both; in some cases before the new and unsuitable habits which civilisation tries to introduce among them; not unfrequently it would seem from some mysterious blight which the mere presence of

a superior form of humanity casts over them. But, in every part of the world and in every instance, the result has been the same; the process of extinction is either completed or actively at work. The Indians of the Antilles, the Red man of North America, the South Sea Islanders, the Australians, even the New Zealanders (the finest and most pliable and teachable of savages), are all alike dying out with sad rapidity—in consequence of the harshness, or in spite of the forbearance and protection, of the stronger and more capable European. The negro alone survives—and, but for the observation of what is now going on in our sugar islands and in the United States we should say, seems likely to survive. He only has been able to hold his own in a fashion, and to live and flourish side by side with masterful and mightier races, though in a questionable relation and with questionable results. But the exception is a confirmation of the general law. The negro is not only strong, docile, and prolific, but in some respects he is better adapted to surrounding conditions than his European neighbour, conqueror, or master; in certain climates he, and not the white man, is 'the favoured race;' and for many generations, perhaps for ages, in the burning regions about the equator, a black skin may take precedence of a large brain, and be a more indispensable condition of existence; or possibly the brain may grow larger without the skin growing any whiter. The principle of 'natural selection' therefore—of the superior and fitter races of mankind trampling out and replacing the poorer races, in virtue of their superior fitness—would seem to hold good universally.

So probably it does also, and always has done, in the case of *nations*; and the apparent exceptions to the rule may be due only to our erroneous estimate of the true elements of superiority. In the dawn of history the more cultivated and energetic races conquered the weaker and less advanced, reduced them to slavery, or taught them civilisation. It is true that in the case of the Greeks and Romans the coarser organisation and less developed brain of the latter easily overpowered and overshadowed probably the finest physical and intellectual nature that has yet appeared upon the earth; but the Greeks, when they succumbed, had fallen away from the perfection of their palmier days; they were enervated and corrupt to the very core; and the robuster will and unequalled political genius of their Roman conquerors constituted an undeniable superiority. They triumphed by the law of the strongest—though their strength might not lie precisely in the noblest portion of man's nature. Intellectually the inferiors of the Greeks whom they subdued, they were morally and *volitionally* more vigorous. The same may be said of those rude Northern warriors who at a later period flowed over and mastered the degenerate Roman world. They had no culture, but they had vast capacities; and they brought with them a renovating irruption of that hard energy and redundant vitality which luxury and success had nearly extinguished among those they conquered. They were then 'the most favoured race,' the fittest for the exigencies of the hour, the best adapted to the conditions of the life around them; they prevailed, therefore, by reason of a very indisputable, though not the most refined sort of, superiority. With the nations of modern history, the same rule has governed the current of the world, though perhaps with more instances of at least apparent exception. Each nation that has dominated in turn, or occupied the first post in the world's

annals, has done so by right of some one quality, achievement, or possession—then especially needed—which made it for the time the stronger, if not intrinsically the nobler, among many rivals. Intellect, and intellect applied alike to art, to commerce, and to science, at one period made the Italians the most prominent people in Europe. There was an undeniable grandeur in the Spanish nation in its culminating years towards the close of the fifteenth century which gave it a right to rule, and at once explained and justified both its discoveries and its conquests. No one can say that France has not fairly won her vast influence and her epochs of predominance by her wonderful military spirit and the peculiarity of her singularly clear, keen, restless, but not rich, intelligence. England owes her world-wide dominion and (what is far more significant and a greater subject for felicitation) the wide diffusion of her race over the globe, to a daring and persistent energy with which no other variety of mankind is so largely dowered. And if in modern conflicts might has sometimes triumphed over right, and the finer and kinder people fallen before the assaults of the stronger, and the events of history run counter to all our truer and juster sympathies; it is probably because in the counsels of the Most High, energy is seen to be more needed than culture to carry on the advancement of humanity, and a commanding will, at least in this stage of our progress, a more essential endowment than an amiable temper or a good heart. At all events it is those who in some sense are the STRONGEST and the fittest who most prevail, multiply, and spread, and become in the largest measure the progenitors of future nations.

But when we come to the case of individuals in a people, or classes in a community—the phase of the question which has far the most practical and immediate interest for ourselves—the principle fails altogether, and the law is no longer supreme. Civilisation, with its social, moral, and material complications, has introduced a disturbing and conflicting element. It is not now, as Mr. Wallace depicts, that intellectual has been substituted for physical superiority, but that artificial and conventional have taken the place of natural advantages as the ruling and deciding force. It is no longer the strongest, the healthiest, the most perfectly organised; it is not men of the finest *physique*, the largest brain, the most developed intelligence, that are 'favoured' and successful 'in the struggle for existence'—that survive, that rise to the surface, that 'natural selection' makes the parents of future generations, the continuators of a picked and perfected race. It is still 'the most favoured,' no doubt, in some sense, who bear away the palm, but the indispensable favour is that of fortune, not of nature. The various influences of our social system combine to traverse the righteous and salutary law which God ordained for the preservation of a worthy and improving humanity; and the 'varieties' of man that endure and multiply their likenesses, and mould the features of the coming times, are not the soundest constitutions that can be found among us, nor the most subtle and resourceful minds, nor the most amiable or self-denying tempers, nor even the most imperious and persistent wills, but often the precise reverse—often those emasculated by luxury and those damaged by want, those rendered reckless by squalid poverty, and those whose physical and mental energies have been sapped, and whose *morale* has been grievously impaired, by long indulgence and forestalled desires.

The two great instruments and

achievements of civilisation, are respect for life and respect for property. In proportion as both are secure, as life is prolonged and as wealth is accumulated, so nations rise—or consider that they have risen. Among wild animals the sick and maimed are slain; among savages they succumb and die; among us they are cared for, kept alive, enabled to marry and multiply. In uncivilised tribes, the ineffective and incapable, the weak in body or in mind, are unable to provide themselves food; they fall behind in the chase or in the march, they fall out, therefore, in the race of life. With us, sustenance and shelter are provided for them, and they survive. We pride ourselves—and justly—on the increased length of life which has been effected by our science and our humanity. But we forget that this higher average of *life* may be compatible with, and may in a measure result from, a lower average of *health*. We have kept alive those who, in a more natural and less advanced state, would have died—and who, looking at the physical perfection of the race alone, had better have been left to die. Among savages, the vigorous and sound alone survive; among us, the diseased and enfeebled survive as well;—but is either the physique or the intelligence of cultivated man the gainer by the change? In a wild state, by the law of natural selection, only, or chiefly, the sounder and stronger specimens were allowed to continue their species; with us, thousands with tainted constitutions, with frames weakened by malady or waste, with brains bearing subtle and hereditary mischief in their recesses, are suffered to transmit their terrible inheritance of evil to other generations, and to spread it through a whole community.

Security of property, security for its transmission, as well as for its enjoyment, is one of our chief boasts. Thousands upon thousands who never could themselves have acquired property by industry, or conquered it by courage, or kept it by strength or ingenuity, and who are utterly incompetent to use it well, are yet enabled by law to inherit and retain it. They are born to wealth, they revel in wealth, though destitute of all the qualities by which wealth is won, or its possession made a blessing to the community. In a natural state of society they would have been pushed out of existence, jostled aside in the struggle and the race, and left by the way to die. In civilised communities they are protected, fostered, flattered, married, and empowered to hand down their vapid incapacities to numerous offspring, whom perhaps they can leave wealthy too. In old and highly advanced nations, the classes who wield power, and affluence, and social supremacy as a consequence of the security of property, do not as a rule consist—nay, consist in a very small measure—of individuals who have won, or could have won, those influences for themselves—of natural 'kings of men;' the *élite* lots in life do not fall to the *élite* of the race or the community. Those possessions and that position, which in more simply organised tribes would be an indication and a proof either of strength, of intelligence, or of some happy adaptation to surrounding exigencies, now in our complicated world indicate nothing—at least in five cases out of six—but merit or energy or luck in some ancestor, perhaps inconceivably remote, who has bequeathed his rank and property to his successors, but without the qualities which won them and warranted them. Yet this property and rank still enable their possibly unworthy and incapable inheritors to take precedence over others in many of the walks of life, to carry off the most desirable brides from less favoured

though far nobler rivals, and (what is our present point) to make those brides the mothers of a degenerating, instead of an ever improving race.

But even this by no means presents the whole strength of the case. Not only does civilisation, as it exists among us, enable rank and wealth, however diseased, enfeebled, or unintelligent, to become the continuators of the species in preference to larger brains, stronger frames and sounder constitutions; but that very rank and wealth, thus inherited without effort and in absolute security, tend to produce enervated and unintelligent offspring. To be born in the purple is not the right introduction to healthy energy; to be surrounded from the cradle with all temptations and facilities to self-indulgence, is not the best safeguard against those indulgences which weaken the intellect and exhaust the frame. No doubt *noblesse oblige*, and riches can buy the highest education, bating that education by surrounding circumstances which is really the only one that tells very effectually on the youthful plant. No doubt, too, there are splendid and numerous exceptions—instances in which rank is used to mould its heir to its duties, and in which wealth is used to purchase and achieve all that makes life noble and beneficent. But we have only to look around us, and a little below the surface, and then ask ourselves whether, as a rule, the owners of rank and wealth—still more the owners of wealth without rank—are those from whose paternity we should have most right to anticipate a healthy, a noble, an energetic, or a truly intellectual offspring—a race fitted to control and guide themselves as well as others, to subdue the earth as well as to replenish it, to govern, to civilise, to illustrate, to carry forward, the future destinies of man?

And if it is not from the highest and most opulent, assuredly it is not from the lowest and most indigent. The *physique* and the *morale* of both the extreme classes are imperfect and impaired. The physique of the rich is injured by indulgence and excess—that of the poor by privation and want. The *morale* of the former has never been duly called forth by the necessity for exertion and self-denial; that of the latter has never been cultivated by training and instruction. The intellects of both have been exposed to opposite disadvantages. The organisations of neither class are the best in the community; the constitutions of neither are the soundest or most untainted. Yet these two classes are precisely those which are, or are likely to be, preponderatingly, the fathers of the coming generation. Both marry as early as they please and have as many children as they please,—the rich because it is in their power, the poor because they have no motive for abstinence;—and as we know, scanty food and hard circumstances do not oppose but rather encourage procreation. Malthus's 'prudential check' rarely operates upon the lower classes; the poorer they are, usually, the faster do they multiply; certainly the more reckless they are in reference to multiplication. It is the middle classes, those who form the energetic, reliable, improving element of the population, those who wish to rise and do not choose to sink, those in a word who are the true strength and wealth and dignity of nations,—it is these who abstain from marriage or postpone it. Thus the imprudent, the desperate,—those whose standard is low, those who have no hope, no ambition, no self-denial,—on the one side, and the pampered favourites of fortune on the other, take precedence in the race of fatherhood, to the disadvantage or the exclusion of the prudent, the resolute, the striving and the self-restrained. The very men whom a

philosophic statesman, or a guide of some superior race would select as most qualified and deserving to continue the race, are precisely those who do so in the scantiest measure. Those who have no need for exertion, and those who have no opportunities for culture, those whose frames are damaged by indulgence, and those whose frames are weakened by privation, breed *ad libitum*; while those whose minds and bodies have been hardened, strengthened and purified by temperance and toil, are elbowed quietly aside in the unequal press. Surely the 'selection' is no longer 'natural.' The careless, squalid, unaspiring Irishman, fed on potatoes, living in a pig-stye, doting on a superstition, multiplies like rabbits or ephemera: —the frugal, foreseeing, self-respecting, ambitious Scot, stern in his morality, spiritual in his faith, sagacious and disciplined in his intelligence, passes his best years in struggle and in celibacy, marries late, and leaves few behind him. Given a land originally peopled by a thousand Saxons and a thousand Celts,—and in a dozen generations, five sixths of the population would be Celts, but five sixths of the property, of the power, of the intellect, would belong to the one sixth of Saxons that remained. In the eternal 'struggle for existence,' it would be the inferior and *less* favoured race that had prevailed,—and prevailed by virtue not of its qualities but of its faults, by reason not of its stronger vitality but of its weaker reticence and its narrower brain.

Of course it will be urged that the principle of natural selection fails thus utterly because our civilisation is imperfect and misdirected; because our laws are insufficient; because our social arrangements are unwise; because our moral sense is languid or unenlightened. No doubt, if our legislators and rulers were quite sagacious and quite stern, and our people in all ranks quite wise and good, the beneficent tendencies of nature would continue to operate uncounteracted. No constitutions would be impaired by insufficient nutriment and none by unhealthy excess. No classes would be so undeveloped either in mind or muscle as to be unfitted for procreating sound and vigorous offspring. The sick, the tainted, and the maimed, would be too sensible and too unselfish to dream of marrying and handing down to their children the curse of diseased or feeble frames;—or if they were not self-controlled, the state would exercise a salutary but unrelenting paternal despotism, and supply the deficiency by vigilant and timely prohibition. A republic is *conceivable* in which paupers should be forbidden to propagate; in which all candidates for the proud and solemn privilege of continuing an untainted and perfecting race should be subjected to a pass or a competitive examination, and those only should be suffered to transmit their names and families to future generations who had a pure, vigorous and well-developed constitution to transmit;—so that paternity should be the right and function exclusively of the *élite* of the nation, and humanity be thus enabled to march on securely and without drawback to its ultimate possibilities of progress. Every damaged or inferior temperament might be eliminated, and every special and superior one be selected and enthroned,—till the human race, both in its manhood and its womanhood, became one glorious congregation of saints, sages, and athletes:—till we were all Blondins, all Shakespeares, Pericles', Socrates', Columbuses and Fénelons. But no nation—in modern times at least—has ever yet approached this ideal; no such wisdom or virtue has ever been found except in isolated individual

instances; no government and no statesman has ever yet dared thus to supplement the inadequacy of personal patriotism by laws so sapiently despotic. The face of the leading peoples of the existing world is not even set in this direction—but rather the reverse. The tendencies of the age are three especially; and all three run counter to the operation of the wholesome law of 'natural selection.' We are learning to insist more and more on the freedom of the individual will, the right of every one to judge and act for himself. We are growing daily more foolishly and criminally lenient to every natural propensity, less and less inclined to resent, or control, or punish its indulgence. We absolutely refuse to let the poor, the incapable, or the diseased die; we enable or allow them, if we do not actually encourage them, to propagate their incapacity, poverty, and constitutional disorders. And, lastly, democracy is every year advancing in power, and claiming the supreme right to govern and to guide:—and democracy means the management and control of social arrangements by the least educated classes,—by those least trained to foresee or measure consequences,—least acquainted with the fearfully rigid laws of hereditary transmission,—least habituated to repress desires, or to forego immediate enjoyment for future and remote good.

Obviously, no artificial prohibitions or restraints, no laws imposed from above and from without, can restore the principle of 'natural selection' to its due supremacy among the human race. No people in our days would endure the necessary interference and control; and perhaps a result so acquired might not be worth the cost of acquisition. We can only trust to the slow influences of enlightenment and moral susceptibility, percolating downwards and in time permeating all ranks. We can only watch and be careful that any other influences we do set in motion shall be such as, where they work at all, may work in the right direction. At present the prospect is not reassuring. We are progressing fast in many points, no doubt, but the progress is not wholly nor always of the right sort, nor without a large *per contra*. Legislation and philanthropy are improving the condition of the masses, but they are more and more losing the guidance and governance of the masses. Wealth accumulates above, and wages rise below; but the cost of living augments with both operations, till those classes—the stamina of the nation—which are neither too rich nor too poor to fear a fall, find marriage a hazardous adventure, and dread the burden of large families. Medical science is mitigating suffering, and achieving some success in its warfare against disease; but at the same time it enables the diseased to live. It controls and sometimes half cures the maladies that spring from profligacy and excess, but in so doing it encourages both, by stepping in between the cause and its consequence, and saving them from their natural and deterring penalties. It reduces the aggregate mortality by sanitary improvements and precautions; but those whom it saves from dying prematurely it preserves to propagate dismal and imperfect lives. In our complicated modern communities a race is being run between moral and mental enlightenment and the deterioration of the physical constitution through the defeasance of the law of natural selection;—and on the issues of that race the destinies of humanity depend.

THE RELIGIOUS CREED AND OPINIONS OF THE CAUCASIAN CHAMPION OF THE CHURCH.

IT was an unlucky day for Mr. Disraeli's reputation, if a proud day for him personally, when, by a series of lucky accidents and against the national judgment, he became provisional Prime Minister. 'Capax imperii nisi imperasset.' All the marked qualities of his mind and character have been placed in broad relief. All his words and actions have been minutely scrutinised by reason of the weight and importance with which his new position has invested them. Constant reference has been made to his published writings and past career to explain the present or forecast the future; and the broad general result is a feeling of astonishment at the success with which so prolonged a course of mystification has been pursued. All is delusion, nought is truth. He has rigidly, we had almost said conscientiously, abided by the system of deception laid down in *Vivian Grey*, and his wonderful nerve, even more than the versatility and fertility of his genius, has enabled him to rise by means and instruments which, had he quailed or faltered, would have crumbled to dry ashes in his grasp. 'There wants but one thing more—courage, pure perfect courage; and does Vivian Grey know fear? He laughed a laugh of bitterest derision.'[1] For *courage* read *audacity*: for *fear* read *shame*: and this passage may be accepted as prophetic.

There was a brief interval, when he was actively co-operating with the Young England party, during which he gave promise of better things. They had no objection to any amount of paradox, but they were much too clever to be put off with mere words, and his speeches at this time occasionally deviated into sound views and solid arguments, which he has recently tried hard to explain away. It was in one of these (April, 1844) that he pronounced the Established Church ('an alien church' as he designated it) the main cause of the disorders of Ireland, and ecclesiastical equality essential to the amelioration of even the physical condition of the people. But from the time he made it his chief business to conciliate and become the leader of the so-called Conservatives, he has commonly dispensed altogether with soundness of argument or accuracy of statement.

He has improved on the maxim touching the use of speech popularly attributed to Talleyrand, and no man has carried farther the art of using ambiguous expressions, admitting of varying or opposite interpretations being put upon them to suit or serve the purpose of the hour. Indeed, he has carried this art so far, that it has become a second nature to him, and he cannot speak plainly or give a straightforward answer when, as he might read on the vexed faces of his followers, evasion and equivocation are misplaced. One half, and the most stinging half, of Sheridan's well known repartee is applicable to him; if he does not trust to his memory for his jokes, he certainly trusts to his imagination for his facts, whilst he falsifies history with a persistency and completeness worthy of Wraxall. The public are already familiar with his mode of dealing with political or profane history; but comparatively few are aware that he has treated sacred history and scriptural authorities in precisely the same fashion: the result being a most extra-

[1] *Vivian Grey*, ch. vii.

ordinary jumble of mystery and mysticism, of maudlin Christianity and inflated Judaism, which suggests the image of the blotted, rather than the blank, leaves between the Old and New Testament.[1]

We readily concede to others the liberty of opinion we claim and exercise in these pages. Far be it from us to attempt to raise against Mr. Disraeli any of those religious or semi-religious cries he is so fond of raising against others. Moreover, there is some embarrassing truth mixed up with his paradoxes; and the worst of his theological theories and doctrines are not more revolting or absurd than those of some venerated divines who have undertaken to explain the inexplicable. But he is the champion of Church and State; he is the discoverer of the Ritualist and Ultramontane plot against the Queen's supremacy; he is the writer of the Maundy Thursday letter; he is the bottle-holder of the Bishop of Oxford, and it was under the apostolic sanction of that distinguished prelate that he expounded the angelic theory of poor human nature — that he denounced, *en masse*, several of the profoundest thinkers and most enlightened writers of our day. He deals in judgments, is prodigal of dispensations, and unveils the designs of Providence. It will presently appear, if it has not been already collected from his language and conduct, that he advocates intolerance, and that he speaks of 'the equivocal principle of religious liberty' as fraught with unmixed evil to mankind. Under these circumstances, it becomes a duty to investigate his personal creed or semblance of a creed, if only to test his qualifications for the part he is playing. But it is from the clerical point of view that we now propose to judge him; and if we show that he has systematically contravened the articles of the Anglican Faith, that he is the very opposite of what is conventionally called orthodox, it is enough.

The passages on which we rely are taken, not from his speeches or novels, in which he has occasionally trifled with sacred subjects, but from a work published in the maturity of his intellect and fame, when he was the leader of his party in the House of Commons, and could not have forgotten the deep responsibilities under which he wrote. *Lord George Bentinck: a Political Biography*, appeared in 1851, and the chapter (chap. xxiv.) entitled 'The Jewish Question,' taken in connection with the relations and position of the writer, is one of the strangest and most startling pieces of composition to be found among the curiosities of literature.

We need hardly remind his clerical admirers that the supposed scriptural predictions of the dispersion of the Jews occupy an important place in the evidences of Christianity;[2] and one of the most learned and enlightened of modern historians, the Dean of St. Paul's (Dr. Milman), regards the scattered condition of

[1] *Louisa*: He (Isaac) is a Jew. *Jerome*: Another mistake; he has been a Christian these six weeks. *Ferdinand*: Ay, he left his old religion for an estate, and has not had time to get a new one. *Louisa*: But stands like a dead wall between church and synagogue, or like the blank leaves between the Old and New Testament.—*The Duenna*, Act i. sc. 3.

[2] See Paley's *Evidences of Christianity*, Part 2, chapter i. *Prophecy*. There is nothing in the Evangelists portending the lasting dispersion of the Jews. 'And they shall fall by the edge of the sword, and shall be led away captive into all nations: and Jerusalem shall be trodden down of the Gentiles, until the times of the Gentiles be fulfilled.' Luke xxi. 24. Paley interprets this prophecy (recorded also by Matthew and Mark) as referring merely to the destruction of Jerusalem, and the objection which he labours to remove is that the prediction may have been preceded by the event.

the devoted race as the fulfilment of a doom. After narrating the destruction of the city, Dr. Milman proceeds:

> The political existence of the Jewish nation was annihilated; it was never again recognised as one of the states or kingdoms of the world. Judæa was sentenced to be portioned out to strangers—the capital was destroyed—the temple demolished—the royal house almost extinct—the high priesthood buried under the ruins of the Temple. Our history has lost, as it were, its centre of unity; we have to trace a despised and obscure race in almost every region of the world; and connect, as we can, the loose and scattered details of their story. . . .
>
> Wherever they have been allowed to dwell unmolested, or still more in honour and respect, they have added largely to the stock of national wealth, cultivation, and comfort. Where, as has been more usually the case, they have been barely tolerated, where they have been considered, in public estimation, the basest of the base, the very outcasts and refuse of mankind; they have gone on accumulating those treasures which they dared not betray or enjoy; in the most barbarous periods they kept up the only traffic and communication which subsisted between distant countries; like hardy and adventurous miners, they were always at work under the surface of society, slowly winning their way to opulence. Perpetually plundered, yet always wealthy; massacred by thousands, yet springing up again from their undying stock, the Jews appear at all times and in all regions; their perpetuity, their national immortality, is at once the most curious problem to the political inquirer; to the religious man a subject of profound and awful admiration.

On this essential point, Mr. Disraeli is at direct issue with the orthodox:

> 'It is alleged,' he writes, 'that the dispersion of the Jewish race is a penalty incurred for the commission of a great crime: namely, the crucifixion of our blessed Lord in the form of a Jewish prince, by the Romans, at Jerusalem, and at the instigation of some Jews, in the reign of Augustus Cæsar. Upon this, it may be observed, that the allegation is neither historically true nor dogmatically sound.'

Passing over the palpable anachronism of placing the crucifixion in the reign of Augustus, it is difficult to suppose that Mr. Disraeli is in earnest when he speaks of 'our blessed Lord' in the form of a Jewish prince. But to proceed:

> '1. *Not historically true.* It is not historically true, because at the time of the advent of our Lord, the Jewish race was *as much* dispersed throughout the world as at this present time, and had been so for many centuries. Europe, with the exception of those shores which are bathed by the midland sea, *was then a primæval forest*, but in every city of the great Eastern monarchies and in every province of the Roman empire, the Jews had been long settled. We have not precise authority for saying that at the advent there were more Jews established in Egypt than in Palestine, but it may unquestionably be asserted that at that period there were many more Jews living, and that too in great prosperity and honour, at Alexandria than at Jerusalem. It is evident from various Roman authors that the Jewish race formed no inconsiderable portion of the multitude that filled Rome itself, and that the Mosaic religion, undisturbed by the state, even made proselytes. But it is unnecessary to enter into any curious researches on this head, though the authorities are neither scant nor uninteresting. We are furnished with evidence the most complete and unanswerable of the pre-dispersion by the sacred writings themselves. Not two months after the crucifixion, when the Third Person of the Holy Trinity first descended on Jerusalem, it being the time of the great festivals, when the Jews according to the custom of the Arabian tribes, pursued to this day in the pilgrimage of Mecca, repaired from all quarters to the central sacred place, the holy writings inform us that there were gathered together in Jerusalem, "Jews, devout men, out of every nation under heaven."'

The Jews had emigrated largely and founded numerous colonies prior to the advent; but the statement that they were as much dispersed throughout the world before the destruction of their city as at the present time, is one which no writer who valued his character for accuracy would risk; and the readers of Strabo, Appian, Cæsar's Commentaries, or the imperial *Histoire de Jules César* (ch. iv.) will be somewhat surprised to hear that Europe, with the exception of the shores of the Mediterranean, was then a primæval forest. As for the argument drawn from the gathering together of Jews out of every nation under heaven at the great festivals, an analogous argument, based on the Pan-Anglican Synod, might be used to show that the members of the Anglican church are similarly dispersed.

One plausible reason for supposing that the dispersion of the Jews has fixed attention more than the dispersion of any other race or nation, and that an undue stress may consequently have been laid upon it, is their scrupulous adherence to their distinctive creed, rites, and customs, with their refusal to amalgamate with any people or community of which they civilly or politically form part. This has been left unnoticed by Mr. Disraeli, although he might have made a better point out of it than any he has contrived to hit upon. We come next to his favourite style of paradox, of which he has made so prodigal a use in his political controversies:

'Nor is it indeed historically true that the small section of the Jewish race which dwelt in Palestine rejected Christ. The reverse is the truth. Had it not been for the Jews of Palestine the good tidings of our Lord would have been unknown for ever to the northern and western races. The first preachers of the gospel were Jews, and none else; the historians of the gospel were Jews, and none else. No one has ever been permitted to write under the inspiration of the Holy Spirit except a Jew. *For nearly a century no one believed in the good tidings except Jews.* They nursed the sacred flame of which they were the consecrated and hereditary depositories. *And when the time was ripe to diffuse the truth among the ethnicks*, it was not a senator of Rome or a philosopher of Athens who was personally appointed by our Lord for that office, but a Jew of Tarsus, who founded the seven churches of Asia. And that greater church, great even amid its terrible corruptions, that has avenged the victory of Titus by subjugating the capital of the Cæsars, and has changed every one of the Olympian temples into altars of the God of Sinai and of Calvary, was founded by another Jew, a Jew of Galilee.'[1]

It was nearly a century, therefore, from the first announcement of the glad tidings till the time was ripe to diffuse the truth among the ethnicks; i.e. till the preaching of St. Paul. But let that, too, pass. The essential point here pressed upon us is that the Jews who dwelt in Palestine did not, as a body, community, or race, reject Christ; because the first converts, the first preachers of the gospel, and the historians of the gospel, were, or rather had been, Jews. This is the same kind of sophistry by which Mr. Disraeli tried to make out at Edinburgh that Liberal legislation, including parliamentary reform, Catholic emancipation, and free trade, was entirely owing to the Tory party although in open defiance of

[1] This claim on the behalf of the Jews to all the honour and glory of having founded Christendom had been already advanced and eloquently supported by Sidonia in *Tancred*, chap. xl.

their principles, because the chief promoters of those measures had been Tories at some period or other. But was it as a Tory that Pitt brought forward his scheme of parliamentary reform in 1783, or that Peel carried Catholic emancipation and the repeal of the corn laws? Was it as Jews that the apostles preached, that the evangelists wrote, that St. Paul founded the seven churches of Asia, that St. Peter founded (if he did found) that greater church which has avenged the victory of Titus?

An orthodox divine would urge that individual instances of faith aggravated the general hardness of heart and stiff-neckedness. He would request Mr. Disraeli to explain the popular demand for Barabbas; or he would dwell (as the sceptic also will dwell) upon the confirmed and traditional incredulity of the people who personally witnessed the miracles, saw the veil of the temple rent, felt the earth quake, and refused to say with the centurion, 'Truly this was the Son of God.'

The Jews, then, being the founders and promoters, instead of the opponents, of Christianity, the notion that the present condition of the race is a judgment or a penal infliction is dismissed, and declared to be neither historically nor dogmatically sound. 'But dogmatically considered, the subject of the crucifixion,' he proceeds, 'must be viewed in a deeper spirit.'

'When the ineffable mystery of the Incarnation was consummated, a divine person moved on the face of the earth in the shape of a child of Israel, not to teach but to expiate. True it is that no word could fall from such lips, whether in the form of profound parable, or witty retort, or preceptive lore, but to guide and enlighten; but they who in those somewhat lax effusions, which in these days are honoured with the holy name of theology, speak of the morality of the gospel as a thing apart and of novel revelation, would do well to remember that in promulgating such doctrines they are treading on very perilous ground. There cannot be two moralities; and to hold that the Second Person of the Holy Trinity could teach a different morality from that which had been already revealed by the First Person of the Holy Trinity is a dogma so full of terror that it may perhaps be looked upon as the ineffable sin against the Holy Spirit. When the lawyer tempted our Lord, and inquired how he was to inherit eternal life, the great Master of Galilee referred him to the writings of Moses. There he would find recorded "the whole duty of man" —to love God with all his heart, and soul, and strength, and mind, and his neighbour as himself. These two principles are embalmed in the writings of Moses, and are the essence of Christian morals.'

Here again our Caucasian teacher is all abroad, and would have done well, before rushing on so boldly, to consult some of those 'somewhat lax effusions which in these days are honoured with the holy name of theology.' Theology is no more a holy name than geology or zoology, and theological writers are often lax enough in all conscience. But those of whom he speaks must be more than commonly superficial, if he could not have learned from them that a different morality does not imply a contradictory one; that a second revelation in a more advanced stage of human progress may expand and improve upon, without abrogating, the first; that the Sermon on the Mount is not inconsistent with the Ten Commandments delivered on Mount Sinai; and that St. Paul undoubtedly held the dogma which 'may perhaps be looked upon as the ineffable sin.' The truth is, Mr. Disraeli cannot fling off his original faith: the Old Testament

is to him what the Koran was to Omar when that pious Mussulman devoted the Alexandrian library to the flames, on the ground that books which agreed with the Koran were superfluous, and books which differed from it heretical. If (which may be granted to him) the two grand principles, the essence of Christian morals, are embalmed in the writings of Moses, what is the use of the morality of 'novel revelation' embalmed in the writings of St. Matthew, St. Mark, St. Luke, St. John, or St. Paul?[1] Such is the obvious tendency of Mr. Disraeli's reasoning. He will not even admit that the moral amelioration of mankind was a secondary or subsidiary object or advantage of Christianity:

'It was for something deeper than this, higher and holier than even Moses could fulfil, that angels announced the Coming. It was to accomplish an event preordained by the Creator of the world for countless ages. Born from the chosen house of the chosen people, yet blending in his inexplicable nature the divine essence with the human elements, a sacrificial mediator was to appear, appointed before all time, and purifying with his atoning blood the myriads that had preceded and the myriads that will follow him. The doctrine embraces all space and time, nay, chaos and eternity; divine persons are the agents, and the redemption of the whole family of man the result. If the Jews had not prevailed upon the Romans to crucify our Lord, what would have become of the Atonement? But the human mind cannot contemplate the idea that the most important deed of time could depend upon human will. The immolators were preordained like the victim, and the holy race supplied both. Could that be a crime which secured for all mankind eternal joy? Which vanquished Satan, and opened the gates of Paradise? Such a tenet would sully and impugn the doctrine that is the corner-stone of our faith and hope. Men must not presume to sit in judgment on such an act. They must bow their heads in awe and astonishment and trembling gratitude.'

We entirely agree that the mystery is beyond the compass of our intelligence—

> Thinking is but an idle waste of thought,
> And nought is everything, and everything is nought.

Why, then, does Mr. Disraeli dogmatise upon it?—why does he rush wildly into fatalism, confounding divine excellence with human guilt, excluding merit and denying crime? 'If the Jews had not prevailed upon the Romans to crucify our Lord, what would have become of the atonement?' And if Judas Iscariot had not betrayed him? 'The immolators were preordained, like the victim; and the holy race supplied both.' What a source of pride and self-congratulation for the race which supplied not only the traitor, but the impenitent thief; only unluckily there is no scripture warrant for supposing that the immolators had merited either reward in this world or eternal happiness in the next.

According to St. Matthew, Judas cast down the pieces of silver in the temple and departed, and went away and hanged himself; 'and the chief priests bought with them

[1] Referring to our Saviour's words in answer to the lawyer (Matt. xxii.), Paley quaintly remarks, 'Nor do I think that it detracts much from the merit of the answer, that these precepts are extant in the Mosaic code.' (*Evidences*, Part 2, chap. i.) He also argues that to expect or look for discoveries in morality is altogether a mistake; and he makes the superiority of the Christian morality consist in the stress it lays on virtues like charity, meekness, humility, and forgiveness of injuries, which were not held of equal account in any preceding system or code of ethics.

the potter's field, to bury strangers in. Wherefore that field was called, The field of blood.' According to St. Peter (Acts i.), 'this man (Judas) purchased a field with the reward of iniquity; and falling headlong, he burst asunder in the midst, and all his bowels gushed out. And it was known unto all the dwellers at Jerusalem; insomuch as that field is called in their proper tongue, Aceldama, that is to say, The field of blood.' Each of these accounts purports to be the confirmation of a prophecy, and they agree in the essential fact: that Judas came to an untimely end, strongly resembling what is popularly called a judgment, and that his memory was accursed. The thieves, also, according to the Caucasian theory, must be regarded as preordained accessories. According to St. Matthew, they both, joining in the profane mockery, 'cast the same in his teeth.' According to St. Luke, one rebuked the hardened wickedness of the other. 'And Jesus said unto him, Verily I say unto thee, to-day shalt thou be with me in paradise.' Will Mr. Disraeli venture to impugn the divine justice as manifested in this distinction? Will he venture to say that both the thieves stood on the same footing, being equally irresponsible for what they said? Better go the entire length with the Calvinist, and contend that all concerned in the great crime were not only predestined to take part in it, but predestined to suffer eternal punishment for it.

We have been at some pains to show that Mr. Disraeli's theology (holy or unholy) is the reverse of orthodox. His morality is equally anomalous, inasmuch as he altogether discards the consideration of motive as a sign or element of innocence or guilt. The chief priests and scribes, swayed by pride, fear, and selfishness; the fierce populace clamouring for innocent blood; the traitor who sells his soul for thirty pieces of silver, the irresolute governor, the mocking soldiers, the impenitent thief, were no more guilty of a crime than if they had one and all acted from the noblest and purest motives! Then what is virtue? What is vice? How are we to test the moral qualities of any given line of conduct? Is a man who does good in his own despite—nay, when intending to do evil—to be deemed a good man? We should like to know what Mr. Disraeli's clerical constituents think on this subject? Another Maundy Thursday or Whit Monday epistle would not be thrown away upon it.

In his last memorable oration at Merchant Taylors' Hall, Mr. Disraeli, who insists on treating the Irish Church as the keystone of the British constitution, spoke thus:—

'But what is most strange and singular in this eventful history is that just at the moment when a constituent body is about to be established which will represent all classes, all interests, and all opinions in the United Kingdom, no doubt more fully and more completely than before, or was anticipated even by those favourable to political change—what is most strange and singular is that this great constituent body, founded upon those enlarged sympathies and interests, will be called upon as their first duty to decide whether they will sustain, or whether they will subvert, the constitution of their country. I confess that I cannot resist recognising the hand of Providence in this awful dispensation.'

This discovery of an 'awful dispensation' astonished many and frightened some. Interpreted by the light of Calvinism, it is intelligible enough. Mr. Disraeli was preordained to carry a Reform Bill which bids fair to prove the ruin of his party. Mr. Gladstone was preordained to propose and haply effect

the disestablishment of the Irish Church; which was also preordained (although the coincidence seems quite natural) to be the first great question submitted to the reformed constituencies, and they are preordained to turn out the Caucasian Premier.

Admitting the partial degradation of the Jewish race, Mr. Disraeli prefers a claim for them to 'all the honour and favour which, in civilised and refined nations, should be the lot of those who charm the public taste and elevate the public feeling.' He 'hesitates not to say that there is no race at this present, and following in this only the example of a long period, that so much delights and fascinates, and elevates, and ennobles Europe, as the Jewish.' It is principally through the medium of music that they have worked marvels: 'When the Russian, the Frenchman, and the Anglo-Saxon, amid the applauding theatres or the choral voices of solemn temples, yield themselves to the full spell of a Mozart or a Mendelssohn, it seems difficult to comprehend how these races can reconcile it to their hearts to persecute a Jew.' Then, they have attained high distinction in other branches of the fine arts and in literature; but it is curious that, among his illustrations and examples, some of which are apocryphal at best, he has altogether omitted to name Rachel and Henri Heine. The Jews have other and still higher claims on the gratitude of mankind:

'The Jews represent the Semitic principle: all that is spiritual in our nature. They are the trustees of tradition and the conservators of the religious element. They are a living and the most striking evidence of the falsity of that pernicious doctrine of modern times, the natural equality of man. The political equality of a particular race is a matter of municipal arrangement, and depends entirely on political considerations and circumstances; but the natural equality of man now in vogue, and taking the form of cosmopolitan fraternity, is a principle which, were it possible to act on it, would deteriorate the great races and destroy all the genius of the world. What would be the consequence on the great Anglo-Saxon republic, for example, were its citizens to secede from their sound principle of reserve, and mingle with their negro and coloured populations? *In the course of time they would become so deteriorated that their states would probably be reconquered and regained by the aborigines whom they have expelled, and who would then be their superiors.* But though nature will never ultimately permit this theory of natural equality to be practised, the preaching of this dogma has already caused much mischief, and may occasion much more. The native tendency of the Jewish race, who are justly proud of their blood, is against the doctrine of the equality of man.

'*They have also another characteristic, the faculty of acquisition.* Although the European laws have endeavoured to prevent their obtaining property, they have nevertheless become remarkable for their accumulated wealth. Thus it will be seen that all the tendencies of the Jewish race are conservative. Their bias is to religion, property, and natural aristocracy; and it should be the interest of statesmen that this bias of a great race should be encouraged, and their energies and creative powers enlisted in the cause of existing society.'

If they have occasionally proved unworthy of their high mission, this is solely because society has chosen to persecute the race which should furnish its choice allies. What have been the consequences? 'They may be traced in the last outbreak of the destructive principle in Europe. An insurrection

takes place against tradition and aristocracy, against religion and property. Destruction of the Semitic principle, extirpation of the Jewish religion, whether in the Mosaic or in the Christian form, the natural equality of man and the abrogation of property, are proclaimed by the secret societies who form provisional governments, *and men of Jewish race are found at the head of every one of them.* The people of God co-operate with atheists; the most skilful accumulators of property ally themselves with communists; the peculiar and chosen race touch the hand of all the scum and low castes of Europe!'

This is rather an awkward admission, and a little further on, we find: 'It is no doubt to be deplored that several millions of the Jewish race should persist in believing *in only a part of their religion*; but this is a circumstance which does not affect Europe, and time, with different treatment, may remove the anomaly which perhaps may be accounted for.'

He accounts for it by the assertion that the existing Jews are the descendants of the various colonies and emigrations which, voluntary or forced, long preceded the advent. 'Centuries must have passed in many instances before the Jewish colonies heard of the advent, the crucifixion, and the atonement; the latter, however, a doctrine in perfect harmony with Jewish ideas. When they first heard of Christianity, it appeared to be a Gentile religion, accompanied by idolatrous practices, from which severe monotheists like the Arabians always recoil.'

It will be observed that Mr. Disraeli has already spoken of Christianity as a part of the religion of the Jews. This mode of expression is repeated when, after recapitulating the causes which led to their prolonged unbelief, he asks: 'Is it, therefore, wonderful that a great portion of the Jewish race should not believe in the most important portion of the Jewish religion?' According to him, therefore, Judaism contains Christianity as the greater contains the less, and when a Jew turns Christian, he simply becomes a complete or perfect Jew. Only let the Jew alone, and he will soon see that Christianity, instead of being inimical or antagonistic, is the pride, the honour, the crowning ornament, the elevation and consummation, of his creed.

'Perhaps, too, in this enlightened age, as his mind expands and he takes a comprehensive view of this period of progress, the pupil of Moses may ask himself, whether all the princes of the house of David have done so much for the Jews as that Prince who was crucified on Calvary? Had it not been for Him the Jews would have been comparatively unknown, or known only as a high Oriental caste which had lost its country. Has not He made their history the most famous in the world? Has not He hung up their laws in every temple? Has not He vindicated all their wrongs? Has not He avenged the victory of Titus and conquered the Cæsars? What successes did they anticipate from their Messiah? The wildest dreams of their rabbis have been far exceeded. Has not Jesus conquered Europe and changed its name into Christendom?

'These may be dreams, but there is one fact which none can contest. Christians may continue to persecute Jews and Jews may persist in disbelieving Christians, but who can deny that Jesus of Nazareth, the Incarnate Son of the Most High God, is the eternal glory of the Jewish race?'

It may be doubted whether enlightened Jews are precisely of this opinion, considering what an amount of persecution and degradation has been entailed upon them by 'the eternal glory' of their race. If the wildest dreams of the

rabbis have been exceeded, it has not been by the fulfilment of those dreams. The successes they anticipated from their Messiah could not have included the destruction of their city, or the dispersion of their people, or the establishment of Christendom as a standing monument of their hard-heartedness. The most advanced pupil of Moses would find it difficult to explain how 'Jesus of Nazareth' can be said to have vindicated the wrongs inflicted in His name to do Him honour; and any pupil advanced enough to take in the full scope of Mr. Disraeli's argument would cease to be a Jew. Possibly the orthodox Anglican, the recipient of the Maundy Thursday epistle for example, would be as much puzzled as the pupil of Moses. At all events, it would need all the weight of his Caucasian correspondent's authority to reconcile him to the doctrine, that the blessings of Christianity are entirely owing to the race who disbelieve and repudiate it.

The exaggeration and loose logic of these declamatory bursts are owing to that condition of intellect which is brought about by habitually trifling with truth. If Mr. Disraeli can be called earnest and consistent in anything, he is thoroughly earnest and consistent in maintaining the superiority of Judaism and the Jews over all other religious systems and races upon earth. All his opinions (we repeat) are coloured by his hereditary faith. Even when he expatiated the other day on the paramount necessity of connecting the principle of religion with the principle of government, what he had in his mind was the Jewish theocracy, not the cherished Church and State doctrine of the Anglican divine.

He was treading on dangerous ground when he composed this famous chapter, but he had good reasons for the bold, uncompromising announcement of his creed at the particular period. Shortly before the session of 1848, Lord George Bentinck (who died in the autumn of that year) had been compelled to surrender the Tory leadership in consequence of his advocacy of Jewish Emancipation. If Mr. Disraeli had stood firmly and faithfully by his noble friend, that measure would probably have been accelerated by some years. But the sacrifice was too great; for this was precisely one of those occasions when, as we formerly remarked, a spark of principle would have blown the whole fabric of his political fortunes into the air. He resolved to trim and temporise; and his course was marked by his usual ingenuity and fertility of resource. He had simultaneously to conciliate his race and his party; and he succeeded to admiration.

'You,' he said to the Jews, 'are a chosen people, and an exception should be made in your favour, if you think it prudent or compatible to be amalgamated civilly or politically with an inferior breed.' 'You,' turning to his party, 'are quite right in adopting intolerance as your principle; and far be it from me to press for even an insulated departure from it, if you think that, the door once opened, all sorts of sectarians will rush in.' Accordingly, he made a speech or two in laudation of Hebrew virtue and genius; but when (August 5, 1850) it was moved 'that this House will, at the earliest opportunity in the next session of Parliament, take into its serious consideration the form of the Abjuration Oath, with a view to relieve Her Majesty's subjects professing the Jewish religion,' he divided with the Noes.

Chapter XXV. of the *Political Biography* opens thus:—

'It would seem to follow from the views expressed in the preceding chapter, that in communities pro-

fessing a belief in our Lord, the Jewish race ought not to be subject to any legislative dishonour or disqualification. These views, however, were not those which influenced Lord George Bentinck in forming his opinion that the civil disability of those subjects of her Majesty who profess that limited belief in divine revelation which is commonly called the Jewish religion, should be removed. He had supported a measure to this effect in the year 1833, guided in that conduct by his devoted attachment to the *equivocal principle* of religious liberty, the unqualified application of which principle seems hardly consistent with that recognition of religious truth by the state to which we yet adhere, and without which it is highly probable that the northern and western races, after a disturbing and rapidly degrading period of atheistic anarchy, may fatally recur to their old national idolatries, modified and mythically dressed up according to the spirit of the age.'

By 'recognition of religious truth by the State,' he means neither more nor less than establishment and endowment for the propagation of a selected creed; without which, we are assured, it is highly probable that the most enlightened of civilised communities will fall back through atheism into idolatry — that the English, French, and Germans will abandon Christianity for the Druidical, Scandinavian, or Celtic forms of superstition! It had been already laid down in a preceding passage that to admit the natural equality of man, and act upon it, would expose the great Anglo-Saxon republic to be conquered and replaced by the aborigines—i.e. by the Indian tribes whom they have been improving off the face of the earth!

Grattez le Russe et vous trouverez le Tartare. Scratch our Caucasian Premier and you will find the Hebrew. We do not say this in an invidious or depreciatory sense, for we agree in much of what he says of the original qualities of his race. What we mean is that toleration, like charity or humility, is not a Jewish virtue; that the chosen people repudiated it upon principle; and that he is a genuine son of Israel in this particular. He flies off into extravagance at the bare notion of religious liberty: the slightest departure from the theocratic principle is worse than foreign conquest; and he cannot so much as imagine two or more Churches coexisting, unless one of them is made paramount by the State. Thus (May 4) in the course of a formal and premeditated statement, he said:

'The consequences of the application of that principle (of disestablishment) to England would be very serious. If the union between Church and State is abolished, the Church must either become an *imperium in imperio*, and so become probably more important than the State, and weaken the action of Government, or it must break into endless sects and schisms, which would finally be absorbed by the traditions and discipline of the Church of Rome.'

We look upon this to be about one of the most absurd statements ever made from the Treasury Bench upon a grave occasion; and well might Mr. Gladstone remind him that it was not to the Church of Rome that he had to apologise for such a prophecy, but to the Protestants of England, 'because we have been in the belief that there is in the religion we profess something in the nature of a guarantee and security, and we regard these opinions that threaten it with absorption and extinction through the power of the Church of Rome as servile and debasing.' To complicate the absurdity, and illustrate the reckless inconsistency of position after position which he takes

up, it will be remembered that his Government was then actually engaged in a negotiation with the Catholic Prelates of Ireland, with the view of legalising and aggrandising the very influences which he affects to dread. 'Such be your gods, oh Israel!' Such is the man whom the Anglican clergy have deliberately accepted as their champion in an emergency, when, if they cease to command public esteem and confidence, they are lost.

We are tempted to conclude with an extract from Lord Macaulay's article on Barère, which, when two or three expressions have been omitted or construed in a political sense, strikes us to be curiously in point:

'We cannot say that we contemplate with equal satisfaction the fervent and constant zeal for religion, which, according to M. Hippolyte Carnot, distinguished Barère; for, as we think that whatever brings dishonour on religion is a serious evil, we had, we own, indulged a hope that Barère was an atheist. We now learn, however, that he was at no time even a sceptic; that he adhered to his faith through the whole Revolution; and that he has left several manuscripts on divinity. One of these is a pious treatise, entitled, "Of Christianity and of its Influence." Another treatise consists of Meditations on the Psalms, which will doubtless console and edify the Church.

'This makes the character complete. Whatsoever things are false, whatsoever things are dishonest, whatsoever things are deceitful, whatsoever things are of doubtful repute—all these things, we knew, were blended in Barère. But one thing was still wanting, and that M. Hippolyte Carnot has supplied. When to such an assemblage of qualities a high profession of piety is added, the effect becomes overpowering. We sink under the contemplation of such exquisite and manifold perfection; and feel, with deep humility, how presumptuous it was in us to think of composing the legend of this beatified athlete of the faith.'

THE MOON.

A CAREFUL examination of the planetary system brings out an evident classification into three main groups, each possessing distinctive features of its own. In that interior zone which is closed up more immediately round the source of light and attraction, we find four bodies—we shall be by this time excused if we do not add the supposititious Vulcan to the number—having many properties in common. While each of these globes possesses that individuality of character which throughout this wonderful creation seems inseparably associated with individuality of existence, there is a limit of difference as to diameter and density, and, so far as is known, as to spheroidal form and period of rotation, which throws, so to speak, a similarity of colouring over them all. The connection thus indicated is further borne out by the regular progression of their distances from their common centre of motion, and of course by the periods of revolution which those distances, according to the harmonies of the universe, of necessity require. Then comes an unexpected break: the sequence is interrupted, the family likeness ceases. The group is terminated abruptly by what was formerly considered a void, but which is now found to be a region thickly crowded with objects of characters altogether diverse from the former, but not less distinctive; those of minuteness and multitude. So small that even with all the refinements of modern optical skill the investigation of their diameters would in almost every instance be a hopeless effort, they throng their allotted region, if such a word may be allowed when the interspaces are still millions of miles, in a manner elsewhere unexampled; and the hundred now nearly filled up may very possibly stand as a mere fraction of their total sum. But this group comes to an end in turn, or, more correctly speaking, our power of tracing it terminates; it may, indeed, be spread out even to the utmost verge of our system, but we have no right to speculate on what is ever likely to remain invisible. Then succeeds a third group, in which we might fancy a species of reaction, attended, as is frequently the case in reactions, with a measure of fuller development. The progression of distances and associated periods is resumed; but the wide expansion of magnitude, the singular diminution of density, the great increase, as far as can be observed, of rotatory speed and polar flattening, all converge towards a general character of similarity among themselves, deviating widely from the type of the innermost group. And there is yet one more point in which this diversity comes out forcibly,—the attendance of retinues of minuter planets, obeying their respective primaries as centres of attraction. It will be obvious that this characteristic, this point of family likeness, must be one of much importance and especial signification. The other variations, so far as we trace them, are differences in degree; but this is a difference in kind, affecting, not the individual character of the planet, but its dignity as a subordinate centre of a dependent system. Now it is precisely in this one very striking distinction, this point of widest divergence between the outermost and innermost class, that an exception occurs in favour of one of the latter family; and that our earth, in every other respect an associate of the internal group, receives an addition which establishes for it a rank of its own. The exception, remarkable as being a soli-

tary one, is worthy of notice in another respect, as not occurring in that outermost position in the interior series, where, if anywhere, an approximation to the arrangement existing beyond it might have appeared less improbable. Suddenly, as it were, and in a manner which no analogy could have anticipated, we find the globe which we occupy invested with a portion of the honour bestowed otherwise exclusively upon a far distant group, and on this sole ground enabled to claim kindred with the leading family of the great system. In the absence of all data, we can push these reflections no further; but we cannot doubt that the sign which we are unable to interpret is one of deep and momentous import in the wonderful order and unsearchable harmonies of the Creator's universe.

The broad fact on which we have been commenting is too obvious to have escaped earlier notice. It was remarked by the eminent selenographers, Beer and Mädler, thirty years ago, that by the possession of a satellite the earth is transferred to the rank of the greater and more distant members of our system. They have made, however, an additional observation, which deserves to be remembered, that from the large proportion which the bulk of the moon bears to that of the earth, quite dissimilar to that of other satellites, we may be called a double planet, bearing some analogy to the systems of binary stars; and hence, they remark, the moon is well worthy of all the attention which it has always received.

This, after what has been said, will be easily admitted. But even in the absence of this source of interest, its mere vicinity would render it the first, because the easiest, object of telescopic inquiry. Some of the more distant members of our system may be more intrinsically remarkable, as Mars, from his singular likeness, and Saturn, from his equally singular unlikeness, to ourselves; to say nothing of the unrivalled elegance and magnificence of the attendant ring-system of the latter. But in dealing with these objects, even the colossal instruments of the present day leave us painfully sensible of the vastness of the intervening space. Four hundred, or even twenty-five, millions of miles, tell heavily upon our magnifying power; and turning to the moon at a quarter of a million is felt to be almost a coming home again. In so close a neighbourhood even the unassisted eye can trace the beginning of discovery. In that group of delicate but persistent shadowings, we might fancy analogies with the continents and oceans of our earth; and the occasional inequality of the inner boundary, or *terminator* as astronomers teach us to call it,—what is this but the clear indication of a mountainous surface? Full of expectation, we shall call to our aid the 'optic tube,' and that expectation will be abundantly gratified; and not only abundantly but readily. We do not require the appliances of Parsonstown or Greenwich. Even the little spy-glass of Galileo, if we might—but we hardly may—thus speak of the parent of the subsequent wonders of optical skill; even this feeble instrument showed its inventor the true character of that globe, all roughened with cavities 'like the eyes in a peacock's tail;' and the laborious investigations of Beer and Mädler (or rather of Mädler, for the former is believed to have done little more than supply the sinews of war) were accomplished with what would now be considered but a mediocre amount of illumination and magnifying power. And each successive increase of optical capacity brings out an increasing complexity of detail, equally interesting from its variety and overwhelming from its profusion. The attempt to do it justice has been the parent

of voluminous treatises; and yet justice has never been done: justice, that is, of course, not to the unapproachable reality, but to the telescopic picturing of the scene. Would this appear to any one a statement coloured by enthusiastic feeling? Let him take the first opportunity of testing it with a good instrument, and let him qualify it as he may feel inclined, when he has gazed well and long upon that marvellous wilderness.

It must, however, be admitted, that here, as in many other cases, it is one thing to see, another to understand; and that the first impression of wonder is not always followed up by an equal amount of intelligent comprehension. This, perhaps, is not fair matter of surprise. An untrained eye is as an unsharpened tool; the relief of vivid light and absolutely black shadow does not commend itself at once to the mind, especially in a bird's-eye view; and a little attention and thought may be required to make out the meaning of what we see. But, once understood, how wonderful is that scene! And how natural and how strong will be the desire to know as much of it as may be permitted to human faculties by the Creator of both it and them! What has been already ascertained about it? How much have astronomers been able to grasp of its true significance? How far have two centuries and a half of unremitted effort diminished the optical distance between us and our satellite? Even such an outline of an answer as we can here give will not be without its interest.

We cannot now enter upon the earlier history of selenography; but if we take it up a little more than thirty years ago, when the first general map on a sufficient scale—that of Beer and Mädler—appeared, we may assert that many important advances have since been made. Their great work—great certainly for its epoch, and the result of enormous labour—no longer maintains the position which it then seemed likely to occupy for generations. Serving rather as a basis for other records, than as a final document in itself, it has been made the substratum of explorations, which, though for the most part inferior in extent, have been superior in minuteness and precision; and selenography is every day assuming an aspect more accordant with our progress in other branches of knowledge. We might have said less disaccordant. For if it is on the one hand gratifying to astronomers, that they know more of many portions of that remote globe than geographers do of some parts of our own, it is on the other hand unsatisfactory to feel how much is still unexplored, though the means of reaching it are completely under command. It must be admitted that celestial observation, as a whole, has by no means kept pace with its facilities. Time was, and that not long ago, when the deficiency lay in the latter; when the scarceness and costliness of the means of discovery accounted for the tardiness of its advance. But these are things of the past; and the wonder now is, what becomes of the comparative profusion of high-class telescopes annually produced, which our forefathers could not have paid to possess. The solution lies in a limited compass. The great majority must have come into the possession of those who either do not know how, or do not care, to use them, or will not trouble themselves to make known their results. Many are the eyes that cannot see, the hands that cannot draw, the pens that cannot describe, with accuracy sufficient for these delicate purposes. There is no royal road to successful observation: the eye, the hand, the judgment—all require a certain amount of training, in order that

the indications of the instrument may be received and interpreted aright: and hence, though it may be true that a good telescope is likely to make a good observer, even as a good organ is said to make a good organist, yet there may be many degrees, and a long progression, of badness, before he is made. And thus it happens that in the majority of cases, the optician's is as yet in advance of the observer's skill.

Still, with much allowance for incompetency or supineness, and a large margin left for blundering, we may not deny that selenography has made progress of late, and is daily pushing on. Great things are in contemplation, and matters will not long remain as Beer and Mädler left them. We are in early expectation from Athens of a lunar delineation—that of Lohrmann, completed by his worthy successor Schmidt—which will far surpass anything we now possess; and in the remoter distance the labours of our own accurate and indefatigable Birt, aided by the zeal and patience of many a kindred workman, will ultimately issue in the production of a chart, the value of which we may hope will correspond with its scale of nearly seventeen feet in diameter. And if we are in no position to lay before our readers anything approaching, even remotely, to a full and connected exposition of selenographical achievement, we may still venture upon such a statement of intermediate and provisional results as may at least awaken interest, and provide materials for reflection.

We may begin with Beer and Mädler's assertion that the moon is no copy of the earth. Features indeed there are of strong resemblance, and many an analogy will float with more or less distinctness before the mental view: sometimes a dim adumbration; sometimes a tangible identity. But the latest, as the earliest, impression will be that of a strange, peculiar, and but imperfectly intelligible scene. If we are to attempt a sketch, however meagre, first we have great level regions, usually, though not invariably, of inferior reflective power, in some parts as flat as the African deserts or the steppes of Tartary: in other places and indeed more frequently, threaded as it were, but not interrupted, by long low narrow banks, sometimes straight, at others curved, serpentine, branching, or interwoven, and reminding us of the veins that raise the delicate skin of a high-bred horse. These levels are often sprinkled with projecting rocks, or diversified by groups of hills, or broken up by greater mountains, or by the results of an explosive force with which we shall soon be further acquainted. Their boundaries, sometimes ill-marked transitions to higher or brighter ground, are at others formed by the boldest cliffs, such as border no terrestrial sea, rising at once to a super-Alpine elevation. These were the seas, and these their shores, in the estimation of some of the earlier observers, even as they are still in the accustomed nomenclature; but only for convenience' sake; no trace of water being discoverable there. They are surrounded and separated by vast mountain ranges, hill-countries, and table-lands; and these are intersected by valleys of every diversity of dimension and form—some of this infinitely varied scenery as much resembling, as other parts are unlike, the arrangements of our globe. The first probable impression, that the character of the lunar scenery is invariably more abrupt and magnificent than that of the earth, will be found on closer examination to be in some measure mistaken. It is undoubtedly far more striking as a whole, and unrivalled in many of its details; and especially in the profu-

sion with which many of those details are repeated and accumulated within a circumscribed space: yet still it is believed that the types of most of these exist among ourselves. Even those strange labyrinths where hundreds will not count the crowd of contiguous hillocks, and those marvellous parallelisms where over large areas all objects are drawn into rows, or into double lines crossing as if in network, are not without terrestrial analogues, though mere samples, as it were, of the fuller development of the moon. There are marvellous things on earth, such as, unseen, would scarcely have been believed; and it may be a question whether the rudimentary form, so to speak, of every lunar wonder may not be found nearer home. In one class of scenery there certainly is no comparison. The reaction of the interior upon the surface, as Humboldt calls it—the volcanic or erupted part of the crust, is incalculably superior both in its dimensions and its extent. Admitting—what certainly appearances indicate—the entire absence of water or any visible fluid on our satellite, we are led to infer the deficiency of all those sedimentary and alluvial deposits which overspread so great a portion of the earth, and to conjecture, in our ignorance, that all that we see upon the moon is the work of fire. But apart from merely fused material, of which possibly, if all secondary and tertiary strata were removed, there might be an equal proportion on either globe, the terrestrial foci of actual eruption are, and ever have been, few and feeble contrasted with the breadth and depth and multitudinous aggregation of the volcanic cavities of the moon. Circles, we may hardly call them craters, not merely as large as English counties or German principalities, but reaching 100 miles or even half as much more, in breadth, are far from rare; their cavities so depressed, and their boundaries so lofty, that, planted within them, Alps, or even in places Andes, would disappear. And from this gigantic bulk the series is continuous, down to the minutest pits our instruments can reach, of a few hundred yards in diameter; sometimes wholly insulated; at others strung together in long rows; at others again crowded up in chaotic confusion. Among, through, and over these varied objects the eye will frequently catch narrow lines, straight or curved, and sometimes branching: black, or white, according as the sunlight picks them out or passes them, coming usually from nothing and ending nowhere, and seeming to be cracks, of no great depth, arising from contraction.

Such are the general features of our satellite. More intelligible, doubtless, by far, to us, in their unchanging clearness, than those of the earth would be to a dweller upon the moon, whose view would be often obscured by our haze, and intercepted by huge shifting masses of cloud—equally incomprehensible there, with the outspread levels of the great and wide sea, or the glittering radiance of the polar snow. Thus far we have been steadily winning our way. But the explorer must beware of boasting. A few days shall pass since our last examination: the sun shall rise to its full height in the lunar sky, and we shall be involved in irremediable perplexity. Throughout wide and strongly featured areas, great part of our well-remembered landmarks will be gone: the shadowy gulfs, and terraced rings, and aspiring summits, that we had begun to make out so well, will many of them be utterly lost in a wilderness of shining streaks and specks and dots innumerable, relieved by sharp patches and diffused clouds of deep clear grey. In many

parts nothing whatever of our former knowledge will be left us. And even where the main features are not obliterated, we shall often find that they have undergone unaccountable and apparently capricious transformation. What is the meaning of all this? Local colour, it will be said; the varying hues of the surface, blended by distance into white and grey; as probably might be the case with terrestrial colouring in a similarly remote prospect: nor need we be surprised at the glittering radiance of some of the more luminous portions, when we consider what must be the effect under the like circumstances of chalky strata, or remember that the granite of the summit of Kinchinjunga can barely be distinguished from its coating of eternal snow. All this is no doubt true as a fact; but as an explanation it leaves us nearly as badly off as before, since every attempt to show why that local colouring is, at least in many places, so utterly independent of the relief of the surface, or may be almost said to set it at defiance, is a humiliating failure. This at any rate is the case with those long luminous streaks which overspread so great an extent of the globe; passing indiscriminately over and through every variety of formation that encounters their path, invisible in any kind of shaded relief in the rays of the rising or setting sun, but coming into prominence as soon as the shadows have shrunk away with his increasing elevation. And what makes the matter even worse is that most of these white rays, notwithstanding their inordinate length and entire want of relation to the throng of volcanic forms through and over which they pass, are distinct radiations from certain grand centres of eruptive power. Theories have been proposed, equally ingenious and inadequate. Baffled and perplexed, we are obliged to look on in ignorant dissatisfaction, and wait till the declining sun shall again bring out the aspect which we have already studied with some success, and which will form the subject of the few remarks which yet remain. For though we are in no position to bring forward anything like a connected or substantial selenological theory, yet many a feature of that surface speaks to us in a voice as definite as those geological utterances which are generally deemed satisfactory, and many more are suggestive of ideas worthy of being pursued for the present, even though future experience should lead to their rejection.

We may safely begin, then, with the assumption that the lunar cavities are the analogues of terrestrial craters. They differ indeed in many respects besides that of bare dimensions. Instead of being comparatively small openings on elevated summits, they are capacious gulfs, —literally '*κρατῆρες*, crateres,' *bowls*, whose interiors are depressed below the surrounding level; their width bears a far greater proportion to their depth; and the tapering cone is replaced by an expanded and frequently very complex ring. Yet none of these discrepancies appear beyond the simple explanation of a gravitating force more than six times less than that existing on the earth, the eruptive energy being supposed nearly the same, and a due margin left for ignorance as to nature of the materials, and the degree of their fusibility and cohesion. These allowances made, all seems to point to volcanic agency. The surface has evidently been displaced by most vehement expansion from beneath, acting every way from a central focus, the exact position of which is often indicated by a great mound, the expiring effort of its power. Not unfrequently radiating currents, entirely distinct from the level light-streaks already mentioned, indicate an outpouring

of material from within, whether as fused and viscid lava, or in discontinuous streams of unmelted or reconsolidated blocks. A linear arrangement too, of the foci of eruption, as over some mighty crack, is equally observable on either globe. The advocates of the elevation theory have not failed to seek out corroborative evidence in the moon; but, without entering into the terrestrial controversy, we may remark that though in some instances —such as *Copernicus*—a wide area has been gently upheaved around the site of the outburst, the reverse is more commonly noticeable; and, generally speaking, we should require not merely the whole ring, but also its outer slope, to refill the capacity of the crater. Of fire, we can claim no direct evidence. The burning volcanos of the elder Herschel and others are known to have been mere illusory effects of 'earthshine' in the lunar night, rendering feebly visible the spots most conspicuous in the light of day: the vivid but minute and soon exhausted points of brightness which have occasionally been noticed on that side, have left no visible trace when their sites have passed into the broad sunshine. Still, in the supposed absence of water, whether fluid or vaporous, we have no readier, as we require no more efficient, agent than fire. It may indeed be fairly maintained that gaseous material must also have been concerned in every case of explosion. The action of heat is expansive and liquefacient, but not explosive, excepting through the sudden dilatation of some elastic medium; and if we find, as we do find, evidence of such upheaval and dislocation of heavy substances, as cannot well be ascribed to mere expansion and pressure, it seems difficult to dispense with the presence of aëriform matter suddenly liberated from restraint and flashing out its almost irresistible power.

We ought, indeed, to bear in mind the possibility, which does not seem to have been considered, that these colossal formations may have been the result of forces acting in a more gradual manner, and with less temporary vehemence, than may seem to comport with the term *explosion*. It is not incompatible with mechanical laws that the expulsion of the contents of those great cavities may have been effected by a process less rapid and tumultuary than that which Vesuvius or Cotopaxi may display. The fact, nevertheless, of swelling, upheaval, and overflow on so large a scale, seems beyond any probable explanation to be derived from heat alone, in the absence of matter in an aëriform and highly expansible condition.

But, whether we may prefer supposing that this elastic material escaped by way of sudden explosion, or more gradual liberation from the feebler pressure on the lunar surface, it may at once be objected, you would thus introduce the rudiment of that atmosphere which is now generally denied to the moon. True, but is there sufficient ground for the denial? And has there not been some confusion of two entirely distinct propositions—the one, that it has an atmosphere *similar* to our own, which no reasonable person can maintain? the other, that it may, at least, have an atmosphere *analogous* to our own, proportioned to its magnitude and attractive power, though differing, very possibly, in chemical constitution: which we believe is by no means indefensible? Here we have started a fresh inquiry, and we must go a little out of our way if we follow it, but it is interesting in itself, and, as we shall find, by no means unconnected with our general view.

The inference that because the moon has no atmosphere like our own, it has therefore no atmosphere at all, is an obvious fallacy. It is

based upon two assumptions, neither of which is capable of upholding it. The one is, that if the moon has an atmosphere, it must be chemically a repetition of our own; the other, that this being granted, it must be visible to us. As to the first, we may revert to the *dictum* of Beer and Mädler, 'the moon is no copy of the earth,' and therefore we have no reason to anticipate precise similarity in this respect; the second is even less plausible, for the proportion of density and height would be entirely altered by the inferior attractive power of the smaller globe. Schröter, following in part Melanderhjelm, has made the density of the lunar atmosphere less than one twenty-eighth of our own, and whether this computation may be numerically accurate or not, the envelope must at any rate be of a delicacy imperceptible at the distance of the earth, especially since, as Schröter has remarked, its denser strata would be entirely confined to those lower regions, so very little of which ever comes out on the profile of the limb. And hence we see why no trace of it is caught in solar eclipses, or, unequivocally at least, in stellar occultations. But, it may be urged, no clouds have ever been known to obscure, no mists to dilute, the well known features there; no twilight introduces or follows the direct solar ray. Perhaps so. Some good observers have thought otherwise, and the question may not be finally closed. But if it were, if Schröter was mistaken as to those minute variations which he referred to that cause, if he should stand unsupported in his assertion of an occasional faint crepuscular prolongation of the tapering horns, we must ask whether we have any right to suppose that it would have manifested itself in this way? Would such obscurations exist in the absence of aqueous vapour? Or, if present, would that vapour condense into great conspicuous masses in a medium of such excessive tenuity? Would broad rain-clouds, or towering 'palaces of thunder' such as darken the earth, be formed in an almost thirty-fold rarer atmosphere? But, it may be objected, did not the illustrious Bessel completely disprove any refracting medium round the lunar sphere, from the want of displacement in the stars that appear to pass behind it? He thought so, and it has been triumphantly repeated as finally conclusive ever since, till a short time ago the deduction crumbled down beneath the touch of Airy, and in the opinion of some astronomers, has been even transformed into a fair presumption the opposite way. It is thus that the arguments of doubt or disbelief may, to some minds at least, be neutralised. But this is not all. There is yet a surplus on the affirmative side. The inference, already referred to, from a protracted series of explosions in every portion of the lunar globe, has, we believe, not hitherto received attention, though it harmonises perfectly with the opinion of one of the greatest authorities—De la Rue—that it is difficult to conceive any chemical formation of matter without an atmosphere. Analogy, as far as it extends, is all in favour of such an appendage. There is not the slightest reason for supposing that our globe forms any exception in this respect. On the contrary, the tokens of an atmosphere are sufficiently evident in Venus, in Mars, in Jupiter, in Saturn, and probably in Mercury: that is, in every case where they could reasonably be expected. Nor is it even certain that it is absent from the moons of Jupiter. Minute as those attendants are, in comparison with their magnificent master, they by no means approximate to points. Our better telescopes can lay hold of their little discs and show their spotted character, while the vari-

able aspect of those markings seems to lead us—though it must be owned not with certainty—to the idea of an atmospheric covering; not with certainty, because a rotatory motion might be the alternative. We must take into account also the constitution of matter. As far as we know, its gaseous form is equally likely to occur with its solid or its fluid, in every situation where it would not be exposed to a degree of cold to us utterly unknown, and certain not to be found in the brilliant sunshine that the moon reflects to us. And since, of all elements, oxygen is the most universally diffused, constituting one third, or according to Humboldt, one half of the weight of the earth's crust, and entering abundantly even into those stony fragments that are constantly showered upon us from remoter and less known regions, he would be a bold man that would deny it to the moon, and reduce our companion to a mass of metal, pure, or combined only with sulphur, carbon, and such like elementary substances. And if oxygen is there, as we have such strong ground for believing, in combination, may we not reasonably infer its presence also in a state of elastic freedom?

Such is the form in which the argument may be presented by the advocates of a lunar atmosphere, without having recourse to the ingenious hypothesis of Hansen. That great mathematician supposed from theoretical considerations, that the centre of gravity of the moon is not coincident with the centre of its spherical form: this would be equivalent to an elevation of the hemisphere next the earth, and depression of the more distant one, with regard to anything of a movable nature; and hence to pass round to the back of the moon would be *going down-hill*, and that to such an extent—about thirty-six miles—that water, air, and organisation, similar to our own, may exist there. The mathematical soundness of this theory has been controverted; and, as we have seen, it is not essential to the discussion, which has already led us so far away from our original train of ideas, that we must apologise for its length, and resume, as speedily as possible, our position as spectators of the convulsed and shattered foci of activity upon the moon. And to take up the thread of our deduction where we dropped it, we may proceed to say that, whatever may have become of the elastic material concerned in dislocating the surface, it is at any rate probable that each eruption would be preceded by a softening, if not liquefaction of the crust; and that this preparatory work, since it does not appear to have been effected by water, may most naturally be referred to the agency of fire, and that consequently there is a degree of analogical propriety in speaking of the volcanos of the moon.

If we may consider this established—as far as our present data extend—we proceed to another proposition, admitting of more immediate proof: that this action, like the corresponding terrestrial energy, has been at once continuous, and decreasing, from some very early period. This is demonstrable to the eye from the constantly recurring encroachment, all over the surface, of smaller circles upon the outline of larger ones, while the reversed proportion is hardly to be found. An experienced observer may in fact read, in the aspect of every region of the moon, some pages of its former story. From the probable dissimilarity of materials in different districts, he may hesitate to assign a contemporaneous epoch to formations of corresponding magnitude; yet even this assumption might not be void of likelihood; and though no scale of time may be introduced without a greater risk of error than upon the

earth, still it would not be possible to overlook the progressive degradation of the eruptive power, exhibited in a well marked series of continuously decreasing magnitude, down to the smallest openings, whose relative position proves their comparative recency of origin.

Whether the same power may not still be in operation is at present an undecided point; it is admitted that the principal features have been fixed during the telescopic era, and in that minute detail, where we might most reasonably look for change, our maps unfortunately cannot be trusted. There are nevertheless cases, to which, as this question is of much interest, and has of late given a considerable impulse to observation, we may be permitted to refer with some minuteness. From a comparison of his own with preceding delineations and descriptions, Schröter was of opinion that besides the many small variations the cause of which he sought in a lunar atmosphere, there was evidence of much physical change. The whole of this, Beer and Mädler treated with an indifference which perhaps would not be invidiously characterised as somewhat supercilious, and which could only have been justified by a much more rigid accuracy than is exhibited in some parts of their own work. It must owned that Schröter, though in the main thoroughly faithful, was too coarse in his drawing to form a good standard of reference; and that he might have been sometimes unconsciously misled by his wish to discover change. And therefore, though entertaining a different idea of his value from that expressed by Beer and Mädler, we will not now call him into court, but simply look to the evidence of the last-named observers.

Not very far from the west limb of the moon, there are two small adjacent craters in the grey surface of the *Mare Fœcunditatis*, the chief interest of which depends upon the fact that from one of them issue two similar straight bright streaks lying side by side, with a narrow grey interval between them, nearly parallel, of considerable length, and perfectly resembling a comet's tail with its darker interior. One of these craters was named by Beer and Mädler, in accordance with the received custom of seeking such names in the roll of eminent philosophers, *Messier*, a suitable appropriation to the 'comet-ferret,' as he was called; the other, as is usual with subordinate objects, *Messier A*. Struck by the peculiarity of aspect, —in which some whimsical speculator (probably Gruithuisen) had seen the result of an attempt on the part of the Selenites to communicate with us, by means of a figure intended to represent the union of a planet with a comet!—they had paid considerable attention to the spots. They had not only measured its position on the lunar globe eleven times, but also the depth of one of the craters: and Schröter's surprise at his own omission of the light-streaks in an earlier drawing, and his implied idea of change, led them to assert that they had had that spot in view on more than 300 occasions without perceiving the slightest alteration. This remark applies explicitly, it is true, to the streaks, but it may be fairly taken to include the adjoining craters. Now these they describe as curious in another respect, from their perfect similarity in every way: in form, breadth, height, depth, colour of the floor and ring, and even the position of some peaks upon the latter, 'so that here there must have been at work either a very extraordinary freak of chance, or some law of nature as yet unknown to us.' It would be unreasonable to expect, in so comprehensive a work, a more precise account of any single spot than we have here, as it appeared

about the year 1837. It may be left to any competent observer, provided with an instrument of more than two inches aperture, to say whether that similarity in the two craters still exists; and it seems remarkable that to the very spot which they have taken such unusual pains to describe, their description should now be so little applicable. If it was not more appropriate then than it is now, the less we refer to their labours the better; but if otherwise, we can hardly question a change. Not necessarily by explosion—avalanche or earthquake may have been the agent—but surely there has been change.

Another instance is more curious and more controverted. In the beautiful plain named *Mare Serenitatis* lies, under moderately high illumination, a little bright circular spot. This had been figured and described as such by Schröter in 1778, but in a position unfavourable to accuracy. Lohrmann, a very careful observer, in his work dated 1824, gave proof of his especial attention by measuring its position, and says it has a diameter of somewhat more than one German mile (or $4\frac{6}{10}$ English), and is very deep. Mädler recorded it in 1831 as a deep crater, whose position he measured on two nights, and whose breadth he made $1\frac{4}{10}$ German mile, adding that it is very distinct in oblique illumination, though ill-defined in the full moon. From him it received the name *Linné*. But Schmidt, who had repeatedly drawn it in 1841–43, found, in October 1866, that it was no longer visible, being replaced by a little hill with a minute black point beside it under oblique illumination, its aspect in higher sunshine continuing what it seems always to have been, that of a white spot. This announcement, as might have been expected, aroused an intense spirit of observation; but the observers are unfortunately not all entirely agreed, and some of them are still not persuaded of the reality of any change. The leading facts of the alteration-party are, that about 1824 it was a deep crater of considerable size; that about 1837 it was conspicuous enough to obtain from Beer and Mädler the sparingly bestowed distinction of a name; and that now it is nothing more, in that oblique illumination in which it was formerly described as a crater, than a very slight depression of the same breadth, with a minute cone and deep orifice in its centre, of probably not more, perhaps less, than one fourth of the original dimensions. And if it is indeed true that such a filling-up has occurred, together with a continuance of energy, we can well afford to wait a little: the lunar Vesuvius has probably not sunk to final rest.

To these, the more striking instances, others might be added, less conclusive, but still very suspicious, to say the least. But we must leave these details, and proceed with our attempt to obtain a more general view.

What, then, can be the history of those great grey plains that face us so conspicuously, even without telescopic aid? What was their origin—their relative date? Are they the beds of ancient oceans? So thought Gruithuisen, in apparent unconcern as to the subsequent disposal of all the water. So thinks Chacornac still, seeing there the *detritus* resulting from an immense general downfall, when a vaporous atmosphere descended in rain over the whole cooling globe. And we might think with them, could we but trace the missing agent, so 'alluvial'—to use Sir J. Herschel's expression—so sand- or mud-like is the aspect of those flats. Shall we, with Schröter, regard them as the remains of a primeval crust? This supposition, as we shall see, will not bear a close scrutiny. A more

rigorous examination, in which Birt stands conspicuous, while leaving much to be explained, leads to a result for which, perhaps, provisional admission may be claimed till it shall be replaced by a better.

Without indulging, then, in vain speculation as to the actual date of these levels, their chronological sequence may be given with some probability. There are cases where the walls of great craters adjacent to them are deficient at their common limit; where some destructive process from without—some 'erosion,' as Chacornac terms it—must have removed a portion of the ring, thus shown to be of greater antiquity. There are instances where great cavities, in similar proximity, have interiors so flat, so grey, so identical in appearance and level with the plain, that hardly a doubt remains of their having been subsequently filled up by intrusive matter of the same origin and under the same pressure with that around them. Circles in a sloping position are occasionally found in these levels, whose lower part thins off and sinks as though it had been overflowed; the irregular height of others has afforded breaches for the inpouring flood, till in some cases only a ring of loftier points remains, or a grey bank may possibly represent the outline of the wholly buried formation. Valleys, too, might be pointed out where, as in a 'fiord' or estuary, community of level indicates identity of origin with the adjacent and freely communicating plain. There is little difficulty in deciphering this part of the record. No supposition except that of previous existence seems capable of explaining the filling-in of these craters and depressions by the grey material. Then comes another series of equally distinctive character. These levels have been perforated in countless points by explosions, forming craters of various sizes; some very capacious, others at the limit of telescopic vision, but alike perfect without and clear within. The aspect of all these leaves no reasonable doubt: their date is more recent than that of the plain.

We find, then, that amidst all the difficulty and darkness of selenology, it may be possible to trace a sequence of three well marked eras. The first is that of ancient eruption, when the greater craters and circular plains were thrown out from a primeval surface, the remains of which, if any, have not hitherto been identified: to this period, also, may probably be referred the elevation of the principal mountain ranges, some of which, at any rate, are abutted upon so smoothly by the neighbouring levels as to suggest their antecedent date. The second we might be permitted to call 'diluvial,' if we may exclude from that term any idea of water, and restrict it to the expression of at least comparative fluidity. The third presents us with a diminished renewal of the eruptive action, which, however, may not have been at any time intermitted. No trace of other chronological evidence appears, unless we may suppose that the larger of the clefts or cracks so extensively disseminated belong to an earlier epoch, while the smaller, at least in Schmidt's opinion, may be still in course of formation.

The introduction of a few details, however, may be permitted, to illustrate our position, and relieve the scantiness of our outline. One of the most instructive regions with regard to chronological succession is fortunately situated in a conveniently accessible and little foreshortened situation—the western part of the *Mare Imbrium*. Here we find a remarkable triangle of three majestic craters, *Archimedes*, *Aristillus*, and *Autolycus*, about 60, 34, and 23 miles in respective diameter, and consequently among the larger features of the moon.

The interior of *Archimedes*, flat as a frozen lake, and level with the surrounding plain, exhibits in every respect the appearance of having been filled up subsequently to its final quiescence: the abrupt slope of the ring on either hand indicating the concealment of its base, while from the usual proportion of such cavities we should infer a considerable central thickness of intrusive matter. Whether this may have found a passage by the original channel of eruption, or through crevices in the wall, is not apparent; but either idea presupposes a degree of fluidity, presumable also from the smoothness of the surface. Travelling but a short distance westward from this antiquated formation, we reach the two other craters, standing comparatively near together. Each of these, by its deeply depressed interior, and its clearness down to the spot where a central mound marks the last upheaval, gives full proof of activity, if not of formation, posterior to the circumfusion of the exterior level: nor can it be suggested that the freedom of the cavities from intrusion may be due to greater compactness, since in either case there has been a distinct lava-like overflow, spreading to a considerable distance across the subjacent plain: but whether this points to the clearing-out of intrusion on more ancient ground, or to new and subsequent formation, it may be hard to decide. On either supposition, we have here, within a limited area, the well developed evidence of our three distinct periods.

A few other details may deserve mention; among them an ingenious suggestion of Chacornac. Every one knows, or may easily satisfy himself, that we see always the same side of the moon. That this species of fixity should not only be compatible with a rotation upon an axis, but be the consequence of it, has been a stumbling-block to various minds, and has stirred up some to a very unnecessary amount of pugnacity. Many of our readers may recollect the desperate war that was waged on this account between a late inspector of schools at the head of a few supporters, and some adherents of the ordinary theory. There was little courtesy to spare on either side; it must be owned that the inspector was sometimes roughly handled, and it was enough to ruffle an eager-spirited man, to be coolly reminded that at the close of one of his tours of inspection he had completed a rotation upon his own axis! It was amusing to a by-stander to see the amount of ignorance and misapprehension, to say nothing of conceit and pertinacity, that was brought into the field, and served materially for years to keep up a fight, the echoes of which have hardly yet died away; and it was curious, too, to observe how seldom the *jugulum causæ* was laid hold of—the real question that in a common-sense view decides the whole. Had the moon presented invariably the same face to us, as some of the combatants seemed to think, the whole would have resolved itself into the old story of the golden and silver shield. But, excepting in a wide and popular sense, she does not do this. There is a reciprocating or swinging motion, termed by astronomers 'libration,' which is continually shifting the position of her features. If the quaintness of the illustration may be pardoned, though we never catch sight of the back of the head, we sometimes see more of the right cheek, at others more of the left; sometimes the forehead is more brought forward, at others the chin. Now, such is the natural and inevitable result of an unequable speed in different parts of an elliptical and variably inclined orbit, combined with an equable rotation upon an axis; and, therefore, from this libration such a

rotation is clearly deducible. We are not, however, any further concerned with its controversial aspect. We are referring to it in connection with Chacornac's idea as to the once-fluid condition of the level portions of the lunar globe. In such a state, the powerful attraction of the neighbouring earth would raise a considerable tidal wave opposite to itself; beneath that wave different portions of the surface would be carried successively by a continuous reciprocation; and of the results the French observer thinks he sees some traces, as though an overflow had been drained away. A more conspicuous and equally remarkable appearance, which seems to attest a comparatively fluid condition, is the similarity in contour of the low grey banks towards the outside of many of the plains, with the outlines of the nearest shores. This conformity exhibits itself in places where the attraction of the earth would produce no tidal undulation; and might possibly be referred to contraction from shallower edges towards a deeper and longer-fluid centre. Such contraction, if it existed, would have been distinct from that which caused the clefts or fissures already mentioned, as these latter are seldom found to affect a similar position. The breadth of many of the largest levelled craters is sufficient to exhibit, like a terrestrial lake, the general convexity of the globe; and from this alone we may perceive that the fluidity of the interior must once have been such as to be amenable to the central power of gravity.

Special attention, with the mighty optical appliances of the day, might lead to discrimination as to other points of interest. It might be, at least in certain cases, ascertained with some probability whether the mountains that stand up suddenly and sharply like rocky islets in the so-called seas, are the prominent heads of huge masses whose bases have been overflowed, or whether they give sign of subsequent protrusion through the surrounding level. It might be perceived whether the section of the smaller cones and central hills agrees better with the supposition of ashy or of fused ejection: and some light might be thrown on the question whether the 'terraces,' whose accumulation forms in many instances the complexity of a multiple ring, point to a number of successive eruptions, or to some subsequent process, modifying the result of one enormous outburst. We might also obtain some insight into the nature of the abrupt ridges, or dykes, which occasionally intersect the interior declivities of craters. Dislocations by subsidence, or 'land-slips,' might be more extensively pointed out—the writer is familiar with one very interesting example, and many more no doubt will reward the explorer. The marks of avalanches may be largely identified; and it may even be possible to overcome the difficulty of discriminating whether the ruins were in a viscid or shattered and dissevered condition at the epoch of their fall. 'Faults' too, which have been detected by Birt upon an extended scale, may be more completely followed out, and may assist in selenological conclusions. That, generally speaking, the larger and more ancient are the darker-coloured craters is an especially suggestive circumstance, and its import should be well weighed. Can we look upon this as the result of atmospheric influence, slow but sure? or is it a token of some kind of vegetation,—the congruity of which with the absence of every form of water may be more consistently denied, than the possibility of aqueous vapour in the atmosphere sufficient to support some modification of it. This conceded, it might be sustained, as has been remarked,

in a stratum of carbonic acid gas, a common product of volcanic countries. Photography, in the masterly hands of De la Rue, has given a suspicion of green light, not otherwise manifest to the eye; and one thing is tolerably certain, from the usual whiteness of the little craters that are scattered so plentifully over many grey levels, that either that darker hue is very superficial, or easily removable during the crater-forming action. It may be both one and the other. Again, a most extensive field lies waiting for the diligent and zealous explorer in the aspect under high angles of illumination, where, as has been pointed out, the diversities of local shading, in contradistinction to true shadow, are at once so interesting, so perplexing, and hitherto so imperfectly studied. Here perhaps may be found some of the most inviting paths of lunar discovery; though, it may be feared, not the greatest hope of fully intelligible solution. Careful and extensive comparison may nevertheless throw some light upon the strange 'uncomformableness' of brightness and relief in many places, while in others a succession of formations is distinctly associated with a variation of reflective power. The feeble traces of colour indicated by Beer and Mädler—for example, the pale green of the *Mare Serenitatis* set in a narrow border of neutral grey, remain to be investigated: and here, as in other departments of observation, that noble instrument the silvered reflector is likely to do good service through its exemption from chromatic error. The position of the bright ground-markings, though fairly laid down as a whole, requires much individual verification, and would employ years of 'retired leisure.' We have no fairly accurate representation either of the full moon as a whole, or of the detail of its more remarkable portions: a little artistic facility would here be well bestowed, and might lead to valuable results. There is a suspicion, to say the least, that the permanency of some of these markings, in position as well as brightness, is rather tacitly acquiesced in than clearly made out: and here we grieve over the deficiency of Beer and Mädler, a little more carefulness on whose part would on this, as on other points, have put us in possession of reliable data. They have done so much and for the most part done it so well, that their oversights are the more misleading and the more vexatious. However, if some of their omissions may be accounted for through inattention, it is not so very easy to see why, in other cases, their descriptions of these markings should be now so inappropriate.

That some of the level surfaces change their reflective power during the progress of each lunation has long been known: and since there is scarcely a difference of seasons on the moon, and her day may be considered equivalent to her year, some observers have recognised, in those variations, evidence of the progress of vegetation; even artificial operations, however improbable, have been suggested. Here present accurate record, and careful repetition after lengthened intervals, are requisite to detect possible alterations not depending upon the mere optical change in the direction of illumination. Experiments commenced by Secchi with the great achromatic telescope at Rome, in which the polarisation of light was employed to test the structure of the reflecting surface, might be repeated and fully carried out. The regular rampart-like formations of which Gruithuisen said so much, should be rescued from the partial oblivion into which they all, with but one exception, have fallen: for though that one case, his supposed city near the lunar equator, turns out to be nothing more than an assemblage of small ridges

arranged in parallel lines, yet this is curious enough to make us wish for the recovery of the rest. Comparisons of magnitude among craters of minute dimensions may lead to interesting results, and are, perhaps, less liable than many similar researches to incidental sources of error. And especial attention should be directed to slight residual disagreements where the main features are well known and invariable; such as the unexpected visibility, or the reverse, of small objects, the fainter edges of black shadows in large craters, the different aspects of the interiors of smaller ones. Examples of these imperfectly explained anomalies are to be found in the writings of Schröter and Schmidt, and their investigation might be fully rewarded. Great portals may sometimes be opened by little keys.

This brief sketch might easily have been made out with greater minuteness: but it may suffice to give some idea of the work yet to be done in the moon. And when it has been accomplished; when the great instruments of the day have done their utmost; when the patient investigation of years has answered some of these inquiries, and shown others of them to be unanswerable, we shall be in a better position to theorise with safety. What has been here attempted of this nature may possibly then appear to have been entirely premature and mistaken, or to contain, as is more likely, a mixture of baseless conjecture with solid fact. At any rate such speculations involve none of the serious consequences attached to errors affecting the future and eternal state of the spirit of man; and if they are rejected, their loss will cost us nothing. They may be sufficient for the present time, till we have climbed onward to a fresh point of view. If more might (as it certainly might) have been said, even now, much more remains for future explorers to relate in their generation; and thus it will go on even till the final consummation, when that will be openly demonstrated which now is matter of inference,—that all these things have been formed and ordered by Power illimitable and unerring Wisdom.

אנכי בן ירח

GUSTAVUS III. OF SWEDEN AND THE COUNTER REVOLUTION.[1]

THE tragic story of Gustavus III. is a sort of outer episode of the French Revolution which appears as an historical riddle until separately examined. How came the king of a small northern half-ruined state, a constitutional monarch, sworn to defend the constitution of his country, to enter on the perilous course of *coups d'État* at home, and finally to entertain the tremendous idea that he was born to be the Don Quixote of Absolutism, with a mission for extinguishing the French Revolution? What engagements involved him in such an enterprise? What abilities, what moral elevation of character had a petty, subsidised sovereign to justify him in putting himself forward as a fitting Agamemnon for the kings of Europe?

These volumes of M. Geffroy give answers to these questions, and contain the results of much historical industry—of researches made in the archives of Copenhagen, Stockholm, and Paris, which have made available for all the world, secret articles of treaties, diplomatic documents, and correspondence from some of the leading actors in the French Revolution, of European interest.

The alliance of France with Sweden was one of ancient date. Gustavus Vasa leagued himself with Francis I. against Charles V.; Gustavus Adolphus fought his battles in alliance with Richelieu. From the treaty of Berwald, made between Louis XIII. and Gustavus Adolphus in 1631, few years passed without the renewal of conventions between Sweden and France. In the days of Louis XIV. the Swedes had always been favourites at Versailles, and when the power of Russia sprang up sudden and menacing at the north, France took still more earnestly to the policy of supporting her old ally.

Sweden in fact was a subsidised, petted nation, the martial bearing and frank fair aspect of whose military and diplomatic representatives had always been regarded with favour at the French court; the Swedes on their side showed a natural aptitude for catching the tone and manners of French society, and every Swedish nobleman of distinction sought for the diploma of high breeding among the fine people of Versailles. Many wrote and spoke French to perfection—and Gustavus III. (born on the 24th of January 1764) received all the education he ever received from two Swedish noblemen with tastes utterly Gallicised by long residence at the French Court. Count Tessin, his first governor, passed in French circles for a *bel esprit* and a *virtuoso*, but appears on his return to Sweden to have sunk down into a dreary condition of *bel esprit* pedantry—for he has left behind him *twenty-nine folio volumes* of journal, and he composed a series of letters for the use of his royal pupil, then five or six years of age, in which long pompous disquisitions are intermixed with frigid pedantic versification of the *bel esprit* sort. He criticises, for the benefit of a child of six, the *comédie larmoyante*, tells him *prends pour garde le sentiment*, and advises him if the *fils de Cythérée* should make him feel *sa flamme et sa flèche dorée, à aimer en héros et en roi*. Count Scheffer took the unfortunate boy in hand at ten years of age. Scheffer must have had no mean

[1] *Gustavus III et la Cour de France; suivi d'une Étude critique sur Marie-Antoinette et Louis XVI. Apocryphes.* Par A. Geffroy, Paris. Two vols. 1867.

opinion of himself, for he engaged while in France to refute Montesquieu's *Esprit des Lois*, but wisely suppressed his publication on reflection. Scheffer being appointed tutor of the prince by the Diet under the famous constitution of 1720, of which we shall have to speak, had to give his young charge long lectures on the impeccability and irresponsibility of the legislative and executive wisdom of the Diet, which do not appear to have been attended with much success, for there remained but one immovable conviction in the mind of Gustavus, and that was the impeccability and irresponsibility of absolute power. Seeing under what sort of instruction Gustavus grew up, it is not surprising Scheffer should report to the Diet who superintended the prince's education 'that the prince royal was very deficient in penmanship, in spelling, and in grammar, that his repugnance to work was invincible, that he avoided everything like serious thinking (impeccability of the Diet, &c.), and had no religious sentiment (a young Voltairian and believer in Cagliostro already, in fact), and that his heart was as empty as his head.'

Gustavus, moreover, was as little fortunate in his parentage as his education. His father was indolent and incapable. His mother, sister of Frederic the Great, was a cross-tempered mischief-making Voltairian, who brought up her son to despise the Swedish constitution—which indeed she had good reason for detesting, for of the two parties with absurd appellations—the 'Hats' and the 'Caps' still dividing the Diet—the 'Hats' had treated her with great insolence; and to give Gustavus III. still greater reason for detesting the constitution of Sweden, the 'Hats' married him at twenty against his own will and that of the king and queen to the Princess Sophia Madeleine, daughter of Frederic V. of Denmark, whose insensibility and coldness of nature (she was called the 'statue of the commander') were not calculated to overcome Gustavus' first antipathies, so that they remained something worse than strangers to each other for life.

Gustavus had two brothers and a sister. Of the former, the Duke of Sudermania appears to have been a miserable character. With Prince Frederic and his sister Gustavus appears to have been on better terms, but assuredly the young king was unfortunate in the conditions on which he entered life. With no principles to speak of, with no respected or congenial family ties, with a government which he despised, and with his heart not in Sweden but in France,—it had been strange indeed if he had steered his way clearly and dexterously amid the chaotic riot of a world in course of transformation.

Unhappily, Gustavus was precisely such a character as stood in great need of discipline of some sort, and he never received any; and nothing in the condition of his country or his time was calculated to remedy the evil. He was vain and unstable by nature, fond of display, with the highest conceit of his talents and personal prerogatives; and his contempt for the constitution of Sweden extended itself to all liberal forms of government. Yet he was quick and intelligent, though capable of a shallow enthusiasm and fits of frivolous sentimentality calculated to bring him into trouble in the days of fierce passion of the French Revolution.

Gustavus III. became king by the death of his father Frederick Adolphus, during the period of his first visit to France in 1771, when he was twenty-four years of age. With his French education and tastes a visit to France had naturally been an early object of desire, and the way had been prepared for him by Count Creutz, who continued as Swedish ambassador the

traditions of Tessin and Scheffer, as *virtuoso* and patron of musicians and artists, and as a favourite of the *grandes dames* of Parisian *salons*, while performing all the various duties of Swedish ambassador with satisfaction to himself and the Swedish royal family: for he was expected not only to do the heavy work of diplomacy, but to keep the prince royal informed of the changes of fashion, and to invent gala-dresses for him in concert with the court tailor.

When Gustavus entered Paris, the Duke de Choiseul, who had invited him to pay a visit to France through Creutz, was no longer in power; the D'Aiguillon and Du Barry faction had ousted him from office, and he lived in exile at his country place at Chanteloup, receiving demonstrative visits from all those who ventured to show their disgust for the Du Barry reign. Gustavus found all the *salon* world in a great state of fermentation: the old parliament had, just a fortnight before his arrival, been sent into exile, and the notorious Maupeon-parliament sat on their benches, before which the *avocats* refused to plead, and on which the tongues of the Liberal great ladies of the day talked so violently and so indignantly, that it was said, 'If Maupeon could make the *avocats* speak and the women hold their tongues, his parliament might stand.' The *salons* became little States General of women, who talked abstract principles of government with surprising assurance and audacity. With Creutz for a *chaperon*, Gustavus steered a way beset with difficulties very adroitly. He did not utterly neglect Choiseul, but sent him civil messages, for he *might* return to power. He gave a splendid collar to Madame du Barry's little dog. He visited old Madame de Deffand, and frequented the *salons* of the Countesses of Egmont, De la Marck, and De Boufflers, three of the leading Liberal great ladies, with whom he formed a close intimacy. He was fêted at Versailles with balls and hunting parties; was at a reception of the Academy, and was making way with the philosophers and men of letters, when the news arrived of the death of his father, and he quitted Paris in March 1771.

About sixteen months later, in August 1772, Gustavus accomplished his first *coup d'État*, and so successfully, that it persuaded him he had a real genius for such matters. The supreme vanity with which this achievement inflated him, led him to think also that he was intended by Providence for this mission on a European scale.

He had already resolved on some such step before he quitted Stockholm on his first journey, for he said on descending the staircase of the palace, 'I will not mount these steps again till the government of women is no more.' His chief business in Paris was to obtain a renewal of the French subsidies, which had been stopped in 1766. In this he succeeded, there can be little doubt, by engaging to accomplish a revolution in Sweden in favour of the royal power. The French Government undertook, in order to put Gustavus in a position to form a royal party, to pay up all the subsidies unpaid since 1766, amounting to ten millions and a half, and to make an immediate advance to him of 750,000 livres. But the greatest proof that France was about to interest herself still more earnestly in the affairs of Sweden, was the nomination of M. de Vergennes, late ambassador at Constantinople, the greatest French diplomate perhaps of the day, to the embassy at Stockholm.

In order to understand the *coup d'État* of Gustavus III., it is necessary to go back to the year 1680.

After the close of the thirty years' war, a powerful nobility, at

the head of whom were the Oxenstierna, the Baner, the Torstenson, and the Wrangel, usurped an overwhelming preponderance in the state. The political condition of the peasantry had been degraded to one almost of serfdom. A spreading system of *latifundia* threatened to engulf the whole of the power of the soil in the hands of the degenerate descendants of the lieutenants of Gustavus Adolphus. The necessary consequence of such a state of things was an alliance between an oppressed peasantry and a humiliated king, against an arrogant and overbearing aristocracy; and in 1680 the three lower orders of the states, the clergy, the burgesses, and the peasantry, united together and offered to resign all state privileges wholly to the crown, to enable it to contest the insolent power of the nobles. With the authority of the Diet, Charles XI. sequestrated the estates of the nobles by a famous measure called the 'reduction,' which aroused in his contemporary Saint Simon, the general champion and believer in the divine right of aristocracies all over the world, the most vehement indignation. The order of the nobility was reduced to insignificance, and for the next forty years, up to 1720, royal power was absolute in Sweden.

But the usual ruinous consequences of absolute power ensued. Charles XI., freed from all control, exasperated all parties by despotic innovations, and Charles XII. exhausted the country with the incessant drain of money and men in the prosecution of his insane passion for conquest. The solid edifice of national power and glory raised by the genius of Gustavus Adolphus was shaken to the base, and when the bullet of Frederickshall cut short the career of the Swedish Attila a revolution was imminent. A contested succession gave the Diet an opportunity of reasserting its political rights; the old aristocracy took the lead in the movement. Ulrika Eleanora accepted the crown on the conditions prescribed by the Diet, and after her death, on the accession of her husband, the feeble Frederic I., a new constitution was conferred on the country, the famous constitution of 1720. This constitution, the invention of the aristocracy—not the offspring of gradual constitutional development, but the haphazard birth of a contested succession—was one of the worst ever invented, and the venality of the age in which it was produced made infinitely more numerous its evils and its anarchical character. The Diet absorbed into itself the whole sovereignty of the state. In the interval of its sessions its power was delegated to a senate, responsible to the Diet alone. A secret committee was, however, the real ruling power. In the Diet, the peasantry were excluded, and the nobles had the preponderance,—but the nobles were poor and sought for the pay of senators and government places as a means of livelihood,—and there was a continual traffic of places going on, for the king could make no appointment except out of the list of candidates presented by the senate. Nobles sold their proxies, the Diet their votes, the senate their nominations; and foreign powers bid one against the other to obtain the direction of the foreign policy of the Diet. Two parties were formed, known by the strange denominations of 'Hats' and 'Caps,' and supported the former by France and the latter by Russia, contended for mastery. Sweden, under this venal system, fell lower and lower, and the royal power was treated with the utmost contempt. Luisa Ulrika, the mother of Gustavus III., was accused by the Diet in 1756 of having pawned the crown jewels to get money to bribe some of their members; she was obliged to sub-

mit to an inquisition into the affairs of her household. The king had to make excuses for himself and his queen, and as a fit close to their proceedings the Diet proposed *humbly* to the king that in future, in case he found any objection to affix his signature to any acts of *their*s they should save him all trouble by putting his name on themselves *with a stamp*. The spirit of the queen writhed beneath such humiliations, and she entered into conspiracy with the peasant party, whose discontent at their exclusion from government places was increasing, and a *coup d'État* was designed to take place in the very month succeeding this proposition of reducing royal authority *to a stamp*, but it was discovered and suppressed with much severity. Five or six officers were beheaded in a public square in Stockholm, and the torture of a subterranean dungeon called the *Chamber of Roses*, where the body of the prisoner was chained down to the neck in a loathsome mud bath of icy temperature swarming with insects and reptiles, was reopened and applied to some of the prisoners. The king and queen had to endure in person a second remonstrance, to which the sister of the great Frederic listened with ill-suppressed tears and half suffocated with indignation, at the end of which she signed a declaration disavowing all that had taken place.

Such was the normal state of humiliation from which the *coup d'État* of Gustavus III. delivered royalty in Sweden. But the *coup d'État* also did no little towards frustrating certain designs of Russia and Prussia upon Sweden, about which M. Geffroy has supplied fresh evidence and detail.

M. Geffroy has published for the first time the text of several documents of that kind which alone enable us rightly to understand the meaning of certain political alliances,—the secret articles of treaties. From these it is clear that the partition of Sweden was being planned by the two ambitious powers of the North simultaneously with that of Poland. Both powers coveted infinitely a piece of the last remnant of the continental provinces of Sweden. Russia was preparing to embrace Finland, and Frederic had his eye fixed upon Pomerania.

To maintain anarchy in Sweden as well as anarchy in Poland was the object of these secret articles. Both the contracting powers undertook to use any means for combating the progress of the royal party in Sweden and to make the restoration of royal power a ground for active intervention. Several series of secret articles of this tendency were drawn up, but the most important were those of the treaty of the 13th December 1769, which exists in the original text in the archives of Copenhagen, for Denmark had been induced also to enter into the scheme for the spoliation of Sweden. By these articles each member of this triple alliance bound itself to consider all reform in the constitution of Sweden as an act of aggression on herneighbours, and was in such case to equip a fleet and invade her at once with an army of 10,000 men.

The only power to whom Sweden could look for help was France; both by reason of old alliances and of the apprehensions which France entertained of the aggrandisement of the Northern powers. But France had come to the conclusion that nothing could be done with Sweden as long as the constitution of 1720 existed, and had discontinued subsidising the party of the 'Hats,' with which it was first connected, in 1766.

M. de Vergennes, the new minister of France at Stockholm, having formerly been ambassador at Constantinople, had full expe-

rience there of the artifices of Russian diplomacy, and had diverted successfully the attention of Russia from Sweden by the obstacles which he raised to her progress on the side of Turkey. Indeed Sweden and Turkey and Poland, being all threatened in common by Russia, were natural allies, and M. de Vergennes after having combated the Northern League at Constantinople now undertook to do it at Stockholm. Gustavus found in M. de Vergennes an adviser and helper of admirable address and energy; and the Duc de Choiseul in speaking of M. de Vergennes when at the Ottoman Porte, and of his cautious habits, said, 'If I were to ask him for the head of the Grand Vizier, he would reply that it was dangerous, but he would send it.'

The whole influence of M. de Vergennes was employed then in strengthening the royal party in Sweden, and he continued to be the confidant and adviser of Gustavus III. up to the last moment preceding his great attempt, and watched with anxiety his progress through the town on the morning of the *coup d'État*, standing on a ladder and looking over a wall.

The French Court, however, was just beginning to lose all patience; their incessant cry was, 'Make your revolution, or no more subsidies.' And on one occasion Gustavus, at the suggestion of Creutz, was obliged to write, with his own hand, a letter *très-touchante* to the king, another *très-flatteuse* to Madame du Barry, and another *pleine de confiance et d'amitié* to M. le Duc d'Aiguillon, to appeal for a little longer respite before the subsidies were discontinued.

The *coup d'État* of Gustavus was, however, a small *chef d'œuvre* in its way. Immediately on the receipt of the news of the death of his father in Paris, while plotting the overthrow of the constitution of 1720, he wrote off a declaration in the strongest terms declaring his intention to abide by the oath he had already sworn as Prince Royal to the constitution. On his way home he had visited his uncle Frederic the Great, at Berlin. Frederic—who had in the previous reign affectionately entreated his sister the Swedish queen to place all confidence in the Empress of Russia, with whom he was in league to despoil Sweden—now having suspicions about Gustavus's recent visit to France, with equal affection undertook to warn his nephew about the danger of interfering with the constitution of 1720. Nephew and uncle carried on a pleasant game of dissimulation, into which Gustavus seems to have thrown himself with the greater earnestness, and consequently remained victor. He swore by all he held sacred that he had contracted no new engagement with the cabinet of Versailles, and that the most fervent desire of his heart was to maintain the constitution of 1720.

The revolution was effected by means of the soldiers of the garrison of Christianstadt, and the troops under the command of Prince Charles in the provinces, who had been gained over to the king. When the news of the refusal of the troops of Christianstadt to obey their orders reached the Diet, they appointed Baron Rüdbeck to carry the news to Gustavus and observe him, for his complicity was not yet apparent. The king showed himself so indignant, embraced Baron Rüdbeck, and grasped his hands with such earnestness, and talked so passionately of saving the country from the revolted troops, that the old general returned with a thorough conviction of his innocence. On a second visit he found Gustavus wholly absorbed in a new pattern of embroidery which he was designing for one of the ladies of his court. Rüdbeck returned, and assured his party from the bottom of

his soul that such a man could never be dangerous. As soon as Gustavus heard from Prince Charles that he was ready to march upon the capital, he determined on making the *coup d'État* in the following day; his dissimulation however was perfect as long as it was necessary. He passed the night at the opera, gave a brilliant supper party to all the court, where he showed an air of careless gaiety which ravished everybody, and gained a comfortable sum of money from the Baroness Pechlin, the wife of one of his most formidable adversaries in the Diet.

The next day Gustavus began the real business. He harangued a body of officers collected at the palace, and all gave in their adhesion; he harangued the soldiers, with the same result. When the young king, whose father had spoken only German, appealed to the populace in their own Swedish tongue, they were clamorous in his favour; it appeared everybody had been waiting for this revolution, which went on of itself when once started. The senators were ignominiously imprisoned in the council room, but only for three days, and in less than one hour the whole capital was in the power of the king without bloodshed. When Gustavus appeared before the Diet two days later, he had *three new constitutions* in his pocket, being determined to be decided in his choice by the manner in which he was received; but he had no reason to be nice. The whole assembly were enthusiastic royalists, and every member endeavoured to outdo his neighbour in demonstration; with a view, no doubt, to making immediate market out of the new government, since the old one was at an end. One member, indeed, proposed an amendment to the new charter when it was read, but nobody listened to him, and an entirely new constitution of fifty-seven articles was adopted on the spot without discussion, and unanimous applause, and signed by all the officers of the Diet. After which Gustavus rose and proposed that they should say prayers; he had brought a bishop with him and a prayer-book. He took his crown from his head, the bishop struck up the *Te Deum*, Gustavus followed out of his prayer-book, all the assembly joined in likewise, and this pleasant arrangement was concluded by a general kissing of hands.

The success of the *coup d'État* was of course grateful enough to France. The great question was to know how it would be accepted by Russia and Prussia. As for Catherine, she concealed her disappointment under a light mask of of dissimulation; but the correspondence on this occasion of Frederic to his nephew is extremely curious. His first letters set forth in a tone of indignant remonstrance the necessity he was under of concerting measures with Russia to obviate the evils which would follow from the change of government in Sweden. Matters looked at one time very grave, and France was preparing to support Sweden in case of attack by the Northern powers. But fortunately for Gustavus, the French ambassador at Constantinople, following up the usual French policy, still kept the Russian forces occupied on the side of Turkey; and moreover, the partition of Poland had been followed, as is the case in all such systems of spoliation, by distrust and jealousy between the spoliators. Frederic sacrificed his rancour to his policy. But his last letter on the subject, in 1778, is a wonderful malediction—a masterpiece of malediction, in diplomatic and affectionate style:

'So far from wishing to prophesy evil, Frederic would prefer to announce nothing but prosperity. Yet he is no prophet, and can but cal-

culate the future according to given facts. He might cite the case of Cæsar and the Ides of March (but he allows the case is not in point). The catastrophe of Cæsar is not to be feared by your majesty (no—no, certainly not). And if presentiments about the future should,' he says, 'give your majesty pain, I can, as well as another, cover the precipice with flowers.'

The good brother and uncle of Gustavus, as he signs himself, is here too modest; disappointment did make him a prophet when he associated the fate of Cæsar with that of Gustavus.

The character of Gustavus III. was such, however, as to be entirely unfitted for the possession of arbitrary power; and during the twenty years of his reign, such good qualities as he possessed were gradually overpowered by the vanities, chimerical fancies and follies which found no restraint either in his public or domestic life. The first ten years of his reign contrast, however, very favourably with the last ten, during which he grew impatient of all opposition, set at defiance public opinion in Sweden, squandered the revenues of the country in vain show and prodigalities, and treated with contempt all the privileges of every order in the state, till at last his head was completely turned, and his vain imagination exalted to a height inaccessible to human reason. As a fit prelude to the magnificent part he aspired to play in the affairs of Europe, and as an example to Louis XVI., he perpetrated a second *coup d'État* seventeen years after the first; and the indignation and revengeful feelings aroused by this last violent exhibition of arbitrary power found vent in the conspiracy which compassed his assassination.

During the first half of his reign he governed more or less with the aid of the Diet, established a free press, complete religious liberty, and the order of Vasa for the encouragement of industry and liberty; he abolished torture, and reformed the courts of justice. But the theatre was the especial object of his care. He built among other edifices the Royal Theatre in Stockholm, on whose stage he introduced the opera, and bestowed an extravagant deal of pains and money on the encouragement of scenic tastes. His passion for figuring himself as a stage hero grew into something like insanity. His nature was essentially theatrical: he was a stage king, a stage hero; and even in the most exemplary period of his reign his passion for theatrical display, both on and off the stage, was such as to stupify foreign ambassadors. The supreme happiness of a royal existence for Gustavus was to be theatrical director, author, and manager all at once. To distribute *rôles*, preside at rehearsals, give directions about stage dresses and decorations, and pass his nights on the stage, behind the scenes, or in an opera box, was for him the highest of duties. But the illusions of the stage by night were not enough for him; he passed his days too in getting up scenes of show and masquerade. Classic tragedies and comedies, dramas and ballets, prologues, operas, heroic and lyrical musical performances, extravaganzas of all kinds, were not sufficient; he must have day masquerades, running at the ring and quintain, tournaments and carrousels, mystifications and disguises of every surprising character. He delighted in wearing his stage dress long after the performance was over. As king of the Gauls he would appear at the supper table, adorned with a scarf presented to him by the beautiful sister of the handsome Fersen; or he would appear in the lists on horseback as Meleager, between two fair Swedes attired as Diana and Atalanta.

Sometimes the whole court

would be attired to represent scenes of past times or foreign countries. On one occasion, at the Duke of Sudermania's, we hear of a fête 'ingeniously contrived' to represent '*the marriage of a son of the Emperor of China.*' All the dresses and decorations of the apartments were made to harmonise with the costume of the country, and M. Beylon (of the French embassy) supported the character of the Chinese Emperor with an ease and an *apropos* which left nothing to be desired. On the 2nd of May 1777 there was a little fête in the queen's apartments, to celebrate the birthday of the king's sister, in the presence of all the ambassadors. At midnight, during the ball, two heralds, preceded by warlike music and followed by a brilliant procession, entered and challenged by proclamation in the name of the king, the Duke of Sudermania and all his knights to a tournament. Still stranger was the festive reception given to Prince Frederic on his arrival at the palace of Gripsholm after an absence. He expected, naturally, to find the palace inhabited, but the avenues, gates, and courts were all deserted; not a creature was to be seen, the very sentinels had disappeared, and doors and windows were closed as if the palace were abandoned. The prince, with his suite, force an entrance and wander through the apartments, where they find nobody but a few peasants wandering about in a scared way and in mournful silence. Then groans and sighs are heard, and then as a reward for the valour of the prince, the palace is liberated from enchantment and flooded with light in an instant. The roar of cannon and a chorus of voices and music announce that its magical thraldom is over. The palace is filled with a splendidly dressed crowd, who have been hiding in every corner, and a brilliant ball commences. By degrees Gustavus exacted from his nobility and courtiers attendance and expenditure on his court and theatrical extravagances with tyrannical severity. The main road to his favour was by humouring him in his *bizarre* caprices and his ridiculous despotism. Old gentlemen, married ladies, and young girls were expected to accompany the king on the stage if he wished it. In 1783, when his own piece, *Le Comte d'Helmfelt*, was played, he wrote with his own hand five hundred notes of invitation to insure a pleasant audience, assisted at all the rehearsals, and gave the performers lessons in acting and declamation. If any of the more privileged members of his court remonstrated, he always replied that his first, his celebrated *coup d'État*, was prepared at the rehearsal of an opera. So that there was retributive justice in the scene of his assassination, for he was shot in the Royal Theatre which he had himself built, and which had been so often the scene of his follies.

These extravagant amusements were accompanied with enormous expenditure, for while ordinarily a hundred persons were entertained at the royal table, at Drottningholm three hundred courtiers were lodged in the royal residence, and at Gripsholm, in a desert spot, Gustavus erected a new palace, a bad copy of Versailles, to which everything had to be brought at enormous expense; and rumour said that Gustavus sought this retired spot to live a life of debauch with his courtiers, and to avoid the reproaches of his people.

To defray the cost of such extravagance, Gustavus was obliged naturally to have resource to violent financial measures. One of the strangest of these was a royal monopoly in the manufacture of spirituous liquors; he became a royal distiller, in fact, so that Bellman, the Swedish poet, said to Gustavus on meeting with a drunken peasant,

'Sire, here's a royalist.' He wearied, moreover, the cabinet of Versailles with continual requests for subsidies, and made similar applications to other powers, at the risk of giving offence to his best ally. All these extravagancies of Gustavus did not escape the observation of M. de Vergennes, now Minister of Foreign Affairs at Versailles, who instructed his ambassador at Stockholm to make representations to the Swedish king on the subject. The residence of the king at Gripsholm especially, seemed to M. de Vergennes an imprudent habit, contracted in imitation of other European sovereigns. But none of the wise counsels of M. de Vergennes were followed with any effect, and the discontent of all the four orders became more strongly marked year by year, increased, moreover, by the machinations of Russian agents in the capital, who never lost hope of restoring the constitution of 1720. In 1786 there was open rupture between the king and the Diet on the eve of their dissolution; the Diet presented him before its conclusion with a list of grievances, which he refused to receive, saying that he trusted a long time would elapse before he should again have need of their services.

Gustavus, most unhappy in his domestic life, and sensible of the disgust and ill-feeling which his wild extravagancies had aroused, incited by the suggestions of England and Prussia now in alliance, became at this time insane enough to look to war with Russia as a means for reinstating himself in public favour. His difficulty, however, was as to the way in which he should make Russia the aggressor, for he could not commence an aggressive war himself, without the consent of the Diet.

True to his theatrical instincts, he dressed up some Finland peasants as Russians, and paid them to fire on his own troops, and straightway addressed an *ultimatum* to the court of Russia. Redress being of course refused, Gustavus declared war, and proceeded to Finland with a little army, when a conspiracy was formed called the conspiracy of Anjala, among the discontented nobles, both in his army and at Stockholm, for dethroning him. They treated with the empress, and the greater part of his officers refused to obey the orders of Gustavus, who, left alone with a small number of faithful followers, was in a desperate situation, when he received news that the Danes, at the instigation of the Russian empress, had invaded Sweden and menaced Gothenburg. Gustavus, on hearing intelligence, which might seem an additional calamity, cried, 'I am saved.' He contrived to escape from his army, crossed the Baltic, avoided Stockholm, and by appealing in a spirited way to the patriotism of Dalecarlian peasants, the hereditary defenders of the Swedish monarchy, he raised in a few days an army of six thousand men, and marched to the relief of Gothenburg. His bold and rapid march, and the intervention of France, England, and Prussia, compelled the Danes to desist from the assault of Gothenburg and to evacuate Sweden, and the admiration which this sudden display of energy excited in a brave nation, the contempt which they felt for an aristocracy plotting against their sovereign, almost on the field of battle, and holding a treacherous correspondence with the enemy, entirely conciliated for the moment the feelings of the lower orders, and the entry of Gustavus into Stockholm was a triumph. A reaction took place, of which Gustavus might have profited to regain his popularity if he had known moderation. In the first flush of victory and gratitude to the brave peasantry who had risen at his summons he convoked together a Diet, but he made use of his own reconquered popularity with the lower

orders, to overwhelm the nobility with violence and haughtiness. He addressed them in words only used to servants, and forced upon them an act called the 'Act of Surety and Union,' by which he deprived them of all their privileges. He arbitrarily arrested several members of the chamber of nobles; and finally collected a drunken rabble, influenced by incendiary denunciation of the nobility, around the council-house, supported by regiments of artillery and by the town militia all in readiness; and in the midst of such a demonstration Gustavus demanded of the nobility a financial vote, by which he was to have the right of receiving the taxes for an unlimited period. 'Thus,' said M. de Pons, the French minister, 'Gustavus III. has obtained, by means of the three inferior orders, the guarantee of his debts, and the absence of any limit for the revision of taxes. Gustavus III. has ruined his country, and has burdened it with twenty-one millions of rix dollars of debt. Gustavus III. has taken possession of absolute power by force, and must keep it by force.'

To make the words of M. de Pons more true, Gustavus shut up two of the nobility, whom he had arrested against all principles of Swedish law, in a fortress. One of the conspirators of Anjala was beheaded, others were sentenced to death, and the rest imprisoned or exiled, and a painful anxiety spread through the country, for the most intimate friends of Gustavus all besought him in vain to be merciful, and hitherto he had shown the greatest repugnance to signing any sentence of death.

But Gustavus had far other thoughts than Sweden in his head, when proceeding to these extremities. His object was to *make an example for Louis XVI.*, and show him how a revolution might be put down, for the affairs of France now distracted his attention, and the first symptoms of the French revolution filled him with a contemptuous pity; his earnest desire was to arrange his home difficulties as speedily as possible, in order to give all his attention to the settlement of French affairs. To save France, *la délicieuse France*, the country of his predilection,—and where if it were not for his position as king, and his hopes of making it subservient to his passion for ambitious display, he would wish to have been born, —was become the great dream of his life.

And after all—if we can suppose the first duty of a king is not to his own people—the relations of Gustavus with France, and his desire to make a good figure in the eyes of French notabilities, show off the best qualities of his nature.

Gustavus had been very anxious after the accomplishment of his first *coup d'État*, his great masterpiece, to know how it would be received by the *grandes dames*, his illustrious feminine friends in France—Madame d'Egmont, Madame de la Marck, and Madame de Boufflers. The letters which M. Geffroy publishes of these ladies are very interesting, as a proof that there was real sincerity at the bottom of that liberalism which was in vogue in the *salons* of some of the French nobility before the French revolution. Madame d'Egmont was the daughter of the notorious Maréchal de Richelieu, and was idolised by her reprobate father amid all the dissipations of his vicious life. She was married at sixteen to the Comte d'Egmont, the greatest noble of the Low Countries. Horace Walpole writes of her 'as delightfully pretty and gay and conversable;' but there exist letters and other opinions of her contemporaries to prove that this is a very insufficient description of Madame d'Egmont. Another account speaks of her as having an indescribable grace and sweetness of manner. 'She was possessed of a charming beauty, a fine intellect, and a noble

style of politeness, with exquisite manners, and refined elegance, beneath which one could divine an early death.' (She died at thirty-three.) In addition to all which her correspondence with Gustavus gives proof of a generous, ardent, and romantic enthusiasm tempered with a gentle melancholy not unfitting in one destined to a premature end: even on the approach of death, when no longer able to hold hold the pen, she roused all her thoughts and energies to dictate letters of generous and liberal counsel to Gustavus.

For it is one of the circumstances most to the credit of Gustavus that he inspired a very vivid interest in these ladies, an interest seemingly of quite irreproachable character, for the Comtesse de la Marck was past fifty years of age, and Madame de Boufflers was forty-seven; and the real secret of the passionate desire which all evinced for the success of Gustavus as a model king, was the contrast which they drew, both expressedly and tacitly, between the possibly hopeless condition of French affairs under so despicable and interminable a reign as that of the *blasé* Louis XV., and the brilliant auspices under which the young and amiable descendant of Gustavus Adolphus, capable of taking interest in the stirring thoughts of the time, was commencing a new reign in the North.

These noble ladies then, considering the anarchical state of things in Sweden, and the hopeful opinion which they formed of the character of Gustavus, approved of his first '*coup d'État*,' with some reservations, however, and each with reiterated warnings of the dangers and responsibility of too absolute a power.

The interest of the correspondence naturally increases with the commencement of the reign of Louis XVI.; and by his lady correspondents, and by his ambassador Creutz and the Comte de Provence, afterwards Louis XVIII., he was kept well informed of all that passed at the French Court, and of the general movement of national opinion.

Gustavus, from the year 1786 to 1791, had the advantage of having for correspondent one of the most capable persons, both from talent and from position, of throwing every light on the state of French affairs, Madame de Staël.

In her letters written before the first visible upheavings of revolutionary movement, Madame de Staël records many events and *mots* characteristic of the state of society, such as the following relating to the the Cardinal de Rohan: *Les Rohans rentrent dans l'ordre de la noblesse, ils se déshonorent*; and what exceeds the idea which the following speech related of Calonne gives of his levity —a speech uttered by him, not in his cabinet, but openly at a large dinner party? The conversation had been turning on the large fortunes made by the ministers of Louis XIV., and some lamented that it was no longer possible to get rich so rapidly in the same way: 'Pardonnez-moi,' said Calonne, 'le métier n'est pas gâté.'

On the approach of the French revolution the correspondence of Madame de Staël necessarily assumes a greater interest, and the marginal notes of Gustavus, both to her letters and those of the Baron de Staël, certify to the anxiety with which he was observing the first symptoms of the great catastrophe at hand.

Gustavus had indeed the strongest motive to take interest in French affairs, for in a second visit to France in 1784 he had extracted a secret treaty out of the French government, by which not only did France engage to continue her usual yearly subsidies to Sweden, agreed on by the previous convention, but she stipulated further to pay Gustavus the sum of 1,200,000 livres in six years and to support Sweden in case of attack from the north. But it

would be unjust to put down the sympathies of Gustavus for France entirely to interested motives. Indeed it had been strange if his second visit to France had not left him pleasant reminiscences, as it was impossible to be more fêted and caressed than he then was on all *sides*. He arrived in Paris, travelling incognito as the Comte de Haga, in June 1784, after a journey to Italy; and having driven first to the Baron de Staël's, he *went* the same evening to Versailles. Louis XVI. had been shooting that day at Rambouillet, when a courier of M. de Vergennes informed him of the arrival of the King of Sweden. The king, leaving Monsieur his next brother to sup with the shooting party, ordered his carriage at once, helped himself to put the horses to, and started for Versailles. When arrived there, as no one expected him, he found no valets to dress him, and no keys to his wardrobe; he was dressed however by the first comers, but in such haste that he appeared before his guest with one shoe with a red heel and *gold buckle*, the other with a black heel and silver buckle, and the rest of his attire was equally ill-matched. The Comte de Haga supped with king, queen, and royal family in *the little* apartments of Louis XV. No spectacle or amusement which could be invented was spared for the Swedish king: the opera during three weeks brought on the boards nine grand musical dramas for him. The Comédie Française was equally magnificent. Marie Antoinette gave him a fairy night fête at her pretty palace, the Little Trianon, when the English Garden was illuminated, suppers were laid in the bosquets, and the Swedish officers and guests were so numerous that Gustavus might almost have thought himself in his own country. The queen and royal family passed from table to table and spoke graciously to their Swedish visitors, and Gustavus, delighted, said the scene was one of true enchantment, worthy of the Champs Élysées. Nor was Gustavus less pleased with wandering about Paris by day like a simple citizen, and mixing in the crowds on the boulevards, then so gay, so fresh, and so brilliant with their manifold costumes distinctive of the various classes, and with their gilded equipages. Often he said later, in disgust at the state of affairs in the north, that he had resolved upon abdication, after which he would buy an hôtel on the boulevards for his old age and there spend his life.

France was to him an Armida-garden of delight. 'La délicieuse France,' he terms it in his letters, without whose preservation as it then was Gustavus thought the world was barely habitable. As soon, then, as the first signs of revolutionary trouble appeared, Gustavus made all haste to shuffle off his difficulties with Russia, and gave his undivided attention to French affairs. He had every hope at first of engaging his late enemy Catherine to ally herself with him in the part he meditated playing, but the Russian empress only deluded him and his ambassador by holding out vague tantalising expectations, and carefully avoided all positive engagements.

Our intercourse with Gustavus introduces us to a very lively personage, and enables us to make use of the eyes of M. d'Escars, a French nobleman of the old *régime*, of indomitably good spirits, who was travelling about German courts in the jauntiest manner possible as diplomatic agent for the Comte d'Artois, and observed, to use his own easy phrase, 'la scène extérieure de la Révolution des premières loges.' Happy M. d'Escars! however tragic was the condition of France and of *émigrés* living at Coblentz and Aix-la-Chapelle on very low diet, it did not prevent *him* from taking all the amusement he could in his progress through foreign courts. 'La Révo-

lution,' he says, slightly explanatorily and with an evident air of retrospective satisfaction, 'n'avait pas encore fait brèche à ma fortune.'

M. le Baron d'Escars (created a duke under the Restoration) was an important person, for he was plenipotentiary of the princes and the counter revolutionary party at the court of Gustavus, and was still at Stockholm when Gustavus was assassinated. He was born in 1747, had been a captain in the guards of the Comte d'Artois, then a colonel of dragoons; and was one of those reckless devoted gentlemen of the old *noblesse* who would lead a minuet, fight a duel, or storm a fortress, with equal alacrity. Before being accredited to Gustavus, M. d'Escars had been paying a series of visits among the little German courts to test their principles. He generally found them excellent, none of them inclining to the French revolution in any way; but there were exceptional cases, however, where he fell into some doubt. The Duke of Wurtemburg was one of the most enterprising among the German princes of the last century. He gave an impulse to education, industry, and agriculture, which has lasted to the present time. M. d'Escars was a little disgusted with this reforming mania, and thought it could lead to no good. The duke did not take eagerly either to the proposition of an anti-revolutionary crusade. 'Avec sa petite armée de six à mille hommes,' says M. d'Escars disdainfully, 'et sa légion de brigands, il se croyait à l'abri des maximes françaises.' The Elector of Bavaria, too, gave him cause for suspicion. He was above sixty, and out of health, and altogether possessed by an Anglo-American *nommé* Thomson, afterwards Comte de Rumford, known later, M. d'Escars adds, by his soups and his chimneys *à la Rumford*. M. d'Escars was inquisitive enough to look into the writings by which Thomson had captivated the confidence of the elector. He found nothing to admire in them; the pompous prefaces put him in mind of M. Necker, and in looking further, he recognised all the philosophical baggage 'de ce Génevois.' But, on the whole, M. d'Escars found the German princes extremely pleasant, with complete harmony of views about the French revolution. He snuffs with delight the rich air of old feudalism lingering about the mediæval courts. Perhaps the most pleasant visit on the whole was to the Prince Bishop of Passau, the Cardinal d'Auersberg, at his palace on the Danube. In fact, his time passed so pleasantly there, that he seems to have forgotten to speak about politics at all. The first time he presented himself at the palace of the prince bishop, he dined with him and sat between the prince bishop and his niece. 'La chère était *allemande il est vrai, mais somptueuse et très-bonne*, les vins du Rhin et de Hongrie en abondance et *parfaits*, la comtesse prevenante et aimable.' The conversation of the cardinal was that of a *bon et digne homme*, and not revolutionary by any means; he asked for news of all the French ambassadors who had been at Vienna. After dinner, as the weather was too bad for the cardinal to promenade his guest in his English garden, he proposed to take him to the opera. *En effet* M. d'Escars and the cardinal, and the comtesse his niece, and grand dean of the chapter, go in a carriage together. They enter the most delightful box of all and the best decorated. The theatre had a charming interior, though a little small, and was full of ladies dressed to *perfection*. An *imposing* stroke of the fiddle-bow announced the arrival of the prince; the audience clap hands, applaud their sovereign, who responds all round with the *most* affable salutations. A drop scene *perfectly* well painted is drawn up, and we have the celebrated opera Mozart's *Don Juan*. The

cardinal was most affable to M. d'Escars, called his attention to everything remarkable in the house, told him the names of all the pretty women and of the actors and actresses, and after every act ices and refreshment of unexceptionable kinds were brought into the *salon* behind the box.

M. d'Escars was invited again on the morrow, and the good cardinal, 'ce bon et digne homme,' sent a carriage to his inn for him with six horses, with an outrider before, and two heiduques and footmen behind. The weather was splendid. After dinner the cardinal took him to his English garden, which he could not show him the day before. M. d'Escars was charmed with this walk on the banks of the Danube, but he makes his description of majestic rivers, &c., brief, evidently having as much contempt for descriptive writing as for writing of all kinds. All the people they meet in their walk, gardeners or others, go down on their knees, and the cardinal distributes benedictions right and left. 'Au retour *de cette sainte et délicieuse promenade*, nous rentrâmes au château. "La soirée est longue," me dit le bon prince, "j'aurai chez moi un petit bal." "Allons, monseigneur," répondis-je, "hier opéra, aujourd'hui bal; qui peut se refuser à une si douce vie?"' The ball-room was of the finest, of the best decorated and lighted M. d'Escars ever saw. There were at least fifteen or eighteen chandeliers of Bohemian glass of wonderful lustre. The ball was delightful; as the dancers passed by the prince bishop and M. d'Escars and the countess seated together, the cardinal would call a lady to him, introduce her, tell her age, ask M. d'Escars to remark her figure so fine and pliant, and her clear fresh colour, and each of them, after a little caress and a compliment from his eminence, went on waltzing away. 'Ce fut,' cries M. d'Escars pathetically, 'ce fut le cœur pénétré de reconnaissance et d'un vif regret que je pris congé d'un si digne prélat. Je n'imaginais pas que l'on pût mener une vie plus délicieuse que celle de la cour de Passau.'

Such was the paradisaical state of a prince bishop before the revolution which M. d'Escars so much detested. M. d'Escars paints himself, and as he was the chosen representative of the party of the princes, one may have through him some notion of what elements it was composed. M. de Calonne, he who said, 'Le métier n'est pas gâté,' was made their minister of finance; of his prudence some estimate may be formed by the fact of his going to Vienna and exhibiting himself at a public ball when his chief the Comte d'Artois (afterwards Charles X.) had been requested not to come there by the emperor, on account of the danger it might cause the royal family of France, who were then in an extremely critical situation. But Louis XVI. and Marie Antoinette had no more dangerous enemies than this party of the princes, whose maxim was, 'What is it to us whether we have a Louis XVI., Louis XVII., or Charles X. for King of France? Perish rather Louis XVI. and Marie Antoinette than the principle of the old *régime* and of absolute monarchy.' This part of the *émigration*, after having been compelled by the representations of Marie Antoinette to remove the seat of their operations from Turin, had settled at Coblentz and Worms in 1791. The Comte d'Artois, with a bevy of mistresses to keep up Versailles traditions, held court at Coblentz, and was the accepted head of the party of the princes, composed of the Prince de Condé, the princes of Polignac, the Marshal de Broglie, &c., and all who held in profound pity the weakness of Louis XVI. in attempting any compromise with the new ideas. With or without Louis XVI., absolute monarchy, pure and simple, was the programme of this party. It was in vain for

the unhappy monarch to pronounce public condemnation on their dangerous activity; they replied his public manifestos did not represent his true opinions, which they must interpret, as they best could, in the true interest of royal power. They had arranged among themselves what sort of government was desirable in France, and like the knights of Pompey before Pharsalia, had disposed of all the offices. They had an army under the famous Marshal de Broglie, which consisted mainly of officers, for soldiers were rare; every gentleman wanted a post suited to his rank, and soldiers were required to be of an appearance not unworthy of their fastidious chiefs. The Marquis d'Autichamp, a cavalry adjutant, struck at once eighty-four dragoons off from his list because the men had not a sufficiently imposing air. The infantry were drilled occasionally with sticks, in the absence of muskets; as for the cavalry, they were waiting for the five thousand horses promised by Gustavus. The finest corps in the army was a body of military nobles commanded by the Prince of Condé, who observed a certain amount of discipline, which, however lax in the army, was compensated for by the strictness of *étiquette* at the court of the Comte d'Artois and his mistresses, to which no one was admitted who was not accompanied on presentation by four gentlemen to attest the purity of his principles. After the revolt of the Brabançons had been put down by Austria, and the failure of the flight to Varennes, this party became more audacious than ever. The triumph of Austria was a prelude to their own —the extreme royalists of the Assembly themselves at Paris counselled departure for Coblentz and Worms in the name of honour and of the king. Noble ladies, young and old, incited all loiterers to depart for the crusade by sending them distaffs. Matters were all arranged for an easy victory; as for preparation, the boot of the Prince de Condé and six francs' worth of rope to hang the chiefs among the Liberals, were quite sufficient. It was, however, vaguely supposed that two millions of soldiers from somewhere or other were advancing to support the *émigrés*; their paper, the *Journal of the Counter Revolution*, published at Coblentz, announced the fact, and it was believed to be true; if there were any doubters, those in the secret reassured them by saying that the troops only marched at night, in order the better to surprise the democrats. The alliance of both Austria, Prussia, and Russia in their favour was a certainty; but until the arrival of their troops, they accepted the assistance of the King of Sweden.

Up to the failure of the flight to Varennes, Gustavus had not given himself up to this extreme party. But the great chiefs of the European coalition, and indeed all the leading sovereigns of Europe, regarded the unfortunate Gustavus and his efforts to get the lead of a grand crusade against the French revolution with some pity and a good deal of contempt. They did not take the same exalted view of the genius displayed in his own *coups d'État* as himself, and doubted whether the military and political abilities of the Swedish king were such as to warrant his aspiration to become the Gustavus Adolphus of Royalism on the Continent, without a fleet, without an army, without a single available rix dollar in his treasury, with no credit, with a disaffected people of his own to deal with and a terrible quantity of debt. The Empress Catherine replied to his demand for Russian troops with fine speeches and excuses, coquetting all the time in an underhand way with Mirabeau and French democrats. Prince Henry of Prussia, the celebrated brother of Frederic the Great, was an admirer of the *Assemblée Constituante*, and regarded his nephew sim-

ply as a 'political saw-bones,' a 'carabin politique,' and a 'Don Quixote.' Neither did he fare any better in the opinion of the Emperors Joseph II. and Leopold, both of whom had had opportunity of studying him during their stay at Florence in 1783.

The former had even qualified him, in a letter to his sister Maria Christina, as 'faux, petit, misérable, un petit-maître à la glace,' and had made merry over the appearance of Gustavus, one morning when he paid him an early visit at Florence, and the Swedish monarch was roused from his bed and obliged to appear in his dressing gown, over which, however, he hastily slipped his order of the Polar Star; and Joseph, on his return to Vienna, had a hero represented on the stage in a dressing-gown decorated with a polar star. Leopold treated the advances and proclamations of the Swedish king as mere 'rodomontade;' even Louis XVI. and Marie Antoinette did not reply very warmly to his chivalrous offers of assistance, although Marie Antoinette at one time sent him a gold sword with the inscription '*Pour la défense des opprimés.*'

Baffled thus on all sides, excluded from participation in the European coalition, which was being formed without him, Gustavus eagerly accepted at length the leadership of the 'party of the princes,' and proclaimed his perfect adherence to their creed, that it was not so much the preservation of the royal family as the preservation of royal institutions, which was to be the object of the anti-revolutionary crusade.

Up to the flight of Varennes, Gustavus had continued to be in constant communication with the royal family, chiefly through the instrumentality of the chivalrous Fersen, who had made all the arrangements for the evasion with the co-operation of his sovereign. The Swedish king, in order to watch more closely over French affairs, had come over year by year to Aix-la-Chapelle; and at the time of the failure of the Varennes elopement, had been seen walking outside the gates of the town, anxiously consulting his watch from time to time, as he was waiting for the arrival of the courier to give him news of its successful issue. Up to that period he had been able to distinguish between the moderate royalist party and the extreme views of the party of princes; but afterwards he held a court at Aix-la-Chapelle, surrounded by all the chiefs of the *émigration* and the wildest of the ultra-royalists, and entertained all the *émigrés* nobles with magnificent hospitality. Three times a week his table was spread for a hundred gentlemen, who for the rest of the week dined principally on potatoes and milk. And he was regarded by the whole body of these wild exiles as their saviour and hero; while ladies and children, in the privation of reverse of fortune, stretched out imploring arms as he walked around, and besought him to lead them back in triumph to their country; so that the adulation which he received on all sides was sufficient to turn a stronger head than his own.

In the *Almanach de Gotha* of 1791 half the engravings were devoted to Gustavus and his family. His self-conceit became now inflated beyond all bounds; like a king accustomed to victory, he looked from a haughty height on the Counts of Provence and D'Artois, living in refuge under his shadow at Aix-la-Chapelle, and he spoke with contempt of the *monarchiens* who dreamed of establishing a metaphysical government in France of the kind calling itself constitutional. In monarchy pure and simple was the only salvation for France and the world; and *that* he intended to re-establish, if the Empress Catherine, as he still fondly hoped, and as she deluded him into still hoping, would only furnish him with a due

supply of roubles and Cossacks. The Empress Catherine, indeed, by holding out a tantalising bait of putting Gustavus in a condition to play so brilliant a part in history, managed to extract from him the advantageous treaties of Verelä and Drottningholm, after which further dissimulation was not profitable; the history of the negotiations of Sweden with Russia about these treaties, as contained in the despatches of Stedingk, form an admirable study for making acquaintance with the peculiar characteristics of Russian diplomacy; and the interviews of Stedingk both with the empress and Prince Potemkin are scenes of Tartar comedy as well as political events.

Inflated, however, with the adulation of Aix-la-Chapelle, and still hot with his feverish dreams of historic splendour, Gustavus III. returned to his capital in August 1791, with the air of a king on whom the destinies of mankind depended. He adopted the most vigorous measures for protecting his subjects from all revolutionary infection, interdicted all news or comments in Swedish papers about French affairs, and forbade any representation of a French democrat to his Swedish people, either on the stage or in waxwork. Still infatuated about the supply of Russian roubles and Cossacks, he invited M. de Pahlen, the Russian ambassador, to be his aide-de-camp in the approaching crusade; and, with his usual theatrical genius, had, at the gates of Stockholm, a sort of rehearsal of his anticipated entry into the gates of Paris, with his troops, and M. de Pahlen on his right hand.

But just about this time M. d'Escars, still travelling about as diplomatist-in-chief for the princes, and enjoying himself, arrived at Stockholm, and gives us the benefit of his impressions with delicious frankness. The passage from Stralsund had been tedious, but fortunately one Jonas was on board, a noted conjuror, and he dissipated M. d'Escars' *ennui* during the voyage very considerably by some very amusing tricks of legerdemain. M. d'Escars arrived at Stockholm with full powers, signed by Monsieur and the Comte d'Artois, and was received with extreme distinction, and more attention was naturally paid to him than to the other French diplomatists also at Stockholm—the one representing the *Assemblée Nationale* and the other Louis XVI. M. d'Escars tells us that, 'I left the princes in full persuasion that I should find everything ready at Stockholm—a fleet equipped, a well clothed, well appointed army, and everything necessary for a grand descent on Normandy or Brittany. When I began to look about me I found nothing existed except in the head of the king. The treasury had not a thaler, Gustavus III. was counting up, however, the millions he was *going* to receive from Spain and from Russia;' and with a view to these Gustavus recommended M. d'Escars to cultivate the acquaintance of the Spanish and Russian plenipotentiaries. M. d'Escars did so, for he found them very pleasant companions in a place so full of *ennui* as Stockholm. Stackelberg the Russian was fond of good living, and could get none in the Swedish capital. M. d'Escars gave him the benefit of his advice and aid in the establishment of a *cuisine*, and rendered Stackelberg's existence more supportable, for poor Stackelberg having formerly been Russian proconsul at Warsaw, 'où il avait nagé dans les honneurs et les plaisirs, se mourait d'ennui à cette cour.' As for the Spaniard, he too was an excellent fellow, ready to be hacked to pieces for the *casa di Borbone*. M. d'Escars did not fail, however, to pay attention to Gustavus, and reports smartly in his *Mémoires*, 'knowing that to play a part in the affairs of France was

his hobby, I drew up for him a vigorous note—*une note vigoureuse*—and showed him the eyes of all Brittany and Normandy fixed upon the shores of France, awaiting the arrival of his fleets and his royal person.' M. d'Escars, speaking from memory in these late written *Mémoires* of his, does not qualify too highly this diplomatic effort, for the *note vigoureuse* has been found in the archives of Stockholm, contain this magnificent peroration: 'Sire, you are invoked as the tutelary angel of France, as the restorer of her throne, her altars, and her ancient nobility. Sire, more laurels await your forehead in France than the Vasas and Gustavus Adolphuses have ever gathered. Already the coasts of Normandy are covered with eyes open for the arrival of your fleets!' The pleasant M. d'Escars evidently knew his Gustavus III., and must have found the writing of this *note vigoureuse* a charming diversion at the court where poor Stackelberg *se mourait d'ennui*.

But the tale of poor Gustavus's follies and weaknesses and delusions was now nearly closed. The internal difficulties of his kingdom had increased to such a pitch that he fell into a state of inextricable confusion and disgust, from which he only could see any escape either by means of his great crusade, or through the divinations of a sorceress by the name of Arfwedsson, who read the secrets of destiny in coffee grounds, and whom he consulted in all his difficulties. But Miss Arfwedsson took to uttering prophecies which the enemies of his government turned against him, and as for the Agamemnonship of the crusade, the Prince of Brunswick was elected over his head, and he was not even so much as thought of. Gustavus, nevertheless, still clung to his great crusading scheme, and when his nearest counsellors represented to him that Sweden was incapable of effort—exhausted and on the very brink of bankruptcy—that nobility, clergy, and the whole nation were estranged from him, such representations only appeared to him in the light of arguments for hurrying on the accomplishment of his grand Agamemnonic design. M. de Gaussen, the French envoy, wrote to his Government in December 1791: 'There is no more money here, the housekeeping of the princes is not paid for, and the king has no more credit. The debt of Sweden is enormous. Every one is in fear for his little property; this violent state of things cannot continue. Gustavus III. must call a Diet for his finances.'

The Diet was called, and Gustavus again managed it on the *coup d'État* and intimidation principle; he called it together at Gefle, a little town in the interior, and used every means, by locating troops on the high roads, and by refusal of passports, to render access difficult to the place of assembly; after a month's stormy sitting it was dissolved, leaving all parties in the highest state of exasperation. On the 16th of March 1792, Ankarström, styled Brutus-Ankarström by the democrats of Paris, a gloomy reserved young noble, brooding over private and public wrongs, made himself the instrument of popular vengeance, and shot the king at a masked ball in his own theatre. Ankarström had four principal accomplices, one of whom repented at the last moment, and warned Gustavus by a note not to appear at the ball, and told him of the intended assassination. The king received the note as he was supping with Baron Essers alone, in a little room in the theatre. He read it twice, finished his supper and went straight to his box. Here he showed the note to Essers, who besought him not to go down on the stage.

Gustavus merely replied, 'Another time he would wear a coat of mail,' rose in his box, went down through the side scenes to the stage, giving

his arm to his companion, and saying, 'Voyons s'ils oseront me tuer.' He lived sixteen days after his wound, and it seemed at one time that he might recover. All the best qualities of his nature reappeared in his last days; he refused to learn the name of his assassin, and asked that all the lives of accomplices might be spared. When one of his old political adversaries came to disclaim all share in the deed, he blessed the wound which brought back an old friend to his side. There was a great revulsion of popular feeling after his death, indeed it was necessary to protect the houses of the regicides from public indignation. Nevertheless Gustavus had cruel anxieties about the fate of his young son, and his old theatrical passion broke out in some of the last expressions of his agony: 'Carry me forth on a litter; I will go to the public place and address the people. Go, and like another Antony, show the blood-stained garments of Cæsar for the confusion of his enemies.' Thus the catastrophe of Cæsar predicted by the great Frederic exalted the imagination of Gustavus in his dying moments.

He was the first royal victim of the revolution in Europe.

Gustavus III. is a characteristic specimen of the philosophic royalists of his time. His ideal of government was an enlightened absolutism, that is to say, enlightened so far as he chose to allow it to be enlightened. He was a Voltairian in religion, yet a believer in and a practiser of all the necromantic and magical delusions of Cagliostro. There was no secret society of which he was not or did not want to be a member. He was a Freemason, an Illuminist, and a Rosicrucian. The Voltairian king had not an oratory in his palace, but a little closet fitted up with a crucifix, a chafing dish, and a pair of huge wax candles; and in this history presents him to us on one occasion in a perspiration and in his shirt performing a cabalistic incantation. He was an immense lover of display, and patronised the arts and sciences; he wished also to enjoy the familiarity of artists and men of letters and philosophers up to a certain point; he was flattered at a word of approval from Voltaire and sought for it, but he said when the *Vie privée du Roi de Prusse* came out, 'C'est une bonne leçon pour nous: voilà ce que c'est que de se familiariser trop avec les gens qui, par leur métier, ne sont pas faits pour vivre avec nous. Avec les grands on n'a rien à craindre; on les retient toujours par les grâces et par les peines; . . . mais avec les hommes qui ne sont que gens de lettres, ah! non, non!' He had abilities, but of a mediocre sort; his perceptions were quick, but they were shallow, vain, and frivolous; he was without sense of moral responsibility, yet capable of acts of unreasonable temerity; he had, too, enthusiasm, but it was mainly for shows, theatrical performances, for cabalistic delusions, for France, and the cause of absolutism. Yet it must be added that on some occasions he showed unexpected vigour and promptitude of spirit in the face of danger; that he seems to have been very generous, although it was with his subjects' money and the subsidies of France; and that he appears to have had lovable qualities, for persons of good taste and feeling speedily grew attached to him, and his relations with his associates and ministers were friendly and lasting. Perhaps the evil fortunes of his life may be summed up thus: he had an indolent, worthless father, a bad-tempered mischief-making, Voltairian mother, an insensible wife, from whom he lived estranged; and his earliest instructor, when a child, was a *virtuoso*, who lectured him on the *comédie larmoyante* and gave him as a rule in life, 'Prends pour guide le sentiment.'

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NOTICE TO CORRESPONDENTS.

Correspondents are desired to observe, that all Communications must be addressed direct to the Editor.

Rejected Contributions cannot be returned.

FRASER'S MAGAZINE.

OCTOBER 1868.

CHURCH POLICY.[1]

IT is said, as one of the writers in the volumes before us remarks, that 'Christendom is more and more falling asunder into two camps.' In one of those camps it is held that the Church, whatever the Church may precisely mean, rests upon divine authority; that the clergy possess miraculous powers, and that the State as of human institution should respect without presuming to question the decisions of the Church. The opposite party would say that the authority of the Church was not divine in a sense specifically different from that in which the State is divine, that is, as part of a providentially ordered system of society; whatever claims it may have to our respect, it must derive from containing within its borders a large part of the wisdom and virtue of the country, and from its power of hastening the advance of mankind toward a loftier standard. The first class of theorists, as represented in the Church of England, amuse us by the audacity of their claims; there is something grotesque about the assumption that these amiable gentlemen, with their cargo of obsolete dogmas, are really the only authorised ambassadors from God to man, and that it is by blind obedience to their authority, that the world is to be extricated from its difficulties. Persons in so august a position should show us some more plausible credentials. We cannot contrive to look upon the Church of England, as interpreted by Mr. Orby Shipley and his essayists, as the light which is to clear up all our darkness. With them, however, we have nothing at present to do, except to note, what is sufficiently obvious, that their claims are entirely irreconcilable with the position of a Church whose tenets are defined by Act of Parliament. They necessarily hold the present state of things to be exceptional and temporary.

The opposite theory is held by the contributors to the volume of *Essays on Church Policy*, who are distinguished members of the Broad Church school. It cannot be denied that the discussion which they endeavour to raise is eminently reasonable. How is the Church of England to be maintained and developed as a national church, that is, as the religious department of the State, claiming no supernatural authority, but regulated by a kind of rule of thumb so as to include as large a proportion as may be of the best

[1] *Essays on Church Policy*. London: Macmillan & Co. 1868.

religious teachers of the nation? The difficulty of driving such an ecclesiastical four-in-hand is obvious at the best of times. With Dr. Pusey plunging in one direction, and Dr. Colenso bolting in another, the Evangelical kicking out viciously all round, and the steady old Gallios trying to keep up a regular jogtrot, the task is becoming almost superhuman. The imminent danger of the Irish Church makes a solution still more pressing. It is true, indeed, as has been so often urged, that the branch establishment in Ireland involves evils of a very different order from those of the English Church. The precedent, however, will help to impress upon the popular mind a very valuable principle. It will show that the national Church is not a corporation separate from the State possessing indefeasible rights to its property. It is to be treated like a national department, administering very large funds for the good of the people at large. If the funds cease to be administered usefully, they may be transferred to any other body, as freely as the revenues of the Woods and Forests might be applied to different purposes. Thus the effect of the decision will be, as it were, to put the Church of England on its trial. It will be made to feel that its privileges and its property are held on the one condition that it is discharging its duty beneficially to the country. In other words, instead of possessing any special sanctity, it will be put, so far as the precedent can put it, under a lively sense of responsibility to a parliament elected by household suffrage. And to this it is sufficient to add one consideration: Mr. Fowle, the author of the first essay, tells us that about one respectable artisan in fifty goes to church. Now, the artisans will soon be, potentially at least, the governing power in this country. How long will the forty-nine sinners—if we may use the word in a parliamentary sense—care to keep up the institution? The answer to this question in political arithmetic might perhaps be found by calculating the length of time required to convert indifference into absolute hostility. Or we may ask, how long it takes after a man knows that he is entitled to a good estate to induce him to undertake an expensive lawsuit for its recovery?

This statement of the case of course neglects the fact that the Church may within a moderate time regain the hold which it has lost upon the affections of the lower orders. What are the prospects that such a recovery of influence can be brought about? Political resurrections are rare and difficult feats, and the signs that the Church of England is becoming stronger, either with the people or with the most intellectual classes, are not at first sight unequivocal. Mr. Fowle indeed lays before us certain general considerations, from which he would infer that the progress of democracy is likely to be favourable to the Church. Thus he says that the idea of an Established Church is essentially democratic; that attendance at public worship is essentially a part of democratic religion; that the clergy and the democracy are essentially friends and allies; finally, that the Christian revelation is eminently suited to a democracy. Yet, as he asserts, the working classes don't care for the Church, they don't care for church services, they don't care for the clergy, and they don't care for Christianity. What is the explanation to be given of this anomaly, if it be really an anomaly? So very many general assertions are made about democracy and its relation to one thing or another, that they generally require very careful examination; and we must take Mr. Fowle's argument to pieces before we can feel certain that some fal-

lacy is not lurking under these sweeping generalisations. Democracies may be favourable to established churches; but it is one of the most prominent facts about the whole family of English democracies that they have rid themselves rapidly and thoroughly of all vestiges of the system under which they were brought up, and which is presumably so congenial to them. If democracies in the abstract like established churches, the concrete democracies of America and Australia utterly repudiate them. Mr. Fowle is therefore bound to show us that deeper tendency of democratic countries which, we must suppose, is masked in these cases by some accidental circumstances. To prove his case, Mr. Fowle indulges in what we consider to be a piece of extreme logical gallantry. He dismisses the American example on the grounds on which people always dismiss America from arguments, namely, that it is a young country and has a deal of waste land. And he goes on to assert roundly that 'a far more real illustration of what is in fact an elementary truth in the politics of democracies may be found in the practice of the Athenians with regard to the Theoric Fund.' We might say that the English democracy is distinctly approximating towards the American type and away from the Athenian type; that, in fact, no two states of society called by the same name can be much more unlike than the English and Athenian democracies; and that, if there is any point in which analogies are likely to be misleading, it is that which concerns the religious creeds of the two nations. To infer that the English Established Church will suit English democrats because the theoric fund suited the inhabitants of Athens, is to make a whole series of audacious assumptions. What Mr. Fowle really means to say is very simple, and might be put more plainly without all this philosophy about democracy and the theoric fund. He thinks, and we fully agree with him, that the working classes will be very likely to spend the national revenues in some way for their own real or supposed benefit. The Athenians spent their money on theatres; we shall spend it on parsons. The reason is a very fair one as far as it goes; but let us endeavour to translate it into facts.

Suppose that 'the Demos of the future,' of whom Mr. Fowle speaks, could have all vested interests cleared off by some sweeping revolution, and were requested to settle the distribution of the Church revenues according to their own free will. Suppose further, and for the sake of argument, that they did not choose to secularise any part of the income, to spend money, for example, on schools or libraries, or, after the Athenian fashion, on theatres. Would any bold man say to the Demos, 'Let us divide this money into a number of unequal sums, and distribute it to parsons all over the country, not in the proportion of the work they have to do, but according to all kinds of local accidents; let us give each parson a freehold of his office, make him absolutely independent of his congregation, and as little as possible responsible to any one else; let him preach, if he pleases, something indistinguishable from Romanism, or something indistinguishable from infidelity, so long as he does not actually take one of certain articles framed three hundred years ago, and insert a "not" between the subject and the predicate; let the appointment to the vast majority of these offices be in the hands of all kinds of private persons and close corporations or irresponsible officials, and let them be put up publicly for sale; give one man 10,000*l.* a year and a number of others 5,000*l.* a year;

trust to their sense of duty for the proper discharge of their functions, and let them have seats in the Upper House; let a number of others enjoy good incomes on the terms of living a certain number of months in comfortable houses in country towns and attending regularly at divine service. Put all the elementary schools of the country into their hands, and trust that a certain portion of the national funds thus spent will return to your pockets in the shape of charitable contributions.' What would Demos say to the imaginary bold man? Would it request him to retire into private life, or offer him a place in a lunatic asylum, or simply overwhelm him with inextinguishable laughter?

Mr. Fowle very frankly points out the anomalies at which we have hinted, and describes them as contributing to the efficiency of the Church. But that which he does not sufficiently explain is that the Church of England, as at present constituted, is perhaps the most essentially aristocratic of all our institutions; or, if aristocratic is a word involving some irrelevant associations, the most opposed to modern ideas of organisation. The country parson is the ecclesiastical squire of the parish. His position has the merits and defects which arise naturally in a feudal state of society. The clergy are as unlike a body which would be constituted for the same purposes in the present time as a feudal army to its modern representative. Instead of officers, each responsible to his proper superior, and the whole body responsible to the country at large, we have a number of semi-independent chiefs planted out to preserve order in their separate districts. The whole order has the inflexibility, the comparative independence, and the want of power of adaptation to the varying needs of the time, which is characteristic of a ruder form of society. And if they were to be reconstituted on an entirely fresh basis, the palpable anomalies would be corrected, doubtless with some loss to individual freedom, but also with great gain to the general efficiency of the machinery.

All this would probably be admitted by Mr. Fowle. His ideal democracy would have an ideal church suited to democratic arrangements. The question, however, remains whether the present system will break or bend; whether it will suit itself to a completely novel order of society; or whether it will be swept away by some more or less peaceful resolution. And there is the further question whether the Church, as constituted afresh, would not lose many of the merits which recommend it at present to Mr. Fowle and his fellow essayists. Assuming that the democracy will spend a large part of the national income in some form or other in support of religion, is it reasonable to suppose that that support will take the shape of anything that can be called an establishment? Is it not, for example, quite as probable that the money would be placed at the disposal of the different sections of the community to spend in such manner as might seem good in their eyes? It is a thoroughly democratic solution of the problem, that each creed should receive from the national exchequer a sum proportioned to its numerical strength, a scheme which is shortly noticed by Mr. Clay, and apparently held by him to be the most suitable to the case of Ireland. Let us endeavour to estimate one or two of the most obvious tendencies, of which account must be taken in attempting to answer these questions.

Whatever else may follow, it seems plain that one result of democratic progress will be to make the clergy more dependent on their congregations. If Demos spends

his money on religious instruction, he will take good care to get his money's worth. He won't pay a person to preach Protestantism and let him preach Popery. He won't put a bishop on a throne, make him a peer, and give him a princely income, and then tell him that he may do very much what he pleases. It is possible, indeed, that a clergy which possesses the reality of sacerdotal power amongst a superstitious people, may arrange things according to its own fancy, so long as it does not stretch its power till it cracks. But we are arguing on the hypothesis that the Church is to be considered as a State department, and that great variety of religious belief exists among the people. We may assume, therefore, that an increased action of the State upon the clergy will be amongst the first fruits of a rising interest of the people in religious matters. A greater responsibility is the price which the clergy must be content to pay for increased influence. In one of the essays in this volume, Mr. Abbott proposes an elaborate if rather unpractical scheme, for giving the congregation a greater share of influence in the ecclesiastical management of the parish; and, indeed, the tendency is too plain to be overlooked.

Now the merit of the Church of England, as usually understood, conconsists above all in the freedom of opinion amongst the clergy. 'To the Church of England,' says Mr. Clay, 'thanks to her union with the State, belongs the unique glory of having never added to her dogmas, but rather taken away from them.' It is certainly indisputable that we may number amongst the clergy men of the widest divergences of opinion, and that, as a whole, the liberality and cultivation of the Church contrasts very favourably with the narrow bigotry of most Dissenting bodies. It is unnecessary to dilate upon the advantages of a system under which Dr. Colenso and Dr. Pusey may be distinguished members of the same body, for the topic has been sufficiently elaborated. Any one who wishes to find his faith in the most liberal church of the world confirmed, cannot do better than refer to the essays of Mr. Llewelyn Davies and Mr. Clay. We need only observe that one obvious deduction should be made from the merits of a body which, as Mr. Davies forcibly shows, has produced by far the most eminent and learned English theologians, and which can show a Newman and Keble and Pusey, a Maurice and Jowett and Stanley against a Dr. Pye Smith. It is true that Dissenters are too often ignorant and bigoted; but what people do not always remark is that if there was no Establishment, there would be no Dissenters. Newman and Keble and the rest would have existed if the Church had been destroyed; and they might have been as eminent as they actually were; whilst poor Dr. Pye Smith might have been a more accomplished man if the sect to which he belonged had not been stigmatised as socially inferior and excluded from the best advantages of English education. When Etonians say, See what statesmen we have produced! it is an obvious answer that young statesmen are generally sent to Eton. When the Church of England boasts that it has all the learning, we may reply that it forbids any one else to compete on equal terms at the English sources of learning. But people generally argue as if the destruction of the monopoly meant that all the persons who benefit by it were also to be destroyed. Passing however from this, we will take the advantages of the Church of England for granted, and point out one or two evils at the price of which they are obtained. If the Church were merely an institution for the discovery of the truth, nothing more

could be desired than that it should be open to everybody. Let Dr. Manning, and Dr. Pusey, and Mr. Jowett, and Mr. Congreve all have their say, and let us see who has the best of the argument. But the free discussion of opinion is hardly to be called the primary function of the Church. Rather it is intended to encourage devotion, and to give room for stimulating the highest emotions which are connected with theological systems. A clergyman, it is said, has ample latitude for expressing his opinions. It is an excellent thing for him in many ways, but it is not quite so clear that it is on the whole productive of general liberality of feeling. We take a gentleman of strong opinions, and set him down in the midst of a congregation which may or may not regard them with intense disgust. It matters not a straw to his legal position whether they think him an angel or an infidel. He may make the Church service revolting to three fourths of his congregation; he may treat them to ceremonies which they regard as superstitious; he may preach doctrine which they hold to be infidel; or he may simply weary them past all human endurance. He may drive one portion of them to the Dissenting chapel, and lead another to the Roman Catholic priest. They are simply powerless, so long as he keeps within the four corners of the Articles. Is such a system conducive or hostile to religious harmony? Again, a clergyman may, if he chooses, hold to his preferment though every one thinks that his principles should logically lead him to Rome, or to the disciples of M. Comte. It is very unfair, doubtless, to credit a man with all the consequences which we choose to infer from his doctrines. Still, in many cases, we have a spectacle from which it is almost impossible that honest minds should not revolt. By some strange feat of logical balancing, a man retains himself in a position of neutral equilibrium trembling on the very verge of infidelity, or of Popery; and unluckily we know that to retain his preferment he must continue his performance. To him it seems to be a duty to stay where he is, in order that he may not narrow the limits of Church toleration. It is not strange that to others it seems that his sincerity is, to say the least, equivocal, and that a series of such demonstrations brings some scandal on the institution, and is productive, in a very high degree, of bitter ecclesiastical animosity. The process by which dogmas are gradually relaxed is indeed a topic of congratulation with the writers in the present volume; but they admit that it has its ugly side. 'The evil,' says Mr. Clay, 'is not so great as has been represented; for our controversies and lawsuits have succeeded in rendering some words, such as "eternal," "regeneration," "inspiration," "atonement," &c. as ambiguous as they formerly were plain in their meaning. But there are some words and phrases too hard to admit of their sharp edges being thus rounded off. And when the laity hear the clergy use these words and phrases in a sense which, however legitimate, is non-natural, a suspicion of their honesty *will* creep into their minds.' He proceeds to express a wish that the court of final appeal would in some way procure an order for the removal of these obnoxious words. In a rather singular passage he further hopes that the question of the Godhead of Christ may not be decided either way for at least ten years:—'The general public, which at present unconsciously believes in two, if not three Gods, is as yet utterly unfit to face the question.'

It is, of course, easy for the enemy to take hold of such passages as these, and to express a doubt, which we are far from sharing, of the per-

fect sincerity of gentlemen who thus avow the principle that the pledges by which they are bound are indefinitely elastic, and glory in the consequent freedom of their position. The shifting and straining of meaning to which the formularies are adapted in order to suit them to the most opposite parties is not only bewildering, as Mr. Clay says, to the general public, but extremely irritating to theological opponents. They see those who, as they fondly imagined, were part of their own camp, gradually sidling over to the enemy, and all the while loudly protesting their fidelity. If the Church were not bound to the State, the imposition of new tests and the expulsion of parties by each other might possibly be a far greater evil. We only mean to point out at present that the comprehensive system involves also much that lessens clergymen in public esteem, and increases the mutual ill-will of parties. But the Establishment has a more unmistakably bad effect in another direction. The most direct and conspicuous result is the extent to which theological warfare is complicated and embittered by political warfare. The Dissenter hates the Churchman, not only on the reasonable ground that he differs from him in opinion, but also as a political pariah hates the privileged superior. The battle which has still to be carried on before Dissenters can gain a share of university endowments is one example of the struggle. We, say the Churchman, are the favourites of the State, and you shall not have a fragment of the loaves and fishes without a fight for it. Of course the answer is, When we fight we will give no quarter; and meanwhile to the ordinary dislike of rivals is added the special dislike which is felt for (and by) the holders of an odious privilege. Mr. Fowle declines to accept the example of the United States; but it is impossible not to be struck by one advantage which they owe to the voluntary system. The separate sects may be bigoted, stupid, and ignorant; but at least they keep their bigotry to themselves. There are no violent discussions of theology in newspapers, and no planks in party platforms devoted to a declaration of theological tenets. The religious creed of a public man has nothing to do with his success; and parties may be right or wrong, but at any rate they are not orthodox and heretical. Certainly toleration would seem to be more probable with a system under which sects may live side by side without any more hatred than a man who believes in the Athanasian creed unavoidably feels for one who does not. The State Church necessarily drives religious parties into politics to fight for their share of the good things of this world, and to force themselves into or their adversaries out of the sacred precincts. The questions which we settle by prosecutions in law-courts, or by ritualist commissions, would be left to those who are interested by them, and all the nation would not be called in to assist in the struggle.

The advantages, then, which the Church of England possesses in the liberality of its formularies are by no means unmixed. It is perfectly true that a man of very extreme views may remain in the Church, and that, if his ambition is not very keen, he may be satisfied with his prospect of preferment. He will be abused on all sides, taunted with his supposed insincerity, and denounced as a traitor to his Church; but it will be very hard actually to turn him out. If he has the courage to be a martyr—and to be a martyr in these days is by no means unpleasant—he may defy his enemies with tolerable confidence; they may commit spiritual assault and battery upon him, but they cannot actually burn him or even deprive him of his living.

And the prospect undoubtedly attracts some able men, and secures a certain code of liberal sentiment within the limits of the Church. On the other hand, the freedom is won at the price of much bitterness of party feeling. The strong arm of the State defends a man from all the assaults of his theological enemies, but it does not make them love him. A small garrison in a hostile country does not, as a rule, conciliate the natives. Neither do the various members of this heterogeneous society love each other the better in consequence of their artificial bond. As both Dr. Pusey and Mr. Jowett are good Christians, they probably regard each other with brotherly affection; but they would have less cause to dread a quarrel if each did not hold himself to be a living member of the Church, and the other to be the dead corpse tied to him. When two people are married with incongruous tempers, the sense of the indelibility of the union may lead them to treat each other decently, till passion gets the better of common sense; but, when they have once begun to quarrel, the same cause makes them hate each other with a double hatred. In quiet times, the Church tie probably reconciles more than it irritates; but when parties have once grown warm, the repulsion is proportioned to the closeness of the bond. A benevolent gentleman of our acquaintance tried to reconcile two fierce dogs by setting them to eat of the same dish. In a second they were at each others' throats, and no ritualist commission could bring them to peaceable terms. In Germany, churches may be found where Protestants worship in the morning and Papists in the afternoon. In England such an arrangement would lead to that kind of riot which we may call a Murphy, and one cause of the mutual animosities is that so many political struggles are mixed up with theological disputes.

It is unnecessary to strike a balance between these evils, though we admit that advocates of a State Establishment may make a very plausible case from the history of the English Church. Hitherto it has, it may be, been a bulwark of the tolerant party, and has prevented its members from degenerating into a chaos of disorderly factions. But will it do so in the days of more internecine struggle which seem to be approaching? or rather, for that is the question of most practical importance, will its good qualities avail to keep it afloat in the long-expected democratic deluge? Will Mr. Fowle's friend, the Demos of the future, be more attracted by its merits or repelled by its faults? Unless we assume some remarkable change to take place, the answer does not seem to be doubtful. Supposing Demos to have realised the fact that the clergy are really the servants of the State, that that is to say, his servants, we may guess at the language which he will naturally hold. 'You, my friends,' he will say, 'are paid to supply the congregations with their own pet religious material. If you supply them with something else, you must be made to do the right thing, or your pay shall be stopped. If you manage to wriggle out of the thirty-nine articles by judicial decisions, or fine-spun interpretations, I must find some stronger bonds. I am quite incapable'—for Demos will speak very frankly—'to understand all your fine-drawn distinctions, and I am not at all clear as to your honesty; but by some means or other, so long as you are a public servant, you shall do what the public requires, whether the power is exercised through separate congregations or through the national legislature.' This is the inevitable tone of plain people who feel that the revenues of the Church are part of the national property, to be

employed at their own discretion. But above all, Demos will say, 'If I am to spend my money in parsons, I shall not spend it in supporting any privileged sect. The first principle of democracy is the equality of all citizens, even, it may be, at the expense of liberty; and to select one creed, and that the creed of the richest, to receive all the national revenues, and to enjoy political and social pre-eminence, is utterly opposed to every instinct that Demos possesses. We may safely anticipate that he will begin by removing every vestige of a test from the universities, and how much further he will go is a question for speculation.

These considerations are indeed so obvious that we rather wonder how the authors of the essays before us can evade them. Clerical independence may be an excellent thing, but it has precisely that excellence which is scarcely intelligible to our friend Demos. It cannot even be plausibly recommended to him on the ground of liberty of opinion. We may hope that that doctrine has sunk deeply into the public mind, and that nothing would now be more hopeless than an attempt at suppressing perfect speculative liberty either by priests or parties. But the answer to an appeal in behalf of clerical independence is only too clear. 'By all means,' Demos will say, 'think what you like, write what you like, and speak what you like. Denounce Moses or praise the Pope, it is all one to me. Fill your churches with incense and candles and stone altars, and all the "curly-wurlies and whigmaleeries," as Andrew Fairservice put it, that your heart can desire. Only don't ask me to pay you to thrust your dogmas and your ceremonies upon people who don't like them. It may be good sense to pay people to investigate the truth with no fetters of any kind, but that is not the question; you ask us to be allowed as Papists to lead the devotions of Protestants, or *vice versâ*, according to your arbitrary pleasure.' And the request put in this way will doubtless sound preposterous.

The truth is that the essayists rely upon a different sentiment, and it is one which requires some investigation. If we were arguing on the supposition that the Church was possessed of a supernatural authority, and further that the people generally admitted its authority, they might be content to leave its established officials to settle all questions of dogma for themselves. But we are at present assuming that it is merely that department of State which supplies the religious wants of the population, whatever they may be. Now it is probably true that the great mass of the working classes are profoundly indifferent to dogmas of all kinds. They do not sympathise with the theological prejudices of the middle classes who support the Dissenting sects. If the Church could be purified from those practical abuses, which give scandal, and the defects of organisation which hamper its action, Demos might be content to make use of it, as the readiest machinery at hand, without bothering his head about articles and formularies. It is indeed dangerous to trust to simple indifference, which is at least as near to indiscriminating hostility as to indiscriminating friendship; and it is a danger of the Establishment that it rests too much upon the indifference of the higher classes as well as of the lower, upon men who don't actively care for it, but who shrink instinctively from any disturbance of the present tranquillity. Such support is at best treacherous, and does not form a bond of sufficient strength to endure the constant strain of opposing bigots. Unless some zeal of a more positive character can be excited in favour of the Church, it can hardly count on coming successfully out of

the thousand assaults from within and without. The essayists indeed allege that the existing animosities may be expected to decline. Their hopes, in which we fully sympathise, are thus eloquently expressed by Mr. Clay:

'Man,' he says, 'ever progressive, ever under the guidance of God, cannot persist in the acceptance of error or the rejection of truth. A generation hence, for example, educated Christians will be as incapable of believing in endless perdition as they are now of believing in the diurnal revolution of the sun round the earth. Truth is indispensable to progress, and therefore men must and will have it. The truth of truths then, "God manifest in the flesh," is safe, whatever betides. We *cannot* abandon that faith in the Incarnation, which is destined to be the great dynamic idea of our future civilisation.'

This faith lies at the bottom of all the hopes expressed in the volume; and we may perhaps express the anticipations of the writers as follows. On the one hand, the nation will not accept the claims of sacerdotal arrogance. The infallible authority of the Church has been rejected once and for ever. Neither could we hope that if the nation continued to be broken up into discordant sects, it would be possible long to maintain the harmonious working of a Church in which they are all more or less represented. The difficulties which we have considered at length are on that hypothesis insuperable. A heterogeneous mixture of Baptists, Unitarians, Roman Catholics, and the believers in hundreds of other creeds could not possibly combine, when once democratic ideas have become prevalent, to support one privileged State Church. The absurdity of a proposal to found such a body in the United States, or any other similar country, is some measure of the difficulty of supporting it here permanently. But meanwhile the dogmas which divide the Christian world are dying out under the influence of free discussion. They survive as collections of phrases, but have no real root in the popular faith. One by one they will become obsolete, and be either emptied of meaning or be excluded from the Church formularies. All Christians will gravitate, as it were, to a common faith, of which the central idea will be the Incarnation, and whose guardian will be the principle of free discussion. The present indifference of the working classes may be considered as affording at least one happy omen. When the dogmas, such as that of endless perdition, which now shock them, have been removed, they will be ready to accept a Christianity purified from all adventitious and degrading stains. Meanwhile, the Church organisation will undergo a reform simultaneous with the reform of its creeds. The evils which now shock a democratic sentiment will be removed, and the nation will be prepared to accept an efficient body preaching an elevating creed, and ready to take its place boldly as the great leader of progress and civilisation, instead of being a dead weight on the shoulders of all reformers.

If within any moderate time we all become agreed as to the essentials of Christianity, it is undeniable that the most palpable difficulties in the way of a State Church would be removed. If the nation were homogeneous in respect of their religious faith, if it trusted the clergy implicitly instead of regarding them as the great supporters of retrograde ideas, if all practical abuses could be remedied by a reform instead of a revolution, our path would be comparatively easy. And we may hope that the truth will ultimately prevail, and bring about a unity of creed resting on the only thoroughly sound basis. But the question is, through what

struggles and difficulties we are to reach the Utopia in which we all believe, and whether there is a fair chance that the Church of England will survive the storms which must precede the dawn of a better day? If truth prevails in the next two or three centuries, and the fate of the Church has to be settled within a generation or two, the victory will come too late. There is still the doubt whether the Church will be able to accept the truth, or will have placed itself irrevocably on the side of ancient errors. What is the present state of parties? Are the lines between them dying out, or tending to grow deeper and wider? Looking within the Church of England, we see three parties—High, Broad, and Low. The High Church party are gradually raising their tone, and in fact act systematically on the principle of going as far as the public temper for the time will allow. As for the 'Broad,' their progress in a directly opposite direction is equally palpable. No one who attends in the most cursory manner to the current of opinion, can doubt that opinions are now freely expressed by the clergy which ten years ago would have made the hair of bishops to stand on end, and sent the editor of the *Record* into a fit. The Low Church party, it is true, appear to be comparatively stagnant; they are, it would seem, doubtful whether to join their natural enemies, the High Churchmen, in order to crush their still more hated enemies of the Broad Church, or to endeavour to exert all their energies towards crushing ritualist practices. And it is equally remarkable that the most energetic and thoroughgoing part of each of these main divisions is opposed to the principle of a State Church. As political writers used to say that monarchies, aristocracies, and democracies had each their characteristic corrupter, we may say that the superlative of a Ritualist is a Roman Catholic, that of a Broad Churchman is an Infidel, and that of a Low Churchman is some form of Protestant Dissenter. The keenest minds of each party, those who would naturally supply it with the necessary nucleus of zealous defenders, are impelled in one direction or another beyond the limits of the Church. For the permanent vitality of any institution, it is necessary that within its own body it should have room for the most vigorous representatives of its leading ideas, who should act as the iron to the lance, or the Zouaves in the French army. That the mass should be lukewarm and rather conservative than progressive, is inevitable; but to form the whole body of the lukewarm and conservative, is to be without the essential element of success. Every one has had reason to know how much of the work of any successful body is really done by half a dozen energetic men. If they were to be excluded, their followers would fall to pieces like a rope of sand. It would be difficult to calculate how much the Church of England has lost in a few years, by the one fact that the great mass of able young men at the universities, though not actually declining to be members, are repelled from orders by their dread of the pledges exacted. Lightly as the subscription to the Articles may sit upon some members of the Broad Church, the weight is quite enough, in the present state of thought, to repel nine out of ten of the most intelligent youths of the day.

And here we come to that which is the real difficulty of the whole question. It is that, in the phrase already quoted, Christendom is falling more and more into two camps, and that the Church of England is being torn asunder by the process. The liberty which it offers may be large, but it is not enough; it is becoming morally

impossible to keep within the same limits the two opposing forces, with whatever apparatus of cunning articles and ingeniously devised nets with meshes warranted to stop nobody. If it takes one side of the profound controversy it ceases to be national; but if it takes both it will apparently find that the power of compromise is limited. We may yoke together the ox and the ass, but hardly the wolf and the lamb. It is true indeed that many old dogmas have ceased to possess any meaning, but they are not for that reason the less cherished and enforced. The party which rests upon authority rather enjoys an obsolete dogma; there is no such proof of unreasoning obedience as to declare your belief that a nonsensical declaration is necessary to salvation. It is at once the boast and the inevitable misfortune of this party that it is bound to keep on forcing down the throats of their disciples, doctrines at which the ordinary digestion revolts. It may be true too that we are on the road to unity of opinion even on religious matters. But the process by which unity is reached is not that of a gradual decay of animosities and differences. Rather it seems to be that each of the two opposite parties is slowly but surely rallying for a final contest. To one side gather all who fear the consequences of unrestricted discussion, and prefer in the face of modern thought to hide their heads in the best bush they can find. To the other gather those who are resolved to pursue the process of free inquiry, whatever may be the results to which it leads them. We know not how long it may be before the two antagonistic bodies are in presence of each other, nor how long it may take to decide the contest. Doubtless the contest will not finish in a grand theatrical catastrophe, but by the slow decay of the weaker body. Yet everything shows that the difference is becoming more hopelessly irreconcilable, and the divergence more distinctly marked.

We cannot but think that under these circumstances, the prospect of peace held out by the essayists is somewhat premature. What they call the truth may prevail, but it will only prevail after long and weary wrestlings with error. And meanwhile the tendency at present is to deepen the distinctions and cause them to turn upon more important matters than before. The issues at stake are so tremendous, the discussions of the day turn upon points so vital, that the old theological controversies become insignificant as well as obsolete. You may explain away the doctrine of eternal punishment and leave many minor controversies to the repose of dusty libraries. But when one set of disputants are arguing that we must lay aside reason altogether, and bow humbly before the decisions of the Church, and another that we must altogether expel theological methods in favour of science, it is hard to bring both parties into the same arena. When everything has been done to loosen the bonds of creeds and articles, they will still be uncomfortable trammels for men devoted to unlimited freedom of thought. The Broad Church party is after all composed as it were of that small margin of a much larger number of thinkers, which contrives to reconcile the results of modern thought with the thirty-nine articles. They are constantly weakened by deserters who prefer boldly to cross the border, and repudiate all allegiance to the older forms of thought. They stand upon a narrow platform, which constantly threatens to give way beneath their feet. Neither can we anticipate that if they triumph over the extreme left of their own followers, they will within any short time succeed in conquering the High

Church party. The High Church party, on the other hand, contains a large proportion of the zeal, though not much, it may be, of the brains, within the Establishment. If they should be turned out by their adversaries, they would simply increase the number of antagonists to the Establishment. If they should triumph, their own principles would be fatal to the theory of an Established Church; and they would place the Church in hopeless opposition to the main current of progressive opinion. If both parties remain within the Establishment, the struggle seems likely to become so severe that Demos will find it very hard to understand the policy of maintaining a house so divided against itself.

It seems then that the supporters of the existing order must rely principally upon the vast fund of indifference of which we have spoken. They must hope that the masses will be content to look on quietly until that distant day when the rival parties have fought out their battle to a conclusion. The prospect is remote, and the result seems doubtful. There is certainly a great deal to be said of the English respect for law, and of the superstitious reverence for vested interests which will tend to keep things quiet. The mere *vis inertiæ* of an institution which is imbedded so deeply in the social order of the country will long prevent any violent measures or revolutionary movement. It will take as long to pull to pieces such a solid mass as to destroy one of those firm pyramids which has resisted the wear and tear of centuries. But the question may be decided within a very few years, whether the new era upon which the Church is entering will be one of disintegration or of re-edification. We are expecting the advent of a new order of ideas, and a comparatively short space of time may involve an amount of alteration, which would formerly have required a revolution. The prosperity of the Church depends upon its capacity for taking the moral and intellectual lead of the country, and upon its being in harmony with the forces which are remoulding society instead of regarding them with suspicion and hatred. And this depends upon the institution retaining a certain measure of unity of spirit, without which the operation of any institution, however cunningly contrived, is doomed to inevitable futility, and moreover upon its rallying on the basis of intelligent reform, not of dogged conservatism. As the Church of Rome seems by a kind of fatality to fall more and more into the hands of blind Ultramontanism, the Church of England seems at present to be falling more and more under the influence of the sacerdotal party. If that is to be its fate, no power on earth can make it a truly national organ, or retain within it that spirit of toleration and liberality for which even its antagonists have hitherto regarded it with respect. On the other hand, the hopes of the Broad Church party that it will reconcile its internal opponents and bring back to the Church those who have parted company altogether with the thirty-nine articles, seem to be chimerical in the extreme. We must then, look forward to a long internal struggle, with probably a growing majority of the clergy on the side of some form of bigotry. Meanwhile the mass of the people—

> As a lion creeping nigher
> Glares at one that nods and winks behind a slowly dying fire—

is beginning slowly to realise its power, and is being taught by a plain example that Church property may be applied after a fashion more congenial to a democracy. They are little likely to receive a profound moral impression from a body of men occupied in endless and uninteresting wrangles, and which sympathises more and more openly

with retrograde principles in theology and politics. Let the Church teach the school-children to know and revere the character of Christ, says Mr. Clay, without bothering them with catechisms and formularies. The advice is excellent, but are not the clergy at large clinging with an affection more eager in proportion to the hopelessness of its object, to every shred and fragment of dogma? Let them throw open the universities, says Mr. Berkeley, and trust to the free atmosphere of open discussion to reinvigorate a fading theology. But will Mr. Berkeley convince his opponents that free discussion will not be fatal to their system, and, therefore, according to the so-called logic which is somehow diametrically opposed to reason, a thing to be resisted to the death? Let the clergy throw aside their obsolete language, their Hebraisms, and their expositions of barren dogma, says Mr. Seeley, and preach sound morality applicable to the wants of the day in good English vernacular. The advice, again, is excellent, but the probability of its being accepted may be judged of by one remark of Mr. Seeley's. 'If the Hebrew history,' he says, 'be a cosmopolitan Bible, or rather the first part of one, I think there should be national Bibles also, and I can imagine no more proper and nobler task for a clergy than the perpetual shaping and elaborating of such a national monument. Such a task they would practically take if *they* habitually resorted to English history for examples.' What sort of an English history, does Mr. Seeley think, would be composed by our clergy as at present constituted? Who would be the heroes? who would be the villains? How many of the great liberal movements of English history have been doggedly opposed by the English clergy, and how many have come from their impulse? Doubtless they have been as good, or better, as individuals, than their rivals; but the nature of their position has forced them into being the supporters of the restrictions, whose removal has been the glory of the English people, and the opponents of every movement of free thought. The general tone of the proposed clerical Bible may be inferred from a late sketch by Dr. Littledale. That divine was driven to a kind of spiritual foaming at the mouth by the very mention of Cranmer, Ridley, and Latimer, and called them traitors, scoundrels, and other pretty names, such as angry aldermen sometimes apply to each other at a vestry meeting. We can't quite trust our history, as yet, to ecclesiastical manipulators.

The general conclusion, then, of the volume, and it is one to which the essayists themselves give countenance incidentally, seems to be simple. There is only one way in which the Church can make itself thoroughly secure. It must overcome the natural tendencies of ecclesiasticism, so far as to induce the clergy as a body to accept modern ideas, instead of struggling against them. At the same time, it must persuade them not to go too far, but to retain some form of faith which will enable them to sign the necessary subscriptions. Then it must regain an influence, which under the circumstances will be comparatively easy, over the working classes, and must in some way conciliate or put aside the claims of middle-class Dissenters. When this is done, the nation at large will become actively friendly to a body whose teaching will express its deepest convictions, and whose practical influence will be favourable to genuine progress. But if we are to ask whether there is a fair chance that the clergy will be wise in time, and whether the position proposed to them is really tenable, we must confess that our prognostications would not be of the brightest rose-colour.

OATNESSIANA.

Part I.—Captain Ord's Return.

CHAPTER XV.

CAPTAIN ORD of Dalgordon had made his proposal for Miss Wedderburn of the Park, and had not been rejected with a feint of civility, but in the peremptoriness of a secret, burning indignation. The ceremony had taken place, not irregularly, as a young soldier like Tommy Spens, trusting to his good cause, his zeal and devotion alone, had conducted it, but with all the forms, at a stereotyped business hour, in a regular interview, at which both heads of the house were requested to be present and to assist, by Captain Ord. He was long-headed enough to recognise that Mrs. Wedderburn—reputed in the class from which he had risen to be as proud as Lucifer and as fierce as a Tartar, taking swift offence when she was unduly approached—stood his greatest friend in the business; and it had been Mrs. Wedderburn who had urged her husband, vexing him day and night, though she was not a Delilah, and he was far from a Samson, over-counselling, over-arguing, bearing him down till she had brought him to half imbecile monosyllables and hapless hand-wringing submission.

It was Mrs. Wedderburn who now condescended to coax, flatter, and manage Captain Ord to be content with the approbation of Charlotte's parents, without pressing his addresses personally to a speedy conclusion with Charlotte. He was a dear, good, honest soul, and she loved him for the warmth of heart which had made him brook no dallying, but caused him to speak at once and to the point, like an unsophisticated, open-tempered sailor. But girls such as Charlotte liked a little longer wooing, were it only as an apology to themselves—the vain, shy things, for being won. If Captain Ord would trust to Mrs. Wedderburn, and not mar so desirable and perfectly delightful an alliance, on which, to tell the truth, she had set her heart from the first moment she saw him (!!!), by over-precipitation and rashness; she would pledge her word Charlotte should be his wife, reigning happily as queen consort at Dalgordon within twelve months.

Captain Ord did not know much about queen consorts, but he was willing to defer to the fine woman who took so much of the trouble of courtship off his hands. He only threw out a little half cunning, half rude defiance, and a gratuitously insulting insinuation,—if he had been gentleman enough to distinguish the bearing of his speech,—at which Mrs. Wedderburn winced, that if the young lady were not quite willing, he had no wish to compel her consent. He supposed there were other young ladies as good as Miss Wedderburn,—no offence to her,—who would be glad to snap at the chance of being mistress of Dalgordon.

All the time Captain Ord told himself that the girl had been white about the gills and hung her colours whenever she had suspected—and she was very long about it, evidently most reluctant to do it—his matrimonial intentions. He was nettled with and piqued at the nice, silly little jade, while she herself had affected him too little to awaken the slumbering wild beast in him. It was her rank, her refinement, her accredited posi-

tion at Oatness, which he greedily coveted and clutched at, to gild his renown and prosperity — not her he wanted. His speech was a piece of hypocrisy and impertinence, of which Mrs. Wedderburn was too hawk-eyed mentally not to understand every syllable, to her own shame, sorrow, and resentment, though not to her relenting and relinquishment of her determination. When did an imperious woman give up her will voluntarily, or a worldly woman fail to be blinded in the farthest sight by the thick scales of her worldliness? Mrs. Wedderburn had cajoled, cozened, conquered herself as she had done to her husband, as she was now about to cajole, cozen, and conquer Charlotte.

'Mamma, it would be wicked,' exclaimed Charlotte, in her last terror at the sentence that she was destined to accept Captain Ord as her husband.

'Charlotte, matters have come to this miserable pass, that it remains with you whether you will consummate your father's and your family's ruin, or save his heart from breaking, and open a new prospect for your brothers and sisters. I do not speak of your mother. Would that she could bear the brunt of all; she would ask nothing for herself; she would fare as she could, and not plague you with complaint or petition. But she must become a beggar to her own daughter, for the welfare (the very life, in the one instance, she does not doubt) of her husband and children.

Then followed a more forcible repetition of the long list of specious representations and unanswerable pleas for an end, from which, after the moment it was mooted, there was no escape.

Mr. Wedderburn, like many a poverty-stricken man, was on the brink of ruin, not only because he could not command resources to stave it off, but because he could not avail himself of the resources he possessed in land, which was undrained, and for which a government loan, already granted, was only an additional stone of debt and leak of interest on an estate already sufficiently weighted and sufficiently leaky. But Captain Ord had that most enviable possession, ready money, to spare, and a cash account at his banker's. In right of Charlotte's portion of her father's property, he could have no objection to lend money at nominal interest upon it, and there could be no objection to Mr. Wedderburn's receiving a loan from his son-in-law. Charlotte's brothers in India and the colonies generally were falling back in the world from the failure of the opportune advance of even a few hundreds of pounds, or the exercise of a little influence to push them on in their various careers of gentlemen sheep-farmers, engineers, &c. &c. The merchant-captain Ord had still very important connections in the far east, and he would readily use his influence for his wife's family. Hugh, Will, Harry, and Charlotte's pet little Hume, instead of struggling fruitlessly with adverse circumstances, and falling into the temptations of disappointed needy men, with their noses kept to the grindstone, starved of consideration and indulgence, or filling untimely graves, would be placed in the way of success, to make fortunes in their youth, and return in their prime, like Captain Ord, to settle, flourish, and do good in their native country, and among their own people. Louisa, Laura, Matilda, and Mary, who, without a little assistance in being finished, brought out, and carried about into society, as became the daughters of the Park (of whom there were still on its walls the faded lineaments of six or eight generations, members of which had wedded, not only with generals, admirals, knights, baro-

nets, and lairds of all degree, and lords of session, but with lords of seat, according to old Scotch definition, lords by inheritance, veritable belted earls in their day), would be mewed up to pine in penury, or sink into second or third-rate grades, or go out as governesses to toil, fight, and cry for a footing in the crowded world, like Miss Murdoch, and perish in the garret of an indigent gentlewoman at last. Whereas who so well fitted to have them with her, to take them to town to be finished, to receive the last outward stamp of being presented in succession to her gracious Majesty, after Charlotte herself had been presented again on the occasion of her marriage, to let them appear in the great world; who so likely to establish them safely and happily in life, as their own elder sister, Mrs. Ord of Dalgordon? Charlotte had the opportunity of being not merely the deliverer, but the benefactress of her family. Mrs. Wedderburn would have thought that Charlotte would have asked nothing better than to fulfil her fate, take her promotion like any other girl, and serve her family in the only way in which she could serve them, while she would herself at the same time have the inestimable advantage of being established at the gate of the Park—the Wedderburns' next neighbour—able to see them and be with them in each joy and sorrow every day of their home-lives. Mrs. Wedderburn did think her darling would have cared a little more for this great gain of not being parted from her friends while she was only richer in another friend, and in the power to confer incalculable benefits on all whom she loved.

Charlotte was not called upon to decide and fix her lot immediately. Mrs. Wedderburn, without any spurring from Captain Ord as a compulsion and an excuse for the folly, was not so silly as to suffer either herself, or Charlotte, or any other person, to think and say that Charlotte Wedderburn had not got leisure to think what she was about, to look at every side of the question and to make up her mind fairly before she did it finally. On the spur of the moment Charlotte might have been gifted with passing strength to turn like any other worm and object to having her heart trampled upon.

It was the old story of one of Charlotte's favourite songs, only with the parts reversed, for it was—

> My *mither* priggit sair,
> My *faither* did na speak,—

unless when a spasm flitted across Mr. Wedderburn's features, at once blurred and delicate. Then he would rise in the privacy of his family circle, like a man drunken or in his sleep, and stammer out incoherent words of doubt, displeasure, apprehension and distress, till his wife put her hand on his shoulder, whispered to him and took him away, or till he sunk back in his state of collapse, and Charlotte began to tremble for her father's reason if not for his life.

It was family considerations which had the greatest weight with Charlotte, more than the implied forgetfulness and levity of Tommy Spens, though in her total inexperience of young men, her humility and its credulity, she partly believed the implication, and it did its work also. But Charlotte Wedderburn was slavishly attached to her own family. She had depended upon them and waited on them through all her years. It had seemed impossible for her to give them up, even in the dawning radiance of her young love, and now it sounded the most natural thing in the world to make the last sacrifice for them, because what was left to her but to have and to hold them, to devote herself to them body and soul? In Charlotte Wedderburn's

gentleness and meekness, there lurked the germ of her father's passive weakness, constituting her chief peril and temptation.

Charlotte fell as might have been feared for her, as many a girl falls through her incapacity to say No, and the engrossing character of her home affections.

She faltered a broken-down, dismal, 'I will then, mamma, for your and papa's sakes; but say no more about it please, press me no farther, or else it is I who shall go mad or die.'

'What do you say, my love?' said Mrs. Wedderburn. 'No, no, Charlotte, not on our account; I was giving way too much; I was indulging in too melancholy images. We shall not go out after our boys to Australia or New Columbia, and shake out the dregs of our lives at the diggings or in the backwoods. We shall not sell the Park if we can help it, that would be like rending papa's heart-strings. Perhaps the boys will be more fortunate and will clear away the worst of the debt among them. We may have easier days in store for us. But Charlotte, if you could think of Captain Ord and Dalgordon for your own sake.'

'Mamma, I am tired of thinking,' said poor Charlotte wearily and almost pettishly, 'do you decide for me.'

'Charlotte, that is impossible,' objected Mrs. Wedderburn with dignity.

'Very well then, let me decide according to your opinion,' the girl actually begged; so sick at heart, that she could desire nothing but the step which would end it all, and bring that peace which is born half of resignation, half of despair.

Captain Ord was made to understand that beating about the bush need continue no longer, and that he might seek the one personal interview which it is difficult to dispense with in a purpose of marriage, and speak for himself without hazarding the crumbling down of his card-castle. He spoke so much in the sense of Mrs. Wedderburn's expressions, that there might have been a suspicion of collusion between the high contracting parties. 'If you agree to be my wife, Miss Wedderburn, or my lady I should say, sha'n't I give you everything you can wish for, and busk you like the queen? And I'll order you the harp you said you would like, the other night, and a man from London to teach you, if you care for the bore of lessons. You may have all the poor bodies of cottar wives and children faring like gentry if you have a conceit of that kind of thing. I'll never grudge you the money, Charlotte; you'll spend what I've made, and have your own people about you, and I'll only ask you to sit at the head of my table, and to be happy.'

'Thank you, Captain Ord,' Charlotte answered, very, very quietly; 'I am only a simple, ignorant girl, you know, but you must bear with me, and I will do my best to make you happy.'

Then Captain Ord, standing like an overgrown, weather-beaten soiled brig or schooner, beside a dainty yacht, being free to do what Tommy Spens had not been permitted to approach within a yard of doing, took the cold, shrinking, slight, figure in his bold, brazen, expanded arms, and put close to the jasmine face, his own swarthy, proudly beaming countenance.

Afterwards Mrs. Wedderburn made her daughter's fall as easy as she could; she shielded her on every side—if it had been possible she would have shielded her from herself. To such claims as Captain Ord might have legitimately brought forward to Charlotte's farther confidence and intimate society, and to the expression of her feelings towards himself, Mrs. Wedderburn pleaded her daughter's timidity, the

seclusion and absorption of the family life which had made her so good and dutiful a daughter, and would make her so good and faithful a wife, although she proved a silent, coy, abashed mistress. For the first time in Mrs. Wedderburn's life, she allowed that Charlotte had a delicate constitution, and was not yet past the fragility of youth, and Mrs. Wedderburn asserted that the serious thoughts, the hopes, the fears, the pleasures, the worries, the fatigues of the intended marriage in the following summer were enough to try a girl's strength without adding to them the importunities and exactions of even the most gallant and tender love.

Captain Ord was taken by surprise. He had never dreamt that it was anything but the finest thing in the world for a lass to be married. For any private special interpretation of his dogma, he would have demanded in triumphant exultation and in the most undoubting faith—where could she find so fine a man as he, so grand an establishment as Dalgordon, such men servants and women servants, horses, carriages, gardens, such silks and shawls and jewels as he had to shower on her?—for he was no near-be-gone miser, no churlish carle, but a generous man, according to the testimony of Mrs. John, the old sailors, the whole town of Oatness.

But Captain Ord was good-natured unless the devil were let loose in him; and to tell the truth, Charlotte Wedderburn,—until she was his very wife, to be treated with no ceremony, but dealt with as he felt inclined,—was somewhat of a drag upon her lover. He felt obliged, even more than with her mother, to be on stilts, on his best behaviour, and his finest manner with Charlotte. Such an exaltation might be improving, but when it was prolonged, it caused his mind, as stilts would have caused his body, to ache and feel weary. He was not conscious of his cockney bagman defects, but he could not drop a word of his 'braid Scots' to Charlotte, though Charlotte herself was constantly using bits of quaint picturesque Scotch, and even he saw, to his puzzled bewilderment, that they set off her cultivated speech. He could not rap out an oath before Miss Wedderburn, as it sometimes diverted him to do to Mrs. John when he was merry, and always relieved him when he was out of sorts. Neither had he refrained from doing it when he was angered long ago before Suffie Quhair, though he had then the grace to feel some repentance for his sin and to declare, and mean what he said, 'As fact as death, Suffie, I'll no say 't again,' when Suffie protested, in sober earnest, 'Oh fie! for shame, Tam, I wonder you're not feared.' Notwithstanding, Miss Wedderburn, for aught he could tell, might not be so demonstrative in pious horror as Mrs. John, or so particular in her care of him as Suffie. He did not quite like, he could scarcely tell why, to go on in his conversation, lording it over his old mates, abusing and railing at whoever and whatever he chanced to disapprove of, and collecting and retailing highly flavoured, coarsely spiced news of former associates; Miss Wedderburn had barely heard of many of the persons who were occupying him; she could not comprehend the details of Mungie Dykes' and Davie Izzet's splore, or Christy Trail and Rab Tamson's fling, and would have been astounded and shocked if she could. Captain Ord had a perception of the effect of his entire want of intelligence on Charlotte Wedderburn, without searching into the cause, or feeling mortified and depressed by the vague conviction. In reality, apart from the trades in which he had been engaged, he was quite unintelligent—singularly so for a travelled man. It was as if his very senses, grown coarse

like hardened finger-tips, had lost the child's first power of observation, so that he had failed to notice a tithe of the wonders and novelties of foreign lands and strange seas which might have been remarked, and the impressions of them retained, by the most unlettered, single-hearted, sympathetic man. It became a little of an irksome puzzle to Captain Ord to discover how he was to make talk for Miss Wedderburn when he was to sit *tête-à-tête* with her as Mrs. Ord of Dalgordon for life, having all his own topics forbidden, and nothing but the most superficial acquaintance with her stories, friends, pursuits, aspirations, having their very nomenclature strange to him. But the future could be left to take care of itself, and in the mean time, Captain Ord was not hard to lead to the complacent polite coolness which Mrs. Wedderburn indicated to him as the most considerate behaviour in his circumstances. He never sought to see Charlotte away from her family, and never treated her by anticipation with more caresses than the single one, the seal of her engagement, from which she had withdrawn, covered her face with her hands—either to cry or to laugh, or to do both—and run out of the room like one of Mrs. John's spoilt bairns. Doubtless it was to wash her white face and obliterate every recollection of his lips (confound her prudish sauciness), while Mrs. Wedderburn came into the room to expatiate on and apologise for Charlotte's being as demure as a nun, dear child, in her lily-like purity. Captain Ord would not pester his mistress with his attentions in anything except in presents; no one could question his right there; and were it only to bring down the cursed pride of these gentry he would be more than their equal, he would overwhelm them with his lavish, ostentatious gifts.

Captain Ord no more wavered than did Mrs. Wedderburn in his resolution to wed and wear Charlotte, even though the customs of society had permitted him to put her from him and pay her a ransom, as he had done to Suffie Quhair. The head recompense and glorification in the eyes of Oatness to the old cabin-boy, Tam Ord, who had returned from India a nabob and gentleman, was the hand, whether full or empty, of Miss Wedderburn of the Park; and nothing else, not the purchase of and residence at Dalgordon, not the being created lord-lieutenant of the county and visited by the Queen in person, would have served the same purpose.

The ordeal was tempered in most respects for Charlotte Wedderburn, not only because a downward path once followed, becomes for a space more or less easy, were it only from the termination of the giddy uncertainty and sore conflict which kept the wayfarer hesitating and toppling on the brink, but because the virtues which had gone over to the side of the vices and betrayed the girl, had no sooner accomplished their perverted mission, than they returned to their proper allegiance, vindicated their true character, supported their mistress, and were in some measure their own reward.

Charlotte adored her father and mother, and she was comforting the one by her apparent calmness and contentment, and more than satisfying the other by doing her will. She was very fond of her brothers and sisters, and she was bringing them no end of holidays to-day—for which Louey and Laura, Matty and Mary, and little Hume hung and hopped, chattered and chirruped about her in their gratitude and gladness continually, and no end of prosperity to-morrow. Even Miss Murdoch had long ago forgiven poor dear Miss Wedderburn for her involuntary cruelty and faithlessness to Captain Spens,

though she could not forgive Mrs. Wedderburn, and only half forgave Captain Ord, in spite of his Fortunatus' scattering of good things which extended to Miss Murdoch ere it merged into donations to the servants, and contained the most brilliant promise of handsome livery. Miss Murdoch was more excited, in a more April-day state of delight and trouble at the prospect of a marriage in the family with its privileges and its contretemps, and the full budget she should have to run with, as the bearer of which she should always be welcome and of consequence to Miss Spottiswoode in the interestingly sympathetic circumstances of her own approaching marriage with Dr. Dudgeon. There was even a not disagreeable premonitory thrill of excitement to Miss Murdoch in the tremendous scrapes she felt certain she would get into, by opening the budget to its full extent, incontinently and incautiously.

There was something inexpressibly soothing and alluring to Charlotte Wedderburn's feelings in affording pleasure at any cost to herself, and she was in the act of bestowing it in no stinted measure, to no limited circle. The very tradesmen of Oatness and poor tenants of Dalgordon would be the better off for her marriage to Captain Ord. She was so infatuated as to be deeply, touchingly grateful for conveying the happiness to others which was bought at so costly a price. Even Captain Ord, antagonistic and dissimilar to Charlotte Wedderburn as he was, did not, except now and then, disturb and distress her, or create in her the wholesome reaction of aversion which might have saved a more active-minded and fervent-tempered woman. Once Charlotte had engaged herself to marry him she tried with all the strength of principle and sweetness of temper which were the most developed things about her, to do her duty by him, and that included thinking the best and making the most of him. Her forbearing, charitable disposition helped her greatly. Her freedom from vindictiveness and malice prevented her from visiting and revenging on Captain Ord her loss of Tommy Spens. She was free from her father's morbid fastidiousness. She could stand Captain Ord's dropping of his r's and h's,—his grammatical eccentricities, the irresistible flourish with which he would show his diamond ring and his poodle hand in passing the decanters, as Louey had caricatured him in turning over the pages of his Bible that first Sunday in Church. She could bear what was worse to her, the tone in which he would censure the wine-merchant of Mr. Wedderburn, and offer the address of his own; eulogise the Dalgordon produce of all kinds, and insist on sending loads of it to the Park. That was not all. Captain Ord would express his wonder why Mr. Wedderburn did not call in the feus long expired, and screw up the poor crofters who had lived under him and his fathers for centuries, until he squeezed out a pound or two from each, or compelled them to give up the rights of their little crofts and cottages. Captain Ord would question why Mr. Wedderburn continued to give this or that perquisite of a cow's grass, or seaweed for manure, or stones for building to his old nurse, or to the family of the man who had saved his dead brother from drowning, or to the lad—now a care-worn middle-aged man like himself, who had been selected to escort him to the parish school with the rest of the parish boys, before tutors were thought of in more primitive times. Captain Ord was no niggard in bestowing largesses, but this was no matter of largesses, but of business. Captain Ord characterised all these simple acknowledgments as rub-

bishy impositions, quite different from a free gratuity and have done with it, and strongly suggested that Mr. Wedderburn should abolish the whole of them, and draw all the ready money he could from the Park, particularly when it would require so much done for it, to make it a paying concern. All of which advising, ordering and scorning oppressed and crushed Mr. Wedderburn, caused him to sink his head still lower, and writhe in his monosyllables, and it was not even in nature that they should not make Mrs. Wedderburn draw up her tall figure, and look a little askance from her dark eyes, over her Roman nose. But Charlotte, whose girlish illiberality to Captain Ord her mother had laughed at, now bent and brought to bear on the entirely different point of view, a wonderfully wise and healthy judgment. She could credit her intended bridegroom to be what her mother had described him, the vigorous founder of a family, the sweeping reformer of abuses, energetic and indefatigable, and in his very energy and indefatigability impatient and intolerant. She trusted, in a steadfast desperate faith which was as if it could remove mountains, to know him better and come nearer to him in time. Her manner to him though it was greatly lost upon him, and did not win upon him except by slow degrees, was perfectly respectful, gentle and pleasant, a much more respectful manner than the highest amount of discipline which Mrs. Wedderburn maintained could extort from the younger girls. Charlotte rode with Captain Ord and her father, she sat with Captain Ord and her mother, and if she never by any chance sauntered or stood on the terrace—the sun-god's esplanade—with Captain Ord and any other person whatever, when the season was no longer against the indulgence, it was that she refrained because of old associations and not because Captain Ord struck Charlotte as a sun-god himself of the most portentous and brazen description.

Thus in her genuine goodness, and in being sedulously spared and sheltered from closer and more enlightening approach to him, Charlotte, without being a fool, could esteem her future husband, could escape from that awful experience of disgust, terror and horror which many a wretched girl goes through—never scatheless.

And Charlotte was not without a little compensation in the vanities of life. The first fraction of the loan which Captain Ord had furnished in another bond over Charlotte's old elegantly simple Park estate, was to be spent, not unsuitably as Mrs. Wedderburn reckoned, in a proud endeavour to provide a trousseau which should replace the young lady's wardrobe in a style of matronly dignity, not out of keeping with Dalgordon, whatever it might be with the Laird of Dalgordon. Charlotte had a young girl's gratification in the contemplation of the possession of delicate silks and laces, and of the toilette services, dressing cases, inlaid desks, Indian toys and stuffs with which she was gifted to plethora, and of which Mrs. Wedderburn, who was a judge, thought so much. Charlotte had an interest in every gala preparation with which everybody around her was engaged and engrossed, from the splendid re-furnishing of Dalgordon—the gorgeousness of which Mrs. Wedderburn contrived, and was so eager and happy in contriving, to tone down into stateliness and taste—to looking forward to what was more in the girl's and children's province—namely the Dalgordon evergreens of next summer to be erected in arches, and the Park flowers to be strewn in a carpet, above and beneath her bridal head and feet. Not that

Charlotte was vain and heartless, but she was human in her young womanhood, and the vanities, or rather whatever struck her as beautiful, graceful, bright and sweet in her future surroundings, held still a part of their natural attraction for her. She awoke to them, diverted her mind with them, clung to them as a specific against the sickness of heart which she felt creeping over her, just as a man who has swallowed by accident a draught of laudanum, and has a dawning suspicion of his danger, will shake himself up and hail the cheerful light and gay music helping him to resist the torpor threatening to benumb his faculties, which he knows is death. It was not that Charlotte attempted to put into execution such cogitations as Becky Sharp's when Becky thought that if she had been a squire's wife with five thousand a year, she could have dawdled in the nursery, counted the apricots on the garden walls, dispensed soup and flannel, and been a good woman with the best of them; she was possessed with the idea of being a good and useful woman in her generation, and of the benefit or the salvation Dalgordon would prove to the Park. She was selfishly and slavishly possessed possibly, yet the possession was more like that of a poor prosaic modern Iphigenia than of a Becky Sharp. If only Charlotte by keeping off the terrace could have forgotten Tommy Spens! If he had not haunted her as he had not done before her engagement! She saw him in dress and undress, on parade, lying on his camp bed, studying his books on fortification and military tactics, saying to himself a captain had not much to do with tactics, and might well have forgotten what he had acquired before he was a general, but he was resolute to know all that was to be known in his profession. She had glimpses of him doing a kind office for a comrade's wife, or playing at a spare moment with a comrade's child—for Tommy Spens, as far removed as humanity could be from 'the thing' called a lady's man, was like most manly earnest natures a true woman and child's friend, putting himself about to help the weak, and enjoying a child's antics, in a way which no careless spectator would have expected from him. Tommy Spens with his steady eyes and his youthful air came round to her with a pathetic thought of the long life—honourable and distinguished were it but by a poor brave man's high-spirited resistance to and defeat of circumstances, and faithful cultivation of all the good he had in himself.

In the middle of her congratulations inward and outward, she sometimes found to her dismay that Tommy Spens, who had got the key-note of her being, continued to hold it and remained its real lord and master (whatever nominal lord might have professedly displaced Tommy Spens), and entered in spirit into the most sacred recesses of her soul, like a lord and master, without her having the power to prevent the unauthorised intrusion.

The actual announcement of Captain Ord's marriage with Miss Wedderburn of the Park, foreboded as it had been, was received with the variety and with the general robustness of commentary for which Oatness was famous. There was a little lamentation at the descent of the old Wedderburns of the Park. There were jeering references to Miss Suffie Quhair, who worked her daily round and tended her kye at Sandycroft as if she quietly and stolidly acquiesced in the public sentiment, that she had nothing to do with her old lover's great marriage and fine young bride, since she had been bought off with sterling coin from her lawful objections, and could not in common honour and honesty

utter any further protest. After all, there arose a spice of splenetic supercilious surprise among the Oatness ladies at Miss Wedderburn's choice, and a shade of mild virtuous indignation without any venom in it, for nobody in particular among the ladies was injured: remarks however were heard, traceable to Miss Spottiswoode, and the Misses Rogers, and to Miss Murdoch's imprudent revelations, on the fickleness that Miss Wedderburn had shown, and the quickness with which she had forgotten handsome young Captain Spens. But undoubtedly the prevailing impression was wonder, pride, and admiration centred in Tam Ord, the biggest, *swaggeringest*, richest man who had ever gone abroad, made a fortune, come home, risen and lorded it in the rank of the gentry, within far less than the space of an ordinary man's life, at Oatness.

Nobody dreamt of making any active interference and objection save Boswell Erskine. Boswell was outraged; she had always liked Charlotte Wedderburn, nice, pretty, sensible, engaging Charlotte, with not half the pretensions of Clementina Spottiswoode, but with the superior knowledge of the great world, and the refinement of even one season in London. Boswell had always liked Charlotte, although beyond a certain familiarity between them from similarity of age and of rank,—in the last respect standing alone together in Oatness,—and a kindly regard which they persisted in entertaining for each other, there had been very little mutual intercourse—Charlotte had been closely kept in, and Boswell had been left to herself, and was comically rather than irately conscious that Mrs. Wedderburn looked upon her as a very bad example for her daughter. But in an ugly extremity like this, which Boswell felt the more because it happened in the heyday of her own fortunes —when her own happiness, which she protested and sincerely believed she had deserved so much less, was about to come out from a cloud for good and all, and be established beyond hope and calculation—Boswell took it upon her to step forward and speak a few words of wistful implied remonstrance. 'Don't let Oatness lose you so soon, Charlotte; I am nearly two years older than you, and I am only going now. I did so count on your being one of my first visitors when I came back, and helping me to tame my savage, —he is a savage you know, Charlotte, desperately wild and primitive. Cannot Captain Ord wait a little, dear, till you know him a little better?—it is only a year and a half since he came home. Don't take me for a precedent in this respect, I am not half so much worth as you are, and I could always take care of myself. I fancy all the world is taking advantage of you, and that when they ask you to go with them a mile you are sure to go with them two. But that text is to be taken with a limitation, as Mr. Callender was preaching to us last Sunday—(don't you like Mr. Callender's preaching? We do, so much, and think him very much improved lately)—therefore, Charlotte, do not fall into the woman's mistake of imagining that sacrifice is all in all; I am convinced we ought to have mercy on ourselves also.'

Boswell dared not speak more plainly, and when Charlotte looked her in the face and answered softly but clearly, 'I think we must judge for ourselves in that matter, Boswell,' she knew she had spoken too plainly, and that it was in vain.

But to think that Charlotte Wedderburn, whom Boswell could have dearly loved if people would have let her, was to be bestowed on 'that great, puffed up, incarnation of vul-

gar sea-faring life,' as the independent young lady classed Captain Ord, dimmed for a moment the brightness of Boswell's individual happiness.

CHAPTER XVI.

The second summer after Captain Ord's return had come, and it was close upon the great marriage rejoicings at the Park and Dalgordon.

Suffie Quhair had been a woman living apart from the world all her days; latterly she had been living at enmity with it. Without any teacher, without more than a hint of such a truth from outward observation, Suffie's experience had widened wonderfully within the last two years.

Suffie went more rarely than ever to Oatness on week-days, but she was forced to go one Saturday evening in June, because Jean, who was careless in exposing herself to cold, was suffering from rheumatics. There was one of those circuses—between which and theatres Mr. Young's congregation made so nice a distinction—on the links nearest the town. Suffie was not going to look at the circus, and to avoid the crowd streaming out of it from the High Street, she took the shore road, passing the landing-place from the Boat.

Impervious as Suffie was to gossip, she had so much of local feeling in her as to look out if the evening Boat was in sight. There its black body was, puffing and steaming in an effort to lie to in the bay, while the flory-boat was pulling up to its side. There would be some difficulty in landing the passengers. It was a June gale, raising great tumbling waves even in the bay, and the tide was far back, so that after the flory boat had breasted the harbour bar, it could not get up to the jetty for a low reef of rocks already partially bare, and the boatmen would be under the necessity of wading through the surf and carrying the passengers—especially the women and the children—in their stout old arms, till they were high and dry on the beach. Had it not been for the circus, this landing would have been a fine sight for the Oatnessians, and would have furnished talk for a couple of days. But the feats of the gallant flory-boatmen in combat with the sea were far less of a novelty than those of Pizarro, the conqueror of Peru (though why he should have figured in a leopard skin on an Andalusian mare, in the circus, before all other conquerors, it would be hard to say), and the clown, or 'fule' as he was called at Oatness, managing to ride with his face to the tail of his piebald pony, or his head downwards and his feet upwards, not to speak of the grand madam and bonnie bairn in net robes with wreaths of roses round their heads who bestrode two horses at once, and took flying leaps through hoops covered with silk paper. There were only Suffie Quhair and a staunch man or two in sou'-westers, whom the town on fire would not have torn from the sea-wall, to watch the flory-boat's arrival.

Suffie lingered; her shopping was done and she had made her call in at the Aikenheads'. As she grew more dissatisfied with herself, she was less tied down to her daily routine. 'Eelen and Jean will milk the kye without me,' she said to herself; 'it is not worth my while to hurry.' Poor Suffie! nothing was worth while hurrying for now, though she had never read, would never read, and would only have stared and marvelled at, such a piteous verse as—

> There was no hurry in her hands,
> No hurry in her feet,
> For life had brought no joy to her,
> That she should run to meet.

The sand was rising in clouds, there was a chill on the heaving

grey water; it was one of those days which so often eclipsed the brightness of early summer at Oatness, that by tacit consent the main body of sea-bathers did not make their appearance till a little later in the season. Suffie spared a commiserating 'poor creatures!' to the bold pioneers now rocking to and fro in the flory-boat, blue and green and powerless with cold and sickness, probably coming late in the day to lodgings with nobody to receive them, few of themselves to help each other, and scanty resources in the shape of luggage. As the boat approached toilsomely towards the rocks, Suffie distinguished that the persons she was pitying consisted but of two—a woman and a child.

The woman was not dressed for the weather and the situation, hardly more so than the lady who performed in net and roses at the circus. She wore a yellow shawl and a white veil; neither was she accustomed to the process of landing at Oatness under difficulties, for she screamed shrilly, and was foolish enough to struggle and impede the progress of the grim flory man in sea-boots who grasped her tight and held her above the foam, while he swore over her roundly, 'Ooman, what are you yelling there like a sticket soo for? Do you mean me to drap you in the water? I'm within an ace of it, if you dinna cease your cantrips.'

The child was more easily disposed of by another boatman, but even it skirled and seemed to resist with all its might, so that when its bearer put it down on dry land, the giant administered more than a reassuring shake to the petticoated morsel, as if he had found it a very imp of mischief in kicking and pinching in his arms.

Suffie turned away, thinking, 'she's no a very respectable looking leddy yon, but maybe she's just a great fule; there's mony of them comes to Oatness,' and began to climb the causeway. She was startled by a foot behind her, and a voice in what Suffie would have described as very high English, close to her ear—'Please is this Oatness?' and she found that the newly landed passenger had overtaken and joined her, and was walking alongside of her, leading the child in the other hand.

Suffie's heart gave a bound, for looking into the face of the disreputably flaunting, rebellious traveller, Suffie saw the stranger was 'a black lady!' It must be taken into account that every shade of dark skin—tawny, olive, copper colour, passed at Oatness for black, and was viewed there as something outlandish, with revolted eyes. And notwithstanding that in later years the natives of Oatness read *Uncle Tom's Cabin* with the full popular enthusiasm, and were strong against the slave trade, a black man or woman in the flesh is still an object of horror at Oatness.

This black woman was unquestionably not very prepossessing to a sister woman like Suffie Quhair. Besides her blackness, which was in itself no more than that infusion of black blood in the veins which constitutes a half-caste or modified mulatto, she was a tawdrily, showily dressed woman, with her dress in great disorder from the rough usage it had undergone. She had long, slightly crisp black ringlets, dishevelled and tangled like her crumpled and limp white veil, a fretful, obstinate mouth, a bony, greedy nose, and big, somewhat hollow, black eyes, which in particular lights and by particular people might be called fine, but which Suffie's shy, tawny lashed eyes regarded as not eyes such as they should be, as not the eyes of a modest woman. The child had also big dark eyes, dim from illness, but he was not otherwise blacker than any sallow-faced little fellow

of five or six years of age, with a puny, attenuated body in a boy's dress, that reached the extreme of child's smartness—scant blue tunic, small white socks, and morocco boots, and a riband necktie above his turned-over collar, but the clothes were not half sufficient to protect him from the cold, under which he collapsed like a geranium in a frosty night.

'Will you tell me if this is Oatness?' repeated the woman peevishly and domineeringly for a stranger seeking information. 'I am afraid lest there should be any mistake, and I will not ask one of these horrid men, whom I shall have punished for behaving to a lady as they have treated me,' she complained passionately.

Suffie, like a canny Scotchwoman, dismissed the complaint without making any reply to it, and with the single consideration that she would be a clever lady if she had the florymen punished. But how odd it was for any body not to know Oatness, and still odder for a woman to come to a place of which she was uncertain! 'Yes, mem, this is Oatness,' answered Suffie, with her slow speech, lingering in her walk also, for she did not feel inclined to go even through the vacant outskirts of the town attended by her companion.

The traveller was not to be easily shaken off. She kept up with Suffie Quhair, her shawl half off her sloping shoulders, her unsuitable white veil—good lace though, Suffie was woman enough to take note of that—dragged to one side. 'Can you direct me,' she began rapidly, hesitated a moment, and then finished sharply, changing the form of her sentence in doing so, 'Do you know where one Captain Ord stays?'

At the name Suffie gasped and stared almost as broadly as the black lady had done. To ask for *him* of *her!* And what could the woman want with Tam Ord if she was not aware that she had come to a wrong quarter for information? Suffie quivered through her quietness. 'There is only one Captain Ord at Oatness,' she found voice to answer drily, 'and he has not a house here, he stops out at his own place of Dalgordon. It will be his gude-sister, it will be Mrs. John that you want.'

'I know nothing about Mrs. John,' declared the inquirer with her impatience and imperiousness, 'and I never heard of a place called Dalgordon. I am come home to Captain Thomas Ord of Oatness.'

The rolling grey sea, the beach, the road, began to swim round with Suffie, and then she shook off her agitation in a reaction of incredulity. What a fool she was. There was a mistake, and it was some other Captain Ord of some other town than Oatness. 'It must be some other man, mem,' Suffie maintained with a little tremble of her stiff tongue, and a still stronger feeling coming across her, how strange it was for her to give the explanation and attest it by the details. 'Our Captain Ord—that is not mine, I have nothing to do with him,' she corrected herself hurriedly—'but the Captain Tammas Ord I mean was wont to sail as captain of the *Brahmapootra* between Singapore and Amoy.'

'The very same,' exclaimed the other eagerly. 'He left me at Singapore with the boy,' she broke off, and then added with striking inappropriateness at such a time, affording a glimpse of inveterate, deep-rooted folly and affectation, both in the silly words and the simper which accompanied them, 'Now, aint I young-looking to be the mother of this big child?'

Suffie lost the last sentence. She had shrunk back, her composure forsaking her entirely. 'Woman, you do not ken what you're saying,' she faltered warningly; 'the Captain Ord known here is not a

married man—I may say not yet, for he is on the top of his marriage with a young county leddy.' Suffie was recalled to the import of her words and to thankfulness for the unusual solitude of the shore where the two were standing, by an unrestrained cry of rage and pain and a glare from the great eyes like the glare of those of a mad woman or the glow of those of a wild beast.

'It is a lie,' grasped the latest claimant of Tam Ord, 'or he is the greatest scoundrel the world ever saw. Take me to him. I'll have my own—my right, I'll dare him to his bullying face, to deny it. He shall not desert me and think to keep me in India as a base creature. I suspected he wished to disown me when I found he had returned home without seeking to see me. But he has not got the better of me; I would sooner drag him before a judge, disgrace him, be his death. He is not married yet, and though he were, I will give evidence on oath before the next magistrate, I will come bound for my witnesses —those sailors can't have all gone to the bottom by this date—I will tell the whole story to the new woman, I will expose him to his friends.'

Suffie had never imagined, far less seen, anything like the passion sobbed out in the June gale on the Oatness sands without the least reserve or concealment. It was the passion of a child and of a fury, which took irresistible possession of and convulsed its object, showing in a moment the dark face livid, the whites of the eyes as if jaundiced, the peevish lips drawn apart in purple lines, while the reckless words rushed through the glittering teeth.

The woman had caught hold of Suffie's arm to steady herself, for she was shaking and reeling with her paroxysm; as she did so, she griped the arm as though she would penetrate the sleeve, and squeeze into the flesh.

The excess of her horror and dismay acted as a stimulant on Suffie. 'You may do what you like, mem,' she protested, 'but if you dinna compose yourself the folk will take you for a daft wife, and I beg you to keep off me.' Suffie's heart smote her for the last expression so soon as it was uttered, because into that heart there flashed the conviction, 'If there be any truth in the tale, —and gude Lord, it sounds like an ower true tale—I might have been sic another as this poor lost woman whom Tam Ord beguiled, if so be he beguiled her before he wrote his last letter to me. Surely if she be mista'en, he has deceived her, as he might have deceived me, as he would deceive Miss Wedderburn of the Park;' and Suffie, who had been dimly accusing Providence for months back, felt that she had occasion to fall down with more than the abandonment of her companion, on her knees, on the wet sands, and hold up her hard hands, and thank God for a great deliverance.

The stranger was not a reasonable woman. She was altogether deficient in the dignity, the very decency of self-control, but she saw some ground for Suffie's remonstrance. She drew back and up, struggling with her violence, and said with an approach to calmness, sullenly, 'I ask you a very small thing, which you will grant, if you are not ready to enter into a plot against me; but if you will not do me the service, the next person I meet must comply with so simple a request. Tell me the shortest way to Captain Ord's lodgings.'

Suffie would not have credited her ears that frenzy or madness outright could believe that a chance stranger, a douce woman like her, would enter into a plot against any human being, if it had not been for the spectacle she had seen. 'You cannot see Captain Ord the night,' she told the unfortunate woman; 'na, listen to me, he is not at Oatness, I have telled you so already,

and his place which is no lodging, but a grand gentleman's seat, is miles away, forby; he is not even at Dalgordon the now. Oatness folk that ken a'thing, say that he is gone with Mr. Wedderburn of the Park and his wife and dochter to have their settlements drawn out and get the last of the wedding things to Edinburgh or London, I'm not sure which. And you'll not get lodgings with Tam's—I would say Captain Ord's—gude-sister, for I happen to have heard that Mrs. John has ta'en the opportunity and carried her bairns for a change to see some friends of her ain on the other side of Perth, and has locked her door for a week or mair.'

'Was ever any thing so unfortunate,' cried the black lady with another of her ebullitions of distress and despair, clasping her hands and casting up her great eyes in a fashion that if Suffie had ever set her eyes on the stage, would have lent the stranger additional odium in the austere country-woman's eyes as a play-actress off the boards. 'Everything is against me. Heaven is persecuting me.'

'Na, dinna say that,' negatived Suffie, scandalised. 'The Lord is ower great and gude to persecute the like of either you or me. Na, even though you had been a sinner,' she added more gently, 'the Lord might punish, but he would aye pity you.'

'It is easy for you to speak,' argued the woman vehemently, 'but what would you do, if you were a betrayed and deserted woman, arriving in a foreign country, with your money nearly spent, and the man you are entitled to seek and to claim, not to be reached?'

While she spoke the weary little child who had stood passively by her side all this time, now pulled her shawl. 'Mamma, pretty mamma,' he whimpered, 'Onny so cold. Take Onny home.'

In the middle of the moral earthquake which had shaken the solid ground of Oatness shore around her, staid, blunt Suffie had a perception of something loathsome in the fawning flattery with which the child had been taught to address his mother, as well as of something which made her childless heart 'grow grit' in the hopelessness of the appeal.

'Hush, Onny,' his mother silenced the child; 'pretty mamma is cold too. She has not a home to take you to—mamma and Onny may perish. When your father does not care, who else will mind, you little fool?' she finished fiercely. Suffie was driven to propose a refuge with a faint bitter-sweet sense—not of revenge in her power, but of cruel injury once done to her without her knowledge, and of her, the common, plain, middle-aged woman whom even Jael Cairns charged with meanness, being able to return good for evil. 'I'll show you the Inn. Mrs. Harley will give you quarters and send for your luggage. She is a moderate woman in her charges, and she has not many travellers to put up for the night now. You will have time to think what you had best do.'

The stranger did not show herself grateful for the favour. Evidently she did not reflect or care that she might be taking the countrywoman out of her way, or causing her to compromise and commit herself. She stamped at Suffie's side in towering resentment at the whole world on account of Captain Ord, clutching the cowering child whose small face grew blacker and blacker as it got more drawn and pinched with cold.

Suffie was thankful that the party encountered only the rapt eyes of the watchers by the sea-wall, and these could not spare more than a few seconds from the inscrutable sea and sky, and the familiar shipping, with a few fascinated stares, at intervals, from the windows

along their course. At the opposite end of the Low Street from that where the Aikenheads' shop stood fronting the Dort Wynd, ran the steep irregular Fish Wynd, and at its head, with a court before and a garden behind, was the old yellow Ship Inn.

The place of entertainment had not risen in custom and profit with its age. Travellers were conveyed past Oatness by steam on sea, as they are now conveyed past other little towns by steam on land. Perhaps the very small ship captains did not booze together so much in public as formerly, and the Captain Guthries did their boozing in their own houses and seduced other customers from the inn. Except at meetings, followed by dinners of the Packet Company, and the Steam-boat Company, and on the night of the annual ball at the Cherry-tree Rooms when the single Oatness post-chaise was in incessant request, there was little stir about the inn.

Mrs. Harley, stout and comely, was yet careworn; and no wonder, for she had a haggard, shaky, half imbecile husband liable to delirium tremens of the very worst description to guard, and a huge flock of children to feed and clothe by the waning business of the Ship Inn. She could not pretend to the outrageous independence of the Oatness tradespeople generally, and was glad to welcome the party that Miss Suffie Quhair brought to her on the June evening, though her astute eye at once pronounced them 'queer cattle,' and she could not get over the wonder of where on earth one of the Misses Quhair of Sandycroft had fallen in with them.

Suffie felt it right to enlighten Mrs. Harley in this respect, and to inform her aside, in Suffie's own protection, with a stammer and a blush, that Mrs. Harley's guest was a lady from foreign parts who had business in Oatness, and who had accosted Suffie by accident on her landing after a stormy passage, down at the shore.

The communication was not calculated to allay Mrs. Harley's curiosity, but she was a woman of the world, and responded with assumed carelessness,—

'It's a' richt, Miss Suffie. There will be luggage to follow, doubtless?'

There was one trunk which Suffie could speak of, so that she was free to relinquish the strange convoy which she had taken upon herself, and go, with her head still swimming, about her proper business.

But no sooner did the black lady discover that Suffie was going to leave her, than, barely waiting till Mrs. Harley quitted the room, she attacked Suffie anew, implored her return, flung herself on Suffie as it were, with a torrent of wild entreaties, complaints, accusations, even threats, if Suffie forsook her. It was the poor, wretched woman's nature, half-tyrannical, half-slavish, half-lazy, half-passionate, to catch at every straw to relieve herself, to throw the burden under which she writhed, on the weakest, most irresponsible shoulders to which she could transfer it, rather than bear it on her own. Hers was a purely indolent, wilful, weak nature, with a tinge of the cunning of weakness, and the wiliness of the natives of the East; but not supple, daring, wicked enough for deliberate perfidy. She was perpetually exposing her designs in her extravagant outbreaks of temper and wounded feelings—however shallow, and mortified vanity.

'It might have been your own case. You might have been wronged as I have been,' she asserted boldly in her loosely piled heap of arguments. Suffie started, and touched by the random reminder, while in her total unacquaintance with such a character as that she had encoun-

tered, rendered unable to contend with it, gave a rash promise,—'I maun gang hame now, it is getting late, and my folk will be missing me; but I'll look in again the morn, or next day, to please you, though mind, I can do nothing for you. I am a single woman myself, and have nought in my power, and I'm mostly throng with my own honest work.'

Suffie had made good her escape at last. Along the bare exposed road to Sandycroft, in the scouring gale, under a troubled sunset, she trudged with the subdued heart,—the old stillness of which might well have been mistaken for stupidity,—in a wonderful chaos.

To understand Suffie's state of mind, it is necessary to see how the gulf of which she had got a glimpse, and from which she had escaped, struck her. Suffie has been described as a narrow-minded, sluggishly constituted woman, not without sordidness. She has been shown by negatives. She was not young, or gifted, or beautiful; she was no longer beloved, except in the calm, very calm, but very constant flow of family affection at Sandycroft. But Suffie's treasure, next to her religious principles, was her good name, her decent character, her respectability, discretion, and trustworthiness. The greatest personal bitterness that Captain Ord's conduct had called forth in her, had proceeded from the notion that his desertion cast a slur on her character, nay through her, on the character of her relatives in those respects. She was not aware of having forfeited any of these cherished attributes by the receipt of Captain Ord's money in return for his promise, and the letters which guaranteed the promise. She had awakened so far to a vague, humiliating knowledge that she had not been true as she ought to have been to herself and Tam Ord; that she had entered into a barter for that which ought to have been beyond the power of money either to purchase or to redeem, and in doing so she had impaired and tarnished her womanliness. But such a failure was an offence of an altogether modified kind and degree in Suffie's eyes.

Suffie's strict virtue and decorum were perfectly consistent with the knowledge that sin and misery, like what were hinted at, existed in the world. Suffie was no girl, and she did not belong to a fastidious class of society. In a lower rank of life, but little removed from hers, there was anything rather than a high, pure standard of womanly honour; there existed much coarseness of speech and recklessness of action, and a great and grievous amount of degradation. Not only so but at Oatness, where human nature was strong for good or for evil—and in the last passed rapidly to brutality, excesses, and even crimes had occasionally come to light, outraging the decent portion of the community, but of which by the hearing of the ears they could not fail to be acquainted, while old regard, every-day familiarity and kindred connection with the sinners to a certain extent blunted their neighbours' sense of repulsion. Accordingly Suffie had been shocked at the threatened revelation that was in danger of disclosing what had been the hidden profligacy or the damning deceit of Tam Ord—happily cut off as she had become from its consequences; but she had not been utterly astounded or incapable of belief. Sailors and nabobs had come back from the north and the south, from the east and the west before now, without divulging disgraceful and ruinous ties which they had formed in their prolonged absences, and which had eventually found them out. In the course of the last twenty years, stories ghastly in their hideousness as Oatness imaginations could frame them, had been bruited of

the more tabooed members of the townspeople, and openly discussed in such plain-spoken circles as the one in which Suffie Quhair had grown to middle age.

But in place of Suffie's knowledge being inconsistent with strictness of morals, one consequence of living hard by pitch was that of perceiving how once contracted personally, it stuck to man and woman, and defiled them with deadly defilement. A vigorous reaction was produced; the virtuous clave to their virtue, and abhorred the very name (though they were not frightened to take it into their mouths) of levity and wantonness. Not the most noble, refined lady in the land would have recoiled more from license, or struggled nearer to death against making terms with vice, than Suffie Quhair. Had she been betrayed, as might have been, poor, homely Suffie would have died like peerless Clarissa Harlowe — not from love to her betrayer, though forgiving him broken-heartedly — but unable to survive the loss of her virtue.

When Suffie's views of the depth of a woman's fall are measured, her gratitude for her own deliverance may be guessed at. She was shocked at the possible wickedness of her former lover, but she was less shocked than she was humbly, tearfully, devoutly thankful for her own escape.

That lowly, expansive thankfulness warmed, softened, and enlarged Suffie's heart. She had been a selfish woman till now, like many women who lead retired, isolated lives, from ignorance of the wants and needs of others, rather than from failing to feel with them. Now, in the recent growth of Suffie's experience and with the late instantaneous display of her unconscious peril and her unconscious withdrawal from evil, Suffie's heart began to yearn as it had never yearned before over her suffering fellow creatures; over the headstrong, rash black lady, and her anatomy of a child, who might be the honest woman and her lawfully born boy, after all; over pretty winsome Miss Wedderburn, who had looked so happy and been so pleasant when she came with the grand lady, her mamma, to Sandycroft two years before, and ordered butter and milk to supplement the dairy produce of the home farm at the Park. 'But yours is far better than ours, Miss Quhair,' Miss Wedderburn had nodded to Suffie and told her. 'I never drink such nice milk as the Sandycroft milk, of which you were so good as to give me a glass to-day, when I am so hot and thirsty. And what beauties of cows you have out on the greens there, Miss Quhair. Do you know, if I were a clever artist I should like to draw and paint them.' It had been thoroughly girlish prattle, but sufficiently sweet and kindly even to the Misses Quhair; and the last time Suffie had seen Miss Wedderburn ride past the house she had looked more thoughtful than her mamma, and had been so taken up that she had not even recognised Suffie. Ay, Suffie's heart yearned also over the triumphant sinner, Tam Ord, and the blow which was about to smite him before he went off the face of the earth. All these thoughts and feelings surged in Suffie's maiden breast, new for all her forty and odd years to such a tumult, as she traversed, with bent down head, the windy flats of the greens; and among them the qualm now and then rose to the surface — for Suffie was still and always one of the Misses Quhair of Sandycroft — could she have made herself accountable for the black lady's bill at the Ship Inn? and if so, what would Eelen and Jean — especially Jean — say to Suffie's becoming as good as surety for a woman she had never set eyes on before that night, a black woman, and her natural enemy?

TRADES UNIONISM IN THE CITY AND MAY FAIR.

II.

IN the first part of this essay,[1] the writer has attempted to meet certain objections to trades societies, by showing that those objections tell with equal force against a crowd of institutions which, by common consent, are held to be free from fatal reproach. Thus, if in some cases the unions stop the free circulation of wealth and impose a tax on the public, so, in some cases, do large capitalists, companies, and associations like the Inns of Court. If the unions do wrong to the skilful and the powerful by discouraging piece-work, so do those laws which are manifestly framed in the interest of the weak. If unions do harm to the community by opposing the employment of non-unionist labour, so do the Inns of Court, the College of Physicians, the College of Surgeons, the Royal Academy of Painting and Sculpture, and other associations which grant exclusive privileges.

To all that I have been saying about those corporate bodies, however, there may seem to be an obvious answer. It is true that they are like trade societies in so far as they are unions, and as they shut out many people from privileges or profits. It is true that they are more influential than trades unions, in so far as their power is secured to them by the law. But there the likeness ends. If the law gives them power, the law also calls them to account when they use it for private instead of public ends. And the supreme distinction between them and the trade societies is, that while they wield power for the public good, the unionists wield it for the good of a small class. For the public good it is advisable that lawyers, surgeons, physicians, and other professional men should receive a certain training under the sanction of the State; and it is as deputies of the State that the Inns of Court, the College of Physicians, and the College of Surgeons frame their rules for admission to the practice of the law and medicine. No doubt those rules do harm to exceptional people; but we cannot legislate for exceptional cases, and if our rules are generally beneficial their use is sufficiently attested. On the other hand, there is no cause to take exceptional measures for the education of blacksmiths and carpenters, since without the aid of the State, those craftsmen will always exist in sufficient numbers, and always have ample skill. Hence the exceptional means taken by the unions to reserve privileges for their members impose a tax upon society, without offering society a corresponding gain. Hence from the law they should receive no sanction.

This argument leaves entirely out of account that equality of privileges which is the basis, or which is becoming the basis, of modern society. That, so long as they do not trench on the rights of others, all men should be free to do what they like, is the root-idea of democratic life. Admit that idea and the question is settled. To the mechanic the right of combination is not less important than it is to the barrister, and the one may as justly claim it as the other. But we may leave out of account such bewildering things as personal rights, and be guided only by what is for the general good. It is for the general good, surely, that the mass of the people should not be filled with discontent by the denial of privileges

[1] *Fraser's Magazine* for August.

which are granted to a minority, and that they should not seek to do under the veil of night what, if they had the sanction of the law, they would do in the light of day. It is for the general good that the English commonwealth should not be honeycombed with secret societies. Yet it will infallibly be thus honeycombed, if we withhold from unions the fullest protection of the law, or if we grant that protection only on condition that the union funds shall not be used to support strikes or resist lock-outs. If the unions were to make such a promise they would immediately form secret societies for coping with capitalist power, and, denied the protection of the law, they would break it when it interfered with their doings. Secret societies must be immoral. And were trades unions transformed into secret societies their immorality might endanger the stability of the State. But we need stand in dread of no such danger, for the simple reason that the unions will not consent to forego the most ample protection of the law, and that under the reign of household suffrage the united dictate of trades unionism will be final.

Not to complicate the discussion, I shall not further debate the question, whether unions do or do not confer on the community a service which more than outweighs the hardships they inflict. The truth remains, that society does not object to rules which limit the number of apprentices, or which shut out non-unionist workmen from the full profits of their craft, provided those rules be enforced by an institution which is under the direct control of the State, and which acts for the public good. One part of the charge against the unions,—the part which blames them for enforcing those restrictions,—has therefore vanished. If we can find out other institutions, which, while enforcing like restrictions, do not submit to like control, and do not act for the public good, the second part of the charge will have vanished too. Now, strange as the fact may seem to the hasty observer, we shall find a parallel to unions in every mercantile firm, every church, and every family.

Suppose that a youth applies for admission to the counting-house of a City firm, that he is in want of employment, that he is willing to work hard, and that he has the qualities and acquirements of a good clerk. Suppose the firm to answer that they do not need his services. And suppose the youth thus to lose a chance of getting on in life. Everybody will admit that the company cannot be blamed for not hiring a clerk whom they do not require, and nobody will pretend that the youth has any reason to fancy himself wronged. Yet, strange as the fact may seem to those who do not look to the roots of the social problem, here is a case which corresponds to that of the willing and able non-unionist with whom unionists refuse to work. The charge against those unionists is, that by shutting a man out of employment they do a wrong to him and to society. But, if they are thus guilty, so is the merchant who shuts the door of his counting-house in the face of a willing and able applicant for a clerkship. The merchant's plea is, that if he were to hire more clerks than he requires he would sustain a loss; that is, he would hand over to another person a part of his own income, without receiving a corresponding return. Well, that is precisely what the unionists say. They say that if they were to work with non-unionists they would, sooner or later, have to put up with less wages than they at present earn; that is, they would transfer to the pockets of non-unionists, or of the masters, or of the public, gains which would otherwise be their own. 'Why,'

asks the merchant, 'should I pay for what I don't want? Why should I deliberately lessen my income by hiring more clerks than I can employ?' 'Why,' rejoins the unionist, 'should I allow my wages to be put down, if by simply naming the conditions under which I shall work I can keep them up?' 'Why,' asks the merchant, 'am I, more than my friends the farmers, or my friends the landowners, bound to support a young man merely because, like myself, he belongs to the mercantile class?' 'And why,' rejoins the unionist, 'am I, more than my clergyman, or my landlord, or my brothers in the iron-trade, bound to support a non-unionist merely because, like myself, he happens to be a carpenter?' 'Oh! but my profits are my own,' says the merchant, 'and, since I earn every farthing of my income, I may do with it what I like.' 'And,' answers the unionist, 'since my labour is my own, a man who does me no service has no right to reproach me if I give him no pay. I may sell my labour for what it will bring; and no man to whom I am not indebted can blame me for not handing over to him a portion of my income, as I should do if I were to work with non-unionists.'

'But,' adds the merchant, 'there is one great difference between your case and mine. It is for the public benefit that I should economise my income, so that I may invest as much capital as I can in trade; and I should diminish that capital were I to hire superfluous labourers. Your iniquitous rules against non-unionists, on the other hand, are barriers against economising capital and increasing the productive power of the country.'

This may seem a strong argument, but it will not bear attentive scrutiny. The argument has not even a show of reason, unless we suppose the merchant to mean, that the few hundred pounds a year which he saves by refusing to provide work for men whom he does not immediately want, are at once invested productively. But, as a matter of fact, the sum is not invested productively; it is wasted on luxuries. Were the merchant to spend it in the employment of labour for productive purposes, instead of on the refinements and superfluities of home, the community, as a whole, might gain, rather than lose. And if he thinks himself bound to take every means of increasing the capital of the country, that is, the fund available for productive purposes, he must not be content with refusing to employ clerks whom he does not want. When at night he goes out to his country-house, the coachman who meets him with the brougham at the railway station must get notice to leave. As he passes through the grounds that encircle his house, he must tell the head-gardener to pull down the hot-houses, root out the flowers, fell the elms, discharge all the under-gardeners, and sow the lawn with wheat. Descending into his wine-cellar, he must make an inventory of his Comet Port, his old East India Madeira, his Château Lafitte, his choice Rudesheimer, his half-dozen bottles of Imperial Tokay, and his prized Burgundy. Keeping only as much of the old stock as he may need for medicinal purposes, he must sell the remainder to the highest bidder, and with the round sum which he will obtain, he must buy shares in a copper mine, a chemical work, a cotton mill, or a manufactory consecrated to the production of Thorley's Food for Cattle. Next, that Salvator in the hall must go; then the Cuyp in the dining-room; then the screen of Turners in the drawing-room; and, finally, the Sèvres tables. Neither he nor anybody else reads one tenth of the books in the library; the rows of fair volumes are little else than so

much ornamental furniture. Send them to the auction room, then, and with the price buy shares in the Great Northern Railway. It is astonishing how much one might clear out of a well furnished house at this rate, without making it uninhabitable. True, the process would help to banish the refinements of civilisation; but, if it only went a certain length, it would unquestionably increase the productive power of the country, and leave a larger fund available for productive purposes. No doubt the process might easily be carried too far even for that end; since if we take away the comforts and the graces which attend wealth, we destroy an immense inducement to amass wealth, and indirectly lessen the production of the country. This fact is not sufficiently borne in mind by Mr. Mill, when he teaches that a demand for commodities is not a demand for labour. Still, without running any risk of doing such incalculable mischief, we might strip off many of the gay trappings that adorn society; we might level many a stately house, and set a social ban on many a sumptuous entertainment; and with the new mass of capital which we should thus gain we might begin a better time for labour.

If society thought that, for the sake of the general welfare, a limit should be set by law to the amount which any person might spend on luxuries; if it thought that the first end of wealth should be to provide employment for labour; then, it would have the clearest of rights to give warning that, on and after a certain day, it would afford protection to wealth only on condition that the owner should every year use a large portion of it for the general good. That is to say, society would have the clearest right to give the present Poor Law any degree of stringency which it might hold the public welfare to demand. Timid people will shriek out that we should thus be landed in a state of socialism. No doubt we should. And, no doubt, in the present state of things, any attempt to erect a socialistic community would be so disastrous that the very idea of it is beyond the province of debate. For that reason, we so far make a merchant the absolute master of his property as to let him shut the door in the face of applicants for work, though his surplus wealth is to be counted by hundreds of thousands. For that reason we do not complain that our City men build sumptuous villas at Dorking, Croydon, Chislehurst, or Richmond; nor do we accuse them of being bad citizens, because, while the east of London is crying for bread, their wives and daughters are surrounded with every luxury that wealth can buy.

But nothing in the nature of things dictates an arrangement by which a man is free to do what he likes with what he calls his money. The law which exacts from him a hundred pounds a year in taxes might, for the sake of the public good, exact a thousand or ten thousand without doing him any wrong. And the law grants to him a very serious power when it makes him able to deny employment to willing and able workmen. It grants him a power corresponding in effect to that by which the Inns of Court define the class of persons who shall or shall not be called to the bar, who shall or shall not have the chance of winning wealth, rank, and fame as advocates. In reality, his power is the same as that by which the College of Physicians and the College of Surgeons stipulate the conditions which must be fulfilled before any man can in this country gain legal admittance to the practice of medicine. And yet that power is accompanied with no such checks as those that prevent the Inns of Court and the College

of Physicians from abusing their privileges. While those bodies are under the control of the State, and must act in accordance with set rules, the merchant can hire as few or as many people as he likes, can give the conditions on which he offers employment any degree of stringency or laxity, and can change those conditions every day of the year. So can the joint-stock company. From State control both are free, though both have power which may, and sometimes does, become an instrument of terrible oppression. The mass of people find no fault with such a state of things because they fancy that some behest of heaven, some immutable law, some moral deliverance older even than that of Moses, has made their money their own in an almost sacred sense. And for ages this fancy was fostered into a gigantic superstition even by thinkers, who were intoxicated into a state of mental blindness, or of imaginative fertility, by daily draughts of what they called *à priori* truth. Happily a stricter demand for logical proof has brought with it a new keenness of conscience, and, for the moment at least, we have less confused, that is, less shallow, thinking on the subject of the duties which men owe to each other. With a more searching analysis will come, even in the popular mind, the overthrow of the confused and shallow idea that the right to hold private property is independent of human laws, and is inseparably linked with what, in high and mighty language, is called the moral constitution of the universe. Private property has no such sacred character. Private property rests on human laws; is dictated by human convenience; is justified only because, on the whole, it seems the best arrangement which is practicable. If the conditions of life should so change as to call for the overthrow of the laws that regulate the tenure of private property, then their overthrow would become, not a right, but a duty.

Passing from the counting-house and the board-room, we find an admirable example of unionism in an ordinary family. Every family has the power of dispensing certain privileges, which it distributes, not among those by whom they are best merited, but among its own set. The head of a household does not feel bound to go out into the highways and the byways and compel the deserving to come in. For the most part, he gives his good things only to the members of his own union, and leaves the non-unionists out in the cold. Being thus exclusive, every family does precisely what is done by the trades societies. Nay, a household which fills a high social position, can often exercise as much power, can distribute rewards and punishments on as wide a scale, and may find its doors besieged by as large a host of suppliants, as one of the lesser unions. A member of the peerage has his town house in Grosvenor Square or Park Lane. Agreeable in manners, cultivated in mind, fond of society, and possessing great influence in his own county, he has at one time been a cabinet minister, and his support is courted by his own party, even when its chiefs do not think fit to give him office. His wife's Wednesday or Saturday evenings are at least a dim copy of the great gatherings that once lent brilliancy to Holland House. In his drawing-rooms you meet the author of the latest volume of "sensation" heresy, the latest specimen of poetical pruriency or incoherent sublimity, the painter of the most taking picture in the year's exhibition of the Academy, a sprinkling of unknown critics and journalists, one or two powerful editors, an African traveller, and a den of foreign lions, great and small. What most people will think

much more important, you fall in with a crowd of political men. Members of Parliament are there by the dozen, and—his face glistening with a look of oily persuasion—the Liberal or the Tory whip keeps them company. The great Liberal or Tory election agent, who wields more political power than an average duke, is button-holed all the evening in every corner of the room. Two or three cabinet ministers push their way through the throng. And all this mass of intrigue, impudence, brain, and power is mixed up with glittering splinters of title—dukes, marquises, earls, and barons, lending for at least a few minutes the serenity of their patrician grace.

Now, here is a powerful organisation, built up by the help of laws like those that lent an artificial strength to the agriculturists of England before Mr. Cobden struck dead an infamous monopoly. But for the protective laws which permit a man to entail his estate on an unborn child, and which give him a seat among the legislators of England merely because he happens to be the eldest son of his father, such a company could not have assembled. It is to the fostering influence of anti-free trade laws throughout centuries that the noble host owes his position and his power. And, thanks to those protective statutes, he can indirectly bestow rich prizes on many of his guests, merely by bringing them into contact with men and women whom they would otherwise have no chance of meeting. To one he indirectly gives a commission for a picture; to another a fat living in the Church; to a third a wealthy husband; to a fourth a beautiful wife; to a fifth, that entry into good society which unaided wealth cannot buy, and which the unlettered barbarian of rich middle-class England covets more than anything else on earth—more than the power that goes with political position, or the reputation given by intellect, or the softly beautiful fame that comes from deeds of charity, or the blessed rest that falls to a saintly life. Such prizes can also be withheld from many a deserving applicant. 'And why,' asks a needy clergyman, 'should I be debarred from entering rooms in which my good breeding would enable me to shine, and in which I should meet the patron of the living that I have in view, when men without my accomplishments, my scholarship, my zeal, my care for the poor, or my power of preaching good sermons, are invited week after week? 'Why,' asks a lady who has a platoon of marriageable daughters, and intense matrimonial ambition, 'should cards not be sent to me and my girls, when they are sent to people whose daughters are not half so many, so pretty, so good, or so needy, as mine? Why should the crop of promising young men be reaped before my daughters have a chance of putting in their sickle? It is an infamous shame. Let us have fair play, and let the best win.'

These are absurd complaints; so absurd that they are not put plainly into words, though none the less do they take shape in the mind. Yet, they are not a whit more absurd than the complaint of the non-unionists who are shut out of a particular shop or yard. The unionists have been able to form a powerful organisation; they can, consistently with their own objects, issue only a limited number of invitations to work in their company; and those men from whom an invitation is withheld, have no more right to complain than those clergymen, those artists, or those needy mammas, who are excluded from the Countess of Kettledrum's Saturday nights.

There are few better examples of a trades union than a Dissenting

chapel in a provincial town. In saying so, I do not mean to join in the supercilious rant with which Dissent is too often greeted in good society. Good society fancies that it is bound to sneer at the vulgar shopkeepers who see no sacredness in bishops, who look coldly on a liturgy, who favour long, argumentative prayers, who have a taste for hot sermons spiced with allusions to the Devil and Mr. Disraeli, and who strive at every election time to pull down the Church Establishment and the House of Lords. That is good society's notion of Dissent. What Dissent did for the liberties, the manhood, and even the literature of England at a time when a servile Church clothed sycophancy in the garb of religion, and did its best to hand over the government of this country to licentious despotism, by hailing the Charleses and the Jameses as the anointed of God, good society finds it convenient to forget. It only sees the vulgarity of Dissent. It is less quick to see that for the vulgarity of Dissent it has itself to blame. Since the doors of the national universities have been persistently shut in the face of Dissent, too many of our nonconforming countrymen lack the graces which come from academical culture. Hence, the Dissent of an English provincial town, with its inquisitorial circles of tea-drinking old women, and the declamatory harangues of its pulpit, is not the most fascinating of sights. Nor, I repeat, in the records of labour, can we find a better example of a trades union than the Baptist chapel of an English provincial town. A few scores of people who feel certain of each other's religious sincerity and orthodoxy, agree to worship under the same roof, and to abide by a set of definite rules as to the mode of conducting Divine service, and of admitting new members. Those are the unionists. Before permitting any one to enter their little community, they depute their deacons to test, by means of a personal examination, the purity of his life and the soundness of his creed. Nor are the privileges of unionism dispensed with a careless hand. If the deacons imagine that the candidate's faith is heretical, that he has not really become a Christian, that, to use their own language, he has not been born again and made a new creature, they refuse to give him a place in the worshipping body. So far as they are concerned, he must remain a non-unionist. Nor, even if he run the gauntlet of diaconal vigilance, and win the laurel of church membership, can he look upon the reward as secure for life. The reward must be kept as well as won; kept by means of what his brethren shall hold to be a pure life and pure doctrine. Should he fall away from his primitive sainthood of walk or creed, then he may be cast out of the synagogue, and lose the coveted privileges of unionism. No doubt, as a rule, the deserving Dissenter has little to fear from the power which is thus vested in the governing elders of his chapel. As a rule, they are honest, God-fearing, intelligent men. No doubt, too, if a man could prove that he had been refused the privileges of Church membership for reasons which involved a calumny, that he had thus suffered a loss of reputation in the eyes of his fellows, and that specific injury had in consequence been done to his business or his profession, then he would have an unquestionable claim at law against the men by whom he had been wronged. Still clearer would be his claim if, after having been a member of the chapel union for years, he had been cast out and sustained specific loss of income on account of charges which he could prove to be false. In such a case, the law would interpose in his behalf. And if the chapel were to

plead that the law had no right to interfere with its spiritual censures, the law would answer, that in such a case it must regard a Dissenting church precisely in the same light as a railway company; that it could show no respect to spiritual censures which, while based on falsehood, had done distinct injury to the pocket of some particular man; and that it must punish the authors of those censures as severely as the most secular of defamers. Thank heaven! all the pleading in the world for spiritual independence will never put the freest of free churches above the law of England. For that reason, it is very rare to find the diaconate of a Dissenting chapel acting with such indiscretion as to run the risk of having its decisions challenged in a court of justice. But it has a hundred ways of carrying out its behests without bringing itself under the lash of the judicial bench. With perfect safety it may often withhold, or even take away, the coveted privileges of church membership. And such an act of discipline may frequently be attended with the most mischievous results. The mechanic who cannot get into the sanctuary of the local Baptist chapel, or who has to leave it at the prompting of unmistakable hints, may thus forfeit his chance of getting steady work from the wealthy manufacturer whose serene grandeur of air and breadth of connubial bliss invest the chief pew with a halo of counting-house and patriarchal piety. In like manner, the small shopkeeper to whom fate brings the same bad fortune, finds himself cut off from a crowd of well-to-do customers who once thought it a duty, and who would now think it a sin, to buy his tea and sugar. That is very hard. Nor, if those who arraign the trades unions be just, is it enough to say that the mechanic and the shopkeeper have richly merited punishment. 'It is true,' either may retort, 'that, when acting as a lay preacher, I have once or twice stuttered out Socinianism; it is true that I have been seen in a state of momentary convivial excitement; it is true that when in that state and when rebuked by a brother Christian, I showed by my command over the profaner parts of the English language that I had not forgotten what I had learned in my unregenerate days; nor do I deny that, on being called to account by the church, I broadly hinted that the deacons were a pack of canting old women. But why should I be cast out of the union because I have been guilty of a few such venial faults? Why should a few irresponsible men have the power to blast my prospects of good wages or high profits? Since every Englishman has a right to teach what doctrine he pleases, is it not rank persecution to punish heresy with starvation? Because in a moment of forgetfulness, an Englishman happens to take too much beer, and because, in the presence of a hoary old hypocrite, he happens to take the rein off his tongue, is he therefore to be handed over to the tender mercies of a set of inquisitorial Pecksniffs, and subjected to a sentence which is equivalent to five years' penal servitude? Because, in questioning their right to sit in judgment over me, I exercised the undoubted privilege of an Englishman, am I to be treated like a felon? Very true, if such men as I were allowed to become a church-member, the chapel, as at present constituted, could not hold together. But I object to its present constitution. After my recent experience of the evils that result from chapel unionism, I hold that the law should give no set of men power to act as censors over the faith and the conduct of others. Let us have free trade in doctrines. Let every man be free to do what he likes so long as he

does not break the law. Let the law declare that it will recognise the legality of no union, whether a church society or a trades society, which attempts to curtail that freedom. And, with three cheers for the advent of spiritual liberty, let us tell the whole Dissenting diaconate that at any moment they are liable to a prosecution for conspiracy.'

This is a wildly absurd speech; yet it is an exact parallel to those that even sensible men sometimes make against trades unions. Such men tell us that no body of mechanics should be allowed to band themselves together in order to maintain an artificial standard of wages, and to punish those of their fellows who do not obey their behests. Such conduct is declared to be an arbitrary interference with free trade and with the liberty of the subject. The very same thing is said by the rebellious Dissenter. And, as an additional fact on his side, the rebellious Dissenter can plead, that the English Church subjects those who seek for membership in her communion to no such scrutiny as that which is demanded in the Dissenting chapels. She holds all English citizens to be her members; and, though she has a rule for excluding 'schismatics' from the table of the Lord, still it is so much a dead letter that, practically, the privileges of communion may be regarded as open to men of every shade of creed. Dissent goes upon a different principle—whether rightly or wrongly it is not my present purpose to ask; and in this matter the law wisely allows Dissent to do as it pleases, despite the fact that much unmerited injury must in consequence be suffered by particular men. Well, what the trades unions demand is equal liberty to combine, to give or to withhold the privileges of membership, and to levy subscriptions from their members.

Throughout society we might find similar examples of unionism. The Church is a union; the House of Commons is a union; so is the Reform Club; so is the officer class in our army; and so is every other religious, social, political, or military association. Enough has been said, however, to show that on the principle of unionism the whole of modern society is built.

But, we shall be told, there is one fundamental difference between the unionism of the workshop, and that of the City and May Fair. The City and May Fair do not 'ratten.' Do they not? We shall see. They do not, it is true, put gunpowder into the cash-boxes or the dressing-cases of their victims; and, so far, they do not imitate the example of Sheffield. But the conduct of Sheffield is so universally condemned by the whole working class that we must leave it out of account. We have to deal, not with such rattening as that which Broadhead carried out by means of the explosive canister and the air-gun, but with such rattening as most of the unions practise when they send non-unionists to Coventry, or when, by forbidding their members to work in the same shop with men who have incurred their dislike, they force the employer to give those men a note of dismissal. Such rattening, whether right or wrong, is practised by every one of the associations that compose society,—by every mercantile company, by every church, by every family.

Each of those associations forms a more or less distinct whole, and to guard itself from destruction, it requires its members to obey a set of more or less distinct rules. In the case of a family, for example, the sanctity of private life would be destroyed, if guests were to repeat out of doors the confidential things which had been said at the dinner table. Consequently the law of self-preservation decrees that punish-

ment shall be meted out to him who is found to have been thus guilty. He is not invited again, or he learns no more secrets in the same quarter, or the whole circle of his friends receive the hint that he is a tell-tale, whom it were wise to entertain with closed lips. He is justly rattened. Again, certain social centres cannot keep up their reputation for high birth, high breeding, exclusiveness, and general superiority to all other created beings, unless the members are careful to choose wives, or accept husbands, of high rank. Any defiance of that rule they punish with as much sternness as other sections of society punish a breach of all the Ten Commandments. The archbishop is cut because he has married his cook; the marquis because he has married an actress; the earl because he has married the governess of the children borne by his first wife. The wives of the offenders are not received within the charmed circle of high birth, or, if they are received, it is in such a fashion as to make them feel with excruciating keenness how mighty is the crime of which they have been guilty. Husband and wife are rattened. Nay they are rattened with a persistent, pitiless wealth of cruelty such as an ordinary trades unionist would scorn to rival, and such as, if fully stated, would elicit an indignant burst of shame from every man to whom average clearness of thought has given average keenness of conscience. In comparison with the rattening which is raised to the dignity of a fine art in Mayfair, that which flourishes among the dwellings of the poor is feeble and merciful.

To guard itself from offensive opinions, as well as offensive conduct, society does and must ratten. So delicate are the cords which bind together our family system, that the conflict of jarring creeds may sever the frail tie; and to avoid that danger, men and women have a tendency to select their friends from among those who, in the main, hold the same opinions as themselves, or at least who do not endanger the social peace by giving emphatic expression to doctrines from which they themselves dissent. Thus we have Tory, Liberal, Radical, and Democratic circles of society: Low Church, Broad Church, High Church, and Hard Church circles; Pantheistic and Positivist circles; circles of professional atheism, and circles of believers in everything that does not take the form of a distinct proposition. Only by means of rattening can the members of those coteries save them from being ruptured by the shock of heresy, and hence rattening is unscrupulously employed. If at a time when political or religious passions run high, a man strongly takes one side or the other, he is forthwith cast out of the synagogue by kind friends. He is shunned and denounced by one set because, being a Tory, he loses no opportunity of throwing ridicule on what he is pleased to call that refuge of rabbledom, Democracy, with its regiment of roaring ruffians from Oliver Cromwell to John Bright. He is shunned and denounced by another set, because, being a Radical, he loudly expresses his hatred of aristocratic government, and, in the presence of aggressive High Churchism, declares that, had he lived in the days when Englishmen were divided into Roundheads and Cavaliers, he would have enthusiastically gone with the party which prayed that the thunders of of the Lord might smite that Moabitish woman, Henrietta, and which decreed the death of that vessel of wrath, the man Charles Stuart, whom the children of unrighteousness call the Blessed Martyr. By one set he is cast out because he asserts that the Jamaica Committee,

with its presiding genius Mr. Mill, has earned the contempt and execration of all future generations of thinking men. By another set he is cast out because he fervently maintains that in the Jamaica uprising Governor Eyre lost his head, and allowed his subordinates to commit cruelties which none but the weak or the effeminate would have sanctioned for a day; because he expresses a strong wish to hear from the lips of a British jury whether, as a punishment for an uprising which had been officially declared to be at an end, any British governor may whip, shoot, or hang hundreds of men and women; and because, so far from recognising in the shout of Mr. Eyre's defenders an outburst of chivalric sympathy for a fallen man, he bluntly calls it a proof that our governing classes are still instinct with 'the infernal spirit of the slave-master.' For expressing such opinions a man is rattened. Nay he is sometimes rattened as severely as the non-unionist who, at the dictate of a trades society, has to leave a unionist workshop.

Perhaps the rattening which goes on among carpenters and bricklayers finds no more severe censors than the officers and gentlemen to whom we entrust the discipline and command of the British army. Such an interference with regular authority is revolting to the passionate love of order which marks the trained soldier. Yet those officers and gentlemen form a union as compact as the Amalgamated Society of Engineers,—a union with unwritten as well as written laws; and if any member of the society set those regulations at defiance he is remorselessly rattened. One fact may serve as an example. In the plenitude of its wisdom, the aristocratic Government of England maintains that wonderful institution, commission by purchase. By the aid of money, a young, untried, half-educated lad may buy his promotion over the heads of men who, while soldiers in the best sense of the term, are smitten with the curse of poverty. Thanks to the potent influence of hard cash, a man who has never looked an enemy in the face, and never performed any military task more difficult than that of commanding a brigade of troops in a sham fight, may reach the rank of a general officer by the time that a majorship falls to the lot of a poor man whose bravery, coolness, and skill have been tested in a score of hard fights. Nor does that fact indicate the full enormity of the system. Not only are commissions sold, but they have two prices, one named in the Queen's Regulations, the other in the unwritten laws of every mess-room; one legal, the other illegal. For, in a country with an abundance of rich, idle men, there must be a keen demand for commissions in a service which, as at present constituted, gives such men their fitting employment; and, since the supply is not equal to the demand, the prices mount up higher than the figures named by the Government. Virtually, therefore, lieutenancies, captaincies, and majorships are put up to auction, and knocked down at a fancy price. After a lieutenant has lodged in the proper hands the one thousand or two thousand pounds which form the legal price of his captaincy, a claim for perhaps twice as much comes from the officer who is selling out. Having himself paid that amount, he naturally expects to be reimbursed when he leaves the service. But now and then the man who has the right of purchase refuses to pay a fraction more than the legal sum. Such a man may say, 'The State grants me a distinct right to buy my captaincy for 1,000*l.*; if you gave more, that is your affair, not mine; and I am determined to enforce my legal right.'

Or the incoming captain may say, 'I will not waive a right of purchase for which I have long waited; nor am I able to pay you the fancy price; and I insist on having the commission for the sum named in the Queen's Regulations. At the same time, I will take care, if I can, that ultimately you are no loser; for when I sell out I will demand the regimental price, and, after deducting what I myself have paid, I will hand the balance to you.' But what happens to those officers who are bold enough to offer the price which the Queen has declared to be legal, and who refuse to break the regulations which, as Christians and as gentlemen, they have sworn to obey? They are rattened. By their brother officers they are cut dead. No one speaks to them at the mess-table. They must shun the billiard room. The whist table knows them no more. If they are in a cavalry regiment, the colonel suddenly finds that they can't ride, or that their horses are not good enough for the service. The first slip of which they may be guilty is seized as a pretext for bringing their shortcomings under the eye of that Vatican of the officer class, the Horse Guards, and speedily the offenders find themselves doomed to expiate their offences in the cold shade of half pay.

And they deserve it, some people will reply; they deserve it for being so mean; they should not have entered the army at all, if they did not intend to comply with its rules, unwritten as well as written. Perhaps so; but in that case don't excuse the non-unionists for being false to their order, on the plea that they are simply enforcing their legal rights. The officer who gives for his commission the sum authorised by the Queen, and who gives no more, has as clearly the sanction of the law as the mechanic who does his best to defeat a strike, by offering to take the wages which his fellow workmen have refused. No doubt, the officers and gentlemen of the army may retort that, if they were to tolerate the practice of tendering the legal price, the existing military system of England would speedily go to pieces. No doubt, too, in guarding it from destruction by rattening its assailants, they simply follow the example which is set by all other associations. That is quite true. But a precisely similar retort is made by the bricklayers and the carpenters. Those workmen say that the duty which they owe to their wives, their children, and their fellow-craftsmen, obliges them to ratten the traitors who, by breaking the trade rules, menace the comforts of their household, and assail the stability of the craft itself, —that craft which is to the workman what the Church is to the religious devotee; that craft which has in it something of life, something to be loved, and fought for, and, if need be, starved for. What those who call themselves the better classes do not, and, it would seem, cannot understand, is that their feelings of class and caste are shared in at least equal measure by the humble mechanics who build their houses and paint their doors.

So much for the rattening which is practised by the officers and gentlemen who hold her Majesty's commissions in the British army. But of all trades unions, that which rattens with the most pitiless rigour, and which carries its rattening to the most deadly lengths, is the Church. I do not use the word Church in the same restricted sense as the Rev. Mr. Thwackum used the word 'religion' when he meant 'the Christian religion; and not only the Christian religion, but the Protestant religion; and not only the Protestant religion, but the Church of England.' By the word Church I do not mean the Church of England alone; although, by her heroic stand in defence of such

Christian institutions as the Irish Establishment, that Church proves herself to be pure and spotless amid the host of sects which are encrusted with the imbecilities of superstition or the vulgarities of Dissent. Still less do I mean the Church of Rome, with her triple crown of gilded error. Still less do I mean those Nonconformist congregations whose wicked forefathers beheaded that man of God, Charles I., and impugned the purity of that other man of God, the protector of Nell Gwynne; those seditious schismatics who, with blasphemous tongue, have called the Sermon on the Mount the Gospel of Democracy, even when the mitred theologians of the Church have taught the divine right of kings to hang their subjects, and have hinted that resistance to kingly oppression ranked among the sins for which there is forgiveness neither in this world nor in the world to come. When I speak of the Church I mean the whole Church. And the whole Church lives, moves, and has its being in rattening. In the ancient days,—when men believed in heaven and hell as firmly as we cold worldlings believe in the beatitude of wealth or the damnation of poverty —when the clergy were not a band of supremely respectable gentlemen, who are praised only when they do nothing, but a mighty host that wielded the rewards and the terrors of the world to come—in those golden days of consecrated iniquity, when the Church held in her hands the power of life and death, rattening was carried to a pitch of perfection which we shall never see again. The man who was convicted of heresy first incurred the spiritual censure of his order; then, if a priest, he was stripped of his holy office, and cast out of the spiritual union ; and, finally, he was handed over to the secular arm to be burned alive. That is, he was first mildly rattened, and then he was rattened to death. If a Pope found himself stubbornly defied by an earthly king, the successor of St. Peter, the Vicegerent of Christ, the high-priest of the Church of peace and brotherly love, sometimes rattened the subjects of the offending prince on the most gigantic scale that the world has ever seen. He hurled against their country the terrible sentence of interdict. Forbidding the usual solemnisation of marriages, he practically ordained that in many cases wedded life should be a life of open sin. He prohibited the open solemnisation of religious worship. He prohibited all but the clergy from attending the celebration of mass. He prohibited the priest from allowing the dead to be buried in consecrated ground. He prohibited the clergy from saying prayers at the burial of the dead. He carried his vengeance to such a pitch as practically to decree that millions should be tortured for years in the fires of purgatory, and that other millions should burn for ever in the infinite furnace of hell. That was rattening! The only parallel is furnished by the conduct of those ancient Britons who, swept out of the eastern and midland counties of England by the conquering Saxon, took refuge in the solitudes of Cornwall and Wales. Robbed of their worldly goods and driven out of their old homes, the fugitives had still one consolation: knowing the truths of Christianity, they held in their hands the key of heaven, whereas their enemies were still sunk in brutish heathenism. For their defeat in battle, therefore, they could exact supreme vengeance. Withholding from their foes the light of the Gospel, they could leave them to invoke an Odin who should be terribly deaf at the Judgment Day. Letting the Saxon invaders perish in their unbelief, they could punish them with the never-dying flames of hell. And they did it! Many a Briton, as he

mournfully turned his eyes towards the fertile plains and valleys of his fathers, in which he should never dwell again, reflected with bitter joy that the invaders who had made him an exile were expiating their crime in the the deepest abysses of the fiery pit, and that they should for ever beseech some British Lazarus for water to cool the tip of their tongue, and should for ever beseech in vain. In those days rattening was practised to some purpose. But even in later ages the Church has shown masterly skill in the art. Luther was rattened for denying the Church's right to impose her interpretation of Scripture on the minds of men. Huss, Cranmer, and a thousand other reformers, were rattened to death for protesting against the corruptions of Rome. Smithfield has witnessed more atrocious rattening than any other spot in England. The objection may be made, that in some of those cases the rattening received the sanction of the law, and therefore does not come under the same head as the deeds done in our own day by the trades unions. Still it was the Church, not the law, which pronounced the censure; the Church was guided by rules which she herself had made; and the law was only the submissive instrument of her vengeance. Nor, though the Church can no longer use the arm of the law to enforce her pitiless decrees against non-unionist heretics, do we find that she rattens less remorselessly, or that, if she had the power, she would ratten less frequently. When a Lamennais breaks with Rome, he is punished with the lash of spiritual censure, and ultimately has to leave the holy union, with its benefits of prestige and power. When a Colenso dares to say that the theory of plenary inspiration will not stand the test of facts, he is set upon by all the spiritual unionists in England; his books are condemned in half the pulpits of the land; Convocation issues its fussy anathemas; the bishops debar him from preaching in their dioceses; his metropolitan strives, by fair means and by foul, to oust him from his see; the trustees of the funds that support his episcopate stop his salary until the law comes to his aid; and, though the law has distinctly declared that he has not exceeded the liberty of discussion which is granted by the canons of his Church, his enemies move heaven and earth to have another Bishop of Natal consecrated, and to cast him adrift. If such conduct is not rattening, nay, rattening of the worst description, there is no such offence on record.

But are the orthodox to blame for thus rattening the offending prelate? Not at all. They are bound to ratten him. Whether his teaching is right or wrong, he is unquestionably striking at the root of the existing form of spiritual unionism, and those who hold that form to be divine are charged by the most sacred considerations of duty to use their most strenuous efforts to deprive him of authority. Some people blame the Bishop of Capetown for throwing England into a ferment by his efforts to unfrock the Bishop of Natal, and even say that he would be an inquisitor if he had the power. But such censures and taunts are strangely misplaced. Dr. Gray is acting in strict accordance with the traditions of his Church. If he strikes harder than the rest of his episcopal brethren at Dr. Colenso, it is because he has a higher sense of duty and a bolder heart. If the Church, as at present constituted, is to be kept up, it can only be by such men as Dr. Gray, and only by the help of such bold, persecuting principles as those that he practises. If the Church, as at present constituted, is to perish, it will perish under the strokes, not of sworn foes like M. Renan, but of sworn friends like

Dean Alford and Dean Stanley. The Bishop of Capetown merits the thanks of every Church unionist. Perhaps his principles may appear slightly immoral to those irreverent and blind worldlings who see in a bishop nothing but a professional man of more or less ability; who contradict a bishop as recklessly as they contradict a journalist or a lawyer; and who, in the profane praseology of the betting ring, maintain that the chances are a hundred to one against a bishop's taking the right side in any great social or political movement that imperils the institution of which he is a chief soothsayer. Men whose thoughts take such a libertine turn naturally wish that prelates like Dr. Gray were transformed into black-beetles, which it were no sin to crush with the secular toe. Naturally, also, they lift their hats in token of reverential homage to ecclesiastics like the Dean of Westminster or the Dean of Canterbury, in whom they see the highest types of churchmanship. Differing in many things from those eminent divines, they nevertheless speak of them with that respect which is challenged by nobility of character, and a constant attempt to walk in the footsteps of their Master. But, in spite of the homage thus paid by worldlings, men like Dean Stanley and Dean Alford are as bad Church unionists as they are good Christians. They seek to break down the dogmatic barriers which at present shut Dissenters out of the national Church. Nay, unless their words strangely belie them, they would bring to the table of their Master even the halt, the lame, and the blind, — the doubting souls who listen with the delicate tremor of refined disgust to the dogmatic shriek of the creeds, and who, as they look over the world-wide field of that revelation which has been vouchsafed by a merciful and loving Father to all men in all times, hear with gladness only one voice, the voice which eighteen centuries ago was softly lifted on the hill-sides of Judea. Nor, in thus wishing to widen the portals of the English Church so that the reverent doubter as well as the schismatic may come in, do the chief deans of that Church stand alone. One of the Church's most distinguished prelates, Dr. Hinds, the late Bishop of Norwich, has recently published a pamphlet of singular boldness, in which he pleads that almost unlimited freedom of discussion should be granted to the Anglican clergy. If they doubt her doctrines, he would let them say so. If they deny those doctrines, he would subject them to no legal prosecution. In his old age, while the vigour of his intellect is yet untouched, and after he has gathered that subtle wisdom which years alone can impart, this father of the Church beseeches his fellow Christians to trust for the preservation of doctrinal purity, not in the arm of the law, but in the power of truth.

More revolutionary counsel it would be difficult to give. Let it be taken, and we shall no longer have such sad familiarity with spiritual rattening. Let it be carried out in the spirit as well as the letter, and even a bishop may be able to throw over such doctrines as the plenary inspiration of the scripture, without subjecting himself to volleys of threatening letters, written for the kingdom of heaven's sake; without exposing himself to shots from spiritual air-guns, loaded with ignorance, and aimed from behind archiepiscopal hedges by mitred malice.

Measured by an ideal standard of morality, rattening of every description may be wrong, and we may be bound to leave entirely with the law the task of punishing each other's shortcomings or misdeeds; but an ideal standard of morality can be applied only to an ideal

state of society; and so long as communities are cut up like ours into a multitude of minute divisions, each having its own individuality, each prizing its own existence, and each watchful to defeat the encroachments of its neighbours, so long must there be, outside the sphere to which legal edicts can apply, a broad tract in which order can be maintained only by the self-elected censorships of unionism. Courtesy, refinement, grace of speech, truthfulness, courage, purity, patriotism, and a host of other virtues are of supreme importance to the common welfare; and if they were to perish, our family system would have lost its basis, friendship have become an impossibility, and a day of national ruin be at hand. But no statute laws suffice to invigorate or perpetuate those qualities. The edicts of the legislator are too formal and stiff to be used for the repression of sins against the finer graces and virtues of life. Such offences must be met by the application of that moral code which every section of society draws up for itself; which is too subtle, too complex, to find expression in written words, or to be enforced with judicial rigidity; but which is none the less clearly understood, and none the less terrible in its force. Such was the plea for duelling in the days when that barbarous institution played an important part in the machinery of our social jurisprudence. Hence the common assertion that duelling was absurd, because it could not decide which of two enemies was the wrong doer, is entirely beside the mark. The aim of duelling was to decide no such question. Its purpose was to preserve a certain standard of manners and conduct in those social grades which found manners and conduct the breath of social life. The practice is to be condemned, not because it aimed at the correction of individual license, but because, using the corrective of death, its punishment was disproportioned to the offence. Duelling is wrong, not because it is a system of rattening, but because, disregarding the sacredness of life, it strikes at the root of society. Broadhead has a name of infamy, not because he rattened—for in rattening he has the countenance of every unionist leader, from the right reverend Father in God down to the old crone who presides over the deliberations of village gossips—but because he rattened by means of violence and murder. As the moral code grows in compass and in delicacy, many of the methods of rattening which are now practised throughout society, and which are held to be perfectly legitimate exercises of social discipline, will no doubt fall under the ban of conscience; just as many of the practices which received the warrant of the highest Christian teachers in the early days of the Church are now seen to be condemned by the spirit of the Gospel. Meanwhile, the solitary rule that we can lay down with respect to rattening is, that it can justly be repressed by the law only when it directly takes away a man's property or character, when it assails him with personal violence, or when it robs him of life. In those cases rattening means theft, assault, or murder; and as such it must be punished without mercy. When, on the other hand, it implies no such crime it must be left alone. If it be a legitimate exercise of individual freedom, it will, in the long run, do no harm; if it be an illegitimate exercise, it will, in the long run, come to an end.

One other accusation remains to be stated. Unionism, we are told, has its root in selfishness, since it is based on the idea that in matters relating to wages or to work, a man should care more for his own craft than for the whole of society besides, and that he should care more for his family than for his craft.

The charge is just. But a precisely similar reproach applies to the members of every other social body. Such is the principle on which a merchant acts when he uses his superiority of information or skill to make a good investment in cotton or tea, though he knows that he thus deprives his neighbour of the chance; and such also is the principle which prompts a father to use his utmost efforts to get good situations for his sons, despite the fact that he thus stands in the way of others who are in greater need of employment. Of course each may reply, that, by fighting like the Gow Chrom for his own hand, each does more good to society than he could accomplish by acting the part of a philanthropist, or by permitting his neighbour to be served before himself. This plea, whether correct or not, is precisely the same as that which we hear from the lips of the unionists. 'By minding our own business, by making it our first duty to see that our wives and little ones are well fed and well clothed, by striking hard at any arrangement which menaces their comfort, we do much more good to the community as a whole,' say the unionists, 'than we could if we were a set of submissive cravens, ready to take what we are offered, never prompt to give blow for blow.'

And is this a Christian sentiment? Is this what the Master enjoined when, in the sublimest moral deliverance ever heard on this earth, he said unto the multitudes who had followed him from Galilee, and Jerusalem, and Judea, 'Take no thought for your life, what ye shall eat or what ye shall drink; nor yet for your body what ye shall put on: take no thought for the morrow; for the morrow shall take thought for the things of itself: all things whatsoever ye would that men should do to you, do ye even so to them, for this is the law and the prophets?' Was it only a world of warring societies, actuated by selfishness, and preying on each other's life,—a world in which the gospel of the exchange should be, that man's chief end was to buy in the cheapest market and sell in the dearest,—a world in which men should think themselves bound to provide their families with the superfluities of existence, even when other families were crying in vain for bread;—was it only such a community that the Divine Moralist had in view when in words of fire he taught the duty of self-sacrifice? Certainly not. If all of us, preachers and hearers, were not blinded by a thick film of cant, we should be ashamed to lift our eyes from the New Testament and make such a declaration. The whole system of modern society is essentially un-Christian. Nay, with reverence be it spoken, so different is it from that which the Master contemplated, that the Christian ethics, in their completeness, are at present essentially impracticable, and only the fanaticism which has a marvellous likeness to depravity would summon society to translate the precepts of the Sermon on the Mount into every-day acts. The teaching of Christ was socialistic to the core. Only to a socialistic democracy do the words of our Lord apply. Our Lord found his real disciples, not in rich and powerful nations, smitten with the passion for gain, with the fever of unrest, with the thirst for dominion—but in the three thousand men of Jerusalem, who, at the summons of Peter to repent and be baptized, gladly received the word, and had all things in common, and sold their possessions and goods, and parted them to all men, as every man had need, and, continuing daily with one accord in the temple, and breaking bread from house to house, did eat their bread with singleness of heart, praising God. That communistic

bond was so foreign to men's natures that speedily it was rudely broken, and the day seems as far off as ever when society can even aim at such perfection of brotherhood. The Master's earthly Jerusalem is an ideal that, with fond longings, we poor, erring, aspiring mortals shall ceaselessly strive after, but in this life shall never reach; an ideal which, hung star-like in the sky, recedes as we pursue.

If, then, a condemnation of trades unionism is wanted, it is to be found in the fact that, summoned to the bar of a high morality, the institution could not bear the judicial scrutiny. In one sense of the word, it is essentially immoral. But so, in the same sense of the word, is every other social institution. With it must be condemned a hundred others which the law holds to be free from reproach. All err by not being socialistic, by not being Christian, enough; and if we condemn unionism on that ground, then, to be consistent, we must give the condemnation so wide a sweep that the result must be the erection of such a socialistic community as the Owens and the Fouriers have never pictured in their wildest dreams. What those who attack the system of trades unionism are really assailing is the family system, such as we know it; what the complete and logical success of their efforts would involve is the mightiest revolution that man has ever seen. If those who love our system of independent family life, independent churches, and independent corporations, would only clear their minds of class prejudices, and ask themselves what warrant those institutions have for existence, they would see the prudence of casting no word of reproach at unionism, and of placing every trades society which does not break the law on exactly the same footing as the London and Westminster Bank. Let the funds of the unions be secured by law; let the members of the unions be as clearly bound to pay their promised contributions as the railway shareholder is bound to meet a legal call on his purse; and let any direct attack on property or person be punished with unrelenting rigour. Such are the demands with which the Household Suffrage Parliament will be asked to comply. No smaller concession will satisfy the working people. Nor will a less grudging concession meet the claims of their powerful allies, that growing band of thinkers who, freed by culture from every prejudice in favour of what is merely English, seek to destroy the last vestige of class privilege, as a preparation for the social equality which they anticipate, and which their teaching heralds.

M.

NOTE.—The arguments in this Essay being manifestly open to reply, the Editor will open the pages of *Fraser* to any competent person who desires to answer them.

NEWS FROM SIRIUS.

By R. A. Proctor, B.A. F.R.A.S.
Author of 'Saturn and its System,' &c. &c.

THERE are certain problems in astronomy which have never been satisfactorily solved, though they seem at first sight to present no features of special difficulty, or even to be quite similar in character to other problems which have been found easy of solution. For example, astronomers were for a long time unable to determine the weight of the planet Mercury; and the estimate now accepted is far from being a satisfactory one. Similar difficulties have been encountered in the attempt to estimate the weight of Venus and Mars. Yet these are the nearest of the planets; and Jupiter, Saturn, Uranus, and Neptune, which are so much farther from us, have long since been accurately weighed. We have seen, also,[1] that the features of Mars—his oceans, continents, and polar ice-caps—have been satisfactorily delineated, while those of Venus, our nearest neighbour among the planets, remain altogether unknown. Again, we have learned what elements exist in many of the fixed stars, although the nearest of these bodies is more than two hundred thousand times farther from us than the sun; yet we know nothing of the physical constitution of the planets, or even of our near neighbour the moon.

Amongst other problems which have hitherto appeared insoluble, is that of determining whether the stars have any motion directly towards or from the earth.

We can form an estimate of the stars' transverse motions, because these result in an apparent change of place. And in the few instances in which we are acquainted with a star's distance, the knowledge of its apparent transverse motion enables us to ascertain the real rate (in miles per year) at which the star is speeding onwards through celestial space. It has been noticed, for instance, that a certain star called 61 Cygni has an annual motion so considerable that in about 350 years the star would be shifted over a space in the heavens equal to the moon's apparent diameter. Now it happens that this star is one of the few with whose distance from us we are acquainted. In fact, so far as observation has yet gone, this star is nearer to us than any in the northern heavens. Knowing the star's real distance, we can translate the star's apparent motion into real transverse motion in miles per annum. When this has been done, it results that the star is moving over nearly 1,450 millions of miles annually, in a direction at right angles to the line of sight. This motion is equivalent to about forty miles per second.

But the star may really be moving much more rapidly through space. For besides this transverse motion, it may have a motion of approach or recession with respect to the earth. A motion of this sort would, of course, produce no effect on the star's apparent position. The only effect it could have would be to increase or diminish the star's apparent brightness. But so enormous is the distance of the fixed stars that no effect of this sort could be expected to take place. For, let us suppose that 61 Cygni is approaching us at the rate above assigned to the star's transverse motion—that is, at the rate of 1,450 millions of miles in a year. This space, enormous as it

[1] See *Fraser's Magazine* for August: 'Lands and Seas of another World.'

seems, scarcely exceeds the fifty-thousandth part of the star's distance; so that in a thousand years the star would not be nearer to us by more than one fiftieth part of its present distance.

It seems, therefore, quite hopeless to look for information respecting any motions of this sort among the fixed stars. For if no evidence of motion towards or from us can be detected in the case of a body which is certainly one of the nearest among the fixed stars, it is still less likely to be afforded in the case of other stars.

Yet the problem here presented is precisely the one whose solution we have to record. The manner in which the problem has been solved is deserving of careful study. We shall have to make some preliminary remarks, which at first sight seem scarcely to bear on the subject we are dealing with.

It is known that light travels in a series of waves of extreme minuteness, and propagated with extreme velocity through an ethereal medium which occupies all space and the interstices of solid bodies. We know little of the habitudes of this ethereal medium; in fact, we only know of its existence through its quality of transmitting light and heat. So long as light and heat were supposed to travel directly from the sun and stars to the earth, the existence of a fluid occupying the interstellar and interplanetary spaces could hardly have been suspected. But the case is different now that the undulatory theory of light has been established. For, just as the transmission of the tidal wave from the Southern Ocean to our own shores is an evidence (and would be, of itself, a sufficient evidence) that the waters which wash our shores communicate with the southern seas, so the fact that light-waves from the sun and from the stars reach our earth, affords sufficient evidence that the medium in which they travel occupies—without break or interruption—the interplanetary and interstellar spaces.

The waves of light are, as we have said, exceedingly minute. It has been proved that their average length is about the fifty-thousandth part of an inch. But they are not all of the same length; and light-waves of different length produce light of different colours. There are some light-waves so long as the forty-thousandth part of an inch: waves of this length produce red light. There are others so short as the sixty-thousandth part of an inch: waves of this length produce violet light. Waves of the average length produce green light. And we may remark, in passing, that this is doubtless the reason why green light is so agreeable to the eye: for the light-appreciating powers of the eye are called into fuller exercise in dealing with waves belonging to either extreme.

It is not to be supposed that there are sudden limits to the length of the waves we are dealing with. Just as there are sounds which are too grave or too acute to be appreciated by the ear, so there are light-waves, or rather, we should say, there are forms of light which the eye has no power to appreciate as light. Such waves produce effects—heating, actinic, and chemical, but the eye does not recognise them as light-waves.

Light travels at the rate of 180,000 miles per second, and the question may here arise—and will be found to have an important bearing on the subject of our paper—whether waves of different length travel at the same rate. This question must be answered, it should seem, in the affirmative. For, since light takes nearly an hour in travelling from Jupiter to us, it would follow, if there were any appreciable difference in the rate at which the longer and shorter light-waves travel, that

the satellites on emerging from eclipse would not appear white. Suppose, for instance, that the longer light-waves travelled fastest, then a satellite immediately after eclipse would appear red, and gradually, as light of the other colours of the spectrum came to reinforce the red light, the colour of the satellite would change from red through orange, buff, fawn-colour, and flushed white to pure white. Similarly, if the shorter light-waves travelled fastest, the colour of the satellite would change from violet through indigo, olive, russet, and greenish white to pure white. As no such changes occur we may assume with considerable confidence that light-waves of different length travel at the same rate.

We now have to consider a circumstance which may be aptly illustrated by the waves of the sea. If we imagine a stout swimmer urging his way amidst a wave-tost sea, or rather, amidst a sea crossed by a succession of long rollers, we shall see that according to the direction of his motion, he would be apt to form a different estimate of the rate at which the waves were travelling. It is clear that in the case, only, of his swimming in a direction parallel to that of the wave-fronts, would the waves seem to pass him at their true rate. If he swam facing them they would seem to travel more quickly, and if he swam with them they would seem to travel more slowly, than they would if he were at rest. Now, if he were not to consider his own motion he would be led by these varying appearances to form varying estimates, not merely of the velocity of the waves, but of their *breadth*. The faster the wave-crests passed him, the narrower would the waves appear to be, and *vice versâ*.

It is obvious that similar considerations apply to any system of waves whatever. Take, for instance, the waves in air which produce sound. These travel at the rate of nearly 1,200 feet per second. If a sound be maintained at a given *pitch*—that is, by air-waves of given length—this sound will appear to vary in pitch according as the auditor is at rest, or moving towards or from the source of sound—if only, in the latter cases, the observer's rate of motion bears an appreciable proportion to the rate at which sound travels. It was stated by the late Professor Nichol of Glasgow that the experiment has actually been tried. 'On the railway uniting Utrecht with Maarsen, were placed at intervals of something upwards of a thousand yards three groups of musicians, who remained motionless during the requisite period. Another musican on the railway sounded at intervals one uniform note, and its effects on the ears of the stationary musicians have been fully published. From these certainly—from the recorded changes between *grave* and the more *acute*, and *vice versâ*, confirming even *numerically* what the relative velocities might have enabled one to predict—it appears justifiable to conclude that the general theory is correct, that the note of any sound may be greatly modified if not wholly changed by the *velocity of the individual hearing it*,' or, he should have added, by the velocity of the source of sound itself.

Let us apply the same consideration to light-waves. We must first consider the velocity of light. It will appear, at first sight, hardly conceivable that any orb in the celestial spaces should be moving with a velocity bearing an appreciable relation to the enormous velocity with which light travels. Even the velocity of 61 Cygni—about 40 miles per second—would almost be *rest* as compared with a velocity of 180,000 miles per second. We may compare the relation between these unequal velocities to that between the velocity of the swiftest express

train and a velocity of about twenty yards per hour, or one foot per minute—a velocity scarcely exceeding that of the snail. If, therefore, we supposed the star 61 Cygni *to shine with light having a constant wave-length*, in other words, with *monochromatic* light, we could not expect to detect any difference in the colour of its light on account of any motion the star may have towards or from the earth.

But a consideration connected with the words we have italicised renders the solution of our problem in this way altogether hopeless. Returning to our swimmer, if waves of every possible length between certain limits were passing him, and he were only capable of noticing those which seemed to lie between much narrower limits of length, it would clearly make no difference whether he swam with or against the course of the waves. And this case exactly corresponds with that of the observer on earth. The astronomer, M. Doppler, who first suggested that the colours of the stars, and especially of certain double stars, might depend on the stars' motions of recess or approach, omitted to take this important circumstance into consideration. If we assumed that a star were approaching us so rapidly that the waves of red light were apparently reduced in length so as to produce the effect of orange light, then the orange part of the star's light would produce the effect of yellow light, the yellow of green, the green of blue, the blue of indigo, the indigo of violet, and lastly the violet part of the light would become inappreciable. So far, then, there seems to be a change—in the loss of all the red part of the light. But as it is certain that there are light-waves of greater length than those which produce red light, and that these waves by being apparently shortened could become appreciable to the sight and give the effect of red light, we see that there would be absolutely no change whatever in the colour of the light received from a star moving towards us even at the tremendous rate indicated by our supposition.

Thus we seem to be no nearer the solution of our problem than we were before.

But there is a peculiarity in the light received from the sun and stars which remains to be mentioned, and which has led to a very satisfactory and trustworthy solution of the difficult problem we have been dealing with.

It has been observed that the solar spectrum is crossed by a multitude of dark lines parallel to each other and at right angles to the length of the spectrum. These lines are arranged in so complex a manner that each of the stronger lines, and every group of faint lines, is distinctly recognisable. Thus physicists speak of the strong line F in the green part of the spectrum, of the double line D in the orange part of the spectrum, of the group of seven lines in such and such a part of the spectrum, and so on. These lines never vary in arrangement or position. Corresponding lines are seen in the spectra of the stars; the spectra vary among themselves, but each spectrum remains constant as respects the arrangement of its distinctive lines. But note also that although different stars have different spectra, yet these variations arise merely from the fact that certain lines are present in one spectrum and wanting in another, or *vice versâ*. The lines which *do* appear are the same lines which have been measured in the solar spectrum. Thus a physicist will say—In the spectrum of such and such a star the lines B, D, and F are well seen; the existence of C and E is suspected, but these lines are very faint; G and H are not seen. He *knows* that these lines are the same as those in the solar spectrum, either because he has

carefully estimated their position, or because he has brought the star's spectrum into direct comparison with the spectra of certain terrestrial elements in which these lines appear.

Now here we have at once a most delicate means of detecting stellar movements of approach or recess. If in the spectrum of a star we can see a recognisable group of lines, or a line recognisable by its strength, and if in any way we can prove that this line does not hold the exact position which it has in the solar spectrum, then the change of position must be looked upon as due to the star's motion towards or from the earth. The shifting of the spectrum bodily, which, as we have seen, produces no change whatever in the star's *colour*, brings all the *lines* into new positions, and any one line, marked enough for ready examination, suffices as well as a hundred to determine the existence of such a change.

We need hardly say, however, that the inquiry, even under these favourable circumstances, is one of extreme delicacy. In the ordinary prismatic spectrum the change of position would be wholly inappreciable, and the eminent physicist who has just succeeded in solving the problem in the case of the star Sirius, had to make use of a spectroscope having a dispersive power seven times as great as that of a single equiangular prism of crown glass in order sufficiently to magnify the variation in question. This gentleman, Mr. Huggins, came to the examination of the problem we are considering, with a large amount of experience in spectroscopic researches; yet it was a problem of such extreme difficulty that much time was expended and many experiments were made before he could conduct his inquiry to a successful issue.

Mr. Huggins first satisfied himself that a certain conspicuous line in the spectrum of Sirius corresponds to the line F in the solar spectrum. This line also appears as a bright line in the spectrum of the light of hydrogen. The spectra of Sirius and of incandescent hydrogen were then brought side by side for direct comparison. With the powerful dispersing spectroscope made use of by Mr. Huggins, the line F in the spectrum of Sirius was found to be separated by about one two-hundred and fiftieth part of an inch from the corresponding line in the spectrum of hydrogen. The displacement was towards the red end of the spectrum, so that it indicated a motion of *recession* between the earth and the star.

Now the displacement having been measured very accurately we are enabled to calculate the rate at which Sirius is receding from the earth. The observed alteration is found to indicate a recession at the rate of 41·4 miles per second. But we must consider the earth's motion also, because she moves so rapidly around the sun as largely to affect the apparent motions of recess or approach which the stars may have with respect to her. She travels around her orbit at a mean rate of about eighteen miles per second. At the time of Mr. Huggins's observation the direction of the earth's motion was such that she was receding from Sirius at the rate of about twelve miles per second. Deducting this velocity from the total rate of recession, it results that Sirius is receding from the earth at the rate of about 29½ miles per second, or about 930 millions of miles annually.

Two circumstances have to be considered however before we can look upon the actual motion of Sirius as determined.

It has been calculated that the sun, with his system of attendant orbs, is speeding through space at the rate of 150 millions of miles per year. And it happens that the

point in space towards which the sun is moving—which lies in the constellation Hercules, is almost exactly opposite the constellation Canis Major in which the star Sirius is situated. Therefore we must diminish the above mentioned motion of recession by nearly the whole amount of the sun's proper motion, leaving to Sirius *a proper motion of recession of about 780 millions of miles per annum.*

Lastly, we must consider the transverse proper motion of Sirius. It follows from Henderson's estimate of the distance of Sirius (lately confirmed by the researches of Mr. Cleveland Abbe) that the star has a transverse motion of about 450 millions of miles per annum. Combining this motion with the star's motion of recession we deduce an actual velocity through space of upwards of one thousand millions of miles in a year, or about thirty-three miles per second.

But it is rather from what is promised than from the information which has actually been obtained, that the process of inquiry so successfully pursued by Mr. Huggins derives its chief interest. Doubtless the discovery that the brightest star in the heavens is speeding onward with so enormous a velocity through space is in itself well deserving of our attention. But if it shall become possible—and we see nothing in the nature of things which should prevent it—to determine in the same manner the motions of recession or approach of all the stars visible to the naked eye, then we shall have a fund of knowledge from which many most important facts respecting the economy of the stellar system cannot fail to be deduced.

For, let us consider the nature of the knowledge which astronomers had already gleaned respecting stellar motions, and the use to which they had applied that knowledge.

They had obtained exact estimates of the apparent motions of the stars—or what is termed their proper motion—upon the celestial sphere. But, at first sight, these estimates appear almost valueless, so far as our views respecting the true motions of the stellar universe are concerned. For, first, as we have already mentioned, the motion thus indicated in any case might in reality be but a small portion of a star's true motion. And further, unless a star's *distance* be known, the determination of the proper motion affords no indication whatever, even respecting the star's true transverse motion. Now there are not twenty stars in the whole heavens whose distances from us have been estimated *in any way*, and there are not ten whose distances can be said to have been satisfactorily determined. Nor is there much probability that the list will ever be greatly extended. For, the distances of the fixed stars are so enormous that the powers of our best instruments and the skill of our best observers are taxed to the utmost to obtain—even in a few favourable instances—any information whatever respecting the minute and almost evanescent shifting of position on which the determination of a star's distance depends.

And yet from the consideration of the imperfect information afforded by the stars' apparent proper motions, astronomers have been able to deduce one of the most interesting astronomical discoveries yet effected. They have learned that the sun with his attendant system is speeding onwards through space, in a certain direction which they have been able to assign, and at a rate of no less than 150 millions of miles per annum. A law also, affecting the general system of stellar motions, has been *guessed at*, and has been considered by many eminent astronomers to be supported by sufficiently satisfactory evidence. It has been supposed that the proper

motions of the stars indicate a vast series of orbital motions around a point in space which does not lie very far from the star Alcyone—the principal star of the Pleiades. I am not putting forward this supposed law as standing by any means on a similar basis with the fact of the sun's onward motion through space. Indeed, I think that the researches on which the law has been founded are far from being sufficient to establish such an hypothesis. But what I wish to dwell upon is the circumstance that the observed proper motions of the stars, imperfect as is the evidence they afford, have yet led to the discovery of one important fact, and have led to the attentive consideration of a yet more important law of stellar motion.

But now, if the method which Mr. Huggins has begun to apply should be extended to all, or even to a large proportion of the fixed stars, what important conclusions may we not hope to see deduced from such observations. For, in the first place, the motions of the stars directly towards or from us are quite as significant as their transverse motions; secondly, we shall know more about the former motions than we have ever been able to learn about the latter; and lastly, neither kind of knowledge considered separately could possibly lead to such satisfactory results as we may hope to gather from the knowledge of the *actual* motions of the stars through space. There now really seems a promise that one day something may come to be learned respecting the movements of the sidereal mechanism. The constellations which now seem to be scattered without discernible law over the vault of heaven may be forced, perhaps, to reveal to us their secrets, the law of organisation which binds them into a system, the paths along which their component stars have been travelling before they reached their present position, and those along which they are to travel for many future ages. Meantime long processes of patient labour and systematic observation lie before the astronomer. Not in our day, nor perchance for many generations, will the Copernicus of the stellar system appear; and for him astronomers will have to lay up during those long years a rich store of materials. 'How much,' says Sir John Herschel, 'is escaping us! And how unworthy is it in them who call themselves philosophers, to let the grand phenomena of nature—those slow but majestic manifestations of the power and glory of God—glide by unnoticed, and drop out of memory beyond reach of recovery, because we will not take the pains to note them in their unobtrusive and furtive passage, because we see them in their every-day dress, and mark no sudden change, and conclude that all is dead because we will not look for signs of life, and that all is uninteresting because we are not impressed and dazzled. To say indeed,' he adds, 'that every individual star in the Milky Way is to have its place determined and its motion watched would be extravagant; but at least let samples be taken—at least let monographs of parts be made, with powerful telescopes and refined instruments—that we may know what is going on in that abyss of stars, where at present imagination wanders without a guide.'

POETRY AND GEORGE ELIOT.

A LETTER FROM A HERMITAGE.

AT anchor once more. And what kind of anchorage is it, you ask? Not to be treated with disrespect, I assure you.

A bosky dell—a cleft in the hill side, wooded up to the summit either way—a mountain ravine where the walnut and the pine and the beech and the plane, and rich masses of brushwood, and tangled wild brambles and raspberries, and a great army of wild flowers, have been thrown together by the Maker of us all. Where the sunshine streams mystically through green leaves, and lights up visionary aisles, or burns at sunset upon the ruddy bark of the pine. Where the burn whimples through moss and ivy, and sings a song whereof the burden is clear to those who listen through the summer night. Where huge cliffs that might front Ocean itself are hung with festoons of ivy, and fringed with golden furze. Where the spring wild flowers earliest begin to bloom. Where beneath the solemn branches of the wide-spreading trees the blue hyacinth, and the wood-sorrel, and the wild geranium disperse the gloom. Where the owl sweeps softly through the darkness or blinks at the passers-by from her nest high among the bushy ivy on the rocks. Where the thrush discourses exquisite music through the April twilight,—thanking God in her sweet fashion that since he has denied her immortality, her lines upon his earth have fallen in pleasant places. Where in breezy May the roving pirate of the Spring finds a voice that might suit the dreamiest and most pensive of birds. Where when in June afternoons deep languor falls upon the wood, the inarticulate well-pleased thanksgiving of the cushat rises from far-off woodland depths. Where the thorn is white with blossoms—snow-flakes that do not melt in the sunlight—and the lilac and the laburnum make all the hill side gay. Where the garden is full of old-fashioned roses and old-fashioned herbs, that diffuse a fragrance like that which clings to the brocaded dress of your great-great-grandmother—which has been put away religiously ever since she wore it one memorable night when the Prince danced with her in his palace of Holyrood. Where the dovecot is as old-fashioned as the flowers, and the haunt now only of the light-winged swallow—the odour of grand old pigeon pasties growing faint, dying away, in the distance.

The site for a hermitage, truly, after the most approved fashion. And for the hermit's residence picture, if you can, my Lord Elcho, something neat and simple, in the way of CAVES, a cave hung with ivy and lined with moss—with herbs and cold water *ad lib.*

Such a retreat must lie, you fancy, in some secluded Highland glen. But it is not so. Climb to the summit of this strange volcanic ridge—a hill not unmemorable in song—and a splendid panorama of mountain and sea and plain will suddenly burst upon you—as fair a scene, as wide an amphitheatre, as noble a city, as Marmion beheld from the top of Blackford Hill.

Upon the smoke wreaths, huge and slow,
That round her sable turrets flow,
The morning beams were shed,
And tinged them with a lustre proud
Like that which streaks a thunder-cloud.
Such dusky grandeur clothed the height
Where the huge castle holds its state
And all the steep slope down,
Whose ridgy back heaves to the sky
Piled deep and massy, close and high,
Mine own romantic town!
But northward far, with purer blaze,
On Ochil mountains fell the rays,
And as each heathy top they kissed
It gleam'd a purple amethyst.

Yonder the shores of Fife you saw
Here Preston-Bay and Berwick-Law;
And broad between them rolled
The gallant Firth the eye might note
Whose islands on its bosom float
Like emeralds chased in gold.

A great city lies at your feet, and the north wind bears the clang of bells along with it, as it did when Walter Scott nested among the broom and thorn and whin, and listened to the voices of the town,—

The murmur of the city crowd,
And from his steeple jangling loud
St. Giles's mingling din.

Where Marmion beheld the camp of the foolhardy king, and

On proud Scotland's royal shield
The ruddy lion ramp in gold,

snug villas and terraced streets are now thickly planted among the trees. A fair scene enough, and preferable in some respects it may be, to the heroic vision which dazzled Lord Marmion's eyes. But in other points of view scarcely so fair. The city in which heroic and historic sovereigns kept royal court is now ruled by a council which is not savoury in the nostrils of Christian men. Burghers and burgh magistracy have done great things in their day—as William the Silent knew well. But this council does no such work, nor—looking to the elements of which it is composed—can it be expected to do any such. All the ignoble spites, all the miserable bigotries of ignorant and vulgar natures, are concentrated in the council chamber. The uncouth antics, the monkey-like gambols of this strange menagerie might profitably be left unrecorded, were it not that to them the State has sagaciously confided some of its most delicate functions. They select the teachers in the national universities, and the pastors in the national church. And they exercise their authority with no undue modesty. The most difficult questions in science, the most profound problems in theology, are discussed and settled by men who believe that Euclid was a heathen divinity, and that the Apostle Paul wrote the Shorter Catechism.

Hush! Do not profane the hour with the babble of sinful mortals. The after-glow, when Nature pausing for a moment to praise her Maker puts on her richest robes, is passing swiftly away. On the one hand the sun goes down in golden state; on the other—wonderful contrast!—the sad phantom-like moon travels through the dark branches of the larch. The moon, indeed, has grown so attenuated of late, that it seems a mere pencilled outline on the blue—the blue shining through it as the purple through the grey coating of the cameo.

A great pile of books, you see, has accumulated during my wanderings, the poetry of the year. Every size of volume, from the tiny duodecimo to the portly folio. And you wish me to go through them with the thermometer above 80° in the shade of the walnut tree? Another Raid among the Rhymers like that which cost me the friendship of two poetical bagmen and an amatory professor in by-gone years? Such a task is too herculean for the coolest weather; but some few of the more noticeable may be picked out and discussed leisurely—with such appliances as the inventive branch of the mighty Anglo-Saxon race on the other side of the water (so known in the writings of an amiable friend, known otherwise as the Yankee) has provided for the solace of thirsty mankind. I am weary of dusty politics; I don't see very much left worth fighting for or fighting against: I don't believe in this new way of spreading the Gospel by pulling down the Church; I preferred the old historical constitutional article to this new Brummagem ware: but poetry remains for ever green and fresh—perennially youthful as Apollo.

It would be an intense relief to the critic if he could discover some easy test by which the poetical spirit could be measured, some scientific toy or other like that which the exciseman uses to ascertain the strength of burgundy. But no such toy is at hand. He must use his faculties as he best can—without any mechanical aid. And perhaps that is the reason why of late he has been going so egregiously astray. He may take a little credit indeed for having at last recognised the author of *Jason*; but the fact has only after a prolonged interval been *hammered* into him, for it is ten or twelve years ago at least since *Fraser* reviewed Mr. Morris's first volume of poems, with high commendation. Our confident prediction that the writer would ultimately take a first place among English poets has been already amply confirmed, and *Fraser* is generously pleased to remember that, alone among the critics, she welcomed an authentic minstrel. But the same men who praise *Jason* and *The Earthly Paradise* assure us that *The Spanish Gypsy* is a great poetic feat. I admit that it is a feat—a *tour de force* undoubtedly; but it is a feat in intellectual gymnastics and not in true imaginative invention. When we are told by Mr. Anthony Trollope's critic that *The Spanish Gypsy* is the work of an essentially great and original poet 'which has risen, not with the fret, the brawl, and clamour which belong to shallow waters, but with the unbroken strength and divine radiance of a deep majestic river,' it is time to interpose.

I am not the bigot of any school. I have no special theories as to what poetry is or is not. But whatever else it may or may not be, poetry is, at least, a *life*—the life of the imagination. It works as the Spirit of the Lord worked in the plague-stricken valley—clothing the dry bones: 'So I prophesied as I was commanded; and as I prophesied, there was a noise, and behold a shaking, and the bones came together, bone to his bone, ... and the breath came into them, and they lived, and stood up upon their feet, an exceeding great army.'

Thus the *forms* of poetic life may be, and are, manifold. That thirty-seventh chapter of Ezekiel is poetry. It has the true Hebrew local colouring,—the sombre landscape, the burnt-up valley, the bones which the vultures have picked, the profound conviction of the helplessness of perishing man in the hands of the Lord,—a conviction which shaped if it did not originate the theology of Calvin. Probably no human being (spite of all that his worshippers can say) ever *maundered* so much as Wordsworth; yet it is impossible to deny that he becomes *livingly* lyrical at times. An exact critic can detect the very page, the very line, where the dead words cease, and the organic life of the imagination begins. With him indeed the poetic was a sluggish fire, which, though not speedily quenched, was slow to kindle. Sir Walter Scott wrote poetry,—imaginative life and light and heat are, however, as truly present in his prose as in his verse—in *Ivanhoe*, *The Antiquary*, *Old Mortality*, *The Bride of Lammermoor*, as in *Marmion*. George Eliot has written poetry—many of the characters in *Adam Bede* and the earlier sketches were dipped, like Achilles, in ethereal fire. Formal critics will say that this is mere loose talk, but I differ from them; whenever I see this supreme faculty seizing and reproducing in whatever form any aspect of human life, any emotion of human nature, I recognise the action of the creative, poetic, life-giving faculty.

George Eliot first went astray in *Romola*. All her previous works had been living products of the imagination,—*Romola* was *manu-*

facture. A very great piece of work, unquestionably: a piece of work that perhaps produces a higher sense of the writer's immense and diversified *force* than any of her other works; but bearing the same relation to art, when compared with Hetty or Janet, that an elaborate imitation of one of the great Italian masters does when compared with a bit of true rainy sky by Turner or one of Wilkie's dirty boy-faces. The rainy bit of sky will be a precious possession so long as the colour holds together; there it is, a bit of real metal, of royal coinage, of which the authentic excellence is never doubtful; but the other fades out of memory, becomes quickly a mere confused and obscure reminiscence, because, the artist has reproduced no part of that which his own inner life had appropriated, but has merely repeated a story which he had heard elsewhere. The assimilation must be complete before the reproduction can have any special value. The metal must be fused in the crucible of the imagination before it can come out a living whole. And whoever works otherwise, however patiently, however daringly, produces at last a thing of shreds and patches only.

Now, this is what George Eliot has done, first in *Romola*, latterly, and with even more ambitious aim, in *The Spanish Gypsy*. A critic who does not know the Spanish tongue, or Spanish life except through Smollett's translation of *Don Quixote*, cannot speak with authority; but I am told, by one who knows both thoroughly, that it has no true Spanish colouring—such as is found, for instance, in the minor works of Cervantes. But what I complain of is, that it wants any substantial vitality—Spanish or other. George Eliot does not enter into the life of Fedalma or Zarca as Sir Walter entered into the life of Claverhouse, or Bailie Nicol Jarvie. She works from the surface, not from the core, and her men and women are husks only—the husks of more or less heroic declamation.

Thus, *The Spanish Gypsy*, like *Romola*, is a mistake, and a mistake in several respects. The story violates the laws of imaginative probability; the dialogue is strained and declamatory; the dramatic action, in spite of the sustained intellectual force, is feeble and flags; the characters are destitute of life. Yet on each of these details an immense amount of hard and conscientious labour has been expended, and the cleverness of the counterfeit is in places so remarkable, that it need not surprise us that even sharp-sighted critics should have been deceived. It is indeed better poetry than almost any one *except a poet* could write. If I speak thus strongly, it is because I would fain persuade George Eliot to return to that department of art where her imaginative faculty comes naturally and nobly into play, and in which she has attained, and can again attain—if the critics have not quite spoiled her—supreme excellence. And now for the evidence to support this weighty indictment.

Take first the character-painting—which in a piece more or less avowedly dramatic is perhaps the chief point—and recollect how the great masters worked. Buonarotti, it is said, *tore*, as it were, his conceptions out of the marble, without so much as a cast before him; and it is obvious that Shakespeare must have worked with a like eminent simplicity. He uses no mechanism. His men and women appear upon the stage without a word of introduction; yet they have not been on it for half an hour before we can see precisely what they are—a knowledge which goes on growing until the *cor cordium* of each is laid bare. And all this is accomplished without effort or

spasmodic labour: if art there was, the art is utterly concealed.

George Eliot works in quite a different fashion. There is no principle of gradual development, of unconscious growth, in these Spanish men and women. *The Spanish Gypsy* has been compared with *Philip van Arteveldte*. The difference between the two is the difference between shadows and the robustness of flesh and blood. To the method adopted by George Eliot some part of the unreality produced is possibly to be attributed. None of the characters are allowed to open their lips until they have been fully described and discussed—within brackets (so that one half of the poem is parenthetical). We are presented with an elaborate psychological analysis of each by way of introduction. The whole of them are ticketed. This, we are told, is the priest, who is warranted to think and feel in such and such a way; this, the hidalgo, the astronomer, the poet, and so on. When we at last get to them, we find that each considers himself bound to sustain the character assigned to him by the manager,—the inquisitor delivers an address on casuistry; the astronomer discourses as an astronomer ought to discourse:

> For the ambient,
> Though a cause regnant, is not absolute,
> But suffers a determining restraint
> From action of the subject qualities
> In proximate motion;—

the poet, of course, takes the songs. The lecture and the discourse are uncommonly clever—excellent versified versions of certain medieval treatises on theology and science, with which the authoress must have made herself familiar; but in the lyrics, laboriously artless in form, the poetic failure is conspicuous. The poet himself, Juan by name, is the most shadowy of the shadows. We are told that he worships Fedalma, and follows her as a dog would; but he is otherwise as flat as his own songs, and up to the end we know nothing about him, except that he resembles a faun:

> Most like the fauns that roamed in days of old
> About the listening whispering woods, and shared
> The subtler sense of sylvan ears and eyes
> Undulled by scheming thought, yet joined the rout
> Of men and women on the festal days,
> And played the syrinx too and knew love's pains,
> Turning their anguish into melody.

But, besides the anomaly of hanging the sketch and the finished picture side by side, the mischief is that the two do not always match. The cap does not fit. We are told that Silva is a monument of indecision, and Indecision is sketched with a vigorous pencil:

> A man of high-wrought strain, fastidious
> In his acceptance, dreading all delight
> That speedy dies and turns to carrion:
> His senses much exacting, deep instilled
> With keen imagination's difficult needs;—
> Like strong-limbed monsters studded o'er with eyes,
> Their hunger checked by overwhelming vision
> Or that fierce lion in symbolic dream
> Snatched from the ground by wings and new-endowed
> With a man's thought-propelled relenting heart.
> Silva was both the lion and the man;
> First hesitating shrank, then boldly sprang,
> Or having sprung, turned pallid at the deed,
> And loosed the prize, paying his blood for nought.
> A nature half-transformed, with qualities

That oft bewrayed each other, elements
Not blent but struggling, breeding strange effects,
Passing the reckoning of his friends or foes.
Haughty and generous, grave and passionate;
With tidal moments of devoutest awe,
Sinking anon to farthest ebb of doubt:
Deliberating ever, till the sting
Of a recurrent ardour made him rush
Right against reasons that himself had drilled
And marshalled painfully. A spirit framed
Too proudly special for obedience,
Too subtly pondering for mastery:
Born of a goddess with a mortal sire,
Heir of flesh-fettered, weak divinity.

But, except in the first interview with Isidor and Fedalma, the Duke does not falter. On the whole, throughout a most perplexing and difficult crisis, he acts with eminent decision and clear resolve. There are no signs of mental weakness during the conflict. Once, or at most twice, he appears to recollect that he is a creature of wavering impulse, and bound to act as such; but, in point of fact, from beginning to disastrous close, disregarding every obstacle, he goes straight to his object. The character of the gypsy king, again, is quite uninteresting,—we never believe a bit in this heroic *tramp*. Where did he get his culture? Had he been of a different race, the representation might have been made credible. The most down-trodden of Jews had memories, and histories, and a literature; but the Gitano was the Ishmael of Europe. The dream of raising this nomadic tribe—giving them settled government, and institutions, representative or other—would never have occurred to one of themselves. In dreaming such a dream Zarca denies his nature, and is no longer a Gitano. The arguments which he uses to urge his daughter to fly with him would sound transcendental even on Mr. Gladstone's lips:

Nay, never falter: no great deed is done
By falterers who ask for certainty.
No good is certain, but the steadfast mind,
The undivided will to seek the good:
'Tis that compels the elements, and wrings
A human music from the indifferent air.
The greatest gift the hero leaves his race
Is to have been a hero. Say we fail!—
We feed the high tradition of the world,
And leave our spirits in Zincalo breasts.

But when such heroic paradoxes come from the mouth of the leader of a camp of vagabonds, the sense of utter unreality cannot be overcome. A gypsy John Bright is hardly within the possibilities of fiction.

Again, the *story* itself is essentially incredible. It professes to record a twofold conflict: on the part of Fedalma, the gypsy heroine, the conflict between love, and duty to her father and tribe; on the part of her lover, Silva, the conflict between love, and the instincts and traditions of Spanish knighthood. I do not deny that such a situation contains elements of dramatic interest. The discrepancies are so keen that it is obvious from the outset that at some point or other they must come into tragic collision. Had Fedalma been brought to such a pass that she was imperatively required to choose between her father's life and her lover's love, the mental conflict might have been made terribly effective. But it is not made clear to us that such

a sacrifice was required from her. She might have secured Zarca's safety and yet have remained with Silva. But she tears asunder the strongest and most sacred tie that can bind human creatures together, for a fantastic dream—a dream in which we do not believe, and in which at heart she does not believe either. She is by nature a rover, no doubt; but it is not the roving instinct that takes her away; the roving instinct is silenced when she leaves. She goes *against* her will because Zarca is urgent to found a gypsy monarchy in Africa. This sort of sentimental helplessness does not attract—it simply worries and annoys: the reader's judgment telling him that the sacrifice is, if not aimless, out of all proportion, at least, to the need.

The dialogue in *Adam Bede* is masterly, simple, and powerful; the dialogue in *The Spanish Gypsy*, brilliant with epigram though it be, is uneasy, artificial and declamatory. It manifests a ceaseless striving after effect. There is hardly a page unvexed by some verbal paradox. 'You innocent naughtiness,' 'you daring modesty,' Silva says to his bride. The prior owns, in an epigrammatic soliloquy, that the duke's character is deficient in some of the special graces of the Christian character—

> The prompt devoutness of a generous heart,
> The strong obedience of a reverent will.

George Eliot's verse has the metallic glitter of Kinglake's prose. The arguments to the understanding, the appeals to the heart, that each character might be supposed to use, are thoroughly considered and driven home with force. But the lovers of Shakespeare, of Shelley, of Keats, will understand me when I say that somehow the argument is put in too consecutive a shape for poetry—a certain inconsequence, inconsiderateness, absence of logical method, being characteristic of the forms of poetic argument. Poetry does not reason, it illuminates; it does not persuade, it flashes conviction; it reaches its conclusions by a road that logic does not know; it is a revelation, not a syllogism. George Eliot has much subtlety of intellectual perception, but when she attempts to realise a high subtle transcendental mood of feeling, she is apt to fail. A passage which has been much admired—Fedalma's apology for her dancing in the market-place—may be taken as an illustration of this remark:

> Yes, it is true. I was not wrong to dance.
> The air was filled with music, with a song
> That seemed the voice of the sweet eventide—
> The glowing light entering through eye and ear—
> That seemed our love—mine, yours—they are but one—
> Trembling through all my limbs, as fervent words
> Tremble within my soul and must be spoken.
> And all the people felt a common joy
> And shouted for the dance. A brightness soft
> As of the angels moving down to see
> Illumined the broad space. The joy, the life
> Around, within me, were one heaven: I longed
> To blend them visibly; I longed to dance
> Before the people—be as mounting flame
> To all that burned within them! Nay, I danced;
> There was no longing: I but did the deed,
> Being moved to do it.

Some men admire this—I cannot. It seems to me that the diagnosis of the clever experimentalist has here failed signally.

Similar objections apply, though from the difference of the subject not with equal force, to the descriptive passages. What is the differ-

ence between a description by Lord Macaulay or Mr. Ruskin and one by Keats? It is hard precisely to define the difference; nor can it at once be recognised except by those to whom the poetic light, the imaginative flash, are real things. But to my ear this description of the revival of learning in Europe reads like a page, not from Keats, but from Lord Macaulay:

> Europe is come to her majority,
> And enters on the vast inheritance
> Won from the tombs of mighty ancestors:
> The seeds, the gold, the gems, the silent harps
> That lay deep buried with the memories
> Of old renown.
> No more, as once in sunny Avignon
> The poet-scholar spreads the Homeric page,
> And gazes sadly, like the deaf at song;
> For now the old epic voices ring again
> And vibrate with the beat and melody
> Stirred by the warmth of old Ionian days.
> The martyred sage, the Attic orator,
> Immortally incarnate, like the gods,
> In spiritual bodies, winged words,
> Holding a universe impalpable,
> Find a new audience. For evermore,
> With grander resurrection than was feigned
> Of Attila's fierce Huns, the soul of Greece
> Conquers the bulk of Persia. The maimed form
> Of calmly-joyous beauty, marble-limbed,
> Yet breathing with the thought that shaped its lips,
> Looks mild reproach from out its opened grave
> At creeds of terror; and the vine-wreathed god
> Rising, a stifled question from the silence,
> Fronts the pierced Image with the crown of thorns.

There is no reason why Mr. Ruskin might not have described the Plaça Santiago in almost identical prose:

> 'Tis daylight still, but now the golden cross
> Uplifted by the angel on the dome,
> Stands rayless in calm colour clear-defined
> Against the northern blue; from turrets high
> The flitting splendour sinks with folded wing
> Dark hid till morning, and the battlements
> Wear soft relenting whiteness mellowed o'er
> By summers generous and winters bland.
> Now in the east the distance casts its veil,
> And gazes with a deepening earnestness.
> The old rain-fretted mountains in their robes
> Of shadow-broken grey; the rounded hills
> Reddened with blood of Titans, whose huge limbs
> Entombed within, feed full the hardy flesh
> Of cactus green and blue broad-sworded aloes;
> The cypress soaring black above the lines
> Of white court walls; the jointed sugar canes
> Pale-golden with their feathers motionless
> In the warm quiet:—all thought-teaching form
> Utters itself in firm unshimmering hues.

The scenic effects, in which every detail is elaborately worked out, are often picturesque and impressive. But unfortunately while reading them we cannot keep recollecting that Mr. Dion Boucicault's effects are often picturesque and impressive. The scene on the Plaça Santiago is one of the most striking, especially at the moment when, just

as the sun goes down, the crowd is hustled aside, and Fedalma's dance interrupted, by the passing of the gypsy prisoners:

> When lo! with sound
> Stupendous throbbing, solemn as a voice
> Sent by the invisible choir of all the dead,
> Tolls the great passing bell that calls to prayer
> For souls departed: at the mighty beat
> It seems the light sinks awe-struck—'tis the note
> Of the sun's burial; speech and action pause;
> Religious silence and the holy sign
> Of everlasting memories (the sign
> Of death that turned to more diffusive life)
> Pass o'er the Plaça. Little children gaze
> With lips apart, and feel the unknown god;
> And the most men and women pray. Not all
> The soldiers pray; the gypsies stand unmoved
> As pagan statues with proud level gaze.
> But he who wears the solitary chain
> Heading the file, has turned to face Fedalma.
> She motionless, with arm uplifted, guards
> The tambourine aloft (lest sudden-lowered
> Its trivial jingle mar the duteous pause),
> Reveres the general prayer, but prays not, stands
> With level glance meeting that gypsy's eyes.

The minutest detail in this wonderful picture arrests attention, and I feel sure that Mr. Dion Boucicault, when he '*adapts*' *The Spanish Gypsy*, will be careful to retain *the uplifted tambourine*. But whether Fedalma in point of fact kept her arms thus painfully extended during the evening prayer is another and quite a different question. At all events, with a creature so swift and expert as this gypsy girl, the conscientious explanation cannot be accepted as entirely satisfactory,—

> Lest sudden-lowered
> Its trivial jingle mar the duteous pause.

I have said that this book reminds me of Mr. Kinglake's writings, and it does so in more ways than one. There is the steely glitter — the occasional cynicism — the finical elaborateness of preparation. It is not only that each character or chapter is elaborated to the injury of the unity of the whole, but that each is so separated from the rest that it might stand by itself—the French, the English, the Russian chapters in the history, the inquisitor, the Spanish noble, the Jew, the gypsy in the poem. When the French chapter was finished it was probably put away into a pigeon-hole, and left unmolested till the other parts were ready.[1] In like manner the soliloquy of the prior, for instance, is an exhaustive summary of the casuistry of the Inquisition. But it is not a soliloquy that has been *run* into the drama when the whole mass was at white heat, and consequently it would be equally apposite in the mouth of any inquisitor about to set the Holy Office in motion against a heretic. More apposite in the mouth of an indifferent inquisitor in fact, for it is surely true that men in the crisis of a vehement spiritual conflict, like that through which the prior is passing, are not prompted to resort to these state sophistries. Yet the declamatory, nay dramatic, force of many of the passages, such as that in which the speaker turns passionately to the crucifix, must be admitted to be great:

[1] I am speaking here of the earlier volumes of the *Invasion of the Crimea*; in the later, the writer warms, and the narrative flows on in a strong, clear, uninterrupted stream.

Thou shuddering, bleeding, thirsting, dying God,
Thou Man of sorrows, scourged and bruised and torn,
Suffering to save—wilt thou not judge the world?
This arm which held the children, this pale hand
That gently touched the eyelids of the blind,
And opened passive to the cruel nail,
Shall one day stretch to leftward of thy throne,
Charged with the power that makes the lightning strong,
And hurl thy foes to everlasting hell.

But, as I have already indicated, it is not in force that the poem is defective. Everything, indeed, is forcible—the dialogue, the sentiment, the descriptive passages, the progress of the drama. True imaginative action, on the other hand, is seldom characterised by this constant, direct, sustained, intellectual strain. She is quiet, insinuating, ambiguous. Her beauty is veiled. Her moods are fickle. She relaxes sometimes. She does not always come when called on. The winds of poetry blow in fitful gusts.

After what I have said it is unnecessary to enter into any controversy about the construction of the metre. To my ear, as I have already indicated, it is entirely wanting in any true rhythmic sweetness or music. The soft melodious pulse of life beats in the verse of Keats and Coleridge; George Eliot's is hard, sharp, and galvanic. Having conscientiously quoted what I believe to be the most noteworthy passages in the poem, the passages where the artist is at her best, the reader however must now judge for himself.

I have dwelt so fully upon *The Spanish Gypsy* that I cannot proceed further at present. To Mr. Matthew Arnold and Mr. Morris, as illustrating the classical revival, another paper must be devoted. Meantime let me just say that among the younger poets Miss Crosse, Mr. Baring-Gould, and Mr. Francis Reynolds are worthy of recognition. To American and colonial friends, especially to Mr. Kendall, who addresses us from the antipodes, the thanks of *Fraser* are due. Manuscript poems, poems extracted from the poets' corner of back-wood papers, tiny volumes of poems—not a few—have come to us from them. Many of these are not without merit, though as yet it cannot be said that our distant friends have struck any original or prolific vein. The reminiscences of the old country are still too potent and engrossing. I cannot do better, perhaps, at this holiday season, than conclude this paper with the little poem which is lying beside me, a picture of our own exquisite lake country, written by a dweller in one of the settlements of the far North.

TWENTY YEARS AGO.

I.

Thither we went, when all the fields were red
On either hand
With poppies, waving with the waving corn,
Into the land
Where Derwentwater, i' the lap o' the hills,
Through greenest isles,
And myrtle thickets, and the daffodils,
Divinely smiles;
Where Skiddaw, stretching o'er the gloomy vale
Of sad St. John,
Sees great Helvelyn bare his mighty brow
To the dim dawn;
Where on the banks along the mountain road
The ivy creeps;

Where, by the rushes of the lonely lake,
The mallard sleeps;
Where the pine reddens with the sunset fire
From off the West;
And round its roots the tender hyacinth makes
A lilac mist;
Where, through a wilderness of tangled ferns,
The pheasant gleams,
And all the vales are pleasant with the sound
Of brawling streams;
And fragrant with the sweetness of the grass,
And new mown reeds,
Which, with long rakes, the sunburnt mountain girls
Heap on the meads;
And exquisite with colour—the blue-bell
Swings in the foam
Of torrents, and across the steepest fell
The foxglove is at home.

II.

So we twain journeyed on these summer days
Deliciously,
Until the pike, wherefrom the Lion ramps
Defiantly
Against the sky, had wested, and the vale
Lay at our feet
In emerald and purple, and the breeze
That night was sweet.
And stealing down by Grassmere's mighty graves,
And Rydal Mere,
It murmured of the men who laid their bones
To moulder here,
Making the mountain which they trod by day
By night their bier.

III.

Then from the hills we reached the briny seas
And level lands,
Where, on the narrow neck of the lagoon
Between the sands,
Deep in its own sequestered leafy dale,
The Abbey stands.
The sumptuous pile, hid in the simple dell
Beside the sea,
Across whose sacred spires the western lights
Flamed marvellously:
What time she moved in state along the shore,
And all men came
To feed with mystic rites and offerings
The holy flame
Which burned upon her altars, while the king,
Sitting in hall,
Said to the abbot, 'God alone is good,
And over all.'

IV.

And with us, slowly broadening, eve by eve,
The young moon rides,
Bending her silver bow o'er breezeless tarns,
Where night abides,
Well-pleased with silence, and the lonelier cries
Which stir the hills:—
But ere we came to Windermere's soft woods
And babbling rills,

The bended bow Artemis laid aside,
And on a field
Of lucid blue, the Huntress poised aloft
Her silver shield.—
O moon of mine, who with pale bended brows,
And watchful eyes,
Markest with eager earnest wistful gaze
These evening skies,—
Bow down thy neck, and let thy splendour break
Around me, sweet,—
A stream of light that, ever broadening, draws
Me to thy feet,—
Where I abide until the happy hours
Have ceased to beat.

v.

Still 'mid its leaves the water-lily heaves
'Neath soft Lodore,
And the wild myrtle scents the summer air,
As long before,
When we together watched the sun decline
Into the west,
And one sole thrush was singing drowsily
Beside its nest.
But not for us, Cordelia, not for us
Do lilies blow,
Nor through the accustomed unforgotten vale
Shall Rotha flow.
Thou bindest now no more thy hair with flowers
From Bretha brought,
And the wild-rose, the foxglove, and the heath
Are each unsought
By us, who wander sadly by the shores
Of other streams,
Where the pale morn upon the wintry north
Delays his beams.

vi.

Ah, my first love, 'tis twenty years ago
Since you and I
On that sweet lake, beneath that purple dome
Of evening sky,
Looked strangely out into the unknown years,
And thought of all,
The joy, the grief, the vict'ries, the defeats,
That would befall
These two beginners,—much has changed, my dear,
Since that old time,
But simple honesty and stainless faith
And love divine,
The years consume not, and this dearest hand
Abides in mine.

SHIRLEY.

VIKRAM AND THE VAMPIRE; OR, TALES OF INDIAN DEVILRY.

ADAPTED BY

RICHARD F. BURTON,

Vice-President, Anthropological Society, London.

THE VAMPIRE'S SIXTH STORY.

IN WHICH THREE MEN DISPUTE ABOUT A WOMAN.

ON the lovely banks of Jumna's stream there was a city known as Dharmasthal—the Place of Duty; and therein dwelt a certain Brahman called Keshav. He was a very pious man, in the constant habit of performing penance and worship upon the ruin Sidi. He made his own clay images instead of buying them from others; he painted holy stones red at the top, and made to them offerings of flowers, fruit, water, sweetmeats, and fried peas. He had become a learned man somewhat late in life, having, until twenty years old, neglected his reading, and addicted himself to worshipping the beautiful youth Kama-deva[1] and Rati his wife, accompanied by the cuckoo, the humming-bird, and sweet breezes.

One day his parents having rebuked him sharply for his ungovernable conduct, Keshav wandered to a neighbouring hamlet, and hid himself in the tall-fig tree which shadowed a celebrated image of Panchánan.[2] Presently an evil thought arose in his head: he defiled the god, and threw him into the nearest tank.

The next morning, when the person arrived whose livelihood depended on the image, he discovered that his god was gone! He returned into the village distracted, and all was soon in an uproar about the lost deity.

In the midst of this confusion the parents of Keshav arrived, seeking for their son; and a man in the crowd declared that he had seen a young man sitting in Panchánan's tree, but what was become of the god he knew not.

The runaway at length appeared, and the suspicions of the villagers fell upon him as the stealer of Panchánan. He confessed the fact, pointed out the place where he had thrown the stone, and added that he had polluted the god. All hands and eyes were raised in amazement at this atrocious crime, and every one present declared that Panchánan would certainly punish the daring insult by immediate death. Keshav was dreadfully frightened; he began to obey his parents from that very hour, and applied to his studies so sedulously that he soon became the most learned man of his country.

Now Keshav the Brahman had a daughter whose name was the Sweet Jasmine (Madhumálati). She was very beautiful. Whence did the gods procure the materials to form so exquisite a face? They took a portion of the most excellent part of the moon to form that beautiful face! Does any one seek a proof of this? Let him look at the empty places left in the moon. Her eyes resembled the full-blown blue nymphæa; her arms the charming stalk

[1] Cupid. His wife Rati is the spring personified. The Hindu poets always unite love and spring, and perhaps physiologically they are correct.

[2] An incarnation of the third person of the Hindu Triad, or Triumvirate, Shiva the god of destruction, the Indian Bacchus. The image has five faces, and each face has three eyes. In Bengal it is found in many villages, and the women warn their children not to touch it, on pain of being killed.

of the lotus; her flowing tresses the thick darkness of night.

When this lovely person arrived at a marriageable age, her mother, father, and brother, all three became very anxious about her. For the wise have said, 'A daughter nubile but without husband is ever a calamity hanging over a house.' And, 'Kings, women, and climbing plants love those who are near them.' Also, 'Who is there that has not suffered from the sex? for a woman cannot be kept in due subjection, either by gifts or kindness, or correct conduct, or the greatest services, or the laws of morality, or by the term of punishment, for she cannot discriminate between good and evil.'

It so happened that one day Keshav the Brahman went to the marriage of a certain customer of his,[1] and his son repaired to the house of a spiritual preceptor in order to read. During their absence a young man came to the house, when the Sweet Jasmine's mother, inferring his good qualities from his good looks, said to him, 'I will give to thee my daughter in marriage.' The father also had promised his daughter to a Brahman youth whom he had met at the house of his employer; and the brother likewise had betrothed his sister to a fellow student at the house where he had gone to read.

After some days father and son came home, accompanied by these two suitors, and in the house a third was already seated. The name of the first was Tribikram, of the second Baman, and of the third Madhusadan. The three were equal in mind and body, in knowledge, and in age.

Then the father, looking upon them, said to himself, 'Ho! there is one bride and three bridegrooms; to whom shall I give, and to whom shall I not give? We three have pledged our word to these three. A strange circumstance has occurred; what must we do?'

He then proposed to them a trial of wisdom, and made them agree that he who should quote the most excellent saying of the wise should become his daughter's husband.

Quoth Tribikram: 'Courage is tried in war; integrity in the payment of debt and interest; friendship in distress; and the faithfulness of a wife in the day of poverty.'

Baman proceeded: 'That woman is destitute of virtue who in her father's house is not in subjection, who wanders to feasts and amusements, who throws off her veil in the presence of men, who remains as a guest in the houses of strangers, who is much devoted to sleep, who drinks inebriating beverages, and who delights in distance from her husband.'

'Let none,' pursued Madhusadan, 'confide in the sea, nor in whatever has claws or horns, or who carries deadly weapons; neither in a woman, nor in a king.'

Whilst the Brahman was doubting which to prefer, and rather inclining to the latter sentiment, a serpent bit the beautiful girl, and in a few hours she died.

Stunned by this awful death, the father and the three suitors sat for a time motionless. They then arose, used great exertions, and brought all kinds of sorcerers, wise men and women who charm away poisons by incantations. These having seen the girl said,' She cannot return to life.' The first declared, 'A person always dies who has been bitten by a snake on the fifth, sixth, eighth, ninth, and fourteenth days of the lunar month.' The second asserted, 'One who has been bitten on a Saturday or a Tuesday does not survive.' The third opined, 'Poison infused during a certain six lunar mansions cannot be got under.'

[1] A village Brahman on stated occasions receives fees from all the villagers.

Quoth the fourth, 'One who has been bitten in any organ of sense, the lower lip, the cheek, the neck, or the stomach, cannot escape death.' The fifth said, 'In this case even Bramha, the Creator, could not restore life—of what account, then, are we? Do you perform the funeral rites; we will depart.'

Thus saying, the sorcerers went their way, and the mourning father took up his daughter's corpse and caused it to be burnt, in the place where dead bodies are usually burnt, and returned to his house.

After that the three young men said to one another, 'We must now seek happiness elsewhere. And what better can we do than obey the words of Indra, the god of air, who spake thus?—

'"For a man who does not travel about there is no felicity, and a good man who stays at home is a bad man. Indra is the friend of him who travels. Travel!

'"A traveller's legs are like blossoming branches, and he himself grows and gathers the fruit. All his wrongs vanish, destroyed by his exertion on the roadside. Travel!

'"The fortune of a man who sits, sits also; it rises when he rises; it sleeps when he sleeps; it moves well when he moves. Travel!

'"A man who sleeps is like the Iron Age. A man who awakes is like the Bronze Age. A man who rises up is like the Silver Age. A man who travels is like the Golden Age. Travel!

'"A traveller finds honey; a traveller finds sweet figs. Look at the happiness of the sun, who travelling never tires. Travel!"'

Before parting they divided the relics of the beloved one, and then they went their way.

Tribikram, having separated and tied up the burnt bones, became a Vaisheshika, in those days a powerful sect. He solemnly forswore the eight great crimes, namely: eating at night; slaying any animal; eating the fruit of trees that give milk, or pumpkins or young bamboos; tasting honey or flesh; plundering the wealth of others; taking by force a married woman; eating flowers, butter, or cheese; and worshipping the gods of other religions. He learned that the highest act of virtue is to abstain from doing injury to sentient creatures; that crime does not justify the destruction of life; and that kings, as the administrators of criminal justice, are the greatest of sinners. He professed the five vows of total abstinence from falsehood, eating flesh or fish, theft, drinking spirits, and marriage. He bound himself to possess nothing beyond a white loin-cloth, a towel to wipe the mouth, a beggar's dish, and a brush of woollen threads to sweep the ground for fear of treading on insects. And he was ordered to fear secular affairs; the miseries of a future state; the receiving from others more than the food of a day at once; all accidents; provisions, if connected with the destruction of animal life; death and disgrace; also to please all, and to obtain compassion from all.

He attempted to banish his love. He said to himself, 'Surely it was owing only to my pride and selfishness that I ever looked upon a woman as capable of affording happiness; and I thought, "Ah! ah! thine eyes roll about like the tail of the water wag-tail, thy lips resemble the ripe fruit, thy bosom is like the lotus beds, thy form is resplendent as gold melted in a crucible, the moon wanes through desire to imitate the shadow of thy face, thou resemblest the pleasure-house of Cupid; the happiness of all time is concentrated in thee; a touch from thee would surely give life to a dead image; at thy approach a living admirer would be changed by joy into a lifeless stone; obtaining thee I can face all the horrors

of war; and were I pierced by showers of arrows, one glance of thee would heal all my wounds."

'My mind is now averted from the world. Seeing her I say, "Is this the form by which men are bewitched? This is a basket covered with skin; it contains bones, flesh, blood, and impurities. The stupid creature who is captivated by this—is there a cannibal feeding in Currim a greater cannibal than he? These persons call a thing made up of impure matter a face, and drink its charms as a drunkard swallows the inebriating liquor from his cup. The blind, infatuated beings! Why should I be pleased or displeased with this body, composed of flesh and blood? It is my duty to seek him who is the Lord of this body, and to disregard everything which gives rise either to pleasure or to pain.'

Baman, the second suitor, tied up a bundle of his beloved one's ashes, and followed—somewhat prematurely—the precepts of the great lawgiver Manu. 'When the father of a family perceives his muscles becoming flaccid, and his hair grey, and sees the child of his child, let him then take refuge in a forest. Let him take up his consecrated fire and all his domestic implements of making oblations to it, and, departing from the town to the lonely wood, let him dwell in it with complete power over his organs of sense and of action. With many sorts of pure food, such as holy sages used to eat, with green herbs, roots and fruit, let him perform the five great sacraments, introducing them with due ceremonies. Let him wear a thick antelope hide, or a vesture of bark; let him bathe evening and morning; let him suffer the hair of his head, his beard and his nails to grow continually. Let him slide backwards and forwards on the ground; or let him stand a whole day on tiptoe; or let him continue in motion, rising and sitting alternately; but at sunrise, at noon, and at sunset, let him go to the waters and bathe. In the hot season let him sit exposed to five fires, four blazing around him, with the sun above; in the rains, let him stand uncovered, without even a mantle, and where the clouds pour the heaviest showers; in the cold season let him wear damp clothes, and let him increase by degrees the austerity of his devotions. Then, having reposited his holy fires, as the law directs, in his mind, let him live without external fire, without a mansion, wholly silent, feeding on roots and fruit.'

Meanwhile Madhusadan, the third, having taken a wallet and neck-band, became a jogi (Yogi), and began to wander far and wide, living on nothing but chaff, and practising his devotions. In order to see Bramha he attended to the following duties: 1. Hearing; 2. Meditation; 3. Fixing the Mind; 4. Absorbing the Mind. He combated the three evils, restlessness, injuriousness, voluptuousness, by settling the Deity in his spirit, by subjecting his senses, and by destroying desire. Thus he would do away with the illusion (Maya) which conceals all true knowledge. He repeated the name of the Deity till it appeared to him in the form of a dry light or glory. Though connected with the affairs of life, that is, with affairs belonging to a body containing blood, bones, and impurities; to organs which are blind, palsied, and full of weakness and error; to a mind filled with thirst, hunger, sorrow, infatuation; to confirmed habits, and to the fruits of former births; still he strove not to view these things as realities. He made a companion of a dog, honouring it with his own food, so as the better to think on spirit. He practised all the five operations connected with the vital air, or air collected in the body. He attended much to pranayama, or the gradual

suppression of breathing, and he secured fixedness of mind as follows. By placing his sight and thoughts on the tip of his nose he perceived smell; on the tip of his tongue he realised taste, on the root of his tongue he knew sound, and so forth. He practised the 84 postures (Asana), raising his hand to the wonders of the heavens, till he felt no longer the inconveniences of heat or cold, hunger or thirst. He particularly preferred the padma, or lotus-posture, which consists of bringing the feet to the sides, holding the right in the left hand and the left in the right. In the work of suppressing his breath he permitted its respiration to reach at furthest 12 fingers' breadth, and gradually diminished the distance from his nostrils till he could confine it to the length of 12 fingers from his nose, and even after restraining it for some time he would draw it from no greater distance from his heart. As respects time, he began by restraining inspiration for 26 seconds, and he enlarged this period gradually till he became perfect. He sat cross-legged, closing with his fingers all the avenues of respiration, and he practised prityahara, or the power of restraining the members of the body and mind, with meditation and concentration, to which there are four enemies, viz. a sleepy heart, human passions, a confused mind, and attachment to anything but the one Bramha. He also cultivated yama, that is inoffensiveness, truth, honesty, the forsaking of all evil in the world, and the refusal of gifts except for sacrifice, and nihama, i. e. purity relative to the use of water after defilement, pleasure in everything whether in prosperity or adversity, renouncing food when hungry, and keeping down the body. Thus delivered from these four enemies of the flesh, he resembled the unruffled flame of the lamp, and by Bramhagnána, or meditating on the Deity, placing his mind on the sun, moon, fire, or any other luminous body, or within his heart, or at the bottom of his throat, or in the centre of his skull, he was enabled to ascend from gross images of omnipotence to the works and the divine wisdom of the glorious original.

One day Madhusadan, the jogi, went to a certain house for food, and the householder having seen him began to say, 'Be so good as to take your food here this day!' The visitor sat down, and when the victuals were ready, the host caused his feet and hands to be washed, and leading him to the chanka, or square place upon which meals are served, seated him and sat by him. And he quoted the scripture: 'No guest must be dismissed in the evening by a housekeeper: he is sent by the returning sun, and whether he come in fit season or unseasonably, he must not sojourn in the house without entertainment: let me not eat any delicate food, without asking my guest to partake of it: the satisfaction of a guest will assuredly bring the housekeeper wealth, reputation, long life, and a place in heaven.'

The householder's wife then came to serve up the food, rice and split peas (Cajanus indicus), oil, and spices, all cooked in a new earthen pot with pine firewood. Part of the meal was served and the rest remained to be served, when the woman's little child began to cry aloud and to catch hold of its mother's dress. She endeavoured to release herself, but the boy would not let go, and the more she coaxed the more he cried, and was obstinate. On this the mother became angry, took up the boy and threw him upon the fire, which instantly burnt him to ashes.

Madhusadan, the jogi, seeing this, rose up without eating. The master of the house said to him, 'Why eatest thou not?' He replied, 'I am "atithi," that is to say,

to be entertained at your house, but how can one eat under the roof of a person who has committed such a Rakshasa-like (devilish) deed? Is it not said, "He who does not govern his passions, lives in vain?" "A foolish king, a person puffed up with riches, and a weak child, desire that which cannot be procured." Also, "A king destroys his enemies, even when flying; and the touch of an elephant, as well as the breath of a serpent, are fatal; but the wicked destroy even while laughing."'

Hearing this, the householder smiled; presently he arose and went to another part of the tenement, and brought back with him a book, treating on the science of restoring the dead to life (Sanjivnividyá). This he had taken from its hidden place, two beams almost touching one another with the ends in the opposite wall. The precious volume was in single leaves, some six inches broad by treble that length, and the paper was stained with yellow orpiment and the juice of tamarind seeds to keep away insects.

The householder opened the cloth containing the book, untied the flat boards at the top and bottom, and took out from it a charm. Having repeated this 'mantra,' with many ceremonies he at once restored the child to life, saying, 'Of all precious things, knowledge is the most valuable; other riches may be stolen, or diminished by expenditure, but knowledge is immortal, and the greater the expenditure the greater the increase; it can be shared with none, and it defies the power of the thief.'

The jogi, seeing this marvel, took thought in his heart, 'If I could obtain that book, I would restore my beloved to life, and give up this course of uncomfortable postures and difficulty of breathing.' With this resolution he sat down to his food, and remained in the house.

At length night came, and after a time, all having had supper, and gone to their sleeping places, lay down. The jogi also went to rest in one part of the house, but did not allow sleep to close his eyes. When he thought that a fair part of the hours of darkness had sped, and that all were deep in slumber, then he got up very quietly, and going into the room of the master of the house, he took down the book from the beam ends and went his ways.

Madhusadan, the jogi, went straight to the place where the beautiful Sweet Jasmine had been burned. There he found his two rivals sitting talking together and comparing experiences. They recognised him at once, and cried aloud to him, 'Brother! thou also hast been wandering over the world; tell us this—hast thou learned anything which can profit us?' He replied, 'I have learned the science of restoring the dead to life;' upon which they both exclaimed, 'If thou hast really learned such knowledge, restore our beloved to life.'

Madhusadan proceeded to make his incantations, despite terrible sights in the air, the cries of jackals, owls, crows, cats, asses, vultures, dogs, and lizards, and the wrath of innumerable invisible beings, such as messengers of Yama (Pluto), ghosts, devils, demons, imps, fiends, devas, succubi, and others. All the three lovers drawing blood from their own bodies offered it to the goddess Chandi, repeating the following incantation, 'Hail! supreme delusion! Hail! goddess of the universe! Hail! thou who fulfillest the desires of all. May I presume to offer thee the blood of my body; and wilt thou deign to accept it, and be propitious towards me!'

They then made a burnt-offering of their flesh, and each one prayed, 'Grant me, O goddess! to see the maiden alive again, in proportion to the fervency with which I present thee with mine own flesh, invoking

thee to be propitious to me. Salutation to thee again and again, under the mysterious syllable ang! ang!'

Then they made a heap of the bones and the ashes, which had been carefully kept by Tribikram and Baman. As the jogi Madhusadan proceeded with his incantation, a white vapour arose from the ground, and, gradually condensing, assumed a perispiritual form—the fluid envelope of the soul. The three spectators felt their blood freeze as the bones and the ashes were gradually absorbed into the before shadowy shape, and they were restored to themselves only when the maiden Madhuvati begged to be taken home to her mother.

Then Kama, god of love, blinded them, and they began fiercely to quarrel about who should have the beautiful maid. Each wanted to be her sole master. Tribikram declared the bones to be the great fact of the incantation; Baman swore by the ashes; and Madhusadan laughed them both to scorn. No one could decide the dispute; the wisest doctors were all nonplussed; and as for the raja—well! we do not go for wit or wisdom to kings. I wonder if the great Raja Vikram could decide which person the woman belonged to?

'To Baman, the man who kept her ashes, fellow!' exclaimed the hero, not a little offended by the free remarks of the fiend.

'Yet,' rejoined the Baital impudently, 'if Tribikram had not preserved her bones how could she have been restored to life? And if Madhusadan had not learned the science of restoring the dead to life how could she have been revivified? At least, so it seems to me. But perhaps your royal wisdom may explain.'

'Devil!' said the king angrily, 'Tribikram, who preserved her bones, by that act placed himself in the position of her son; therefore he could not marry her. Madhusadan, who, restoring her to life, gave her life, was evidently a father to her; he could not, then, become her husband. Therefore she was the wife of Baman, who had collected her ashes.'

'I am happy to see, O king,' exclaimed the Vampire, 'that, in spite of my presentiments, we are not to part company just yet. These little trips I hold to be, like lovers' quarrels, the prelude to closer union. With your leave we will still practise a little suspension.'

And so saying, the Baital again ascended the tree, and was suspended there.

'Would it not be better,' thought the monarch, after recapturing and shouldering the fugitive, 'for me to sit down this time and listen to the fellow's story? Perhaps the double exercise of walking and thinking confuses me.'

With this idea Vikram placed his bundle upon the ground, well tied up with turban and waistband; then he seated himself cross-legged before it, and bade his son do the same.

The Vampire strongly objected to this measure, as it was contrary, he asserted, to the covenant between him and the raja. Vikram replied by citing the very words of the agreement, proving that there was no allusion to walking or sitting.

Then the Baital became sulky, and swore that he would not utter another word. But he, too, was bound by the chain of destiny. Presently he opened his lips, with the normal prelude that he was about to tell a true tale.

THE VAMPIRE'S SEVENTH STORY.

SHOWING THE EXCEEDING FOLLY OF MANY WISE FOOLS.

The Baital resumed.

Of all the learned Brahmans in the learnedest university of Gaur

(Bengal) none was so celebrated as *Vishnu* Swami. He could write verse as well as prose in dead languages, not very correctly, but still, better than all his fellows—which constituted him a distinguished writer. He had history, theosophy, and the four Vedas or Scriptures at his fingers' ends, he was skilled in the argute science of Nyasa or Disputation, his mind was a mine of Pauranic or cosmogonico-traditional lore, handed down from the ancient fathers to the modern fathers: and he had written bulky commentaries, exhausting all that tongue of man has to say, upon the obscure text of some old philosopher whose works upon ethics, poetry and rhetoric were supposed by the sages of Gaur to contain the germs of everything knowable. His fame went over all the country; yes, from country to country. He was a sea of excellent qualities, the father and mother of Brahmans, cows and women, and the horror of loose persons, cutthroats, courtiers and courtesans. As a benefactor he was equal to Karna, most liberal of heroes. In regard to truth he was equal to the tenacious king Yudhishtira.

True, he was sometimes at a loss to spell a common word in his mother tongue, and whilst he knew to a fingerbreadth how many palms and paces the sun, the moon and all the stars are distant from the earth, he would have been puzzled to tell you where the region called Yavana[1] lies. Whilst he could enumerate, in strict chronological succession, every important event that happened five or six million years before he was born, he was profoundly ignorant of those that occurred in his own day. And once he asked a friend seriously, if a cat let loose in the jungle would not in time become a tiger?

Yet did all the members of alma mater Kasi, pundits[2] as well as students, look with awe upon Vishnu Swami's livid cheeks, and lack-lustre eyes, grimed hands and soiled cottons.

Now it so happened that this wise and pious Brahmanic peer had four sons whom he brought up in the strictest and most serious way. They were taught to repeat their prayers long before they understood a word of them, and when they reached the age of four[3] they had read a variety of hymns and spiritual songs. Then they were set to learn by heart precepts that inculcate sacred duties, and arguments relating to theology, abstract and concrete.

Their father, who was also their tutor, sedulously cultivated, as all the best works upon education advise, their implicit obedience, humble respect, warm attachment, and the virtues and sentiments generally. He praised them secretly and reprehended them openly, to exercise their humility. He derided their looks, and dressed them coarsely, to preserve them from vanity and conceit. Whenever they anticipated a 'treat,' he punctually disappointed them, to teach them self-denial. Often when he had promised them a present, he would revoke, not break his word, in order that discipline might have a name and habitat in his household. And knowing by experience how much stronger than love is fear, he frequently threatened, browbeat and overawed them with the rod and the tongue, with the terrors of this world, and with the horrors of the next, that they might be kept in

[1] The land of Greece.

[2] Savans, professors. So in the old saying, 'Hanta, Pundit Sansára.—Alas! the world is learned!' This a little antedates the well known schoolmaster.

[3] Children are commonly sent to school at the age of five. Girls are not taught to read, under the common idea that they will become widows if they do.

the right way by dread of falling into the bottomless pits that bound it on both sides.

At the age of six they were transferred to the Chatushpati,[1] or school. Every morning the teacher and his pupils assembled in the hut where the different classes were called up by turns. They laboured till noon, and were allowed only two hours, half the usual time, for bathing, eating, sleep and worship, which took up half the period. At 3 p.m. they resumed their labours, repeating to the tutor what they had learned by heart, and listening to the meaning of it: this lasted till twilight. They then worshipped, ate and drank for an hour: after this came a return of study, repeating the day's lessons, till 10 p.m.

In their rare days of ease—for the learned priest, mindful of the words of the wise, did not wish to dull them by everlasting work—they were enjoined to disport themselves with the gravity and the decorum that befit young Samditats, not to engage in night frolics, not to use free jests or light expressions, not to draw pictures on the walls, not to eat honey, flesh, and sweet substances turned acid, not to talk to little girls at the well-side, on no account to wear sandals, carry an umbrella, or handle a die even for love, and by no means to steal their neighbours' mangos.

As they advanced in years their attention during work time was unremittingly directed to the Vedas. Worldly studies were almost excluded, or to speak more correctly, whenever worldly studies were brought upon the carpet, they were so evil entreated, that they well nigh lost all form and feature. History became 'The Annals of India on Brahminical Principles,' opposed to the Buddhistical; geography 'The Lands of the Vedas,' none other being deemed worthy of notice; and law, 'The Institutes of Mann,' then almost obsolete, despite their exceeding sanctity.

But Jatu-harini[2] had evidently changed these children before they were born; and Shani must have been in the ninth mansion when they came to light.

Each youth as he attained the mature age of twelve was formally entered at the University of Kasi, where without loss of time, the first became a gambler, the second a confirmed libertine, the third a thief, and the fourth a high Buddhist, or in other words an utter atheist.

Here King Vikram frowned at his son, a hint that he had better not behave himself as the children of highly moral and religious parents usually do. The young prince understood him, and briefly remarking that such things were common in distinguished Brahman families, asked the Baital what he meant by the word 'Atheist?'

Of a truth (answered the Vampire) it is most difficult to explain. The sages assign to it three or four several meanings: first, one who denies that the gods exist; secondly, one who owns that the gods exist but denies that they busy themselves with human affairs; and thirdly, one who believes in the gods and in their providence, but also believes that they are easily to be set aside. Similarly some atheists derive all things from dead and unintelligent matter; others from matter living and energetic but without sense or will; others from matter with forms and quali-

[1] Meaning the place of reading the four Shastras.

[2] A certain goddess who plays tricks with mankind. If a son when grown up act differently from what his parents did, people say that he has been changed in the womb.

Shani is the planet Saturn, which has an exceedingly baleful influence in India as elsewhere.

ties generable and conceptible; and others from a plastic and methodical nature. Thus the Vishnu Swamis of the world have invested the subject with some confusion. The simple, that is to say, the mass of mortality, have confounded that confusion by reproachfully applying the word to those whose opinions differ materially from their own.

But I being at present, perhaps happily for myself, a Vampire, and having, just now, none of these human or inhuman ideas, meant simply to say that the pious priest's fourth son being great at second and small in the matter of first causes, adopted to their fullest extent the doctrines of the philosophical Banddhas.[1] Nothing according to him exists but the five elements, earth, water, fire, air (or wind), and vacuum, and from the last proceeded the penultimate and so forth. With the sage Patanjali, he held the universe to have the power of perpetual progression.[2] He called matra (matter), which is an eternal and infinite principle, beginningless and endless. Organisation, intelligence, and design, he opined, are inherent in matter as growth is in a tree. He did not believe in soul or spirit because it could not be detected in the body, and because it was a departure from physiological analogy. The idea 'I am,' according to him, was not the identification of spirit with matter, but a product of the mutation of matter in this cloud-like error-formed world. He believed in substance (Sat) and scoffed at unsubstance (Asat). He asserted the subtlety and globularity of atoms which are uncreate. He made mind and intellect a mere secretion of the brain, or rather words expressing not a thing, but a state of things. Reason was to him developed instinct, and life an element of the atmosphere affecting certain organisms. He held good and evil to be merely geographical and chronological expressions, and he opined that what is called evil is mostly an active and transitive form of good. Law was his great Creator of all things, but he refused a creator of law because such a creator would require another creator, and so on in a quasi-interminable series up to absurdity. This reduced his law to a manner of haphazard. To those who arguing against it asked him their favourite question, How often might a man after he had jumbled a set of letters in a bag fling them out upon the ground before they would fall into an exact poem? he replied that the calculation was beyond his arithmetic, but that the man had only to jumble and fling long enough inevitably to arrive at that end. He rejected the necessity as well as the existence of revelation, and he did not credit the miracles of Krishna, because, according to him, nature never suspends her laws, and, moreover, he had never seen aught supernatural. He ridiculed the idea of mahapralaya, or the great destruction, for as the world had no beginning, so it will have no end. He objected to absorption, facetiously observing with the sage Jamadagni, that it was pleasant to eat sweetmeats, but that for his part he did not wish to become the sweetmeat itself. He would not believe that Vishnu had formed the universe out of the wax in his ears. He positively asserted that trees are not bodies in which the consequences of merit and demerit are received. Nor would he conclude that to men were attached rewards and punish-

[1] The Eleatic or Materialistic school of Hindu philosophy, which agrees to explode an intelligent separate First Cause.

[2] The writings of this school give an excellent view of the 'progressive system,' which has popularly been asserted to be a modern idea. But Hindu philosophy seems to have exhausted every fancy that can spring from the brain of man.

ments from all eternity. He made light of the sanskara, or sacrament. He admitted Satwa, Raja, and Tama,[1] but only as properties of matter. He acknowledged gross matter (sthula-sharir), and atomic matter (shukshma-sharir), but not linga-sharir, or the archetype of bodies. To doubt all things was the foundation of his theory, and to scoff at all who would not doubt was the corner-stone of his practice. In debate he preferred logical and mathematical grounds, requiring a categorical 'because' in answer to his 'why?' He was full of morality and natural religion, which some say is no religion at all. He gained the name of atheist by declaring with Gotama that there are innumerable worlds, that the earth hasnothing beneath it but the circumambient air, and that the core of the globe is incandescent. And he was called a practical atheist—a worse form, apparently—for supporting the following dogma: 'that though creation may attest that a creator has been, it supplies no evidence to prove that a creator still exists.' On which occasion, Shiromani, a nonplussed theologian, asked him, 'By whom and for what purpose wast thou sent on earth?' The youth scoffed at the word 'sent,' and replied, 'Not being thy Supreme Intelligence, or Infinite Nihility, I am unable to explain the phenomenon.' Upon which he quoted—

> How sunk in darkness Gaur must be
> Whose guide is blind Shiromani!

At length it so happened that the four young men, having frequently been surprised in flagrant delict, were summoned to the dread presence of the university gurus,[2] who addressed them as follows:—

'There are four different characters in the world: he who perfectly obeys the commands; he who practises the commands, but follows evil; he who does neither good nor evil; and he who does nothing but evil. The third character, it is observed, is also an offender, for he neglects that which he ought to observe. But ye all belong to the fourth category.'

Then turning to the elder they said:

'In works written upon the subject of government it is advised, "Cut off the gambler's nose and ears, hold up his name to public contempt, and drive him out of the country, that he may thus become an example to others. For they who play must more often lose than win; and losing, they must either not pay or pay. In the former case they forfeit caste, in the latter they utterly reduce themselves. And though a gambler's wife and children are in the house, do not consider them to be so, since it is not known when they will be lost.[3] Thus he is left in a state of perfect not-twoness (solitude), and he will be reborn in hell." O young man! thou hast set a bad example to others, therefore shalt thou immediately exchange this university for a country life.'

Then they spoke to the second offender thus:—

'The wise shun woman, who can fascinate a man in the twinkling of an eye; but the foolish, conceiving an affection for her, forfeit in the pursuit of pleasure their truthfulness, reputation, and good disposition, their way of life and mode of thought, their vows and their religion. And to such the advice of their spiritual teachers comes amiss, whilst they make others as bad as

[1] Tama is the natural state of matter, Raja is passion acting upon nature, and Satwa is excellence. These are the three qualities (yunas) of matter.

[2] Spiritual preceptors and learned men.

[3] Under certain limitations, gambling is allowed by Hindu law, and the winner has power over the person and property of the loser. No 'debts of honour' in Hindostan!

themselves. For it is said, "He who has lost all sense of shame, fears not to disgrace another;" and there is the proverb, "A wild cat that devours its own young is not likely to let a rat escape;" therefore must thou too, O young man! quit this seat of learning with all possible expedition.'

The young man proceeded to justify himself by quotations from the Lila-shastra, his text-book, by citing such lines as—

Fortune favours folly and force,

and by advising elderly professors to improve their skill in the peace and war of love. But they drove him out with execrations.

As sagely and as solemnly did the pundits and the gurus reprove the thief and the atheist, but they did not dispense the words of wisdom in equal proportions. They warned the former that petty larceny is punishable with fine, theft on a larger scale with mutilation of the hand, and robbery, when detected in the act, with loss of life;[1] that for cutting purses, or snatching them out of a man's waistcloth,[2] the first penalty is chopping off the fingers, the second is the loss of the hand, and the third is death. Then they called him a dishonour to the college, and they said, 'Thou art as a woman, the greatest of plunderers; other robbers purloin property which is worthless, thou stealest the best; they plunder in the night, thou in the day,' and so forth. They told him that he was a fellow who had read his Chauriya Vidya to more purpose than his ritual.[3] And they drove him from the door as he in his shamelessness began to quote texts about the four approved ways of housebreaking, namely, picking out burnt bricks, cutting through unbaked bricks, throwing water on a mud wall, and boring one of wood with a centre-bit.

But they spent six mortal hours in convicting the atheist, whose abominations they refuted by every possible argumentation; by inference, by comparison, and by sounds, by Sruti and Smriti, i.e. revelational and traditional, rational and evidential, physical and metaphysical, analytical and synthetical, philosophical and philological, historical, and so forth. But they found all their endeavours vain. 'For,' it is said, 'a man who has lost all shame, who can talk without sense, and who tries to cheat his opponent, will never get tired, and will never be put down.' He declared that a non-ad was far more probable than a monad (the active principle), or the duad (the passive principle or matter). He compared their faith with a bubble in the water, of which we can never predicate that it does exist or it does not. It is, he said, unreal, as when the thirsty mistakes the meadow mist for a pool of water. He proved the eternity of sound.[4] He impudently recounted and justified all the villanies of the Vamachari or left-handed sects. He told them that they had taken an ass's load of religion, and had better apply to honest industry. He fell foul of the gods; accused Yama of kicking his own mother, Indra of tempting the wife of his spiritual guide, and Shiva of associating with low women. Thus, he said, no one can

[1] Quotations from standard works on Hindu criminal law, which in some points at least is almost as absurd as our civilised codes.

[2] Hindus carry their money tied up in a kind of sheet, which is wound round the waist and thrown over the shoulder.

[3] A thieves' manual in the Sanskrit tongue; it aspires to the dignity of a 'Scripture.'

[4] All sounds, say the Hindus, are of similar origin, and they do not die; if they did, they could not be remembered.

respect them. Do not we say when it thunders awfully, 'the rascally gods are dying!' And when it is too wet, 'these villain gods are sending too much rain?' Briefly the young Brahman replied to and harangued them all so impertinently, if not pertinently, that they, waxing angry, fell upon him with their staves, and drove him out of assembly.

Then the four thriftless youths returned home to their father, who in his just indignation had urged their disgrace upon the pandits and gurus, otherwise these dignitaries would never have resorted to such extreme measures with so distinguished a house. He took the opportunity of turning them out upon the world, until such time as they might be able to show substantial signs of reform. 'For,' he said, 'those who have read science in their boyhood, and who in youth, agitated by evil passions, have remained in the insolence of ignorance, feel regret in their old age, and are consumed by the fire of avarice.' In order to supply them with a motive for the task proposed, he stopped their monthly allowance. But he added, if they would repair to the neighbouring university of Jayasthal, and there show themselves something better than a disgrace to their family, he would direct their maternal uncle to supply them with all the necessaries of food and raiment.

In vain the youths attempted, with sighs and tears and threats of suicide, to soften the paternal heart. He was inexorable for two reasons. In the first place, after wondering away the wonder with which he regarded his own failure, he felt that a stigma now attached to the name of the pious and learned Vishnu Swami, whose lectures upon 'Management during Teens' and whose 'Brahman Young Man's Own Book' had become standard works. Secondly, from a sense of duty, he determined to omit nothing that might tend to reclaim the reprobates. As regards the monthly allowance being stopped, the reverend man had become every year a little fonder of his purse: he had hoped that his sons would have qualified themselves to take pupils, and thus achieve for themselves, as he phrased it, 'a genteel independence;' whilst they openly derided the career, calling it 'an admirable provision for the more indigent members of the middle classes.' For which reason he referred them to their maternal uncle, a man of known and remarkable penuriousness.

The four ne'er-do-weels, foreseeing what awaited them at Jayasthal, deferred it as a last resource; determining first to see a little life, and to push their way in the world, before condemning themselves to the tribulations of reform.

They tried to live without a monthly allowance, and notably they failed; it was squeezing, as men say, oil from sand. The gambler, having no capital, and, worse still, no credit, lost two or three suvernas[1] at play and could not pay them; in consequence of which he was soundly beaten with iron-shod staves, and was nearly compelled by the keeper of the hell to sell himself into slavery. Thus he became disgusted; and telling his brethren that they would find him at Jayasthal, he departed with the intention of studying wisdom.

A month afterwards came the libertine's turn to be disappointed. He could no longer afford fine new clothes; even a well washed coat was beyond his means. He had reckoned upon his handsome face, and he had matured a plan for laying various elderly conquests under contribution. Judge, there-

[1] Gold pieces.

fore, his disgust when all the women—high and low, rich and poor, old and young, ugly and beautiful—seeing the end of his waistcloth thrown empty over his shoulder, passed him in the streets without even deigning a look. The very shopkeepers' wives who once had adored his moustachio and had never ceased talking of his 'elegant' gait, despised him; and the wealthy old person who formerly supplied his small feet with the choicest slippers, left him to starve. Upon which he also, in a state of repentance, followed his brother to acquire knowledge.

'Am I not,' quoth the thief to himself, 'a cat in climbing, a deer in running, a snake in twisting, a hawk in pouncing, a dog in scenting?—keen as a hare, tenacious as a wolf, strong as a lion?—a lamp in the night, a horse on a plain, a mule on a stony path, a boat in the water, a rock on land?'[1] The reply to his own question was of course affirmative. But despite all these fine qualities, and notwithstanding his scrupulous strictness in invocating the house-breaking tool and in devoting a due portion of his gains to the gods of plunder,[2] he was caught in a store-room by the proprietor, who inexorably handed him over to justice. As he belonged to the priestly caste,[3] the fine imposed upon him was heavy. He could not pay it, and therefore he was thrown into a dungeon, where he remained for some time. But at last he escaped from jail, when he made his parting bow to Kartikeya,[4] stole a blanket from one of the guards, and set out for Jayasthal, cursing his old profession.

The atheist also found himself in a position that deprived him of all his pleasures. He delighted in after-dinner controversies, and in bringing the light troops of his wit to bear upon the unwieldy masses of lore and logic opposed to him by polemical Brahmans, who, out of respect for his father, did not lay an action against him for overpowering them in theological disputation.[5] In the strange city to which he had removed no one knew the son of Vishnu Swami, and no one cared to invite him to the house. Once he attempted his usual trick upon a knot of sages who, sitting round a tank, were recreating themselves with quoting mystical Sanskrit shlokas[6] of abominable long-windedness. The result was his being obliged to ply his heels vigorously in flight from the justly incensed *literati*, to whom he had said 'tush' and 'pish' at least a dozen times in as many minutes. He therefore also followed the example of his brethren, and started for Jayasthal with all possible expedition.

Arrived at the house of their maternal uncle, the young men as by one assent began to attempt the unloosening of his purse-strings. Signally failing in this and in other

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[1] These are the qualifications specified by Hindu classical authorities as necessary to make a distinguished thief.

[2] Every Hindu is in a manner born to a certain line of life, virtuous or vicious, honest or dishonest; and his Dharma, or religious duty, consists in conforming to the practice and the worship of his profession. The 'Thug,' for instance, worships Bhawani, who enables him to murder successfully; and his remorse would arise from neglecting to murder.

[3] Hindu law sensibly punishes, in theory at least, for the same offence the priest more severely than the layman; a hint for him to practise what he preaches.

[4] The Hindu Mercury, god of rascals.

[5] A penal offence in India. How is it that the English have omitted to codify it? The laws of Manu also punish severely all disdainful expressions, such as 'tush' or 'pish,' addressed during argument to a priest.

[6] Stanzas, generally speaking on serious subjects.

notable schemes, they determined to lay in that stock of facts and useful knowledge which might reconcile them with their father, and restore them to that happy life at Gaur which they then despised, and which now brought tears into their eyes.

Then they debated with one another what they should study.

. . . . . .

That branch of the preternatural, popularly called 'white magic,' found with them favour.

. . . . . .

They chose a guru or teacher strictly according to the orders of their faith, a wise man of honourable family and affable demeanour, who was not a glutton nor leprous, nor blind of one eye, nor blind of both eyes, nor very short, nor suffering from whitlows,[1] asthma, or other disease, nor noisy and talkative, nor with any defect about the fingers and toes, nor subject to his wife.

. . . . . .

A grand discovery had been lately made by a certain physiologico-philosophico-psychologico-materialist, a Jayasthalian. In investigating the vestiges of creation, the cause of causes, the effect of effects, and the original origin of that mutra (matter) which some regard as an entity, others as a non-entity, others self-existent, others merely specious and therefore unexistent, he became convinced that the fundamental form of organic being is a globule having another globule within itself. After inhabiting a garret and diving into the depths of his self-consciousness for a few score of years, he was able to produce such complex globule in triturated and roasted stone by means of—I will not say what. Happily for creation in general, the discovery died a natural death some centuries ago. An edifying spectacle, indeed, for the world to see: a cross old man sitting amongst his gallipots and crucibles, creating animalculæ, providing the corpses of birds, beasts, and fishes with what is vulgarly called life, and supplying to epigenesis all the latest improvements!

In those days the invention, being a novelty, engrossed the thoughts of the universal learned, who were in a fever of excitement about it. Some believed in it so implicitly that they saw in every experiment a hundred things which they did not see. Others were so sceptical and contradictory that they would not perceive what they did see. Those blended with each fact their own deductions, whilst these span round every reality the web of their own prejudices. Curious to say, the Jayasthalians, amongst whom the luminous science arose, hailed it with delight, whilst the Gaurians derided its claim to be considered an important addition to human knowledge.

Let me try to remember a few of their words.

'Unfortunate human nature,' wrote the wise of Gaur against the wise of Jayasthal, 'wanted no crowning indignity but this! You had already proved that the body is made of the basest element—earth. You had argued away the immovability, the ubiquity, the permanency, the eternity, and the divinity of the soul, for is not your favourite axiom, "It is the nature of limbs which thinketh in man?" The immortal mind is, according to you, an ignoble viscus; the god-like gift of reason is the instinct of a dog somewhat highly developed. Still you left us something to hope. Still you allowed us one boast. Still life was a thread connecting us with the Giver of Life. But now, with

[1] Whitlows on the nails show that the sufferer, in the last life, stole gold from a Brahman.

an impious hand, in blasphemous rage ye have rent asunder that last frail tie.' And so forth.

'Welcome! thrice welcome! this latest and most admirable development of human wisdom,' wrote the sage Jayasthalians against the sage Gaurians, 'which has assigned to man his proper state and status and station in the magnificent scale of being. We have not created the facts which we have investigated, and which we now proudly publish. We have proved materialism to be nature's own system. But our philosophy of matter cannot overturn any truth, because, if erroneous, it will necessarily sink into oblivion; if real, it will tend only to instruct and to enlighten the world. Wise are ye in your generation, O ye sages of Gaur, yet withal wondrous illogical.' And much of this kind.

Concerning all which, mighty king! I, as a Vampire, have only to remark that those two learned bodies, like your rajaship's Nine Gems of Science, were in the habit of talking most about what they least understood.

The four young men applied the whole force of their talents to mastering the difficulties of the life-giving process; and, in due time, their industry obtained its reward.

. . . . . .

Then they determined to return home. As with beating hearts they approached the old city, their birthplace, and gazed with moistened eyes upon its tall spires and grim pagodas, its verdant meads and venerable groves, they saw a Kanjar,[1] who, having tied up in a bundle the skin and bones of a tiger which he had found dead, was about to go on his way. Then said the thief to the gambler, 'Take we these remains with us, and by means of them prove the truth of our science before the people of Gaur, to the offence of their noses.'[2] Being now possessed of knowledge, they resolved to apply it to its proper purpose, namely, power over the property of others. Accordingly, the wencher, the gambler, and the atheist kept the Kanjar in conversation whilst the thief vivified a shank bone; and the bone thereupon stood upright, and hopped about in so grotesque and wonderful a way that the man, being frightened, fled as if I had been close behind him.

Vishnu Swami had lately written a very learned commentary on the mystical words of Lokakshi:

'The Scriptures are at variance —the tradition is at variance. He who gives a meaning of his own, quoting the Vedas, is no philosopher.

'True philosophy, through ignorance, is concealed as in the fissures of a rock.

'But the way of the Great One —that is to be followed.'

And the success of his book had quite effaced from the Brahman mind the holy man's failure in bringing up his children. He followed up this by adding to his essay on education a twentieth tome containing recipes for the 'Reformation of Prodigals.'

The learned and reverend man received his sons with open arms. He had heard from his brother-in-law that the youths were qualified to support themselves, and when informed that they wished to make a public experiment of their science, he exerted himself, despite his disbelief in it, to forward their views.

The pundits and gurus were long before they would consent to attend what they considered dealings with Yama (the Devil). In consequence, however, of Vishnu Swami's name

[1] A low caste Hindu, who catches and exhibits snakes and performs other such mean offices.

[2] Meaning in spite of themselves.

and importunity, at length, on a certain day, all the pious, learned, and reverend tutors, teachers, professors, prolocutors, pastors, spiritual fathers, poets, philosophers, mathematicians, schoolmasters, pedagogues, bear-leaders, institutors, gerund-grinders, preceptors, dominies, brushers, coryphæi, dry-nurses, coaches, mentors, monitors, lecturers, prelectors, fellows, and heads of houses at the university of Gaur, met together in a large garden, where they usually diverted themselves out of hours with ball-tossing, pigeon-tumbling, and kite-flying.

Presently the four young men, carrying their bundle of bones and the other requisites, stepped forward, walking slowly with eyes downcast, like shrinking cattle: for it is said, the Brahman must not run, even when it rains.

After pronouncing an impromptu speech, composed for them by their father, and so stuffed with erudition that even the writer hardly understood it, they announced their wish to prove by ocular demonstration, the truth of a science upon which their short-sighted rivals of Jayasthal had cast cold water, but which, they remarked in the eloquent peroration of their discourse, the sages of Gaur had welcomed with that wise and catholic spirit of inquiry which had ever characterised their distinguished body.

Huge words, involved sentences, and the high-flown compliment, exceedingly undeserved, obscured, I suppose, the bright wits of the intellectual convocation, which really began to think that their liberality of opinion deserved all praise.

None objected to what was being prepared, except one of the heads of houses; his appeal was generally scouted, because his Sanskrit style was vulgarly intelligible, and he had the bad name of being a practical man. The metaphysician Rashik Lall sneered to Vaiswata the poet, who passed on the look to the theo-philosopher Vardhaman. Haridatt the antiquarian whispered the metaphysician Vasudeva, who burst into a loud laugh; whilst Narayan, Jagasharma, and Devaswami, all very learned in the Vedas, opened their eyes and stared at him with well simulated astonishment. So he, being offended, said nothing more, but arose and walked home.

A great crowd gathered round the four young men and their father, as opening the bundle that contained the tiger's remains, they prepared for their task.

One of the operators spread the bones upon the ground and fixed each one into its proper socket, not forgetting even the teeth and tusks.

The second connected the skeleton with the muscles and heart of an elephant, which he had procured for the purpose, by means of a marvellous unguent.

The third drew from his pouch the brain and eyes of a large tom-cat, which he carefully fitted into the animal's skull, and then covered the body with the hide of a young rhinoceros.

Then the fourth—the atheist—who had been directing the operation, produced a globule having another globule within itself. And as the crowd pressed on them, craning their necks, breathless with anxiety, he placed the Principle of Organic Life in the tiger's body with such effect that the monster immediately heaved its chest, breathed, agitated its limbs, opened its eyes, jumped to its feet, shook itself, glared around, and began to gnash its teeth and lick its chops, lashing the while its ribs with its tail.

The sages sprang back and the beast sprang forward. With a roar like thunder during Elephanta time,[1] it flew at the nearest of the

[1] When the moon is in a certain lunar mansion, at the conclusion of the wet season.

spectators, flung Vishnu Swami to the ground and clawed his four sons. Then, not even stopping to drink their blood, it hurried after the flying herd of wise men. Jostling and tumbling, stumbling and catching at one another's long robes, they rushed in hottest haste towards the garden gate. But the beast having the muscles of an elephant as well as the bones of a tiger, made a few bounds of eighty or ninety feet each, easily distanced them, and took away all chance of escape. To be brief: as the monster was frightfully hungry after its long fast, and as the imprudent young men had furnished it with admirable implements of destruction, it did not cease its work till one hundred and twenty-one learned and highly distinguished pundits and gurus lay upon the ground chawed, clawed, sucked-dry, and in most cases stone-dead. Amongst them, I need hardly say, were the sage Vishnu Swami and his four sons.

Having told this story the Vampire hung silent for a time. Presently he resumed—

'Now, heed my words, Raja Vikram! I am about to ask thee, Which of all those learned men was the most finished fool? The answer is easily found, yet it must be distasteful to thee. Therefore mortify thy vanity, as soon as possible, or I shall be talking and thou wilt be walking through this livelong night, to scanty purpose. Remember! science without understanding is of little use; indeed, understanding is superior to science, and those devoid of understanding, perish as did the persons who revivified the tiger. Before this, I warned thee to beware of thyself, and of thine own conceit. Here, then, is an opportunity for self-discipline—which of all those learned men was the greatest fool?'

The warrior king mistook the kind of mortification imposed upon him, and pondered over the uncomfortable nature of the reply—in the presence of his son.

Again the Baital taunted him.

'The greatest fool of all,' at last said Vikram, in slow and by no means willing accents, 'was the father. Is it not said, "There is no fool like an old fool"?'

'Gramercy!' cried the Vampire, bursting out into a discordant laugh, 'I now return to my tree. By this head! I never before heard a father so readily condemn a father.' With these words he disappeared, slipping out of the bundle.

The raja scolded his son a little for want of obedience, and said that he had always thought more highly of his acuteness—never could have believed that he would have been taken in by so shallow a trick. Dharma Dhwaj answered not a word to this, but promised to be wiser another time.

Then they returned to the tree and did what they had so often done before.

And, as before, the Baital held his tongue for a time. Presently he began as follows.

BOLSOVER FOREST.

By the Author of 'The Autobiography of Salmo Salar,' &c.

CHAPTER VI.

SCHOOL DAYS.

MY first school, Ashwell, was kept by a Mr. Payne, and well did he deserve the name if the infliction of pain on others could justify the nomenclature,

Severe by rule nor yet by nature mild,
He never spared the rod and spoiled the child,
But spoiled the rod and never spared the child,
And so with holy rule deemed he was reconciled.

I was flogged continually; I remember the first time was for jumping out of the window of the schoolroom, wherein I had been accidentally locked. I broke a fall of full sixteen feet by catching at a projecting course of bricks and alighted uninjured on my feet. Now-a-days I should have been much praised as a promising athlete, but old Payne, who, looking out of his window, chanced to see me, looked at the matter in a different light, and incontinently flogged me. It was a painful process at first, but I soon got used to it. I was flogged for breaking bounds, flogged because my books were stolen, flogged because my cap was lost, or my clothes torn, flogged for not learning lessons beyond my powers, flogged for charging Mother Hardy with stealing my money—a whey-faced old cat! I say that she appropriated three-and-sixpence out of the five shillings I had so confidingly intrusted to her keeping. Mother Hardy may be dead now, or she may be alive, but dead or alive, she stole my three-and-sixpence, though I were to be flogged again for it to-morrow! I was starved too; starvation was common enough in those days, even in schools of high character and good repute. Schoolboys of the present day have little notion what their fathers endured before them. True, we had beef and mutton, mutton and beef, boiled rice-puddings and suet dumplings; but the meat which was not boiled to a rag was half raw; and that which was neither raw nor overboiled, was baked in a close, dirty oven, and had an unpleasant smell and taste. I could not eat it, and I was flogged to mend my appetite, which it entirely failed to do. I volunteered as assistant to Harry Hase, the pink and white youth who cleaned (?) our knives and forks. Poor lad, he was in a galloping consumption, and his appetite completely gone. My wages were the roll and cheese allowed for his supper, and which he could not eat; I could, and did, but it was found out, and I was flogged, and Harry Hase discharged.

These were not the pleasantest days of my life; still I have pleasant recollections in connection with them. I had a bosom friend, Charles Wilson, a lad of the same age and like tastes with myself. He was the son of a baronet, and on that account rather favoured by the tuft-hunting old Payne, though he loved flogging too well to let him off altogether. We had a joint purse, and distrustful of the Hardy bank of deposit, we invested our capital in the purchase of a pistol, and when we could muster powder and shot, and had managed to escape through the washhouse window, or over the play-ground wall, we roamed forth in search of small birds, at which we constantly

fired; but so far as I remember, without inflicting any serious damage. A wild hope of shooting higher game was cherished in our bosoms, and we wandered, despite the keepers, through the well preserved woods of the Duke of Churchland. In our own eyes we were elevated to all the dignity of poachers; and doubtless the keepers, had they caught us, would have indulged the fancy, and 'fooled us to the top of our bent,' but we were hard to catch in those days, and kept a sharp look-out. The woods were very beautiful, and abounded in the spring-time with wild snowdrops and lilies of the valley, the latter a flower I have never met with wild elsewhere in England, though in parts of North Wales it is common. There were lakes in the duke's park, with small islands in them, on which the swans and ducks nested. I have swum across in bitter cold March weather, and robbed either nest. Snakes, slowworms, and adders, were very numerous, and we captured them with as much adroitness and absence of fear as any Indian snake-charmer could have shown. The snakes I would seize wherever I saw them, and, regardless of their twisting round my arm, transfer them to the game-bag, and carry them home. A harmless beast the snake, he possesses but one weapon of defence, and very offensive that is: he has the power at pleasure of emitting a fetid and most disgusting odour, which it is almost impossible to wash out or get rid of. Luckily he only resorts to this as a last extremity, and if properly treated, may be handled with perfect impunity. Slowworms we generally killed; why, I cannot say, except that the fact being ascertained that a blow with a thin stick disintegrated the creature, and having no capacity for being made a pet of, such blow was usually administered for the sake of realising that, to him and to us, interesting fact.

With vipers more caution was used: we recognised the venomous beast by the flat head and wicked eye. A forked stick was cut and thrust suddenly over his neck into the ground; thus secured he was teased into biting a bit of cloth, or flannel, which was snatched away until the poison was exhausted or the fangs extracted. I believe both would have grown again, but they never had the chance. Our comrades tolerated the snakes, but there were weird stories of the effects of viper bites, and they were invariably slain. The snakes, on the other hand, were much petted; they were kept in a white deal box, with plenty of moss, and fed daily with milk.[1] Sometimes a frog was given, but not often, for the frog must be alive, or the creature would not touch it. On such occasions a single frog was shut up in a box with a single snake, which speedily swallowed the helpless, staring, squeaking, struggling batrachian. The disgusting cruelty practised, more especially on Sundays, at the Zoological Gardens, principally for the amusement of ladies (?) and children, of dropping a frog amongst a colony of snakes, each of which seizes a separate portion of the writhing victim, prolonging its terror and torture for an indefinite time, was abhorrent to our nature.[2] The snakes, I think, knew us, and would crawl up our

[1] I am by no means certain that they drunk it, though at the time I had no doubt about it.

[2] Since writing the above I have been made acquainted with another instance of horrible and useless cruelty constantly practised in these gardens, and which requires only to be known to be put a stop to, by the humane and intelligent managers of that popular institution. Pigeons and sparrows with their quill feathers plucked out and thereby disabled from flying are introduced to the dens of the Python and other snakes.

jacket-sleeves, and poke their lithe necks out at the collars, twisting round our ears with great apparent satisfaction to themselves.

There was a hornet's nest, I remember, built at an angle formed by the wooden roof of a shed, where it rested on the paling, the boundary of our playground. The other boys were somehow afraid of it. One who had carelessly slammed the door and shaken the fabric had been stung on the head. There was a tradition that five hornets could kill a horse, and with laudable prudence my companions gave the nest a wide berth. I had no fear of the hornets; in fact, in those days, through ignorance, I suppose, I did not know what fear meant—I feared no creature, bird, beast or insect, at any rate. My favourite position was on one of the posts which supported the palings, with my head as close to the nest as it well could be, listening to the unintelligible but continuous hum of conversation kept up by the inhabitants within, and watching with deep interest the proceedings of those who went forth on foraging or predatory expeditions. I don't think I learnt much, but I observed a good deal, and some things which I am still unable to account for. How did the nest increase, as it did, from the size of a turnip to that of the largest pumpkin? The loose outside 'papier-maché' shell grew like a vegetable daily, but I never saw a hornet at work outside. The combs, no doubt, were added to and enlarged, and the outer covering grew and was enlarged proportionally; but how? Besides the main entrance there were several external covered ways by which the insects took their departure, but I never saw one that flew straight away either from gate or postern: they invariably walked, not only over the surface of the nest, but along some two feet of boarding, until they came to an especial angle, whence, with a solemn twang, that is now always associated in my mind with the departure of the spirits through the mouths of the dead companions of the Ancient Mariner, they flew away far and fast in a direct and undeviating career.

> And every soul it passed me by,
> Like the whirr of my crossbow.

When they returned, they brought with them food, or building materials, or water; the first generally consisting of the trunk of a large fly neatly packed, that is, with legs and wings bitten off close to the body; the second of a pellet of moistened wood; and the third, a clearest drop of dew or water, retained between the proboscis and mandibles. Thirsty souls, those hornets! for half, at least, brought water. In October I witnessed the operation of that strange instinct inverse 'storgé,' which teaches the Indian squaw in purest love to destroy her female offspring, to save the child from the miseries of a squaw life, and the wasp and hornet to drag forth their embryo young, rather than expose them to the miserable death from starvation and cold, their assured fate if permitted

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Frogs may or may not feel acutely. I think they do not, but there is no question about the sensitiveness of these warm-blooded creatures. The stupid rabbit is ignorant or careless of the presence of its deadly enemy, but with the birds it is different; their agony is intense, and the cruel mutilation they had endured renders them incapable even of flight. Morbid sentimentality is not at all in my line, and I gladly avoid a description of the sufferings of the victims, sufferings which conduce to no end whatsoever, scientific or otherwise, for what is learned by witnessing a Boa-constrictor gorge himself with a half plucked agonised pigeon? Surely stuffed specimens of foreign snakes would answer every purpose better even than live ones, for they need not be wrapt in blankets, and if by a simple mechanical contrivance their jaws were made to open occasionally not one visitor in ten thousand would ever find out the difference.

at that season of the year to arrive at wasp or hornet estate.

While at Ashwell, I had proof of the extraordinary perseverance of that despised animal the rat. He is in fact one of the most persistent and indefatigable beasts in creation. Whatever he undertakes, be it for good or be it for ill, he goes through with to the end. The one I am now thinking of worked regularly, day by day, for more than a year, at a self-imposed task, and eventually completed it, but little to his own gain.

The hours at second school were from ten to one, and for an hour after that the first class remained 'doing' mathematics. Of course there was at this time a great silence, the more observable from the cessation of the previous hum of many voices.

In the first quiet hour after Midsummer holidays a rat was heard gnawing at the oaken floor beneath our feet. Crake! crake! In vain I endeavoured to fix my mind on the problem before me: '*From the point A*'—crake! crake! —my soul is absorbed in the well-understood sound, and will take in nothing else—'*describe the circle B C D.*' Crake! crake! crake! It is of no use—the first problem of Euclid, the keystone of the arch, is as a thing of nought; the problem working in my mind is, When will the creature appear? How long will it take it to gnaw through the time-hardened oaken boards, three inches thick, that form the floor? A long time surely; but it proved far longer than I could have imagined. Crake! crake! I attribute my subsequent failure in mathematics at Cambridge to that rat's proceedings. Euclid had no chance against the absorbing interest excited in my mind by the monotonous 'crake' of the persevering rodent.

It was not until the end of the second half-year that a portion of the long yellow teeth appeared above the board, shortly followed by the pinky-white tip of a restless inquiring nose; but weeks elapsed before the hole was sufficiently enlarged to admit of the passage of the rest of the body. At last the day came. No doubt *Mus Rattus* prided himself on the successful result of his labours, and uttered some common-places on the beneficial results of perseverance. 'Now,' said he, 'I shall have what I have toiled for—a complete run over as well as under this hard solid floor.' Alas for the vanity of rattish wishes! By means of a dictionary cover I had long since contrived a sort of sliding door, which worked by a string over the increasing aperture, and the first appearance of the deluded beast was his last on that or any other stage. Scarcely had he set foot on this new territory than the cover closed over the hole, and he found himself a prisoner at large in the long-coveted domain. The hole it had taken months to open was closed in a moment—carefully stopped, and a ferret, the property of the groom-gardener, placed upon the floor.

It is always curious and interesting to observe the workings of instinct in animals naturally antagonistic to each other; in none more so than in the case of the ferret and the rat.

I should say that Rat, after a few vain attempts to regain his home had taken matters pretty easily. Cantering quietly round the room, seeking meanwhile for some outlet, he had evidently taken in the whole situation, and prepared himself for an emergency by retiring to the darkest corner, where he sat hunching up his back, occasionally washing his whiskers, and moving them as well as his nose rapidly and nervously. Although put down at the furthest end of the room, the rat was evidently aware

of the presence of his deadly enemy the instant the ferret touched the floor, and at once altered his tactics, taking up a fresh position with his back to the light, where, availing himself of a slight inequality in the skirting-board, he sat firm and fast.

> Come one, come all! This rock shall fly
> From its firm base as soon as I!

The ferret meanwhile had commenced running the scent, inch by inch, foot by foot, turning where the rat had turned, pausing where the rat had paused, but ever with depressed body and nose close to the boards, approaching the spot where, full in view, though in deep shadow, uneasily watching her movements, sat the doomed intruder.

The ferret approaches, and is now within full view of her quarry, which hitherto she has not seen. The rat, springing on all-fours six inches off the ground, utters a shrill cry of mingled terror and defiance, and makes a feint of attack. Now is the time when, certain of its true position, the ferret should rush in and slay the rat, which, as I have elsewhere said, is no match for her—no, not even for a second; but few, excepting an old dog-ferret, will do a 'deed of such derring-do.' The pretty doe now on the floor deems discretion the better part of valour; and it is curious to see her affected air of ignorance as to the meaning of the squeak and the whereabouts of the utterer. She looks like a bully who, having chased a small boy with evil intent, finds himself suddenly confronted by his big brother. After a movement or two of indecision she pretends to look round, and snuffs about as though to recover the scent, and then, crossing to the corner at which she had begun to hunt, takes up the old scent again with affected eagerness. Her owner, who feels for her disgrace, catches her up, and an old dog-ferret being, despite my indignant remonstrances, introduced, speedily puts a stop to the poor rat's vapouring.

I stayed at Ashwell some three years, and then, having had really a good deal of Greek and Latin for my age flogged into me, and with a thorough knowledge of boot and shoe cleaning, I was transferred to Downham, now one of the largest and best schools in England, then, although richly endowed, a very small one of some forty boys, of whom two or three went to Cambridge annually and enjoyed the scholarships which fell to their lot without any great exertion on their own parts.

Of course during these three years I had been at home for my holidays. Things and persons remained from half to half very much as I had left them. Mr. Belt had grown somewhat older and transferred more and more of his duties into Sam's willing hands. Sam himself was the pattern of a keeper, active, steady, sober, but of an unsocial disposition, as a keeper must be; he was not a popular character, and few out of his own family cared for him or knew his good qualities. Sam in short was not generally liked, but he was a fine, strapping fellow, and found favour in the eyes of Jemima the cook, to whom he paid a weekly visit, when he generally sat or stood by her side in a dreary attitude in the back kitchen some twenty minutes almost without speaking a word. However, though they spoke little, they understood one another. The rather monotonous proceeding was relieved by an occasional squeeze on the part of the swain and a coy 'don't' on that of the damsel. It was perfectly understood in the village that Jerry Cant, who had aspired to the fair hand of Jemima, had had his nose put out of joint by Sam Belt. Baby was still unmarried, but had many admirers,

among others the rejected Jerry. Patty after many inward misgivings had married the mysterious Charlie Bond, who it appeared was turnkey, or 'second officer,' as he styled himself, at the county gaol at Slowton. Bill was going on capitally at Mr. Allonby's, and before I went to Downham I took the opportunity of paying him a visit. I found Bill with a black face, and still blacker hands, sitting in a little detached hole opening out of the shop, filing away at a large key of apparently delicate workmanship. He greeted me warmly, and despite the colour of his our hands met in the closest squeeze. He told me he was working at the key of the condemned cell in Slowton Prison, but he had made a mistake and was doing it all over again. 'You see, Master B.,' he said, 'I have cut out this little bit which ought to touch the tumbler.' 'Then it would not act on the lock?' I said. 'Oh yes! it would,' replied Bill, 'but it would be a skeleton key, you see. I wouldn't like to show Mr. Allonby a piece of work like that,' and throwing the key down on a heap of old iron by his side, he selected a new piece and commenced patiently filing away at it.

CHAPTER VII.

RATCATCHING.

Our school days are generally supposed to have been the happiest of our lives, and that might be truly said of mine at Downham. We were allowed much liberty; in fact, so long as we answered roll-call in the course of the afternoon, we wandered over the country pretty much at our own sweet will. My early acquaintance with the habits of birds and beasts, my skill in the managements of dogs and ferrets, acquired under Nat Belt's tuition, and a natural aptitude for such pursuits as boys chiefly affect, placed me at once in a high position among my schoolfellows. I was the leader in all outdoor sports requiring strength and agility, the fox in the paper-chase, and the captain in the snow-balling matches. Above all, my taste for birds'-nesting had full scope. I think that I knew the nest of every large bird within four miles of Downham. Then I possessed a wonderful breed of ferrets and a couple of rough-mouthed terriers, mother and daughter, rejoicing in the names of Old Vic and Young Vic. I may mention a singular circumstance relating to the younger Vic, who from a propensity to seek me out in school or church or other forbidden places, was sentenced to banishment. I gave her to a friend at Slowton, fully five miles from our abode. On my way home each half-year, I passed through the town and that was all, and yet during several years that I remained at school, Vic never failed to present herself at the house within twelve hours of my arrival for the holidays. How did she know I was at home? She never, so far as I could learn, came during the half to inquire. I can give no explanation, but such was the fact.

There was a long-legged, weak-eyed, shambling sort of a fellow called Frank Beading, who kept our dogs and aided and abetted in our forbidden pursuits, such as ratcatching, rabbit-hunting, and the like. Frank was, I suspect, a poacher, and found it convenient to have the dogs, which were as much his as ours, kept without expense to himself, and no doubt they were used by night and by day without our knowledge; at any rate they were often very stiff and tired when wanted. They became though, one and all, almost supernaturally knowing. Well do I remember them each one and their peculiarities: there was old Busy, an ugly mugger's cur, a cross between a bull-dog and a pointer, tawny in colour,

sulky in temper, but wondrous wise; there was Old Vic, recorded above, a black and tan terrier with a grey muzzle and, excepting that she was rather long in the leg, really handsome; she was rather hasty and excitable, but a capital ratter and fast enough to run a rabbit down. There was Nettle, a white terrier, with no legs to speak of, showing a stain of the turnspit, who had the remarkable faculty of knowing the footstep of every boy in the school; she boarded at a saddler's, and, though ready to tear the house down at the approach of a strange footstep, would jump from her seat and hurry to the door to meet any one of the dozen lads who might chance to be sent for her and accompany him to the trysting place. There was old Pincher and little Pincher, valuable curs, but, excepting for the fate which befel the former, and which I may record hereafter, there was little of interest attached to the character of either.

Such was our ratting establishment, but before I left Downham my ideas had become enlarged, and I had set up the prettiest little pack of beagles that ever ran in hopeless pursuit of a hare. Frank Beading was kennel huntsman, feeder, and so on, but I hunted my own hounds in the field; the pack consisted of five, Tippler and Tuneful, Lavish, Lasher, and little Fiddler, a rough nondescript animal, with a hoarse voice like to nothing canine or human that has ever met my ears since. A capital hound, however, was Fiddler, and always led the cry. We hunted rabbits in the hedgerows, and sometimes a hare when we could find one, but the little hounds having on one or two occasions run clean away from us, we obtained a leveret, which was regularly hunted every half-holiday, and when caught replaced in her basket and carried home. The little hounds would hunt her with the greatest eagerness, but coming up to the place where she had lain down, which she generally did after five or ten minutes, they would stretch themselves lazily by her side, and except perhaps licking her fur, pay no attention whatever to her, but wait quietly till we came up. I do not think the hare was the least afraid, she ran away to be sure and crouched down, as 'tis her nature too,' but when returned to the basket she instantly began to feed, and so, on the whole, enjoyed her life as much I think as any other hare. By degrees she grew bigger and stronger, our runs were longer, and eventually she ran us clean out of scent and time and escaped. I took the pack home in a hamper, and sold them to the best sportsman in England for the first five-pound note it was ever my lot to possess.

It was little that in those days was thought about High Church and Low Church. Had the clergyman preached in a red coat hardly less astonishment would have been excited than if he had preached in a white surplice. The rubrics were however diligently and anxiously consulted by us to find out the saints' days, on each of which by ancient prescription we claimed a whole holiday. One, I think St. Matthias, falls early in the year, February or March, and we had arranged to celebrate the day by an especial rat-hunt. No little strategic science was brought into play on such occasions. Dogs and ferrets were forbidden ware; I hardly think they were even knowingly connived at by our worthy doctor, a capital classic and a good mathematician, but as ignorant of boy-nature as he was of that of bird or beast. If he thought at all about a hawk and her egg, it was to wonder whether the one originally came from the other, or the other from the one, whether the hawk produced the egg or the egg produced the hawk, or which or either; there was a Lord Dundrearyism about the doctor,

which prevented his ever running a scent down, or arriving at any conclusion out of Euclid, from given premises. He would see the ferrets, for instance, in the bottom study, in which they were kept, and deduced from seeing them nothing beyond the fact that boys loved pets, and selected very strange ones. Dogs would stray into the court and he would simply wonder what attraction there could be for dogs there. He would occasionally visit the home-made nests of hawks or crows, and it never occurred to him that they must have come from the preserved woods into which we were warned not to enter. When Colonel Crawley, master of the hounds, complained of our yelping curs disturbing his best coverts, I suggested to the doctor, who took sweet counsel with me on the occasion, that he must refer to the paper-chases, and the doctor, accepting the explanation, looked upon the colonel as a harsh disagreeable sort of a person, averse to boys' natural and healthful amusements, and answered his letter in a style that effectually precluded further correspondence. I have seen a brace of foxes go away from the Hill Gorse where we had been rabbiting the morning before the hounds met there and drew blank.

On the morning referred to, our arrangements were of the most elaborate kind. Three or four junior boys met us with the dogs at the toll, and when my companion and myself joined them with the ferrets in a bag, two trotted on before by way of advanced guard. If they came upon a master as they rounded a corner, an agreed signal was to be given, which sent us with our curs scampering across the fields at too great a distance to be recognised; but no such misadventure occurred, and we got over two miles of road within the first twenty minutes. Warley Wood lay between us and the farm for which we were bound, and through this with one companion I made my way, the other boys taking the dogs by the road. Scarcely had we entered when a wild wail was heard overhead, and looking upwards we saw a pair of buzzards flapping their great round wings, and settling ever and again despondingly on an oak a little in advance. Our hearts beat high, for we knew the nature and habit of birds when their nesting-place is approached, and a buzzard's nest were indeed a prize, equal almost to the well remembered heron's. Following on the track the birds seemed to lead us we arrived at the very centre of the wood, and there, on the fork of a huge oak bough about twenty feet above the bole of one of the largest trees, we saw the coveted nest. The poor, stupid birds sat with drooping wing and dejected eye on the dead branch of a neighbouring pine, ever and anon making a half circle in the air and again and again repeating their wailing cry of remonstrance. How to reach the nest was the question? The trunk was twenty feet in circumference, and though by the aid of climbing spurs (iron hooks fastened by straps to our feet), we could readily ascend the trunk, to get round the projecting bole was impossible. We were not to be beaten however in that way. A thin sapling ash grew within the circumference of the mighty oak, and starved and stunted in 'the cold shade of aristocracy,' turned its head as much away from the great oppressor's branches as possible, still almost touching them. Swarming lightly up this, I transferred myself cautiously to the thin but strong oak bough, and creeping carefully along soon arrived at the nest; it contained three eggs of a dirty white colour, more or less blotched with reddish brown spots; the nest was large, at least twice as big as a crow's, constructed of great sticks and lined principally with wool

mingled with moss and hair. The eggs had not yet been sat upon, so there was no larder provided for the hen bird, as is invariably the case with birds of the order *Raptores* when she is sitting; no rabbit, no rat, no leveret, indeed it was too early in the year for this last. Lowering the eggs down by means of a string fastened to my cap, I descended myself in a mode which would have astonished a London acrobat; swinging myself in fact from the lowest branch I could find, and dropping harmlessly from a height I am now afraid to think of. Very proud we felt as we rejoined our companions and speedily found ourselves at the scene of our intended raid upon the rats.

Taking in at a rapid glance the prominent features of the yard, the plan of campaign was instantly formed and as speedily carried into execution. The stacks stood two or three deep in a corner of an enclosure formed by a rough hedge and a ragged bank on two sides, with a large pond from which the cattle drunk on the third; the fourth facing the farmyard. Nothing could have been better contrived in the way of a 'preserve' for that noble animal the rat. The bank to breed in, the pond to drink from, the wheat stacks to flee to for food and shelter. As I expected, the bank was perforated with holes, and the runs towards the pond were numerous and well trodden. Rats cannot live without water, thirsty souls; they may be seen in the early morning drinking the dew which hangs upon the barn thatch, or the blades of grass, and when there is no dew they resort to the horsepond, without which no large colony of rats will ever be found in a stack yard. Stamping in some holes, stopping others with straw, and placing bundles of it in the most frequented runs, the boys and dogs were stationed principally betwixt the stack on which the first attack was to be made and the fence I have described. Each boy was armed with a stick, and each dog had his allotted place, from which neither, under any provocation, was permitted to move. A natural dread of the ferret, indeed of every animal of the weasel tribe, is deeply implanted in the breast of the rat; and though one of the boldest and fiercest of quadrupeds, he flees at the sight or even smell of a ferret, reckless of any danger which may lie before him. This dread, like every other feeling implanted by instinct, wears off by degrees. Instinct is only instinct so long as experience is absent: a latent power of reasoning is present in the higher order of animals, and speedily modifies or supersedes its promptings. After a few ferretings, rats learn that in avoiding their natural enemies they rush into more certain destruction at the hands of boys and dogs. They argue that 'a rat's a rat for a' that;' that they are many and the ferret one, and eventually, philosophising with Hamlet—

> Rather bear the ills they have,
> Than fly to others that they know not of,

they stand manfully up against their enemies, and fight 'pro aris et focis.' From a defensive they soon proceed to wage an offensive war, and I have seen ferrets driven ignominiously from a too often hunted stack, the triumphant rat following the crest-fallen invader a yard out of his hole or more. There was no fear of any such *contretemps* on this occasion; the farmer was too pennywise to pay a ratcatcher, and the wasteful beasts had made sad havoc with the corn. The fewer ferrets that are put into a stack under such circumstances the better; there was a possibility of young rats even at this early time of the year, and if a ferret find herself in a rat nursery, she murders all the innocents, sucks their

blood, and then enjoys an indefinite sleep in the soft warm nest they lately occupied. Too many ferrets, moreover, are apt to play at cross purposes, heading the rat occasionally. As a rule, the ferret is not so bold as the rat: it is an understood thing that the rat is to run away and the ferret is to run after it; but when by accident or intention a rat is driven into a corner, few ferrets, as I have before shown, dare face him. Where many ferrets are employed, it frequently happens that a rat escaping from one runs straight into the jaws of another. There is no chance or hope for him then; a rat may fight, a rat may bite, but the tremendous strength of the ferret, especially in the neck and jaw, and his numerous teeth, sharp as needles, give him an instant and undoubted victory; the rat seized close behind the ear appears paralysed. It doubles up in a sulky mass, and dies almost without a squeak; the ferrets join in a grumbling meal, and as a general rule lie down to sleep as regardless of their waiting owner as is a fashionable lady of her coachman and horses left out in the cold at a ball.

Two ferrets, then, are put into the stack on the opposite side from the bank; all is hushed and still—Old Vic at one corner, Busy at the other, attendant boys immediately behind them; young Vic, not yet thoroughly broken, is held in a string, and little Pincher sits just behind, and out of sight of a well used side run; old Pincher, who understands more about it than any other there, biped or quadruped, and has besides a will of his own, takes his station on the bank. A solemn pause ensues. What ails old Vic? A slight tremor passes through her frame, her hackles bristle, and she seems to sit as it were on the tip of her toes, her eyes glisten, her head is turned slightly, and one ear is bent downwards. A half-grown rat rushes out, and in a succession of rapid jumps makes for the bank. Vic moves not till it is well clear of the stack, and then at a bound she seizes it; a snap, a squeak, and all is over; there is no *shaking*—dogs shake rats because they are afraid of their biting. No dog of ours, excepting perhaps little Pincher, whose small size excused him, or young Vic, whose education was not yet complete, would shake a rat; a snap, a crunch, and the rat was dead. Vic could hardly turn round before another and another had bolted; one was killed with a blow of the stick, the other Busy solemnly chopped and dropped, and then half a dozen of all ages rushed towards the bank. Pincher was in his glory. A truculent animal, he accompanied us not so much for love of sport as that of killing; he spared the ferrets because they ministered to his slaying propensities, but he killed every other living thing. He scarcely owned us masters, but followed to share in the carnage we provided. Pincher excelled himself that day; he had calculated, as we had, that the rats driven from the stack would seek their summer residences in the bank, and seeing their holes stuffed with straw he knew that the bewildered beasts would pause at the obstructed entrance before seeking a safer place of refuge. Nor was he disappointed; Pincher had the savage luxury of killing at least a dozen rats to his own tooth. Hearing a rustling above my head, I looked up and saw a rat which in its haste had lost its footing, rolling down the steep thatch. The creatures had formed zig-zag covered ways just inside the rough straw at the end of the stack, by which they had reached the roof, and one of the ferrets following, was driving them pell-mell from their lofty but untenable citadel.

I know not how many rats we

had killed; I think forty, but the day wore on, and now to catch our ferrets, and home before roll-call. Luckily there were no young rats; the season had been miserably cold and backward; our ferrets were singularly tame and well-trained. One rolled down the thatch, and fell unharmed; the other came out, and being presented with a dead rat, seized hold, and allowed itself to be caught at once. Caution must always be used in handling ferrets; the pretty, playful little animal, fed on bread and milk, which will roll and dance like a kitten, take your finger innocently in its mouth when you tickle it, lick your hand and crouch down for a caress, is, when its destroying instinct is awakened, the 'amor dapis atque sanguinis' aroused, a different creature altogether, and must, I repeat, be handled carefully, for the bite of a ferret is no joke. Wear no glove, never make a snatch at him, let him get well out of the hole, then seize him quickly, firmly, and tenderly by the neck and shoulder, your fore-finger between the head and the right fore-leg, your thumb behind the left fore-leg, and your other fingers opposite; keep a firm but gentle grasp; if you are not rough, the ferret will not even struggle, but resign herself with apparent indifference to be returned to the bag, or put to another hole, which, if she refuse to enter, you may be quite sure does not contain a rat.

Having received the farmer's grateful acknowledgments, which, I fear, as far as he was personally concerned, we hardly deserved, we started, highly elated with our success, on our return. Our pack melted away by degrees: Pincher, the misanthrope, had trotted home without leave, asked or given, the moment the ferrets were taken up; the others, with more or less courtesy, departed to their several kennels, as they were taught to do on approaching the outskirts of the town. We marched with innocent faces and buoyant hearts to our respective studies, where, the ferrets having been safely stowed away, with two or three young rats for a treat, I sat for at least an hour gloating over my newly acquired egg-treasures.

CHAPTER VIII.

THE BADGER.

'There's a precious game a-foot, Master B., down by Warley Wood, some morning early when you can get out,' said Frank Beading to me one day.

'What's that, Frank?'

'Why, Master B., there's an old brock has kennelled there, and we're going to dig him out. You shall see him bolted, if you like.'

'What is a brock, Frank?'

'A brock! why, a badger, to be sure. You've never seen a badger-bait, I dare say?' I never had, but I have since, and a more disgusting exhibition of brutality I can hardly conceive. The wretched animal, naturally quiet, harmless, and inoffensive, is placed in an artificial box or burrow of some twelve or fifteen feet; at the end the owner of the ill-used beast generally constructs a chamber at right angles, sitting in which the badger has an advantage over the dogs who are sent in to 'draw' him, that is to seize him by the scuff of his neck, and drag him out into the open air. A strong, determined bull-terrier will do this pretty readily, but while the quarry is fresh and strong, by no means with impunity; the badger's teeth are of the sharpest, his power of jaw considerable, the looseness of the skin about the neck enables him to turn his head with the greatest ease and activity, and his usual mode of defence is to tuck his nose between his fore-paws, and, when seized by the only projecting part, his neck,

to bite right and left at the legs and through the neck of the attacking dog. The badger is a plucky, enduring beast, too, and will sustain the attacks of many dogs before he succumb; but the cruelty and absence of any real sporting feeling amongst his persecutors induces them to run dog after dog at him, until his spirit is cowed, and the veriest cur will draw him, as he might an old sheep, without meeting with anything beyond a passive resistance.

However, I was charmed at the prospect of the adventure, and agreed to meet Frank at five o'clock the next morning, at the old sand-pits by Warley Wood. Accordingly at about four I was out of bed and dressed; slipping between the bars of our bedroom window,—I think they were not more than six inches apart,—I dropped fearlessly to the ground, and patting the head of old Don, the pointer-watch-dog, on the same principle as that on which fair Margaret caressed

> the shaggy bloodhound
> Lest his baying should waken the castle round,

I stepped lightly on his huge kennel, and, springing from it, caught the coping of the wall, to the top of which I had no difficulty in raising myself. A run of two miles brought me to the sand-hills, and there I found Frank Beading and another man, whose name I afterwards learnt was Guy Drake, covered with sand, and working with all their might at a huge hole they had excavated in the bank.

'You're just in time, Master B.,' said Frank; 'we stopped him in last night, and Guy and I have been working hard at it, off and on, since two o'clock this morning. Guy slept over the hole, he did.' The man referred to, a sulky-looking fellow, with an unprepossessing countenance, made me a clumsy salute, and proceeded with his work. Pincher lay coiled up on his master's coat, which with Guy's and a large sack, lay upon the bank. It was a picturesque spot altogether. Some tall Scotch firs grew on the very edge of the bank into which the men were boring, and which had doubtless been formed years before by the removal of sand for agricultural or other purposes; the ground was in some places sloping and clothed with brambles; in others, seamed with pits and holes, many full of water and overhung by alders, sallows, and other trees which rejoice in wet, undrained soil.

'We shall have him directly, Master B.; run a willow stick round the mouth of the sack to keep it open, and we'll try and get him to bolt into it.' I had hardly done this, when a mass of sand fell, half burying Guy Drake, and as he floundered out, the object of our pursuit appeared too, rushing at full speed towards the rough bank immediately behind us. Excited beyond measure at the appearance of the beast, and utterly regardless of danger, I rushed at him, and as he was gaining the friendly shelter of the bushes, seized him by the hind-leg. Fortunately for me he was half through the meuse, and before he could turn, Pincher had dashed forward, and seizing the badger by his throat, effectually diverted his attention. The two rolled over, fighting and struggling in deadly hate for some seconds before the men could separate them, but Guy, seizing the badger by his tail, and Frank, at no little risk, pinching the dog's throat, this was effected, and Guy Drake held the clumsy, writhing animal, unable to turn more than his head upwards, at arm's length by his tail.

'Put the sack down in the run, Master B.!' cried Frank, who had enough to do holding the dog,—'put the sack in the run, sir!' and I did so. The other man, then putting the badger on the ground,

the animal rushed blindly forward into the sack, the mouth of which was instantly closed and securely fastened.

'Well done, Master B.!' said Guy Drake,—'that was about the pluckiest thing I ever saw done. He'd have got away if it hadn't been for you! Nat Belt would have been pleased to see that, sir, he would.'

'Why, what do you know about Nat Belt, or me either, if you come to that?'

'Bless you, Master B., I live at Slowton when I'm at home, and I've been about your father's woods now and again.'

'Did you come to the lodge, then?'

'Not exactly; it might not have been convenient,' said my acquaintance, rather drily. 'But I know Nat Belt and Nat Belt knows me. Good morning, sir.'

'Good morning; good bye, Frank, I'll come and see the badger to-morrow.'

'By the bye,' said Frank, as he was turning away, 'there's a kite's nest in Stockbrook Wood. I've seen the old cock bird sailing about for some time past.'

'Whereabouts is it, Frank?' said I eagerly.

'Well, I can't say exactly, but it's sure to be pretty near the middle of the wood, and it's not so small but you'll see it without glasses.' And so saying, Frank and his companion jumped into a small tax-cart, to which a rough wiry pony was attached, and rattled away with their captive at a good pace. On the back of the cart was painted 'Guy Drake, Slowton, Licensed Hawker and Dealer in Game.' It occurred to me at once that there might be very sufficient reasons for its owner declining to perform the courtesy of a personal call upon Nat Belt, and I could not but fancy that his absence from home might have something to do with some irregular proceedings with respect to the purchase or sale of game. However, that was a passing thought, and my mind as I hurried home was fully occupied with the thoughts of the late successful capture, the doubt whether I should get home undiscovered, and the prospect of the crowning glory of birds'-nesting—the acquisition of a kite's egg.

Two days afterwards, I may here say I went with a companion to Stockbrook Wood, discovered the nest in the part indicated, and climbed the tree, a oak, without difficulty. The nest was placed in the main fork, a huge structure, as much larger than the buzzard's as the buzzard's is larger than the crow's. It must have been nearly five feet in diameter. I could have lain down in it safely. It was almost as flat as a table, and I think lined principally with moss and cow-hair, but I am not sure; it is a long time ago, and I wish I had taken more accurate note. 'Non cuivis contingit.' It is not one man in a million who has taken a kite's nest, and very few have even seen the bird. The nest contained two young birds, apparently just hatched, and one egg, which I at first thought was addled, but on examination found it cracked from end to end, with a hole as big as my little finger on the lower part. The young bird, in fact, was in the act of liberating itself from the shell. I gently aided its efforts, and strange as it may appear, I reared this as well as its elder brothers to kite's estate, and for a long time they were to me a source of unceasing interest. The egg was almost white, a dirty white with round reddish blotches like the buzzard's, but larger. On the side of the nest lay two young rabbits, two rats, and some bird, I forget what, all fresh but headless. Besides these substantial tokens of his affection, the old cock bird had brought

to gladden the heart of his sitting partner a long tendril of early woodbine, the soft green leaf of which was just bursting forth under the influence of the early spring sun. Of course, this may have been accidental, but the tendril was there, and in the only other kite's nest I ever had the good fortune to take (two years later), I found the very same thing. The hen-bird was sitting, and beside her were headless rabbits and rats, and a long weath of the early woodbine.[1] While I was taking the nest, the old birds flew wildly above me in great circles, uttering their shrill whistling cry, but never approaching or settling, as the buzzards did, on the neighbouring trees; their cry was one more of remonstrance and indignation than of pitiful wailing complaint such as the buzzards' under similar circumstances. But I have never seen any bird fight for its eggs or young,[2] except, perhaps, the little blue-tit, who will sit in his hole, puff himself out, hiss like a snake, and peck at the intrusive finger in the most spirited manner, the hen partridge, and the carrion-crow, a pair of whom once drove me ignominiously from their nursery. The nest was situate, as the crow's invariably is, on the fork of the bough, but the fork was at the extremity of the bough, and it was a long dangerous climb to reach it. Four half-fledged younglings were in it. They had just arrived at an age to be interesting and very dear to their parents, and the bold birds determined not to lose them without a struggle. As I crawled along the horizontal bough at a giddy height, the sharp-billed creatures continually dashed at me, uttering, as their wings almost touched my cheek, a hoarse ominous croak, then settling on a branch a few feet distant, reiterated the tale of their wrongs, and encouraged each other to renewed resistance. So fierce were they and so precarious my hold on the unsteady bough, that my humane feelings came out unusually strong, and, like the public with the cabmen when the latter had given evidence of their power of annoyance, I determined that the birds' remonstrances were reasonable, and that it would be unfair and useless to take their young. 'I think,' said I to Fred Haylock, who waited below, 'it would be a pity to take them; they're not worth having and we've plenty of birds.' Caroke! caroke! said the old birds approvingly. 'Never mind, throw 'em down,' said Fred. 'I think I won't,' said I, looking at the old crows and half turning round, 'it would be so cruel.' And the old birds again unanimously expressed their approval of the sentiment. Finally, I descended the tree, leaving the old birds to rejoice with their rescued little ones, and to exult over the great moral victory they had obtained. But I am forgetting my kites. I took them home, kept them warm, and fed them with pieces of such young birds and young quadrupeds as I could obtain. There are no birds, as I think I have said, so easily reared as kites and hawks. The food presented to them is, in fact, identically the same with that which would be supplied by the parent birds; they require but a sufficiency of it and warmth; with those requisites and luck, success is certain. While young they are covered all over with white down, but have not a feather; the beak and eyes are of disproportionate size, and the thigh bone elevated above the back.

[1] I cannot but think it was a delicate attention on the part of kite père. He had 'found out a gift for his love.'

[2] Yarrell says, 'The nest (of the kite) is vigorously defended. A boy who climbed to one had a hole pecked in his hat, and his hand severely wounded before he could drive the old bird away.' Yarrell never took a kite's nest—moreover kites don't 'peck.'

They are unable to stand on their feet for at least six weeks, but squat upon their haunches, and altogether present a singular and most uncouth appearance. Their natural instincts are developed at the earliest stage of their existence. The bird I had liberated from the egg, the very next day would open its beak to receive a morsel of flesh, but take no notice of a proffered piece of bread, and, what is more strange, while a dog might smell at it, and in fact touch it with his nose without causing the least alarm, the presence, even at some distance, of a cat or a ferret would excite the strongest manifestations of terror and hatred. The little creature, unable to stand, would throw itself on its side, clutch with its impotent claws, and open its soft beak as though it required only the power to tear its acknowledged enemy to pieces. Why this instinctive hatred should exist between the cat and weasel tribes on the one side, and the hawk tribe on the other, I cannot say, but I have repeatedly witnessed it.

On visiting Frank Beading the morning after the badger hunt, I found him smoking his pipe with a very lugubrious expression of countenance; his little pug nose worked convulsively and his watery eyes were unusually suffused. 'Pincher's dead!' said he mournfully in reply to my inquiring look. 'Poor old Pincher's dead!' 'Bless me, Frank!' cried I, 'how did that happen?' 'Well, sir! he was killed, murdered outright by that owdacious badger out yonder,' pointing to a large tub in the corner of the yard. 'What!' said I, 'did the badger get out of his tub and worry poor Pincher?' 'No sir, not that exactly, but Pincher you see wasn't altogether a nice-tempered dog.' I admitted that sweet temper was not Pincher's weak point.

'He wasn't a forgiving sort of dog, you see, Master B., and he was badly punished down in the sandpits yonder. Well he couldn't forget it all day. He was oneasy like, going in and out, growling to hisself. I couldn't tell what was up with the old dog, but at night after he was chained up, he managed to slip the collar over his ears, jumped atop of the barrel, and scratched and bit away the covering and jumped down as I suppose to have it out with the badger.' 'That looks like Pincher's murdering the badger, doesn't it, Frank?'

'Yes sir, but the badger murdered him. I found him in the morning terribly bitten about the head and legs, quite dead in the barrel and that nasty varmint curled up asleep or shamming. Drat him; I shall never see Pincher's like again!'

'He was a sulky bad-tempered dog though, Frank,' said I. 'Ah! Master B., you only saw him out of doors, on business like. Bless you when we went out a poa—ferreting I mean, he wouldn't follow me nearer than a hundred yards, and if I turned back, he wouldn't let on to know me. He ran home by hisself too, but at night when he was let indoors you should just have seed how he jumped about and on to my lap or Betsy's there, and be just as kind-like as a lap-dog.' Betsy, Frank's black-eyed sister, confirmed this account of poor Pincher's domestic qualities, and I was bound to throw no discredit on their statements; but I could not concur in Frank's notion that the badger had murdered Pincher.

I could run on for pages with old recollections of my Downham pursuits and adventures, but interesting as they might be to myself or an old schoolfellow, my readers might weary of them.

With our school days we part.

I was to return home and have a year's private coaching before entering the university, and in due

time, taking with me a menagerie of dogs, ferrets, kites, hawks and owls, I arrived at the paternal mansion, and was warmly greeted by every soul in it, from the old squire to the cowboy who filled the place of my early friend Bill Belt.

CHAPTER IX.

FEN-SHOOTING.

There is no shooting which to my mind equals fen-shooting, and that sport we, under Belt's able guidance, enjoyed to perfection in the holidays. Our home lay on the slope of the long ridge of hills, which, running through the middle of England, bounds the vast swamp that under the name of fen-land stretches from the ocean westward for well nigh a hundred miles. The *fens* in those days presented a very different appearance from that which they present now, and the passenger by a Great Northern train traversing fertile fields and green pastures at the rate of forty miles an hour, can hardly picture to his imagination the black boundless flat, houseless and treeless, which then presented itself to view. Except a few dilapidated wind-mills—I mean mills moved by the wind for the purpose of raising the accumulated water from one dead level to another scarcely more elevated—and a few scattered turf-stacks, no object higher than a bulrush rose between the eye and the horizon. In the centre of this dreary expanse lay a stagnant lake or mere as it was called, well stocked with coarse fish, the haunt of unnumbered wild-fowl.

Of the real extent of these fens I have no conception; in my boyish imagination they were boundless. They must have extended over very many thousand acres, but except on the outskirts there were literally no inhabitants. A few hard-working self-denying men, fever-stricken one half the year, and palsied with ague the other half, waged war with nature under the name of fen-farmers. Gangs of labourers in black boots and red shirts, called 'bankers,' the originals of that great institution the 'navvies,' worked in them by day, but retreated at night to sleep in the villages and towns nearest to their work. Like the backwoodsmen of America the fen-farmers were the precursors of civilised agriculturists. Instead of fences their lands were divided by dikes, eight, twelve, or sixteen feet in width, cut at right angles to each other and for the most part full to the brim of stagnant water. The rents were low, and it is difficult to understand how any could be paid; here and there a field—if the term can in any way be applied to the swampy, ditch-divided parallelogram—was pared, and during the hot weather burned, manured and planted with potatoes; the scanty crop was followed by one of rape, after which came oats; a slow and unremunerative process, and the ultimate result always doubtful. Animal life as distinguished from human, and vegetable life as distinct from cereals, flourished luxuriantly; wild birds of rarest types, strange caterpillars, gorgeous butterflies, beetles of many colours, especially that pest of farmers the wire-worm. Sedge, rush and reed, and sweet-smelling aromatic shrubs abounded. After three years' work the crop was constantly destroyed by the insects above-named, or when just ready for the sickle carried away bodily, torn up by a hurricane from the light, dry, spongy soil, on which its hold was so insecure. The burning had a singular effect; for months after it had been lighted, the fire would creep along the ground, leaving a white impalpable ash like snow some inches deep on the surface, a red coal beneath that burned the soles from your boots if incautiously you trod upon it—

it was dangerous work traversing those white fields,

> Per ignes
> Suppositos cineri doloso.

The track of the smallest bird or beast was plainly visible; it was comparatively safe to follow the latter.

We were four miles from these fens, and there was no road. Our expeditions thither were necessarily made on horseback. The stud, though neither extensive nor valuable, was generally sufficient for the purpose, at least during the holidays, when the butcher's spare pony and the innkeeper's rest post-horse were pressed into the service. Besides, we were not proud, and if, as generally happened, there were more riders than horses, the long-backed ones among the latter were accommodated with two of the former—an arrangement to which the unreasonable brutes generally offered a most determined resistance.

Great was the excitement of starting. When two men ride on one horse one must ride behind, and as the foremost horseman had the advantage of a saddle, while his companion sat on the hard bare backbone of the horse, the seat of honour was warmly contested. That point settled between the bipeds, the quadrupeds took up their share of the controversy, and by a series of violent kicks frequently deposited the occupier of the saddle on the earth, and seated his companion in his place, which he of course retained. Kicking with a double load is not a game to be carried on for any length of time, and a few minutes generally sufficed to start the whole party with guns, game-bags, commissariat, and munitions, fairly on their way. We were not first-class horsemen in those days, but I still think there are many crack riders in the shires whose nerves would have been shaken had they sat, gun in hand, on a raw-boned bare-backed steed, driven at best pace through, if not over, some ugly bullfinch with perhaps a yawning ditch on the other side.

Arrived at the fens a friendly farmer, one Dale, put up our reeking steeds in his ample barn and supplied them liberally with the dried sedge and rushes, which his farm horses were fain to consume as hay. Our better fed brutes turned up their noses at such fare, but were glad enough of it before the long day was done.

Passing through the little oasis which constitutes our friend Mr. Dale's farm-yard, we find ourselves at once on the border, the brink I should say, of the deep fen, 'the world before us,' a moist eerie unfinished looking world, such as Professor Buckland imaged forth in the frontispiece to his pre-Adamite treatise.

A narrow plank laid across a twelve-foot drain is cautiously traversed in single file.

As we touch the opposite bank a jack-snipe, rising at our feet, is hastily fired at by two of our party, and being neither injured nor apparently alarmed drops behind a bunch of rushes some fifty paces distant. A second 'more advised aim' is successful, and picking up the puny delicate bird, we proceed on our way rejoicing.

I should have said that our leaping pole, without the aid of which the most active of fen-shooters, and we were of them, could not have proceeded a quarter of a mile, had been sent forward on the back of an ancient donkey, under the charge of George Kilderkin, a lank active youth, born with an intense love of sport and bred a turf-cutter.

We proceed in line; Search, a steady old water-proof setter, a capital retriever, trotting slowly ahead; stanch, steady, and impassive, seldom hunting, never hurrying, but rarely missing a bird.

Game properly so termed is scarce, but we find plenty to shoot or shoot at, and the uncertainty of what may be the next object of our aim, with the wild and almost dangerous character of the ground traversed, gives additional excitement to the sport. There is water everywhere, and the form of a hare which splashes up at our feet is instantly filled, as though she had sat in a slipper-bath. The black liquid mud churned up from her feet is spurned yards behind her as she runs, and she presents the spectacle of 'a moist unpleasant body' as George Kilderkin rushing forward picks her out of the puddle into which I had rolled her. A brace of blue rock-pigeons, which may have travelled forty miles that morning to feed in the fens, offer a capital right and left shot. A hen-harrier beating his hunting ground with the regularity of a well trained setter is fired at and missed.

We are now stopped by one of the larger drains, cut originally sixteen feet wide, requiring with its rotten banks a clear jump of at least eighteen; it is full to the brim, 'a sluggish water black as ink.' My gun is handed to Kilderkin, who places the pole in my hands. Sounding with the shoe at its foot, I find something like a firm bottom about three feet from the bank, and advancing my right hand to within a few inches from the top, my left firmly grasping the pole below, with a bounding spring I pass lightly through the air, experiencing as I do so the delightful feeling which may be supposed to accompany the act of flying, and settle like a bird on the opposite bank. Thrusting the pole back I am ready to catch the gun, which George holds poised in readiness, the butt resting on his right hand the barrel midway on his left. It is deftly thrown and lightly caught; that of my companion follows, and then comes his turn to jump. He is rather a young hand and nervous, his spring is insufficient, and for a moment the pole pauses at the perpendicular; it rights however, and narrowly escaping a complete ducking he lands with a splash in two feet of water, out of which he is instantly dragged.

We are now in the true snipe ground; the fens are in capital order, wet, not too wet, and there has been a bright moon for some nights past. We are full of hope and anticipation. The wind, which is tolerably high, is in our back, and our old dog though it gives him extra trouble does not object, for he knows that snipe will lie better and, always rising up wind, present after the first twist a fairer mark. We have hardly proceeded twenty yards when a harsh sqneak with a whirr of wings disproportioned to the size of the bird is heard, and waiting until his first eccentric and rapid movements are over, we drop him cleverly. My companion does the same by a second—a third, a fourth rises as we proceed; some are missed, some killed, but we have bagged three couple before we leave that splash, and face another ditch of greater width and still more impracticable character than the last. We get safely to the other side at the expense of a slight wetting, and find ourselves in the neighbourhood of Fowl Mere, a noted resort of wild birds of all kinds. It is too wet for snipe, for that bird, though it loves moist ground, must have dry places to rest on and bog to bore in, not too saturated to contain the worms which constitute its favourite food.

A brace of wild ducks which have been put up by a turf-barge on the mere, at this moment pass rapidly at a great height over our heads; we watch their flight with longing eyes, and are rewarded by seeing them curl round and drop with a splash on to a little tarn ahead. Meantime Search is poking after some-

thing at the bottom of the ditch—he has long held himself absolved from all conventionalities—squattering through the liquid mud and water, and at times dipping his sagacious old nose actually into it. We think he smells a rat, maybe a moorhen, or possibly a jack-snipe, at any rate we know that the wise dog will wait for us if there is anything worth waiting for, and leaving him to settle to his point we proceed with rapid but stealthy steps to stalk the ducks.

Wild ducks are by no means difficult of approach if you keep out of their sight; once mark ducks under a bank, and it is your own fault if you do not get a shot. The mallard rises at an easy distance, and falls to my companion's gun. In the excitement of the moment (for a duck is a much coveted prize) I miss his companion with both barrels, but she is not destined to escape. At this moment a rush of wings is heard overhead, and a falcon, probably a gos-hawk, dashes at her, and within a distance of some two hundred yards, regardless of our presence, strikes his quarry, which falls amid a shower of feathers lifeless to the ground. The hawk, like a skater who has passed the ball at hockey, wheels round as speedily as his rapid course admits of, but too late to intercept the dead duck before it touches the earth, and rushing in with wild shouts, we secure the prey the bold bird had so gallantly struck down. We find a streak down the back of the duck where the hinder talons had scraped it in the falcon's swoop, showing at once the cause of death and of the cloud of feathers which accompanied the fall. As we turn away a shrill plaintive squeak is heard, and looking into the ditch a snake is seen making his repast in the horrible cruel manner peculiar to those creatures—gradually sucking down his capacious throat a large live frog, seized by one of its hind legs. Pausing for a second to rescue the wretched creature, we return to our friend Search, and find him squatting under the bank, half in half out of the water. A dark brown bird which had been lying close under his nose creeps a yard or two in advance as we approach, and flies slowly and clumsily along the line of the ditch. It is shot, of course, for all birds are game in the fens, but it is a useless addition to the bag—the water-rail, a distant cousin of the delicate land-rail, well shaped, with pretty feathers, but bad to eat and offensive to smell.

The day is wearing away, and we turn our faces resolutely towards the blue hill in the distant horizon. The bag is heavy, and we are fain to relieve its bearer by putting some of its contents into our capacious pockets. A shooting-coat was not then what it is now; it was made for use, not ornament, of strongest material, and amply provided with pockets. I could put anything smaller than a calf into the inner one of mine.

We pass over fresh ground as we return, and our bag increases in number if not in respectability. A white owl flopping out of a ruined mill is thoughtlessly shot, to the great dismay of Kilderkin, who reluctantly picks up the ill-omened bird. He has been in high spirits all day, but he appears at once to have lost all heart, and strides along in silence with a most dejected air. The owl is a mystic bird in his eyes, and her death bodes disaster. 'You shouldn't have fired, Master B.; the other gentleman would have missed her. There's very few as can shoot a howl. I remember last year Master Willum, he shot at a howl; she sat on a dead bough of the wild pear-tree in Clay Lane. I never see a *real* howl sit on a dead bough. Muster Willum, he ups with his gun, and I says, "For any sake, Muster Willum," says I, "don't

fire, sir. *You don't know what it may be.*" But he did, and down come the bough, and away flew the howl. But bless you, Master B.,' he added solemnly, '*I knowed it were no howl.*' Kilderkin afterwards told me confidentially that it was said, though he did not believe it, that Mother Flanders, who was as we all knew a witch, commonly assumed the shape and feathers of an owl.

Whether in consequence I am in doubt, but certainly before we reached Dale's lonely dwelling our pole broke, and we were forced to face some half-dozen cold ditches, twelve and sixteen feet wide, as best we might, but the spirit of the slaughtered bird having been appeased by this slight contretemps, we reached Dale's in safety, and eventually arrived at home very wet, very tired, but in highest spirits and well satisfied with our bag, which when turned out exhibited a goodly show of varied game: snipe and partridge, duck and teal, peewits, hare, the water-rail before mentioned, a hoodie-crow, a barn-owl, a magpie, and, strange inmate of a game-bag, a pike of about two pounds weight. I have been many times a sharer in battues where pheasants were killed by the score and hares by the dozen, and not enjoyed myself one tenth part so much as I did on one of these wild days on the fens.

By the way, I must give the history of the pike I have just referred to, and I entreat my readers to believe it on my testimony. When the surface of the fens is covered with water these fish frequently come in with the flood into certain narrow pits or dykes out of which the turf has been cut, are left as it recedes without the possibility of escape. It is no unusual thing to see a solitary jack in one of these watery graves, but in a particular pit a brace had been left as nearly as possible of the same size and weight, between one and two pounds each. The water, though stained, is clear as wine, and I had watched these fish for a long time previously. We always shot fish when they were big enough, but these hardly appeared worth powder; besides they lay in capital ground, and it is not pleasant to see a full snipe rise just within shot as you slay a worthless pike. On this day however only *one* of its accustomed occupants was visible in the pit, and that presented a singular appearance, floating uneasily near the surface. Aiming well beneath the fish, at least double his apparent distance below the surface, I fired, and on getting him out with the pole, found that so far as in him lay he had *swallowed his companion*; the head and shoulders with the greater part of the body were actually digested, whilst the tail stuck out at one corner of its wicked mouth.

As they lay in the water on former occasions I could not have said which was the bigger of the two, so nearly were they of a size, but as the *majus continet in se* the *minus*, we may assume that it was the larger of the twain that I shot.

TRANSLATIONS OF THE *ILIAD*.[1]

TO point out difficulties in translating Homer is like carrying coals to Newcastle; so much has there been of endeavour, discussion and criticism. But the ground is broken afresh by the appearance of a good translation of the *Iliad* into the Spenserian metre: we are no longer where we were when Mr. Matthew Arnold made his brilliant contribution to the settlement of the matter. If success has been to any extent achieved by a new method, new points of view are opened up, and new possibilities hinted or exhibited.

Probably as much might be said for a good prose translation of Homer as for one in any form of verse whatever. Prose could be made to preserve all the inner qualities of the original—its dignity, life, simplicity, movement: with perfect literalness it could save alive all its peculiarities without running into pedantry. Much, no doubt, is lost with the loss of a poetical setting; yet a good prose translation adds something where it has taken away: indeed, the effect of poetical thought is sometimes silently enhanced by the throwing off of its more appropriate form; and this is especially the case with a translation of an antique work, written in a strange and inimitable metre. Much of the grandeur and concentration of Dante are preserved in Mr. J. Carlyle's prose. Mr. Munro sometimes adds piquancy and quaint abruptness to the solemnity of Lucretius. A verse translation, however literal, must sacrifice much of the inner truth of the original, whose form it must recast, and whose proportions it must alter. It does not, like a print or a pianoforte transcription, merely diminish the outline and blot out the colour—it must modify essentially, and that the more, the better and more poetically it is executed. For to the poet his metre is the sterling expression of his mental tone; and the translator who employs metre must thus, unless his work is to be a mere exercise, be *ipso facto* brought into the most inward contact with the spirit of the author on whom he is working. The result represents the embrace and the wrestle of two minds. Prose, attempting (comparatively) no form, saves the translator from this effort.

To say nothing of the fact that no modern measure can really give the effect of the Greek hexameter, Homer is eminently a poet on whom the experiment of a prose translation might be made with success. Much in the *Iliad* and *Odyssey* represents a time when the distinction between prose and poetry, as we understand it, had not begun to exist. In this region the modern reader would hardly miss a metrical setting which, however well managed, must always be more or less artificial: the real poetry of the rest is plain and striking, and can be well suggested, where not perfectly reproduced, without verse. But unfortunately verse translations of Homer have long had all the run; and a prose translation, however good, could hardly be looked at by the general reader, who would be the most likely to profit by it. The question, therefore, is hardly a practical one, and we are reduced to a discussion of metres.

There are serious difficulties in the way of the use of any unrhymed measure in the translation of the

[1] The *Iliad* of Homer, translated into English verse in the Spenserian stanza, by Philip Stanhope Worsley, M.A., late Fellow of Corpus Christi College, Oxford. Vol. i. books i.–xii.; vol. ii. books xiii.–xxiv., translated by John Conington, M.A., Corpus Professor of Latin in the University of Oxford.

classical epic. Rhyme fills up a want which did not exist in the classical languages, but which is of the very essence of English. We can read to the end of the *Iliad* or *Æneid* without finding the Homeric or Virgilian hexameter monotonous. It is doubtful whether even Milton's blank verse does not become monotonous to a continuous reader of the *Paradise Lost*. It would appear that the cause of this lies deeper than the surface. A variously inflected language like Greek opened to the poet at once a whole storehouse of means for varying his sound, the order of his words, and (by consequence) his rhythm. It would be difficult to over-estimate the value, in this respect, of the number of Greek conjugations alone. For narrative, an English writer has only three varieties of past tense: the weak form in *d* (*killed*); the strong form, altering the vowel (*slew*); and the auxiliary verb with the participle or infinitive (*did kill, has killed*). A Greek had a number of aorists and perfects, varying with the variety of five conjugations, to say nothing of his constant employment of deponent or middle forms for active. In the same way, a Greek had for his nouns several genitive and accusative forms: an Englishman has only two genitives, and no accusative. And what has been said of Greek applies, though with less force, to Latin.

In order, therefore, to have any chance against a classical poet, in the matter of varying his sound, an English poet must have recourse to other means than that of employing different forms. Rhyme, or the ordered succession of similarly sounding words, is one of these modern devices for enhancing uniformity by difference. The translator, then, who employs rhyme has a great advantage, so far, over the translator who does not: he can represent some of the colour of his original, though by a different distribution. If he loses, as he must, in inner resemblance and accuracy, he gains in general harmony of effect. Compare, for instance, the following stanza of Worsley with the Greek:—

(*Worsley, Book* ii. *Stanza* 96.)

Now all his people on the barren beach
With arrow, disk, and javelin pastime heed;
While unyoked horses near his chariot each
On fresh green lotus and marsh-parsley feed:
But in the huts lie, waiting against need,
The chariots of the captains, wrapt with care—
They without heart, and with no ranks to lead,
Mourn their still tarrying chief, to Ares dear,
And loiter about the army, and go here and there.

Il. ii. 773–779.

Λαοὶ δὲ παρὰ ῥηγμῖνι θαλάσσης
δίσκοισιν τέρποντο καὶ αἰγανέῃσιν ἱέντες,
τόξοισίν θ' ἵπποι δὲ παρ' ἅρμασιν οἷσιν ἕκαστος
λωτὸν ἐρεπτόμενοι ἑλεόβρεπτόν τε σέλινον
ἕστασαν· ἅρματα δ' ἐὺ πεπκασμένα κεῖτο ἀνάκτων
ἐν κλισίῃς· οἱ δ' ἀρχὸν Ἀρηΐφιλον ποθέοντες
φοίτων ἔνθα καὶ ἔνθα κατὰ στρατὸν, οὐδ' ἐμάχοντο.

Mr. Worsley, for the sake of his rhymes, and to avoid the monotony of saying 'were heeding,' 'were feeding,' 'were lying,' &c., uses the present tense throughout; the Greek poet, with his different inflections, had no such difficulty to get over. But the inaccuracy of the translation is compensated, so far as general effect is concerned, by the variety in continuity which the manifold rhyme of the Spenserian stanza produces. A gifted writer in the *North British Review* of December 1866, has applied a similar method to Virgil. *Mutatis mutandis*, the same kind of criticism might suit his beautiful and Dantesque rendering of *Æneid* vi. 264, foll.: 'Dî quibus imperium est animarum, Umbræque silentes,' &c.:

Gods of the under world, and silent Ghosts,
And Styx and Chaos, where wide Night is still,'

I tell the tale I heard; vouchsafe you will
That I may bring earth's hidden things to day,
And what is sunken under the dark coasts.
They went through shadowy solitary night,
And Pluto's blank domains and empty halls:
As travellers whom the moon's unkindly light
Baffles in forests on a darkling way—
When heaven's face gathers shade, and deep night falls,
Turning the colour of the world to grey.
Hard at the threshold, on the skirts of Hell
Woe and avenging Care sit sentinel:
And pale Diseases dwell, and sad Old Age,
And shameful Want, and Awe, and Famine fell,
And Toil and Death, all presences of fear,
And Slumber kin to death, and Joys of sin
Fronting War's deadly house; and next within
The Furies' iron bower, and Strife and Rage,
With gory fillets twined in snaky hair.

The occurrence of rhymes, which is very rare in the classical epic, is an exception which proves our rule. Such lines as Homer's

οἶνον δὲ μελίφρονα οἰνίζεσθε
σῖτόν τ' ἐκ μεγάρων, ἐπὶ δὲ ξύλα πολλὰ λέγεσθε,

or,

αἰνίκα δ' ἀργεννῆσι καλυψαμένη δθόνησι,

or Virgil's

Nusquam amittebat, oculosque sub astra tenebat—

are due to the accidental concurrence of two similarly sounding inflections.

The multiplicity of form and sound, arising from variety of conjugation and declension, is but a sample, though a very typical sample, of what pervades the whole of the classical languages as compared with English. What has been said about single words may be extended to the structure of sentences, which in any language depends strictly upon the character of its inflections. The classical poet was not tied, as a modern poet is, in the arrangement of his words. He might choose an order either plain and direct, like the modern order, or complex and involved, such as would hold the mind in suspense, and make it forget the metre to fix itself upon the sense. Here, again, was a great help against monotony of measure;[1] and here, again, is apparent the weakness of an unrhymed metre (like blank verse) in the English language. Homer and Virgil, by varying their structure and order of words, could be continuously rapid without becoming monotonous. Milton, perhaps to relieve the uniformity of English structure, which tends to become too barely evident in blank verse, tries often to imitate the classical order; but the result is an effect often of artificiality, at best of solemnity. Homer's Μῆνιν ἄειδε, Θεὰ, Πηληϊάδεω Ἀχιλῆος Οὐλομένην, and Virgil's 'Arma virumque cano, Trojæ qui primus ab oris,' &c., put the right words in the right place, without any loss of spirit. Milton's opening—

Of man's first disobedience, and the fruit
Of that forbidden tree, whose mortal taste
Brought death into the world, and all our woe, &c.

is like an organ prelude: no English writer of a secular epic in blank verse could begin thus with success. It is impossible not to feel how tense must have been the struggle of that toil which Milton had to bestow on the stubborn material of his native language, before the gold of his words and verses won its full refinement. Diction so magnificent yet so severe cannot carry the reader along; so far from being the mere slave of the thought, like Homer's Greek, it is itself a marvel of study and meditation, which arrests and amazes him.

[1] Contrast the classical order of words with that of a rhymed Latin hymn: 'Ille dies primus leti primusque malorum Causa fuit' with 'Dies iræ, dies illa, Solvet sæclum in favilla,' for instance.

Cowper was a poet, and his blank-verse translation of Homer is beautiful and readable, in spite of the stiffness inherent in the Miltonic style. But Cowper, like Wordsworth, relieves the august solemnity of Milton with a large infusion of commonplace; and English commonplace is more dingy and threadbare than Homer's. Mr. Wright's translation resembles Cowper's, but is less poetical. Those whose vocation it is to study the classics must be grateful for Lord Derby's patronage, which has done much to keep alive the memory of Homer in the minds of the English middle class; but Lord Derby's version, though full of simple force and effort, lacks passion. There is spirit, but no passion, in this:

Thick as the snowflakes that from Heaven descend
Before the sky-born Boreas' chilling blast,
So thick, outpouring from the ships, the stream
Of helmets polished bright, and bossy shields,
And breastplates firmly braced, and ashen spears.
Their brightness flashed to Heaven, and laughed the earth
Beneath the brazen glare. Loud rang the tramp
Of armed men: Achilles in the midst,
The godlike chief, in dazzling arms arrayed.
His teeth were gnashing audibly; his eye
Blazed with the light of fire; but in his heart
Was grief unbearable: with furious wrath
He burned against the Trojans, as he donned
The heavenly gifts, the work of Vulcan's hand, &c.

Yet, such are the difficulties of the metre, it would be hard for a translator to beat either Wright or Lord Derby effectually out of the field, to say nothing of Cowper.

The only other unrhymed metre which has much claim to attention here is the English hexameter. The adaptability of any metre for purposes of translation depends in great measure, if not altogether, upon its antecedents. One question for the translator no doubt is, 'Is such and such a measure inherently suitable to the original which I have to represent?' But a more important one perhaps is, 'How has the metre been employed, by whom, in what spirit, and to what end?' 'Difficile est proprie communia dicere:' it is difficult to give an old subject a new setting. To create a new metre or a new modification of an old one is not for the scholar or critic, but for the great poet. Great poets but seldom translate; if they reproduce the antique or foreign at all, it is generally by writing original poems in the antique or foreign spirit, not by verbal reproduction of existing masterpieces. Milton's *Lycidas* is a much nearer representation of Virgil than his translation of the *Pyrrha* Ode is of Horace; Göthe's *Iphigenia* and *Prometheus* and *Helena* are more lifelike than any conceivable translation of *Æschylus* or *Euripides*. Thus translation is left to poets of the second rank, and to scholars or critics: unfortunately, because it is just the field in which the success of a powerful hand in wielding a new metre would be most conspicuous. And poets of the second order have generally confined themselves to the known metres: the example of Mr. M. Arnold is an exception that proves the rule.

We are inclined to agree with Mr. Worsley that considerations like these are fatal to the trial, at present, of the English hexameter. 'If the English hexameter did but exist,' says he (preface, p. viii.), 'the argument in favour of its adoption by a translator who could wield it well would, I think, be unanswerable. Some presentable form of the metre may not be past hoping for. . . . But nothing can be more certain than that a problem so intricate must first be solved in the field of original poetry. When the English hexameter is discovered, known, and widely appreciated, without reference to any foreign rhythmical

standard, it will be time enough to use it in translation. Till then the name of it can only serve to adorn a theory against which there seems nothing whatever to be said in the abstract.'[1]

Of rhymed metres there are four between which the choice for a translation of Homer seems practically to lie: the ballad metre of eight and six, the ballad-epic of Scott, the rhymed heroic of Pope, and the Spenserian stanza. The ballad-metre of eight and six is only suited for isolated scenes; it is for a song or a story, not for an epic poem. It would only suit Homer if, like Dr. Maguire, we could consent to split Homer up into single stories, and call them Homeric ballads; a process which, whatever may be the truth about the unity of authorship, would be cruel in the case of the *Iliad*, and wholly unjustifiable in that of the *Odyssey*. The antecedents of the metre are against it here. Neither old nor modern use has sanctioned its application to long-sustained narrative. A lyrical pathos has sometimes been thrown into it by Wordsworth and Coleridge; but it remains still what it was, the setting of a single picture, or of a passion suggested by a single picture. Professor Blackie, who has followed Chapman in applying it, in the long form, to Homer, has developed instead of restraining its worse tendencies:—

> Thus Nestor: him the monarch heard, and bade without delay
> Each clear-voiced herald call the folk to join the purple fray:
> The heralds call them, and the troop of long-haired Greeks obey.
> The Jove-born kings the host reviewed; from rank to rank they went
> With ordering word. With them Athene of the flashing eyne,
> Holding the ægis priceless, deathless, of her sire divine;
> A hundred tassels round its borders shook all golden fair,
> Well plaited: worth a hundred beeves was every tassel there.
> This ægis wide she spreads, and looks around with gleaming eyes,
> And sweeps apace from rank to rank, and kindles as she flies
> The lust of fight in every wight, and warlike strength supplies.
> And now the war was sweeter far to each well-greaved Achæan,
> Than to seek his home across the foam of the billowy broad Ægean.
> As when destroying fire hath caught a stretch of dry old pines
> High on a hill-top, and afar the blazing forest shines;
> So shone the copper-coated host as rank on rank advances,
> While flash quick brands in a thousand hands, and gleam the eager lances.
> And as the uncounted tribes that scour the sky with mighty vans
> Of geese or vagrant-banded cranes, or the long-necked race of swans,
> Where far the Asian lowland spreads, and by Caÿster's flow,
> Freely on joyful pinions sail, and wander to and fro,
> And with their clanging wings loud rings the mead where they alight—
> Thus swarmed the Greeks from ship and tent, to find the fateful fight.

Professor Blackie spoils his child by indulgence. The fourteen-syllable is by nature garrulous and unclassical, and Professor Blackie seems to delight in these qualities. His additions to Homer ('the billowy broad Ægean,' 'flash quick brands in a thousand hands,' 'scour

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[1] Mr. Dart, who translates twelve books of the *Iliad* into hexameters, is a prose-writer, and Mr. M. Arnold is a poet. Mr. Dart can write such lines as these—

> 'Fond as thou art of me, Helen, yet seek not now to detain me,

and

> If 'tis a sight that affects you at all, if you care to behold it;

yet on reading Mr. Dart continuously, we feel that the difference between his hexameters and Mr. Arnold's is not so great as that which really separates the two men, and which would be at once apparent in any tried metre.

the sky with mighty vans,' &c.) are tolerably numerous, and alien to the spirit of the Greek.

The ballad-epic of Scott is a variation upon the eight and six, made to adapt it to continuous writing. In the form in which Scott employs it, it attains simplicity, directness, and rapidity; and so far it would suit Homer. Professor Conington had much to say in favour of using it for a readable translation of the *Æneid*. But it would hardly now be worth while to translate Homer into a measure whose chief merits are simplicity, directness, rapidity, and readability. The form in which this metre would be best fitted for the *Iliad* would be not the lighter form given to it by Scott, but the heavier one into which it is thrown by Göthe and Coleridge. By the frequent introduction of anapæsts these poets have almost altered its character, and tinged it with a lyrical and stormy passion. There is a great difference between Göthe's

Willst, feiner Knabe, du mit mir gehen?
Meine Töchter sollen dich warten schön:
Meine Töchter führen die nächtlichen Reih'n,
Und wiegen und tanzen und singen dich ein;

or Coleridge's

'Tis the middle of the night by the castle clock,
And the owls have awakened the crowing cock, &c.

and Scott's

Sorrow it were and shame to tell
The butchery that there befel, &c.

as much difference as between the ordinary ten-syllable couplet and Mr. Tennyson's anapæstic modification of it in *Maud*:—

Let it flame or fade, and the war roll down like a wind,
We have proved we have hearts in a cause, we are noble still, &c.

A rendering of the *Iliad* into the ballad-epic metre with the anapæstic modification might be a splendid success: the measure has, however, hardly been sufficiently proved by the great masters to make it safe at present for a translator to try it.

The capacities of the Popian ten-syllable couplet are cramped by the shortness of its periods. As employed by Pope, who always makes the sense close with the rhyme, it is essentially a rhetorical measure, analogous rather to the hexameter of Juvenal than to that of Homer. Mr. Browning in his *Sordello* has tried to modify it, for purposes of narrative, by making the sense and the rhyme cross—whether to the advantage of the metre or to the gain of clearness in the narrative may be questioned. The Popian style, in which any one translating Homer in this metre would have to write, is foreign to the modern habit, and Pope is unsurpassable in it.

The *terza rima* of Dante, so admirably adapted for the combination of continuity with variety, has not been naturalised in English; partly perhaps because much of its success depends upon double rhymes, in the use of which the poverty of our terminations effectually stints us. The Spenserian stanza, however, may perhaps be said to answer, to some extent, the same purpose which the *terza rima* does in Italian. Built on a solid foundation of manifold rhymes, its structure involves a complexity in the arrangement of clauses which the suspense produced by the necessity of waiting for the repetition of the cadences, and the prolonged fall of the close, saves from the appearance of being unnatural. So far it is perhaps better suited than blank verse for producing a readable translation of a classical epic: continuity of structure is of its essence. Besides this, it is easily capable of nobility, dignity, and tenderness. Its lengthiness, as well as the antique character which it bears in England as a

measure for narrative, easily adapt it to the epic commonplace, so difficult to manage in any of the more ordinary metres; while they justify, if they do not render essential, that employment of archaisms which Mr. F. Newman finds it so easy to defend in theory, but so difficult to make palatable in practice. Again (and this is very important) the Spenserian metre is, in consequence of its weight, eminently the metre for a long poem; so much so that, in order fairly to judge of its effect, we must read considerable lengths of it at a time. Yet, when all is said, we feel a misgiving as to whether Mr. Worsley has succeeded in producing a really Homeric effect. The merits of the measure are counterbalanced by defects which dog them like their shadow. It has a tendency to become too soft, cumbrous, and reflective. Mr. Worsley, after dwelling on what has been already noticed, its complexity and continuity, says, in favour of the metrical analogy between his translation and its original, 'what I hope and believe to be true is this, that the perusal of a whole book of my translation will leave echoing in the ear a voice accordant in its main swell to the voice of Homer. If that sea-like rolling effect which is so characteristic of him comes out in my pages, though not immediately by the succession of single lines, yet at last by the harmonious accumulation of stanzas, I have made out for the magnificent measure I have chosen a claim which cannot indeed be tested rapidly, but which, if true, will gradually recommend itself to favour.' Critics ought to be cautious how they differ with poets, yet we venture to doubt whether this is the effect that would most obviously strike the ear. Mr. Worsley has produced a poem full of a grace and movement of its own—a poem as continuously readable as it is beautiful and suggestive in detail; but there is a certain deficiency in the severity of tone, the majesty, and the swift fiery passion that characterise the *Iliad*. Mr. Worsley is full of tenderness, pathos, and solemnity, but the voice of the trumpet is not about us as we read him. The spirit of his own poems is rather the spirit of Wordsworth than of a Greek; and the same cast of thought appears in his *Homer*, though the execution occasionally reminds us of Tennyson. We think Mr. Worsley most Homeric when Homer is at his simplest—namely, in narrative and description. Take, for instance, Book ii. stanza 56, foll.:—

He spake, nor Agamemnon, king of men,
Did to the old man's counsel not obey;
But to the shrill-voiced heralds there and then
Gave his commandment to proclaim the fray.
Soon came the wide host flocking every way;
And the divine kings, rushing here and there,
Order the long ranks, and the tumult sway.
Came, too, Athene, and that ægis rare,
Proof against years, immortal, in their midst did wear.

Tassels a hundred, all of gold, adorn
That glorious ægis: each is twisted well,
Each worth a hundred kine, sleek, fair of horn.
She, clad therein, with lightning glances fell,
Moves in the midst, each loiterer to impel,
Till the high fury in all breasts doth burn
Ne'er to bate fighting till the foe they quell;
And war seems doubly sweeter than return
Home to the far dear country whereunto they yearn.

As when the seed of fire, uncertain whence,
Falls on a forest in some windy height,
And from afar is seen the glare immense,
So to the welkin, as they marched in might,
Burned the divine brass with a wondrous light.
And as a flush of birds, swan, goose, or crane,
Wheeling from heaven in all the joys of flight
By stream Caÿster in the Asian plain,
Clangs o'er the meadowy marge, and the air rings again;

So from the huts a flush of men there came,
And from the black ships. In a flood they pour
Down to the field beside Scamander's stream,

And earth, by reason of the tramp she bore,
Shook from beneath them a low thunderous roar:
Such was the march of men and steeds to hear.
Anon they halt on the Scamandrian shore,
That plain of flowers, and thick as leaves appear,
Or stars of blossoming buds in season of the year.

There is little in this that is not literal and Homeric. 'That ægis rare' for *αἰγίδα ἐρίτιμον* is, perhaps, weak; and so the repetition, 'that glorious ægis,' in the second stanza quoted. 'Sleek, fair of horn,' the epithet of the cattle, is not in the text, but it is quite in the right spirit, and may be considered as a compensation for the omission of the 'hollow ships' (*ἐν νηυσὶ γλαφυρῇσι*) in the last line of the stanza. So of 'the seed of fire,' in the next stanza: this is Homer's own expression elsewhere, though not here. There are, however, a few modernisms, some really poetical, some less so. To the last belong 'with lightning glances fell,' 'with a wondrous light,' 'a low thunderous roar;' to the first, 'the far dear country whereunto they yearn,' the almost Christian tone of which reminds of Keble, and 'stars of blossoming buds,' a real and appropriate grace, but Tennysonian rather than Homeric.

Something the same may be said of the end of Book viii.:—

So they with high thoughts on the bridge of war
Sat through the night, their watchfires blazing nigh:
As when the moon and every shining star
Beam loveliest, when the winds in slumber lie,
And in clear outline are revealed thereby
Sharp peak, and sunken valley, and rifted hill;
Deep beyond deep unutterable the sky
Breaks open, and the night spreads calm and still,
All the stars shine, and joy the shepherd's heart doth fill:

Such in their multitude from Xanthus' stream,
Betwixt the rolling river and the main,
In front of Troy the Trojan watchfires gleam
Which the men kindle and all night sustain.
A thousand fires were burning on the plain,
And beside each sat fifty, in the shine
Of burning fire; and champing the white grain
Of barley and spelt, the steeds in ordered line
Hard by their chariots stood, waiting the Dawn divine.

Here the first stanza rises to the high beat of the original; the line 'sharp peak and sunken valley and rifted hill,' though it somewhat departs from the Greek *πᾶσαι σκοπιαὶ καὶ πρώονες ἄκροι Καὶ νάπαι*, adding a beauty of its own, which, perhaps, compensates for the substitution of 'Dawn divine' for *ἐύθρονον Ἠῶ* at the end.

Mr. Worsley, or his metre, is less successful in the more heightened strain of Homeric eloquence. We quote his rendering of the finest part of the great speech of Achilles in the ninth book:—

And as for marriage, I will not come near
A child of Agamemnon, Atreus' son;
Though she be golden Aphrodite's peer
In beauty, and Athene's art outrun,
Not thus, nor ever, shall that rite be done.
Nay let him rather, as he lists, provide
Some Argive kingly enough to be his son;
For if the gods me safely homeward guide,
Peleus himself will find some maiden for my bride.

In Hellas there are maids of kingly line,
And fit wives may be chosen from the same;
Yea, there not seldom doth my soul incline
To get me a good wife, some noble dame,
And my sire's wealth enjoy—life's worth may claim
More than men say Troy held in days of old,
More than that stony barrier can enfold
In the Apollonian shrine, on Pytho's rocky hold.

For oxen and fat sheep abide their price,
And lost may be redeemed in spoil again,
And tripods may be had not once nor twice,
And high-bred horses with their golden mane;
But man's life, when it flies, no power can chain,
And in the spoils of war 'tis nowhere found,

Nor hunters in the field that prize obtain,
When naked to the night that hems it round
Once from the teeth it slips, and is beyond the bound.

The first two stanzas are, on the whole, hardly adequate. The beginning, 'as for marriage,' is too commonplace for Homer; and the lines,

Though she be golden Aphrodite's peer
In beauty, and Athene's art outrun,

are not sufficient for the broad sounding effect of

Οὐδ' εἰ χρυσείη 'Αφροδίτη κάλλος ἐρίζοι,
Ἔργα δ' 'Αθηναίη γλαυκώπιδι ισοφαρίζοι.

Again, the brilliant irony of—

ὁ δ' 'Αχαιῶν ἄλλον ἐλέσθω,
Οστις οἱ τ' ἐπέοικε, καὶ ὃς βασιλεύτερός ἐστιν

is not well represented by—

Nay, let him rather, as he lists, provide
Some Argive kingly enough to be his son.

In the next stanza, 'maids of kingly line' is not enough for *κοῦραι ἀριστήων οἵ τε πτολίεθρα ῥύονται*, 'daughters of princes who save cities'—an epithet which, in the mouth of Achilles, has a real point; while the limping Browning-like verse—

And my sire's wealth enjoy: life's worth may claim, &c.

does but lame justice to the spirit and flow of

οὐ γὰρ ἐμοὶ ψυχῆς ἀντάξιον, οὐδ' ὅσα φασίν.

But in the next stanza, Mr. Worsley has it all his own way. Out of the two lines—

ἀνδρὸς δὲ ψυχὴ πάλιν ἐλθεῖν οὔτε λεϊστή,
οὔθ' ἑλετή, ἐπεὶ ἅρ κεν ἀμείψεται ἕρκος ὀδόντων—

he has taken the full thought, and coloured it with a solemn emotion which, though quite kindred to it, can hardly be said to lie in the Greek itself. The passage is fine, but it is successful at the expense of being thoroughly Homeric; the clear ring of the Greek is gone, and supplanted by the modern tone of reflection. The same may be remarked of his rendering of vi. 390, foll.:—

When Hector heard that, to the Scæan gate,
Meaning that way to pass forth to the plain,
He sped back quickly, through the long wide streets;
And lo, his dear wife ran to meet him fain,
Child of Eëtion, who held high reign
Over Cilician men in Thebes afar,
'Neath woody Placos: she, and in her train
A young nurse and a babe, as babies are,
Hector's one child, their darling, like a lovely star.

Him Hector called Scamandrius, but the rest
Astyanax, thus honouring Hector's child:
For Hector was alone Troy's stay confest;
And they 'the City's King' his babe had styled.
He then, beholding the sweet infant, smiled
In silence; but Andromache there shed
Thick tears beside him, and in anguish wild
Clasped Hector by the hand, and spake, and said,
'Dear one, thine own brave temper will yet lay thee dead.

'Thou hast no pity for thy child or me,
Ere long thy widow, when the Achaian men
Shall like a flood pour round, and murder thee.
I tell thee it were better for me then
Dark earth to enter, if that day come when,
Light of my eyes, I lose thee—for no cheer,
No comfort, ever can I find again,
But wailings in the night, and anguish drear,
When for thy arms I feel, and thou art nowhere near,' &c.

This is much better than Professor Blackie, whose vigorous movement is seized here with cold and cramp:—

'Hector, thy strength unreined and wild will ruin thee; for me
Thou hast no pity, and this child, that soon will orphaned be,
While I am widowed: for the Greeks, in the hot rush of war,
Will surely kill thee; and for me 'twere better fated far
Beneath the ground to go than live without thee: stay is none
On earth for me, nor joy, nor hope, when I have lost the one
Who is my all,' &c.

But Mr. Worsley's method has not been applied here quite so happily as in Achilles' speech. The five lines, beginning 'I tell thee it were better,' &c., are an expansion of three in the Greek:—

ἐμοὶ δέ κε κέρδιον εἴη
σεῦ ἀφαμαρτούσῃ χθόνα δύμεναι· οὐ γὰρ ἔτ' ἄλλη
ἔσται θαλπωρή, ἐπεὶ ἂν σύγε πότμον ἐπίσπῃς,
ἀλλ' ἄχεα—

verses breathing the very spirit of the simple classical severity. Mr. Worsley's expansion of them is hardly worthy: except in the lines, 'But wailings in the night and anguish drear,' &c. (a legitimate amplification, suggested by Andromache's lament in the twenty-fourth book), an almost nursery tone weakens the feeling of the original.

Professor Conington's method of dealing with his metre and with the original is not Mr. Worsley's: it is more rigid, more exact, more scholarlike, less poetical; but his translation is not for these reasons, on the whole, a worse representation of the Greek. Though Professor Conington puts less of modern graces upon Homer, though there is not in his work the same trace of a poetical individuality as there is in Mr. Worsley's, and though for these reasons there is more stiffness and less interest at first sight, there is a severity, and so far an element of classicality which, as we before ventured to hint, is wanting in Mr. Worsley's mind and in his translation. We fear that Mr. Conington's *Homer* will find fewer readers than his late ballad-translation of Virgil, yet it seems to us a better work. It is far more classical; and Homer could bear unclassical treatment more easily than Virgil.

In reading Professor Conington side by side with the original, we miss, no doubt, much of the full-limbed nervous movement with which the *Iliad* throbs; still, though he draws rather in lines than in colours, the lines of his picture are bold, and the features heroic. His style is too statuesque for Homer's rapidity, but it does not lack nobleness. Thus, though his treatment is so far like Mr. Worsley's as to make the last twelve books a sufficiently natural continuation of the first, there is an independence of handling which is interesting in itself, apart from the proof which it adds of the suitability of the Spenserian stanza to Homeric translation. We will take an instance or two, which will exactly illustrate the difference between the two translators. Compare Conington's version of *Iliad* xvi. 297, foll. with Worsley's of the end of Book viii. (the Greek is nearly identical):—

Conington.

As when from off the top of mountain high
Clear lightning Zeus a veil of clouds has rent,
And headlands all and points are shown thereby,
And glens, and from deep heaven bursts out the measureless sky.

Worsley.

As when the moon and every shining star
Beam loveliest, when the winds in slumber lie,
And in clear outline are revealed thereby
Sharp peak, and sunken valley, and rifted hill;
Deep beyond deep unutterable the sky
Breaks open, and the night spreads calm and still, &c.

There is less beauty in Mr. Conington's last two lines than in Mr. Worsley's four; but he gives us exactly what Homer says: ἐκ δ' ἔφανεν πᾶσαι σκόπιαι καὶ πρώονες ἄκροι, &c. Or compare *Iliad* xii. 278, foll. (Worsley) with xiii. 795, foll. (Conington):—

Worsley.

As the dense snow-flakes on a winter's day
Fall, when the Father hath risen up to snow,
Revealing his white arrows, and doth lay
All winds in sleep, and, pouring fast below
On mount and promontory, his mantle throw

O'er the wide lotus-fields and chill sea-sand,
Farm, and grey haven, to the bordering flow:
There the surf melts it; but the whole mainland
Fades in the storm, when Zeus hath launched it from his hand,

Mixed in the air, men hurling to destroy,
Such were the showering stones on each side flung:
Troy lashed Achaia and Achaia Troy,
And a dire noise about the rampart hung, &c.

Conington.

The march of these was like the swift descent
Of a great storm, which downward to earth's floor
Sweeps, driven by Zeus' thunder, and is blent
With Ocean's mid immeasurable uproar,
And many billows, swoln and foaming hoar,
Born of the resonant sea, with frowning crest,
Gather in ranks, these after, those before;
So these before, those after, richly dressed
In brass, the host of Troy upon their leaders pressed.

Professor Conington is scrupulously literal, nor does he here lose force or become commonplace by being so. Mr. Worsley's flow is easier and more graceful, and there is much interest in the 'chill sea-sand, farm and grey haven;' but the 'chill sea-sand' is not in Homer at all, while 'farm and grey haven' is a high colouring of *ἀνδρῶν πίονα ἔργα*. Mr. Worsley sees the Homeric landscape with the eyes of Wordsworth or Tennyson.

It is, we think, in the rendering of similes, where force and exactness tell the most, that Professor Conington is most successful. Take, for instance, *Iliad* xvi. 155, foll.:—

Achilleus striding on arrayed for fight
His myrmidons—and they, like wolves in mood
Raw-feeding, round whose breasts is quenchless might,
Who, having slain an antlered stag for food,
Gorge him, while each one's jaw drips red with blood;
In pack they rush, to lap with tongues so thin
From a dark spring the surface of the flood,
Out-belching gore and carnage—strong within
And dauntless is their heart, and stretched their belly's skin, &c.

a line for line translation. Or again, Ib. 384, foll.:—

As when the Earth is heaving with a storm
Some day in autumn, when most violent rain
Zeus pours, what time his wrath with men is warm
Who in the court the rule of justice strain,
And drive out right, and heaven's regard disdain;
The rivers swell redundant as they flow,
And mountain-tops wash crumbling to the plain,
As groaning deep to the dark ocean go
The torrents, and men's works are minished and brought low:
Such dismal groaning Troy's fleet horses made, &c.

Or again, *Iliad* xix. 357, foll.:—

From the swift ships the host came pouring forth,
As when from Zeus the thickening snow-flakes flee
'Neath the keen blast of ether-gendered North,
So thickening the dense helmets, bright to see,
Flocked from the ships, and spears of ashen tree,
Many an arched corslet, many a bossy shield;
Up shot the glitter, and Earth laughed for glee
At the bright brass, and loud the thunder pealed
Of footsteps: and 'mid these Achilleus armed for field.

Loud gnashed his teeth, and brightly glared his eyne
Like flashing fire: his heart with grief was stung.
Maddening he clothed him in the arms divine,
And first the cuishes donned, which closely clung
Around him, clasped with buckler's silver tongue;
Then to his bosom made the cuirass fast,
The sword, bright-studded, round his shoulders slung,
All brazen: next his buckler, strong and vast,
He grappled; like the moon, a far-off beam it cast.

As when on seaman's eye a light doth shine
Of fire, enkindled on some mountain scaur
In a lone place, them o'er the fishy brine
The fierce storms hurry from their friends afar;
So from that dædal garniture of war
A light came forth and up to ether shone:
Then donned he his strong helmet; like a star
The horse-tail flared, and all about were blown
The hairs Hephæstus set so thickly on the cone.

The features of Homer stand out well in rendering like this, though the last three lines are a failure. 'Flare' is more than is wanted for a star, and 'horse-tail' is not enough for ἱππουρις τρυφάλεια.

The peculiarity of the last twelve books of the *Iliad* is their passion; and the main characteristic of Homer's passion is that its simplicity often, indeed mostly, finds its complete expression in the mere rhythm and sound of his verse. An ideal translation (if such were attainable) would make the English words and rhythm likewise sufficient of themselves to the effect. Where this is (as often) impossible or extremely difficult, a translator will sometimes (and with perfect right) add a touch of his own to the picture, rather than wash out all the colouring by a too literal rendering. Thus, when Pope translates ἴομεν, ἠέ τῳ εὖχος ὀρέξομεν, ἠέ τις ἡμῖν, by

The life that others yield, let us bestow,
And give to fame what we to nature owe,

he adds a feeling of his own rather than let that of Homer starve; and so does Mr. Worsley, when he translates ἐπεὶ ἄρ κεν ἀμείψεται ἕρκος ὀδόντων, by

When, naked to the night that hems it round,
Once from the teeth it slips, and is beyond the bound.

Professor Conington's cautiousness prevents him, at times unreasonably, from having recourse to this device; for instance, in the grand opening of the twenty-second book:—

Why, Peleus' son, dost chase with thy swift feet,
Thou mortal, me a god? nor hast thou spied
My godhead yet, so blind thy frantic heat.
Nought reck'st thou of the Trojans, who now bide
Safe-housed within, while thou didst turn aside.
Slay me thou canst not, Fate forbids my fall.'
And Peleus' son, in hot displeasure, cried,
'Ay sooth, thou god most pestilent of all,
Woe hast thou wrought me much, thus turning from the wall.

'Hadst thou not done it, ere they reached the town,
Gasping in dust had lain a goodly throng.
Now thou hast made me bare of great renown,
And rescued them, nought fearing meed of wrong.
Sure thou shouldst rue it if my arm were strong.'
So saying, he townward rushed in high disdain,
As conquering steed, car-harnessed, pours along,
Stretching with long stride easily o'er the plain;
So his swift knees and feet he plied without strain.

The simile in the last four lines, like most of the similes, is well done, though the archaism 'without' strikes the ear a little stiffly in such a context: but the beginning of the first stanza rather fails from excessive closeness to the Greek. Mr. Worsley would hardly have let slip such words as

τίπτε μ', Πηλέος υἱέ, ποσὶ ταχέεσσι διώκεις,
αὐτὸς θνητὸς ἐών, θεὸν ἄμβροτον; οὐδέ νυ πώ με
ἔγνως ὡς θεός εἰμι, σὺ δ' ἀσπερχὲς μενεαίνεις·

in three lines of English. It would surely have been better here to have sacrificed the Greek to the metre, and made the speech of Apollo fill the whole stanza. We feel something the same in comparing the translation of book xvi. 74 foll. with the original:—

No more in Diomedes' hand the spear
Raves like a fiend, to rid the ships from thrall;
No longer Agamemnon's voice I hear
From his curst throat: 'tis slaughtering Hector's call,
Heartening his men, breaks round me.

οὐ γὰρ Τυδείδεω Διομήδεος ἐν παλάμῃσιν
μαίνεται ἐγχείη, Δαναῶν ὅπο λοιγὸν ἀμῦναι·
οὐδέ πω Ἀτρεΐδεω ὀπὸς ἔκλυον αὐδήσαντος
ἐχθρῆς ἐκ κεφαλῆς· ἀλλ' Ἕκτορος ἀνδροφόνοιο,
Τρωσὶ κελεύσαντος, περιδήνυται.

But this is better (xxi. 104, foll.):—

Die thou too, friend, why make such moan to die?
Patroclus, far thy better, he too died.
Seest thou how strong and beautiful am I—
My father among men a name of pride,
A god my mother, and to gods allied?
Yet Fate and Death sit heavy on my head,
Be it at morn, or noon, or eventide,
When me, e'en me, some warrior shall lay dead
By spear-throw from the hand, or shaft from bowstring sped.

There is much beauty in the solemnity of the following (xvi. 786, foll.):—

When the fourth time he charged, a god in show,
Then fell Death's shadow on Patroclus wight;
For Phœbus met him there, tremendous foe,
Walking in anger through the ranks of fight.
He knew not that dread presence: hid from sight
It moved, in covering mist enveloped dim.
Standing behind, his shoulders it did smite
With its flat hand, and made his eyes to swim,
And from his brow struck off the helm that frowned so grim.

So, too, in the rendering of the celebrated passage about the horses of Achilles weeping for Patroclus, though the last four lines halt:—

But as a pillar on a funeral mound
Stands firm, some man's or woman's death to show,
So stood they, their heads drooping to the ground,
Fast by the chariot: from their eyes did flow
A river of warm tears, for very woe
To lose their guide; escaping from the yoke,
In the black dust their glossy manes lay low.
Thus as they grieved, Kronion's pity woke,
And, shaking his dark brows, to his own heart he spoke:

'Why gave we you to Peleus, hapless pair:
Ageless and deathless you, while mortal he?
Was it that man's affliction ye might share?
For of all things that crawl the ground and see
Than wretched man nought wretcheder can be.
Yet never drawn by you to field shall ride
Hector Priamides: my firm decree
Forefends that chance; suffice it for his pride
That with the immortal arms he thus is glorified.'

Enough has been quoted to exhibit the capabilities of the metre for Homeric translation, and the success of the experiment. If Mr. Worsley and Professor Conington have been more minutely criticised than Lord Derby and Professor Blackie, their most recent competitors, it is because the work of the former will better bear examination. We hope that it will become as generally popular as it is, compared with the others, really Homeric. The book is a sterling specimen of poetry and scholarship, and a fine monument of friendship.

The following extract from a 'freie Uebersetzung' of the second *Æneid* by Schiller, into a loose stanza somewhat analogous to the Spenserian, is subjoined for the interest of the matter:—

Blick auf! Der Nebel sei zerstreut,
Der noch mit Finsterniss dein sterblich Aug' umhüllet,
Doch werde streng von dir erfüllet,
Was deine Mutter dir gebeut.
Du siehst, wie Qualm und Rauch in schwarzen Fluthen steiget,
Siehst Schutt auf Schutt und Stein auf Stein gehäuft:
Das ist Neptun, der Troja's Feste schleift,
Und mit dem Dreizack ihre Mauern beuget.

Am Skäer-Thor siehst du Saturnia,
Die Unbarmherzige, in rauhem Eisen blinken:

Siehst von den Schiffen sie stets neue Feinde
winken;
Auf Pergam's Thurm siehst du Tritonia,
In ihrer Hand der Gorgo Schreckniss blitzen,
Du siehst—o fliehe, fliehe, theurer Sohn:
Des Himmels König selbst auf Idas düsterm
Thron
Den Feinden Kräfte leihen, die Himmlischen erhitzen.

Gieb auf die eitle Gegenwehr,
O säume nicht, noch zeitig zu entrinnen,
Noch unverletzt wirst du dein Haus gewinnen,
Ich bin mit dir. Sie sprach's, und Nacht
war um mich her:
Und mir erscheinen, mit des Grimmes Falten,
Der hohen Götter feindliche Gestalten,
Verwüstung, Einsturz, Grausen um und um,
In Asche sank vor mir ganz Ilium.

So, wenn der Pflüger Schaar, auf hoher
Bergesheide,
Der Aexte mörderishe Scheide
Auf den bejahrten Stamm der wilden Aesche
zückt,
Sie mürrt erzürnt herab, die schwanke Krone
nickt,
Erschüttert rauscht der dichtbelaubte
Wipfel,
Bis von der Wunden Macht besiegt,
Sie ächzend sich herunter wiegt,
Und sich zermalmend wälzt von des
Gebirges Gipfel.

CHANSON ON THE FORMATION OF THE HOLY CATHOLIC LEAGUE IN THE YEAR 1585.

FROM A MS. IN THE STATE PAPER OFFICE.

Vous dont la saincte frenaisie,
L'ambition, la jalousie,
Tient un grand peuple revolté,
Est ce la vostre sainctité?

Qui contre France vostre mère
Armez une race estrangere,
Par un faint zèle ensanglantée,
Est ce la vostre sainctité?

Qui, bandez contre vostre Prince,
Empietez en chasque Province
Finement son autorité,
Est ce la vostre sainctité?

Qui, nourris de sang et carnages,
Faites profit de nos dommages,
Autheurs de nostre adversité,
Est ce la vostre sainctité?

Qui, pour usurper nostre terre,
Avez en Renards fait la guerre,
Et au sang royal disputé,
Est ce la vostre sainctité?

Qui, poussés d'une saincte rage,
Exposez noz biens au pillage,
Del Español solicité,
Est ce la vostre sainctité?

Qui, soubz nom d'une Ligue saincte,
Pretendez rendre par contrainte
Un *Roy Chrestien*[1] desherité,
Est ce la vostre sainctité?

Qui, mocqueurs à vostre avantage,
Eslisez au Roy jeune d'eage
Un successeur decrepité,[2]
Est ce la vostre sainctité?

---

[1] The King of Navarre. [2] The Cardinal of Bourbon, then 70 years old.

Qui de sang remplissez les villes,
Qui violez femmes et filles,
Exerceant toute cruaulté,
Est ce la vostre sainctité ?

Qui de Martel vieilles reliques
Avez par vos fines practiques
Le regne du Roy limité,
Est ce la vostre sainctité ?

Qui, Absolons, Nerons, Phalares,
Briguez, tuez, bruslez barbares,
L'estat, le peuple, la cité,
Est ce la vostre sainctité ?

Plustost les ames infideles,
A Dieu et au Prince rebelles,
S'arment de ce tiltre emprunté
D'une hypocrite sainctité.

Plustost Satan, qui vous manie,
Pour redresser sa Tyrannie,
Vous appelle de son costé:
C'est d'où vient vostre sainctité.

Viennent donc de Dieu les tempestes
Foudroyer vos rebelles testes,
Supplice par trop merité
Pour fin de vostre sainctité.

THE KALEWIPOEG.

By S. Baring-Gould, M.A.

THE interest and enthusiasm caused among the Finns by the recovery of their national epic, the 'Kalewala,' was not likely to exhaust itself in that branch of the Tchudic race alone, but was calculated to arouse emulation in other kindred families.

The Tchudi, a name applied by the Russians to the Finnic races in the north-west of Russia, has acquired a more general application, and is now used to designate the group of peoples of which the Finns, the Esthonians, the Livonians, and the Laplanders are members.

As the Scandinavians are instinctively saga-tellers, so are the Tchudi by nature rune-chanters. Every house is a sanctuary where the spirit of poetry resides. When the day's work is over the part of the *runoia* begins. Generally the bards are old men. Two seat themselves facing one another, astride on a bench, clasp one another's hands, sway to and fro, and recite in turn strophes of some ancient poem, to a traditional and somewhat monotonous melody. The women also are bards. Before the introduction of wind and water-mills, they ground their corn in querns, the lower stone of which was stationary, whilst the upper one was made to revolve by means of a stick inserted at the side. Two women were required for the work of grinding, one on each side, catching the handle from one another, and rapidly whirling it from right to left. To relieve the tedium of this drudgery they sang, sometimes improvising, sometimes repeating traditional poems. This species of song is called by the Finns *Jauho-runot*. In the venerable Icelandic Edda, allusion is made to this practice. King Frodi of Denmark, whom Soemund asserts to have been a contemporary of Augustus, brought to his palace two Finn slave-women, Fenja and Menja.

To the mill they both were led,
And the grey stone to set agoing were ordered,
He forbade them rest and solace,
Till he had heard these maidens' voice.
They made resound the clattering quern,
With their arms they swung the light stones.
He commanded the maidens to grind more.
They sung and swung the whirling stone,
Until Frodi's thralls nearly all slept.
Then sang Menja, &c.

Grôttasöngr, 2, 3, 4.

History, tradition, religion, domestic topics, all are enshrined in runas. Tchudic prose has no existence.

In 1828, Dr. Lönnrot, an educated Finn, collected orally from his countrymen all their national songs, and, in addition, an epic poem, fragments of which he remembered to have heard in his youth in the smoky cabins of Finland. The songs he published in a volume under the name of Kanteletar, and to the great epic he gave the name of Kalewala. The latter has been since added to, and revised by, the eminent Finn ethnologist, Castrèn. Of this epic, Professor Max Müller writes:—'From the mouths of the aged an epic poem has been collected equalling the Iliad in length and completeness, nay, if we can forget for a moment all that we in our youth learned to call beautiful, of a beauty essentially similar. A Finn is not a Greek, and Wainamoinen was not a Homer. But if the poet may take his colours from that nature by which he is surrounded, if he may depict the men with whom he lives, Kalewala possesses merits not dissimilar from the Iliad, and will claim its place as the fifth national epic of the world, side by side with the Ionian songs, with the Maha-

bharata, the Shahnámęh, and the Nibelunge.'

The Esths, neighbouring upon the Finns, speak a language closely allied to the Finnish, as may be seen at once by comparing a few lines of their national poem with lines of identical signification in the Kalewala:

Esth.

Waski särki seljassa,
Waski kannuksed saapassa,
Waski kirjad kilpidela,
Kalewi. iv. 635–637.

Finn.

Vaski-saappahat jalassa,
Vaski-kintahat käessa,
Vaski-kirjat kintahissa.
Kalev. ii. 108–110.

But though allied in speech and origin, the Esth differs in character radically from the Finn. The latter is full of energy and spirit, but the sister people is despondent and lifeless. Esthonia has been the battle-field of Russian, Pole, German and Norseman, and the sorrows of the poor people, ever renewed, have broken the national heart. The national hero of the Finn dives into the gloomy regions of Pohjola, and defeats the princes of darkness, and triumphs in every difficulty to which he is exposed. The hero of the Esth labours to build, ploughs and sows, to find his farms burnt, and his harvests trampled under foot of foes. He struggles with his enemies with desperate courage, but with a terrible consciousness hanging over him, and robbing him of hope,—that extinction is his doom. These national heroes reflect the characteristics of the two peoples.

Shortly after the appearance of the Kalewala, the Dorpat Society of Esthonian savants awoke to consciousness that poems relating to a certain Kalewa were scattered over the country, and traditionally preserved by the peasantry. In their own library were fragments of these poems collected by different hands, but bearing a sufficient relation to one another to indicate their having a common origin. Rocks, rivers and lakes bore names connecting them with the personages alluded to in these poems, and few Esths could not remember incidents in the life of the son of Kalew, which had been repeated to them by their mothers, and sung to them by their nurses. The success of Dr. Lönnrot in Finland had been so decided, that the Society determined to collect every attainable poem, or fragment of a poem, relating to the son of Kalew, and examine them with the object of arranging them into a consecutive whole.

In 1838, a string of fragments, then in their possession, was communicated to the literary world by Dr. Fählmann, and excited no little interest, not only among the Esths, but also in Russia and Germany. Dr. Fählmann, assisted by Dr. Hueck, undertook to collect orally what remained of the Kalew-epic among the peasantry, but death prevented his completing the undertaking. The Dorpat Society then placed his manuscripts in the hands of Dr. Kreutzwald, with the request that he would prosecute the work. He accordingly travelled through the whole of Esthonia, and committed to writing every runa that was repeated to him. He thus obtained an immense accumulation of poems; in different parts of the country he found the same pieces, with slight variations; by this means he obtained numerous readings. Some of the runas were modernised, and their ancient ring lost, but in the district of Pleskau he found them singularly pure. Dr. Kreutzwald was assisted by several of the country pastors. From Tarwast he could only obtain fragments, but they were nearly all identical with complete runas gathered in Pleskau.

Having made his collection, his next task was to sift it. Some fragments evidently belonged to

other poems, and in no way fitted into the story of Kalewa; these he rejected. Many were legends, Christian or German, and of a later date, and these were set aside. Several of the poems relating to Kalewa had suffered localisation in two, three, and even four different places; just as our Arthur is said to have had his seat in Cornwall, in Wales, and in Scotland. The Doctor was forced to retain only one of these, and he apologises to the neglected places for omitting their claims. Sometimes the same incident or sentiment occurred in two different sets of verses, and, as it was exceedingly difficult to distinguish between them, both are published.

But, when all was done, gaps were found, not wide, sometimes of only a few lines, but sometimes affecting the whole story. In such cases restorations have been attempted, but with judgment; where tradition was silent, no addition has been made. But the editor emphatically denies having treated the Kalewipoeg as Macpherson tinkered Ossian. He says, 'I have imposed on myself systematically the duty of not merely taking down the fragments in so many words, but of rendering as exactly as possible the very grammatical constructions, so that I may say with well grounded right, that Kalewi-poeg, as he is in this edition, is throughout, in form, in contents, in feature, bone, flesh and blood one with the Esthonian people, and not a mere Esthonian production.' The original is carefully distinguished from what has been restored by Dr. Kreutzwald by the use of asterisks.

The poem was published in Esth, with a translation into German begun by Carl Reinthal, and finished by Dr. Schultz (Bertram) in 1857–61. Its original title is 'Kalewi-Poeg, üks ennemuistene Eesti jut.' It consists of twenty Laulus (cantos), and of 19,043 four-foot trochaic lines.

Its mythologic indications are scanty, compared with those in the Kalewala, but such as there are prove that the Esths and the Finns had the same religion. Ukko, the supreme god, reigned behind the blue tent curtains of the sky, for Suomi and Esth. Nardus haunted their forests alike, and the copperman of the water, Pikku mies, reigned over the Baltic which washed the Finn and Esthonian shores.

Its hero, Kalewi-Poeg, is known to the Finn as Kullervo, but whereas to the Esth he is a demigod and a king, to the sister people he is a slave.

The hero has no name; he is called the son of Kalew, the Kalewi-Poeg, the Kalewide, or sometimes like his father, Kalew. His two brothers are likewise nameless. As in household tales the youngest son is the bravest and most successful, so in this epic, the third son surpasses the two elder sons in heroism, and reigns in his father's room. At what time he lived is not clear. Whether there be an historical basis to the tradition is doubtful. The colonisation of Scandinavia by the Norsemen is said to have taken place in the reign of Kalew the father, but allusions are made to the invasions of the ironmen, which point to the attacks of the northern pirates in the ninth, tenth, and eleventh centuries.

In the Finnish Kalewala we find all the freshness of the Iliad, but the Esthonian poem is one prolonged wail for past glories and present miseries. The Finn was never enslaved, but the Esth from the time of the German invasion lived a life of bondage under foreign prelates and nobles, and the iron of his slavery has eaten into his soul.

In the bosom of the forest,
Where the bushes fling their shadows,
Where the alder boughs are dripping,
Where the birches sadly waver,
There of mossy cairns are seven,

Not adorned by loving fingers,
Nor by watchful eyes attended.
One contains our tears of anguish,
One entombs our chain of bondage,
One is o'er our smitten heroes,
In the fourth waits gnawing famine,
In the fifth humiliations,
In the sixth the plague is lurking,
In the seventh utter ruin.

Such is the key-note of this mournful strain wrung from a hopeless people. The poet can scarcely refer to the glories of the past without drawing a contrast with the present. 'The Esth,' says Wilhelm Schott, 'is ever lamenting over his past youth, whilst the Finn has a heart which is ever young. Kalevala is a fresh spring morning, with silver cloudlets floating in blue ether, Kalewi-Poeg is a gorgeous, a fantastic, intermingled flood of autumn-evening hues.'

The poem begins with a prologue or Sissejuhatuseks, full of beauty but dripping with tears, calling on all hearers to gather around the singer who, with a strange confusion of Christian and heathen ideas is going to summon up ancient lays 'from Ukko's breast and Mary's bosom,' where they have long been stored.

'Hear my lay!' he exclaims, 'as I tell tales of the Kalewide, deeds of the Alewide, works of the Olewide, fate of the Sulewide.'

The opening of the first lugu, or song, illustrates the reckless application of epithet and exaggeration of imagery characteristic of Tchudic poetry, and rather Oriental than European.

Loose thy vessel, gallant singer,
Thrust thy slender keel from shore,
Spread the sail of pleasant legend,
Dip the sparkling ballad oar.
Seek the golden strains of eagles,
Seek the raven's silver tale,
Seek the copper songs of cygnets,
Piping where they, mirrored, sail.
Speak aloud hoarse waves of ocean,
Voices of the draughty morn!
Sing ye tempest tones sonorous,
Tell me when was Kalew born?
Shall I chant,—poor bird of sorrow,—
Can I, with a broken breast?
Whilst youth's drooping, faded blossom
On the heather leans distress'd,
With a belt of sable spruces
Watching by its place of rest.

The Esth like the Finn addresses winds, waves, birds, plants, his song, his boat, his very garments, as though they were instinct with sympathy, and yet sometimes the consciousness of their inability to feel for him forces itself painfully on his convictions.

The Great Progenitor had three sons; one sought Russia and became a merchant nation, the second went to Norway and founded the Scandinavian races, and the third, Kalew, was borne upon the back of an eagle over the sea to Esthonia. In this land dwelt a widow, who, one day as she was driving her cattle to pasture, found on the road a chicken, a blackcock's egg, and lastly a young crow. She took them home with her, and put egg and chicken into a basket in the store-room, and tossed the crow into a corner.

Four months after, going into the chamber, she found that the chicken had grown into a beautiful maiden, whom she named Salme, that from the egg had hatched an equally lovely damsel, whom she called Linda, and that the crow had turned into an orphan girl, who became the cinder-slut of the establishment.

Salme was much courted. Wooers besieged the house. Among them came the white-faced Moon, then the Sun with glowing cheeks, and lastly the Star-lad, whom she accepted.

Linda was next sought in marriage by the Moon, by the Sun, by Wind, by Water, and finally by Kalew, to whom she at once gave her hand; and bidding farewell to the widow, mounted his sledge and departed with him. 'Sadly looked down the Moon with lowered lids, the Sun was dull in face, the Birches looked in at the widow's window. But Linda's heart was at rest as she flew in her lover's arms

from her home, forgetful of her foster-mother's tears,—as she flew by the side of her husband over the wide snow wastes, through the thick firwoods, by day lightened by the clear sun, by night illumined by the silver moon.' The account of the courting of the maidens, the proposals, their answers, the feasting and dancing, occupies nearly seven hundred lines.

Linda became the mother of three sons, 'a clover-leaf of sons,' as the poet calls them; the youngest is the hero of the poem. After the death of Kalew, the still beautiful Linda was sought in marriage by the Wizard of Finland, who, when refused, vowed that he would carry her off, will she nil she; and he carried his purpose into execution whilst the three young men were absent at the chase. Linda, in despair, cried to Ukko, who, in answer to her prayer, changed her into a huge rock too heavy for the wizard to carry, and too obdurate and rugged to make him desire to take the trouble. He accordingly deserted her and returned to his home.

The third canto closes with the despair of the sons at their mother's loss. The youngest seeks the beach, and gazes on the setting sun with a heart overflowing with grief.

Waves are washing, one on other,
In slow rhythm along the shore,
Bursting on the bluffs of iron
In white surf, with muffled roar.
Running, trampling on each other,
As if each a message brings,
Yet no tidings of the mother
In its foam the water flings.
Stars are glancing, blithe untiring,
At the swaying of the tide,
Yet not one finds words to whisper
Where his prey the thief does hide.
Thus unflagging, forward, backward,
O'er the surface ripples wreathe.
Who in those wet arms are dandled,
Who on those blank bosoms heave,
Never recking:—forward reeling,
Never heeding:—backward stealing;
Waters will no secrets breathe.
Though they mutter, yet the wavelets,—
Though they quiver, yet the stars,—
Are not touched by human triumphs,
Do not ache at mortals' scars.
Waves are washing, one on other,
In slow rhythm along the shore,
Bursting on the bluffs of iron
In white surf, with muffled roar,
Flinging high their frothy columns,
Heedless, reckless, evermore.
Thus, the lives of men are drifting
Waves that stagger to one beach,
Where in calm of evening purple
Pebbly cairns are piled by each.
And the stars of heaven twinkle,
And the yellow sun doth burn,
And the moon with pallid visage
Gleams upon them, each in turn,
But the sun stands mutely gazing,
And the wan white moon is dumb
And the winking stars are voiceless,
Watching each uprear his tomb.

The fourth lugu, which in our opinion is the noblest in the whole poem, opens with an invocation to the 'cuckoo, golden bird,' to unclose 'its silver beak, and move its copper tongue,' and bring news of the son of Kalew, who plunges into the sea and swims away from land in quest of his mother. The description of the young man swimming by night with his hair flowing behind him, and the waves rushing from the stroke of his hands, whilst the 'star-waggon' wheels in the vault above, Orion sets, and the Pleiades dive into the black tumbling water as he toils along, is singularly wild and picturesque. At length he reaches a little island, where he lands, and stretches himself on the turf. Then he hears a clear voice singing a beautiful ballad. 'It was the pure strain of a little maiden, breathed forth in all the glow of youth, sung in sweet silvery tones, artless as a bird's warble, as the call of a cuckoo in a coppice, as the chanting of a nightingale in a grove.' The young man creeping nearer, sees a beautiful girl with soft brown eyes and rich locks flowing over her neck and shoulders, sitting weaving by a red fire that splutters under an oak.

The son of Kalew answers her song, and then, with dastardly cunning, takes advantage of the

poor girl's innocence to seduce her. Uttering a piercing cry which arouses her parents, full of shame, the girl leaps off a crag into the sea, and is drowned.

Island-mother's only daughter,
Island-father's little pigeon,
Lies in cold bed of the sea,
And the waters smooth her pillow,
Rock her on their chilly bosoms,
Soothe her on their rolling knee.
Sought the father, bowed with sorrow,
Sought the mother, dropping tears,
Sought a trace of little maiden,
Sought their dove with anxious fears.
'Has the vulture, or the eagle,
Rent the duck that floated dreaming,
Softly plumed upon the tarn?
Has a rude lad nest and nestling,
Maiden and her quiet chamber,
Shattered with his ruthless arm?'
To the beach a shoe is floated,
To a tree a garland clings,
On the sands blue ribbons stranded,
On the rocks some little rings.

The hero, with heartless indifference, plunges into the sea and continues his course, calling to the aggrieved parents, 'God be with you, sad father! the water has robbed you of a daughter; the net of the thief has bereaved me of a mother; so we are comrades in our desolation.'

Arrived in Finland, the son of Kalew seeks out, and having found, kills the enchanter who had carried off his mother. Then before returning to his native land, he visits a famous smith, and obtains from him a sword of marvellous sharpness and flexibility. The smith celebrates the completion of the sword with a feast, at which the hero becomes drunk and noisy, and boasts of what he had much better have been ashamed of—the adventure with the little girl in the island. The smith's son rebukes him, and the tipsy Esth in a rage cuts off his head with the sword which the father had made for him. The old smith curses the son of Kalew: 'Rise up, iron, against the death-dealer! strengthen thyself against the throat-cutter! pay the debt to the murderer in like measure, where and when least expected.'

Kalewi-Poeg suddenly becomes conscious of his crime, and rushes from the house to a lonely spot where he may sleep off his drunkenness and forget his guilt. His snoring produces an earthquake. 'The rocks shake, the sand whirls round, birds cease from singing, hares forget to play, and people ask whether a host of war chariots is approaching!'

The hero awaking from his slumber, resolves to return to Esthonia, and, having mounted the boat of the slain Finn wizard, he sails across the gulf. 'Lightly the wind wafted the little boat on its way, and the wavelets rocked it gently as it made for Wierland. With the rudder in his left hand he sported with the bubbling water, whilst he skilfully guided the vessel on her course.' At midnight the vaporous form of the drowned maiden rose from the waves, and reproached him for his double crime, but in tones of such tender sweetness that the heart of the young man was dissolved into tears. He checked the course of his boat to listen, and heard the following song floated to his ears over the rolling waves. In the original there are eighty-seven lines, but they may be condensed:

I have gone to rock on water
On the waves to make my swing,
I have gone where sands are shifting,
Where their tresses sea-weeds fling.
There to still my spirit's sobbing,
There to stop the bleeding vein
Of my mangled heart, my troubles
There to choke, there quench my pain.
O'er the water one is paddling,
And his white sail shines along;
Whilst a fire-beam from his weapon
Down the olive deeps is flung,
And a trail of crimson dribbles
In his wake the foam among.
Ah! that blood-stream dyes his sister's
Pallid cheeks that wane below,
Paints those petals of dead roses,
As if life in them did glow.
To the sea I strayed, poor maiden!
Strayed to sport upon the sands,

Strayed to sing among the breakers,
Clink the shingles 'twixt my hands.
There I sank, a wounded swallow,
There, a pierced sparrow, fell,
There a broken crocus drifted,
There I lie, an empty shell.
Weep for me no more, sweet mother;
Wail not now, my father dear;
In the sea my nest is moulded,
With no violator near.
For the foam is sheeted o'er me,
And the white sand lies below,
None can wake me to fresh sorrow,
None arouse me to new woe.
Oh, thou poor ill-fated brother!
Long must thou thy crimes atone,
Ere the brown earth closes o'er thee,
And thy toil and guilt are done.

On reaching home, Linda appears in vision to her son and warns him to beware of his sword, which will work his ruin, as blood cries for blood in expiation. Taara, or Ukko (the god) also appears to the young king and foretells a brief reign of prosperity, and then death through the sword which had slain the son of the man who had fabricated it.

One day as Kalewi-Poeg was carrying planks over a marsh, his sword fell into a stream and was lost. He had lain down exhausted with his labour when an enchanter stole the blade from his side, but it slipped from his fingers and disappeared in the stream. A curious colloquy follows between the hero and the sword, in which the former upbraids his weapon for deserting him, and the sword excuses itself by describing the solicitations of the water-spirit who called it to her arms. The son of Kalew then bids his beloved weapon a touching farewell, and exhorts it, should the man who carried it off step into the stream, to rise from the bottom, and smite him on the heel—referring, of course, to the enchanter.

We will not follow the king through his various adventures, his travels, his labours to civilise his people, to bring the land into cultivation, or to defend his people from their enemies. The inroads of the 'iron men' become more frequent, and after long conflict Kalewi-Poeg with his three friends—the son of Sulew, the son of Alew, and the son of Olew—advanced against them, determined to risk all in a final campaign.

But before entering into battle, Kalewi-Poeg buries all his treasures in a swamp, speaking over it the following incantation:—'In the deep bosom of the turf, in the soil of thick gravel, under the beds of firm clay, I hide my golden helm, and I sink the booty won in war, the clasps gotten in battle, the ornaments of my mother, and the heavy torques, old kreutzers, rubels, thalers, and all the gathered treasure of my father. Choose three with black blood and not marked with a white hair. Slay three living creatures: a black cock with ruffled comb, a black cat or dog, and lastly a black grovelling mole. When the fires of Midsummer-day are lighted, then may the treasures of the Kalewide shine forth! Should a man come here with the black things to pour out the power of the blood; should the cauldrons on two feet be raised, and a handful be above it, hearken to the mutter of words behind the fastness of Taara. If the man's mother have erred with strangers or with those of her kin, then let not this which is here concealed become his property. His only may it be whose mother has been pure.' A battle is fought at Embach, and in it Kalewi-Poeg loses his horse, and Sulewi-Poeg is wounded; in a second battle Sulewi-Poeg is killed, and Alewi-Poeg is lost in a deep mere, from which at times his iron casque and three-edged sword is seen to gleam. The son of Kalewi is so distressed at the loss of his friends, that he retires into the forests and lives a hermit-life, till a fresh invasion causes him to shake off his inactivity. But in passing through a stream, the long lost and forgotten sword rises from the bed and smites off the hero's

knees, and Kalewi-Poeg sinks on the bank and bleeds to death.

There are two different versions of the condition of Kalewi's son after death. One relates how his spirit is admitted to the realms of the gods where—

In the flicker of the fire-flame,
In the midst of Taara's band,
Leaning with his cheek on hand,
Sits the Kalewide lame;
Ever listening to the chanting
Of the bards, whose rolling strains
Tell of battles on earth's plains,
Tell of roving sunlit sails.
Thus, with red gleams o'er him slanting,
Sits he listening to their tales.

But according to another version, the gods decreed that he should be the guardian of the gates of Sarwik, or Hell. They therefore raised him from the dust, but were unable to restore his amputated leg, so they placed him on a white horse and bade him ride to the gates of Hell:

When the mighty son of Kalew
Reached the portal into Hell,
Gate of adamant admitting
To the shadow-realm, there fell
From the sky a voice of thunder—
'Clench thy fist and smite the stone!'
Then he struck; and at the stroke
Deep into the mountain broke,
Sarwik answered with a groan.
Then, recovering from the shock,
Closed about his fist the rock.

And there he sits on his white steed fastened to the mountain side, waiting the time of his delivery. Sometimes he struggles to escape, and then the earth quakes. One day he will free his right hand, and then he will return to earth to avenge the injuries of the Esths and elevate the poor crushed people into a mighty power.

The great poem contains numerous episodes, some of historical, others of mythological interest. Kalew's son descends into Sarwik and fights with the devil of Esthonian mythology, and robs him of his three daughters. He has his adventures with giants and witches, and overcomes them in the way we are accustomed to regard as *de rigueur* with national heroes of romance. One of the legends enshrined in the Kalewi-Poeg is also found in the Scandinavian Edda, and it is one of a gross nature with sufficient coarse humour about it to have facilitated its transmission from people to another. Whether it be an original invention of the Norse or the Esth, matters little. It is of no interest, and is rather of the nature of the *Schwank* than the *Mährchen*. Another and more important incident is one contained in the seventeenth lugu.

Kalewi-Poeg wandered with his three kinsmen through a forest. At night they reached a cave, where a hag was cooking a soup in a cauldron over a large fire. They asked her to give them some of its contents, and she promised to do so if they would keep watch over the cauldron all night, and prevent any one from tasting the soup. The men readily agreed, and the old woman disappeared among the bushes. The night was portioned off between the four friends, and the son of Alew was given the first watch. As his time of release neared, a tiny imp with a bell on his neck and horns growing out of his head, tripped out of the cave and asked for a taste of the soup. He was permitted to take one drop; then he leaped on to the edge of the cauldron and at one draught drained it. The vessel was again filled and confided to the care of the son of Olew, with similar result. The third time the son of Sulew kept guard, with like ill luck. The fourth to watch was the son of Kalew, who resisted the dwarf, and found him suddenly develop into a giant armed with prodigious force, and in height overtopping the trees.

Precisely the same story is found in the Kalmuk collection of tales—the *Siddhi-Kûr*, No. III., 'Massang.'

One of the episodes of the poem probably does not belong to it at

all, and the Dorpat Society has acted without sufficient care in admitting it into the Kalewi-Poeg, with the dramatic course of which it has no connection whatever, and which is certainly an entirely distinct poem. This piece is a fragment extending over two hundred lines, and relates the adventures of an orphan shepherd boy, upon whom a wood-spirit, moved with compassion, bestowed an egg, which the lad cherished in his bosom till from it was hatched a mouse, which in process of time developed into a cat. The cat turned into a dog, the dog into a lamb, and the lamb became a sheep with a fleece of gold;—evidently a case for the consideration of Mr. Darwin.

One of the most interesting and curious historical traditions enshrined in the Kalewi-Poeg is that of a great expedition fitted out by the Esth prince for the exploration of the North Pole. There is, as might be expected, much that is mythical in the account of the voyage, but there is also so much which implies a knowledge of the parts visited, that it is impossible for us to conclude otherwise than that some such expedition really did take place, though when, it is impossible to decide. According to the Esth cosmogony, the gods, in making the world, spread their blue tent over it, and staked it down at the extreme limits. Behind this azure canopy stood the upholders of the sun and moon and the dispenser of the rains. To the north was Ukko's door, through which gleamed fitfully the light as it swung on its hinges. Behind this door were hidden all the mysteries of the heavenly world, and the glories of Kungla.

The son of Kalew seems to have been only partially satisfied with the popular account, and to have been desirous of examining the texture of the tent curtains, and of fingering the pegs which held it to the earth. He is represented to us at the opening of the sixteenth book as musing on this very theory:

The all-powerful son of Kalew,
With inbred ambition glowing,
Had arrived at this conclusion—
'I will seek out ways untraversed,
To the world's end I will travel,
Where in Northern regions, distant,
None hath journeyed heretofore.
Where no path has yet been trodden,
Where the vaulting of the heaven
On the solid earth is weighing.'
Then he shouted, full of vigour,
Words that rang out shrill and clear:
'Bear me eagle, bird resplendent!
Bear me northward on thy pinions,
Skimming over wastes of ocean,
To the utmost, hidden limits
Of the world, that I may finger,
Touch and grope, where heaven's vaulting
Meets the rafters of the earth.
When I start upon my voyage
I must row to Finland's coast,
Turn my prow towards the North star,
Where the wheeling waggon turneth.
I must seek the wise of Turja,
Kinsmen old who may direct me,
Point the course that I must steer.

That is to say, he will seek Finnmark to the north of Norway. Turja is the Esth name for Norway.

Having consulted with his brothers and nobles, he is advised to sail in an iron ship, as a wooden vessel may catch fire in the northern lights. He despises iron, and builds a large silver vessel. This may mean nothing more than that the ship was very good, for anything esteemed by the Esth is termed silver or golden. The cuckoo is repeatedly called a silver bird, and Kalew addresses the hedgehog as his 'golden brother.'

Having stocked his vessel with food and mead, and having obtained silver armour for his nobles, and a suit of gold for himself, he set sail:

As the ship before grey dawning,
As the ship in twilight veiled,
Lenok, ere the sunbeam glistened,
Sprang upon her watery path,
Rocked upon her billow-cradle,
Men were waving caps for joy,
Men were singing songs of praise.

Day after day the vessel held northward, and the son of Kalew

became daily more sanguine of fingering the edge of the sky. Storms however rose, and for a whole week the ship bore the brunt of the gale, the foam drifting over the deck, so that the steerer could not see the man at the mast, nor could the sailors hear the orders shouted to them.

On the seventh day the weather cleared, and the sun shone out upon a strange coast, along which the exhausted waves fretfully tumbled. No one on board knowing whither the vessel had drifted, a man who understood the language of birds questioned a seagull, and from it ascertained that the coast was that of Lapland.

Kalewa goes on shore, and the land is described as a boundless tract of grey moss-covered moor—a pretty accurate account of the country about the North Cape. Kalewa searches long before finding a hut, and then he comes precipitately on a Lap maiden, and nearly scares her out of her senses. The girl was seated at the door of the hovel, singing how—

'Suitors came to me, fair damsel,
Lovers thronged round me, blithe maid,
Five or six with foaming pitchers,
Seven hundred bringing errands,
First the Moon, the Sun next followed,
Then the third ——'
'came Kaliwide
Suitor with gigantic shanks!'
Thus roared out the son of Kalew
Springing sudden on the threshold;
And the maiden, screaming loudly,
Fled from him in wild dismay.

The father, an aged and sagacious Lap, runs up to discover what is the matter, and Kalew's son tells him that he is on his way to the north to look through Ukko's door. The Lap observes that the Esth's ideas of the north are far from accurate, that space is unlimited, and that Kalewa might sail for ever without reaching the limits of the world.

The son of Kalew, however, will not be persuaded, but hires the Laplander to guide him to the extreme north; and then, forgetting his offer to the young lady, deserts her in his ship. After a tedious voyage, the vessel sights a large fire island, and the crew land on it. They find a volcano in eruption, casting up red-hot stones, and pouring forth streams of molten rock. From another mountain rises a column of dense smoke, and hard by they discover a jet of boiling water. The rest of the island is covered with pathless tracts of snow and ice. One of Kalewa's nobles, the son of Sulew, ascends the active volcano, and the hot cinders are described as pattering incessantly on his armour. After having had his eyebrows and lashes scorched, the son of Sulew curses the fiery mountain, and retreats.

Leaving this island, which is certainly Iceland, the vessel Lenok reaches a land still more waste, where no birds are heard or seen. Here the crew meet with an adventure which is simply fabulous, taken from a popular household tale.

Kalew's son gave then commandment
For each sail to be outspread,
For he fain would push still further
And explore the Northern limits.
Keen and biting grew the cold,
Ice was formed upon their wake;
Though ice-hummocks huge, uplifted,
Slowly drave the silver vessel
Ploughing ever to the North.

They now lose sight of the sun, and are illumined by the moon. A magnificent display of the aurora frightens all the crew except Kalewi-Poeg, who shouts to the darting rays to 'shoot their silver spears and whirl their golden targets,' and declares that now the sun has vanished he will prosecute his course by the northern light.

The ship at last drifts to a coast which is apparently that of Greenland. The expedition probably wintered in the ice, and was carried by the moving pack towards the strange shore in spring. This

land is described as peopled by inhabitants who were half dogs, their faces alone having a human appearance. Probably these were Esquimaux in their fur dresses, surrounded by their dogs, or drawn over the ice in sledges by the teams of dogs, a proceeding which to the Esth poet would be unintelligible, and might easily lead him to convert the people into a semi-canine race.

Kalew's son begins to slaughter the helpless little people, and then, looking on the devastation he has made, he is filled with compunction and prays to Ukko to make amends for his rash act.

Give this land abundant fishing,
Fill the streams with countless broods,
Grant abundant herds of seals,
Riches too, in winged creatures.
Here may logs by sea be drifted,
May wood litter all the shore,
So that future folk may bless me
For the gifts my prayer has won.

This prayer is singular; it points to a knowledge of the manner of living in high latitudes which must have been acquired by experience, and leads us to the conviction that the expedition of Kalew's son is not wholly fabulous, but is probably the earliest Polar expedition on record.

The king began at last to pine for home. He was satisfied that it was impossible for him to reach the North Pole, and baffled he turned the prow of his ship homeward. One consolation remained to him—the consideration that he had gained experience by his voyage:

Though we found not what we wanted,
Yet we learned that Taara's wisdom
Is unbounded as earth's regions.
On the homeward voyage, wisdom
Grows:—It lacked when outward bound,
As I wandered through waste waters
Went to dance on distant billows,
Went to touch the veil of heaven.
Oh, may never other people
Do what I in vain attempted!

From the specimens given of this remarkable poem, some idea may be gathered of its great power and beauty.

An American poet has recently translated into the metre of Hiawatha, large portions of the Finnish Kalewala. The Kalewi-Poeg equally deserves an English rendering, for it is in no way inferior in poetical merit to the Kalewala; and though wanting the stern grandeur of the other, it possesses a pathos wholly deficient in the great Suomi epic. Neither the Finnish Wainamoinen, nor the Esthonian Son of Kalew, attracts much interest to himself, but both are cast into situations of weird picturesqueness which involuntarily arrest the imagination, and which in the Kalewi-Poeg have been made the most of by a poet full of subjective feeling.

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NOTICE TO CORRESPONDENTS.

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Rejected Contributions cannot be returned.

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OXFORD.

THE statute recently passed at Oxford, which enables students to enter the University without being enrolled on the books of any college, constitutes an era, a real turning-point, in the history of that University. It is an event of great national, as well as of great academical importance. It has rendered many things possible which otherwise might not have been accomplished, at least in this generation. It contains the seed of many urgently needed improvements. In appearance it seems to be only an enlargement of the University, a widening of its borders, an offer of its advantages to new classes of Englishmen; in reality it is something far deeper and greater. It is not too much to say that this statute carries in its bosom the reconstruction of Oxford on many vital points. That it is an event of extreme significance may be inferred from the fact that in principle it is the commencement of that organic change which the late Sir William Hamilton urged with so much vigour and so much eloquence. It is the restoration of the University, in contradistinction to the colleges. It is the undoing of the work of Laud, a fatal blow dealt to that monopoly of academical power and instruction which he conferred on a number of individual societies whom he rendered conterminous and synonymous with the University. Not that we wish to imply that the colleges have not done a most useful and excellent work for the nation and for Oxford: far be it from us to make so untrue an insinuation. Nevertheless, time ripens all things; and the time has come when the collegiate system is felt to be too narrow for the task which the country desires to see accomplished by Oxford, and which many outward circumstances press on the University with a force which its present organisation is unable to meet. Nor does that organisation satisfy the University itself. Oxford, for a long time past, has shown herself eminently responsive to the impulses and mental state of the nation. The causes which have engendered in the public mind a conception of higher benefits which Oxford might be brought to yield to this country, and an irresistible longing for their realisation, tell powerfully on the University herself, which contains many men of great ability and ardent temperament, eager to lead Oxford in the march of progress. It pleased the *Times* some short time ago to call Oxford the most Conservative of universities. The misdescription

was glaring and complete. It is sufficient to appeal to the passing of the statute of which we are now speaking, and which was supported by many members of the Conservative party, to show the inaccuracy of the designation. Oxford is full of improving zeal; and it is the existence of this spirit, which is by no means confined to a small band of extreme men, and with whose temper and objects the University must by no means be identified, that imparts such real significance to the change initiated by the new statute. It is no small matter, that at such a time, when all kinds of thought are seething in and out of Oxford, such a measure of large practical range as the reappearance of the University proper in contradistinction to the colleges should have been adopted by Oxford herself. That measure is not in harmony, in real organic union, with the former state of the institution. It must be inoperative and die away, or else it must inevitably transform many of the regulations which now stand by its side. It was not for nothing that Laud placed the University in the hands of the colleges. It was equally with a sense of introducing a new element into the academical life that the proposal to abolish the condition of membership of a college as a *sine quâ non* of admission to the University, has been demanded by public opinion and granted by Oxford.

A new order of things, then, has commenced; or rather a seed has been planted. Has it fallen into good ground, and will it grow up into a great tree? The answer which the future will give to this question deeply concerns both nation and University. We have lived fast in these modern days; great changes have befallen many of the institutions of the country. England is not the same nation that she was forty years ago. We should be sorry to say—we do not hold the opinion—that her genuine spirit, the essential qualities of her people, their fundamental ideas on political and social matters, have been essentially altered; but it is very certain nevertheless, that many of the old methods of giving utterance to those ideas, to those national feelings, have become worn out, and are under process of rapid transformation. What happens to the nation cannot fail to affect Oxford powerfully. Oxford has always been preeminently national; and this quality has both given her great influence over the social life of the country, and also has exposed her to be largely reacted upon by the intellectual and social movements of the nation. This is a grand distinction, as it is a real power, for Oxford; and thus, whatever happens within her, the thoughts that stir, and the tendencies which guide her sons, is of high public concern, and has a very decisive bearing on the course which the country may take in the future on matters of the deepest interest to human life. Since the reform which resulted in the construction of the public examinations at the beginning of this century, the men bred by Oxford have exercised a conspicuous and a very weighty influence on public opinion. She has reared a long succession of statesmen, beginning with Sir Robert Peel, who have been the foremost men in the politics both of England and of the world. The first and second-class men of Oxford have manned the front benches of the House of Commons in remarkable numbers; sometimes they have formed more than the half of the ministers in office. Their power in Parliament has been always felt; and there are those who can remember the outspoken confidence with which the new men avowed the design to sweep away, after 1832, the effete and garrulous talkers of a boroughmongering age, and the

amusing astonishment with which they found that they could not hold their own on even terms, when a reformed Parliament brought them face to face with the contemned representatives of the ancient culture. And up to this period, who is personally so popular and so influential throughout all England as Mr. Gladstone?—and who does not perceive that in all the leading features of his mind, Mr. Gladstone is an old Oxford man? The same eminence and the same power of influencing, Oxford has yet more conspicuously displayed in the religious world. There are representatives still left amongst us of the great Oriel school, of the men who brought to the cause of religion the learning, the intelligence, the breadth of culture and knowledge, which had been so strikingly wanting in the Evangelical body, and was discrediting them amongst the most educated and intelligent classes of society. That illustrious school did great service in their day; they served their generation at a critical period, and have left marks on the minds of our own time which it will take long to efface. And if to some extent their precise opinions have not retained complete possession of the public thought—and what school can accomplish such a result in days like our own?—they have nevertheless yielded to a force which had its origin and derived its opening energies from Oxford. The Tractarian movement was a genuine Oxford product. The ideas on which it turned were not new, no one professed that they were; but their systematic adoption, the determination to leaven the Church of the whole nation with a new spirit, the ambition to give a new tone to the teaching of the clergy, the avowed resolution to undo the greatest work achieved by the nation—to efface its Protestant character and to extinguish the glory on which the country had hitherto most prided itself—these were Oxford acts, conceived and carried out by Oxford men, designed with aims which far exceeded the limits of the University, and dictated by a consciousness of the possession of a power capable of moulding the religious convictions of all England. And it cannot be denied that success marvellously responded to the loftiness of the design. The clergy of England are not the same as they were thirty years ago; and whether the change has been for the better or the worse, the merit or the demerit is Oxford's. The religious controversies which most strikingly mark our time, the ecclesiastical questions which most fiercely agitate the public mind, the struggles which fill the press, public meetings and the pulpits, have all their root in Oxford. What more needs to be said to point out the extreme importance which Oxford, her condition, her intellectual and religious life, her thoughts and tendencies, possess for the whole people?

But if Oxford may gather from a retrospect of the past a proud feeling of strength, she may learn humility, and a wholesome conviction of the necessity for prudence, from other events which are occurring in the country. The hold of the University on the public men of England is not so strong as it was in past days. From the period of the first Reform Bill the House of Commons has gradually exhibited a progressive diminution of the academical element. It is perfectly true, as we have already stated, that University men compose still the strength and the numbers of Cabinets; but the House of Commons itself is less under the influence of high culture and education. Parliament is yearly becoming more filled with men whose title for election has been the acquisition of great wealth by

trade. The minds of such men are not easily susceptible of University influence, for their training has not rendered them familiar with the ideas and habits of thinking prevalent at universities. Their weight in the country, moreover, is not limited to Parliament; they are increasing in strength in every department of life; and the House of Commons has in no small measure changed its relations to the nation, and follows where it formerly was accustomed to lead. Oxford, therefore, is in danger of losing its hold over society: and there are few thinking persons, we conceive, who would not regret such an event as a national loss. But there is never any need for despairing of Englishmen. The manufacturers and merchants, who have acquired wealth and power by trade, are well aware of the value of intellectual culture, and are generally anxious that their sons should possess advantages which they have not themselves enjoyed. We are firmly convinced that the desire for University training, in spite of all appearances to the contrary, has not abated in England. It cannot be denied, we freely grant, that the numbers of the students who go to college have not kept pace with the growth of the nation's prosperity. The fact is incontestable; but it is equally certain that it is a fact which creates dissatisfaction on all sides. Fault is found with the Universities, real and earnest complaint is freely uttered; and this is a very healthy symptom. University reform, of whatever kind, is manifestly a very popular topic. There is no sign of public indifference, of a general acquiescence in University decay. Quite the contrary. The murmurs expressed in the public press, the interest attached to University questions in Parliament, the committees appointed to investigate the conditions of the Universities, all proclaim that the nation appreciates the value of University training; they testify to a universal desire to bring the benefits of academical culture within the reach of a larger number of persons. On the other hand it is an equally hopeful symptom that Oxford shows herself to be fully alive to the necessity of satisfying the public feeling, by originating, herself, by her own initiative, improvements which may both attract additional students to Oxford, and impart to them an education more in harmony with the wants of modern times. Instead of Oxford being open to the charge of a torpid and stagnant Conservatism, it may be affirmed with entire truth that a genuine zeal for improvement animates, with few exceptions, the whole body of the University. Of course there prevails a very wide discrepancy of views as to the nature of the improvements which it is desirable to promote; but the improving spirit, its reality and readiness to act, are far more important than the precise character of the changes to which opinion may at first incline.

Such being the general position which Oxford now occupies towards the country, we shall now proceed to consider those points on which public opinion feels that reform is called for, in the interest both of the University and the nation. The reform which Mr. Gladstone effected some dozen years ago can hardly be said to have been reform at all; at any rate, it was but skin-deep: it touched only one vital point in the academical life. The clamour of the public at that day was levelled against close scholarships and fellowships: it was a greedy cry from the general public to obtain those endowments which the wills of founders and benefactors had appropriated to particular schools and districts. Mr. Gladstone's measure brought up Oxford to the level of Cambridge in this respect; and he must indeed have a shallow notion of what is

meant by University reform who supposes that Cambridge does not stand in as much need of healthy and reasonable transformation as Oxford. In one respect Mr. Gladstone introduced a new element of life into the University: he substituted an elected council, with a debating congregation, for the old machinery of the Hebdomadal Board of Heads. This was a real improvement; and if at Oxford the sense of the expediency of making changes from time to time, and the will to give it effect by legislation has been kept alive, the credit is in no small degree due to the discussions which have been set on foot in Congregation. It is certainly not the best conceivable University parliament, still it is a true deliberative chamber, in which opinions are freely expressed, and the mind of the residents ascertained; and this in an academical institution is clearly a very great matter.

At this moment, the prevailing sentiment in the country is that the numbers of those who profit by the institution of the University fall below the real demand which exists for University education, and that the cause of this deficiency must be sought in academical regulations, which oppose insuperable obstacles to the natural flow of English youths to Oxford. One great impediment is alleged to be the test which requires every Master of Arts to declare himself to be a member of the Church of England. It is represented that a large number of Dissenters would send their sons to Oxford, if they could stand within the University on the same level of position and privilege with Churchmen. To the help of this personal feeling comes the desire for religious equality which has acquired so strong a hold on the public mind. The exclusion of Nonconformists from the Master's degree and the academical franchise offends a sentiment which is very powerful in the nation. Nor is this all. There are many who think, and think strongly, that the ecclesiastical element is in excess at Oxford, and indeed in many of the public schools of the country. They conceive that the superior education of England is too much committed to the hands of the clergy; that the independence of free thought is thereby injured; that a narrow and illiberal bias is thus given to the training which the best youths of the country receive; and that, with a larger admixture of lay teachers, the standard of intellectual and literary culture would rise. Hence Mr. Coleridge's motion in Parliament for the abolition of tests on admission to degrees and public offices in the University enjoys wide popular support; indeed, may be said at this time to command a popularity in the Liberal camp second only to that of the disestablishment of the Irish Church. On this point there is no need for lengthened remarks. That Mr. Coleridge's motion is sure to be passed at an early day is doubtful to no one; Dr. Pusey's recent letter to the Wesleyan Conference of itself alone furnishes a decisive proof that this contest is universally regarded as completed. On this point Nonconformists will obtain complete and speedy satisfaction; and so far as the University, in contradistinction to the particular societies called colleges, is concerned, Oxford will open her gates to Churchmen and Dissenters on equal terms. That obstacle to the swelling of her numbers will be removed; and if only a sufficient supply of these non-churchmen present themselves for matriculation, it is impossible to doubt that the effects of such a change would be immense. Practically, these Dissenting Masters, even if mainly composed of Dissenting clergymen, would be laymen; and the spirit of the University's life would be infinitely more lay than it is at present.

We do not say that it would be less religious or less Christian—that would mainly depend on the state of religious feeling throughout the nation; but the old and true character of the University as a lay institution would be restored, and many parts of its system would receive a corresponding modification. But for the attainment of this result the Nonconformists—or, if this name is preferred, the laymen—must present themselves in considerable numbers. But will those numbers come? In our judgment, Mr. Coleridge's bill, by itself alone, will add but a very insignificant number of additional students to Oxford. The Dissenting clergy will hesitate to insist on a University training for their candidates for the ministry, amid influences and temptations to convert them into Churchmen of such dangerous power; nor will they, we conceive, be very zealous in encouraging the lay members of their congregations to place their sons within reach of these influences. And further, we exceedingly doubt whether these lay Dissenters themselves are kept back from Oxford to any considerable extent by the operation of a test which simply excludes from the Master's degree. It is very natural that they should seek to remove a distinction which to them seems offensive, and that the sense of their altered national importance, relatively to the Church of England, should prompt them to demand a right which can no longer be withheld upon any justifiable ground. But there is a wide gulf between opening so limited a privilege as the Master's degree to Nonconformists, and their actual going to Oxford for education. That education is now open to them without any inquiry into the nature of their religious principles; and if it was an object ardently desired and practically obtained, the demand for admission to the Master's degree must long ago have been conceded. But Nonconformist undergraduates are exceedingly few, and the right to proceed to the Master's degree will make but little difference. If Oxford is to be brought to a fulness that shall correspond with the population and the wealth of the country, something more is necessary than Mr. Coleridge's bill.

The question, then, of the actual state of the University of Oxford, and of the measures which it may be expedient to adopt for its improvement, had best be considered without any reference to the religious tests which exclude Nonconformists from the degree of Master of Arts and from University offices, both because it is morally certain that those tests will speedily be removed, and also because the condition and progress of Oxford can be fully judged upon the basis of the general system now in force in the University. Few thoughtful persons are satisfied with the present state of things. The best of Oxford's sons, we might have said the majority of them, recognise that the University is not what it ought, or what it might be made to be. Evils are pressing on universal attention which call for remedies. The nation knows the value of Oxford, and is eager to increase her usefulness. The public school system of this country has been long felt to be in an unsatisfactory condition, and the Legislature has already begun to take steps for its reform. The public schools are closely connected with the Universities, both forming essential and mutually inter-dependent parts of superior education in England. Neither can be properly constituted without reference to the other. And there always remains the fact that we have dwelt upon above, that the country feels that Oxford does not attract the young men of England in numbers proportionate to the splendour of her endowments, the

ability of her members, the ancient fame of the University, and the growing wealth of the nation. No one is satisfied. What, then, are the evils at work, and how are they to be cured?

The root of the mischief, we are firmly convinced, is the excess of the collegiate and tutorial system; and we shall become better acquainted with the evils which exist and the corrections they require by tracing some of the most prominent consequences of this system. Foremost we place one of which the public has as yet but a dim and inadequate conception, but which is well known to those who have most carefully studied this great problem, and is daily exciting livelier regret to the best sons of the University. The collegiate system, with its monopoly of students, its distribution of them, by means of the law which compels undergraduates to lodge within college walls, into many small societies, its consignment of their instruction to college fellows, for the most part holding their fellowships on the tenure of celibacy, its want of progressive reward for increase of attainment and success in teaching, its deficiency of adequate tests for competency in the tutors, and its fatal tendency to create the feeling that Oxford is no permanent home for the ablest men—this system, we say, wears the appearance of a contrivance, studiously and elaborately devised, to repress great literary and scientific eminence in the University. The nation has the right to expect the production and the maintenance of deep and scientific knowledge from its Universities. It is one of the most important ends of their existence. The need for such culture requires additional strength daily. The strain which the prodigious development of commerce, the government of so many dependencies, and the rapid movement of modern life, put upon the limited population of these islands is so severe as to allow of little leisure for the calm pursuit of learning. Even the clergy, from whom in former days so many works, not only of theological, but also of literary inquiry emanated, have been absorbed into practical life, and have little spare time for other than parochial duties. And yet the importance of sound scientific investigation is more urgent than ever; for this is an age of quick intellect, and it is vital that its conclusions should be accurate as well as swift. That the Universities should come to the help of the country under such circumstances is obvious to every one; and yet the working of their arrangements is to drive away from residence every man whom natural gifts had qualified for this service. How many residents of either Oxford or Cambridge now rank in the first class of scientific investigators? Noble exceptions are to be found in both of these great schools, beyond all doubt, but they are few, and, which is yet worse, they are mostly outsiders to the University's primary business, and very loosely incorporated into its daily life. And thus, if the loss is great for the nation, it is greater yet for the University.

There is no principle of wider range and value in education, than that the young should be brought into close contact with the highest obtainable ability and knowledge. Teachers of every class cannot be too richly gifted. No field offers such opportunities for the exercise of every faculty, either intellectual or moral, as teaching; and conversely there is no field in which excellence of mind and nature produces such direct and such beneficial effects. One half of the educational value of the classics, especially of the Greek classics, consists in the companionship of great minds which they secure for the

young. And yet the administration of our Universities is so contrived as to drive away into the outer world men of great natural faculties, and to prevent them from deepening and ripening their knowledge in a soil peculiarly fitted for this purpose. Men whom it is the highest interest of Oxford to enlist in her service, are stripped by her of every motive for residing. The instruction of the students—which the country regards as her highest mission—is perpetually entrusted to the hands of young men. As soon as they begin to settle down into their work, when their grasp on their respective subjects is becoming firmer, when richer views are opening before them, and their power to enter into a broader comprehension of their science is waxing stronger, they are carried off by the eddying stream of ordinary life for the simple reason that Oxford offers them no home. They cannot marry; and yet worse, if they advance in study and attainment, no reward of influence over the student, or position, or money, attends their efforts. As heads of public schools, or in other posts over the country, they may acquire fame and position by self-cultivation, as well as by the improvement which vigorous minds can extract from teaching others; but at Oxford they have no career, and they each in turn leave her to their youngers. The mischief thus strikes deep root, for it prevents young men of high natural talent, as they emerge from the Schools with first classes at the end of their undergraduate course, from selecting some sphere of study suited to their tastes, and settling down to it with something of the feeling of a profession. No country in the world has probably such a perpetual supply of young men as England, endowed with the richest culture, and practised in the most arduous discipline, who might be applied to the pursuit of any department of knowledge; and yet, by the perverse institutions of our Universities, are for the most part irrecoverably lost for the great end both to the country and to the Universities. They find themselves at the termination of their training set to temporary work; nothing at Oxford invites them to choose a definite object of literary cultivation. They are placed in posts in which marriage is forbidden, that is, in which they cannot settle down with the sense of having homes; each day, as it passes by, perpetually reminds them that they must be on the look-out for professions outside of the University. They are made to think of the bar, of official life, of commercial positions, of masterships at schools, in short, of every station except a scientific or an intellectual one. Thus the process of teaching, which can so easily, and if it is to be healthily conducted, undoubtedly ought to yield as much progress and improvement to the teacher as to the taught, is placed at an unworthy level, and the first class man seldom does more than retail out to still younger men, for a few years, the knowledge which he acquired mainly as an undergraduate. Oxford, by her own fault, fails to rear and to retain within her fold first-rate authorities on the very subjects which she professes to cultivate; and who can fail to perceive the enormous loss thereby incurred, both for her and for England? Is it right, is it politically and socially expedient, is it creditable for a nation that can point to such intellectual achievements, that at a University endowed with such wealth and privilege as Oxford, the student should gather from books, almost always written out of the University, and very often indeed by foreigners, those leading principles on all the great questions of human inquiry which determine the governing doctrines and senti-

ments of each succeeding age? There is no reason in the world why Oxford should not contain among her residents authorities second to none in the world in their respective sciences. Dr. Pusey in Hebrew, Professor Max Müller in philology, are names of European fame, yet at Oxford they teach small classes in subjects that lie outside the great business of the University; they are feebly incorporated with her system, and considering their great eminence, they are placed in working positions that fall vastly short of their intellectual strength, and of the services they might perform for the young men of England. The perverseness which brings out such results, and has so long looked on in indifference, is as amusing as it is deplorable.

The circumstances of our time have largely aggravated the evil. The demand for young men of ability and education has vastly increased in recent years. The general life of the nation offers many more attractions to the best Oxford students to leave the University. During the last forty years, masterships of schools have greatly multiplied in number and value. Trade has opened a hundred channels in which ability and enterprise can reap immense rewards. The effect on Oxford has been most marked. The age of flight from the University has been advanced. The old college tutor, waiting on for a living during a lengthened period, and gathering some increase of knowledge and experience in the subjects he taught, is now seen more rarely. The college livings come round more frequently. Not rarely vacancies in rectories cannot be filled up from the staffs of the colleges. Even the glories of the tutorship are waning. Who does not remember the great days when to be Tutor of Oriel was a distinction renowned throughout the whole country? Yet we believe that now Oriel cannot man its tuition from its own fellows, and is compelled to call in aid from other colleges. How can any man who loves Oxford, and knows the noble functions she is capable of discharging, reconcile himself to a decay which is so strange amidst the strength and the ability which are so profusely scattered about the University?

But it is not in the upper strata of the University only that the elements for dissatisfaction abound. Oxford has thrown the door open to all comers who seek for education at her hands; the fees which she will henceforth demand are but trifles. The people of this country in various ways display a marked desire to make a more extended use of Oxford; but will the new students come? Some are sanguine as to the multitude which is approaching; we confess that this is far from being our feeling, unless changes, even beyond those which would be natural deductions from the preceding remarks, first prepared the way. Who are they who wish to send their sons to Oxford, and what is it that they seek? A certain increase may be expected as likely to flow in from the lower portions of the middle class, composed of clever boys whose parents might be tempted to obtain for them, through a comparatively inexpensive residence at Oxford, access into holy orders. The desire to see their sons associating with gentlemen at the University, and then becoming clergymen, will no doubt influence some parents whose children may have abilities that promise to repay the sacrifice necessarily involved in such a training. But their number cannot be large. The clever boys of poor parents will naturally be found winning the scholarships and exhibitions at the colleges, so that any strong reinforcement of number through non-college students, so far as this cause

operates, is not likely to take place. And who is to say at this hour what are the prospects of the Church of England, and what estimate the public will set hereafter on the professional value of the clerical office? However, it is no part of our province to discuss the question here, but that it has a most important bearing on the future of Oxford, must be obvious to all.

Leaving the Church then out of consideration in this place, we ask again, if the University is to be made much more largely available to the nation, what is it that the parents of the fresh flood of students desire to obtain for their sons? Is it a vigorous training in athletic sports, skill and glory in cricketing and boating, summer terms devoted to amusement, vacations covering half the year, the distinction of not being plucked at 'smalls,' three or four years spent on preparation for a pass at 'greats,' a gentlemanly and expensive life, crowned with the attainments of which a pass-degree guarantees the possession? If these are the things which are to attract new crowds of undergraduates to Oxford, we fear that the expectation will prove delusive; for those who are in search of such advantages for their sons, and who must be presumed able to support the cost of their acquisition, must be amply satisfied with Oxford as it now is, and neither Mr. Coleridge's bill, nor the permission not to belong to a college, can be imagined to be capable of drawing a score more into the bosom of the University. Not that we undervalue cricketing and boating, and other forms of manly and healthful exercise. Games have always proved an essential part of English public education, and long may they continue to do so. The French are becoming alive to their value in the life of the young. We cannot stay to write a theory of games at schools; we will only say this much, that they form one of the most excellent schools for training young men in the use of the world, in the knowledge and practice of a right social bearing towards their fellows, in social discipline, self-command, obedience, and power of commanding, in a word, in the formation of character. We bear them no ill-will; very far from it; nevertheless, we ask, are the new national classes, whom reformers are tempting to Oxford, in want of the quantity and the expensiveness of the games now in vogue at the University? Yet games are by no means the largest part of the difficulty. There are other matters of vastly deeper importance. The new classes may be glad to see their sons mixing in the society of gentlemen, making friends with those of higher station than themselves, living side by side with the best youth of the country, with those who in station, wealth, or talent will make the leaders of the nation in the future, and haply gathering up some acquaintance with the great departments of knowledge, of which Oxford possesses tutors and professors. But it is quite absurd to suppose that the number of such parents in any country can ever be large: and as it is, Oxford contains within her fold most of the youths thus circumstanced. The majority of the new parents and the new students must have other advantages held out to them, if they are to be prevailed upon to make use of Oxford. The pass-men and the pass-degree must be thought of; for this is the vital point, and unfortunately it is the point on which Oxford is deplorably and undeniably weak. The brilliancy and the efficiency of the examination for honours, the high quality so clearly to be discerned in the class-men, and the hearty recognition which it has received from the country, have, we think, covered with an obscuring mist the in-

credible shortcomings of the pass-degree. But the instant that an enlarged use of the University is contemplated, this pass-degree inevitably comes to the front, and no expansion of the numbers of the undergraduates can be seriously thought of until this formidable problem has been satisfactorily solved. The bulk of the students must always be pass-men, if Oxford is to be national in the sense of educating large numbers of the young men of England. And what does Oxford do for the pass-men, in return for the money and the long years, both at and before, the University, which have been bestowed on the attainment of the pass-degree? What does the young man of twenty-two bring away with him from college? It would be superfluous, a mere killing of the slain, to speak of the literary and intellectual attainments which the pass examination really and practically enforces. The standard of the pass-degree was never high; but all witnesses concur in declaring that it has sunk to a lower level during the course of this generation. It was more esteemed, it meant more, it exacted more positive attainments from ordinary undergraduates thirty years back than it does now. We are not surprised at such a result. Oxford has suffered from the action of a general cause, which has weighed on schools as well as on universities. The wealth of the nation has increased with enormous rapidity; and still more, it has been acquired in colossal amounts, and in unprecedented numbers by men who have sprung from the uneducated classes. They have been eager, first and foremost, that their sons should become gentlemen. They have cared little for the positive learning obtained, and still less for the cost of education; but good society, gentlemanly habits, the qualities indispensable for mixing freely with the upper classes, have been the grand objects of their desire for their sons. Such men have fed the schools and the Universities with ever swelling numbers of pupils, for whom useful learning or high culture possessed no importance; and as has been the demand, such has been the supply. What has been required has been furnished; what was not needed was not produced. The Universities and the public schools have been kept full; but a Public Schools Bill has passed Parliament, and Mr. Ewart's committee of the House of Commons has inquired into the Universities. Dissatisfaction has spread throughout the country, and the friends of education have promoted educational reform. If the colleges of Oxford have been full, the pass-degree has acquired notoriety, and the scandal of the first examination has come to light. For a highly civilised country and an age distinguished by intellectual activity, a more heinous scandal than this examination cannot be conceived. At Oxford and at Cambridge one half of the candidates for the first examination, are regularly plucked. The fact is disgraceful—disgraceful for England and the Universities. They cannot escape a most discreditable dilemma. Either the examination is pitched at a standard unreasonably high—and what a supposition! —or the Universities are willing to let these examinations be shams. The intellectual tone of the students must inevitably be demoralised: plucking can confer no disgrace in public opinion, when one man out of two is marked with this distinction. The plucked men are ultimately pushed through; for we do not hear of large departures of plucked men from Oxford; and if they are passed at last, what can it signify to them to belong to a class which comprises one half of their fellows? And is any one credulous enough to imagine that the parents of the new undergraduates that are to flow in,

will be ready to send up their sons to fail, one out of two, at such a paltry test of attainment as the first examination?

But this is not a question of literary attainments only; it is in a yet deeper sense a question of habits. Englishmen would not be disposed to look too closely into the accuracy of the knowledge acquired, if they were satisfied that their children had learnt how to use their minds skilfully, and had had their characters disciplined for the great work of human life. If any doubt could be entertained on this point, the conspicuous failure which Mr. Lowe has made in his attempt to excite contempt for the ignorance of useful knowledge, with which he has charged English education, would bear ample evidence as to the state of public feeling. There is no man living, not even Mr. Lowe himself, who is not ignorant of a thousand things of great importance, and which, taken singly, may be fairly represented as being disgraceful not to know. But the English people have a right instinct on this matter; they are deeply conscious, that whilst knowledge is worth much, discipline, and self-command, and acquaintance with human nature, and the capacity to bear oneself rightly towards the human beings with which his existence is combined, are worth much more. If a young man has learnt how to use his faculties rightly, if he can set to work on a new subject with an intelligent conception of the method to be employed, if his character has been trained to industry, system, readiness to sacrifice ease for proper objects, superiority to the allurements of pleasure and idleness, he has realised the main ends of education; and whatever may be the course of training by which these essential qualities are acquired, most English parents will set a fitting value on a school which will give adequate guarantees for their acquisition. Let Oxford provide a supply of these great qualities, and she will find a keen demand for them by the public. That the class-men are submitted to such a training, and that the attainments which win the first class not only enrich the mind with much knowledge, but also, by the processes through which they are reached, impart a firm and admirable discipline to the character and intellect, we most cheerfully admit. It is no part of our object in this article to disparage the honour-education imparted by Oxford. It is not here that Oxford fails; it is no shortcoming on this score that keeps away the young men of England; it is the pass-degree, the pass-men, the pass-training, which are the all in all for the expansion of the University. The athletics and the games, as we have said above, train the character, and cultivate some of the most valuable qualities which distinguish Englishmen. Equally efficient are many of the relations established in University life, such as the union of submission to authority with independence, and the world, composed of equals, in which the young man is summoned to learn that knowledge both of himself and others, which will fit him to bear himself rightly in the still larger world which is to follow. But this is not enough. There are other features in the picture which are more calculated to repel than to attract. The idleness, the waste of time and money, the want of aim and purpose, the ignorance of precise and accurate knowledge of any kind, the habits which are too apt to excite distaste afterwards for the counting-house, the factory, or the less brilliant commercial pursuits, which prevail only too widely in pass-circles, the absence of systematic method and progress in any definite line, are obstacles which must be cleared away, or else the hoped for numbers will not come

to Oxford. The mass of the middle-class will not expose their sons to such dangers: they cannot afford it, and that is decisive.

Such are the chief evils which now afflict the University. They vary widely in nature; the distance between the absence of a life-long pursuit of pure science which is discernible amongst the senior residents, and the want of mental discipline and advancing culture which presses upon the pass-men is immense; it might seem hopeless to expect a cure for such multifarious maladies. Fortunately these phenomena are not so unconnected as they appear to be. They react on each other; the one increases the intensity of the other; they both have a common root, and remedies applied to one will be certain to produce effects on the other. In many respects, we say, they have a common source, and this is the reason why we hail with so much pleasure, and why we estimate at so high a value, the recent statute for the admission of students unconnected with any college. It contains the germ of almost every improvement which can be desired for Oxford, for it strikes at the heart of the mischief. The college system, as was deliberately intended by Laud, has been pushed to excess; it has well nigh devoured the University proper. It has converted Oxford into a group of colleges, each administered after its own fashion, and pursuing its own interests; and it has thrown national and University objects into the background. Each college admits members to matriculation on its own terms; it connives at idleness or enforces diligence at its own pleasure; it assigns the office of instruction to some of its own members, thus limiting its range and quality to the attainments which it may chance to find among its own fellows; it retains undergraduates within its bosom, till pushed out by repeated failures at the public examinations; and by the necessary working of such a system places the interests of its own society above those of the University. The University then becomes the aggregate of these colleges. Their members compose the boards of public examiners, and form the legislature which regulates the entire administration of the University. It is impossible but that the standard of the University's examination and the character of its teaching should not have a direct connection with the attainments of the college tutors, and still more with the great college interest of keeping the colleges full. It is not easy under such circumstances for a new branch of study, although really demanded by the public, to become admitted as a necessary part of the instruction given at Oxford. The tutors are but a few men in each college; they cannot be omniscient, and the college may not have the means of finding a tutor capable of meeting the new requirements. We have already pointed out how the tutors are steadily becoming younger; they furnish the public examiners, and their own attainments measure the range and the depth of the teaching supplied to the candidates for the highest honours. How then can Oxford rear up within herself and bring to bear upon her pupils that ripeness and fulness of knowledge, that independence and originality of thought, that range and depth of science, which belong to men who have made the study of their own subjects the business of their lives? The college monopoly cannot escape the fate of all monopolies; it narrows and deteriorates the articles supplied; only the college monopoly is aggravated by the additional evil, that it does not even secure the experience and the skill of a veteran monopolist, of a man who has a life-long interest in the success of his trade.

But the dawn of better days for Oxford has appeared above the horizon. The new statute, the law which invites young men to come to the University without enrolment on the books of a college, has founded a new order of things. It will breathe a new spirit into the University, for it has restored the University, it has worked out its emancipation, it has rendered every kind of improvement possible. It contains the seed of a whole future.

1. In the first place, it has destroyed the college monopoly. It has not extinguished the colleges, it has done nothing so disastrous. It will give them a new life; it will ultimately enrich the college staff with names that will be honoured as literary chiefs all over the world. But the University has risen again; and the mischievous limitations, which are inseparable from every monopoly, will assuredly come to an end. The teaching of the University, the position of its teachers, the standard of the examinations, and the opening out of great careers for the best of its sons, will now be thought of without a suffocating sense of the restrictions which the exclusively collegiate system unavoidably created. What the nation requires to be taught will be considered without reference to the capacity of each college to furnish the necessary tutor.

2. In the next place, the new law has brought into existence a matriculation examination not conducted by college officers. This is an institution already founded; not a possibility, but an actuality. The men who have been appointed to test the fitness of non-college students for admission to Oxford are in very truth University examiners. They are removed from the temptation of desiring to fill the college's rooms. They have no motive to influence their judgments except the welfare of the University. The standard of admission rests absolutely with them. It is quite true, no doubt, that they must pay regard to the literary state of the University, but they contain within themselves the true principle of progress. It lies with them gradually to raise the standard of admission, and they will do this the more energetically when hereafter they will be men who came into Oxford by the non-college door. Their power to act on the colleges and to force them to keep step with them will be great and effectual; for if the colleges refuse to exclude ill-trained men, and thereby obtain for themselves a virtual monopoly of plucked men, what would become of the colleges under the action of public opinion, nay, under the influence of their own self-respect?

3. In the third place, means are now provided for diminishing the expense of a University education. The alleviation will not affect chiefly the fees now paid to colleges for instruction. A sum varying from sixteen to twenty guineas is not an excessive payment for the kind of teaching imparted by a University. It does not seem probable that in any way instruction of that quality can be obtained at a cheaper cost; nay more, we think it is not desirable, in the interest of the country and the University, that this charge should be reduced. If the teaching to be supplied is to be of really first-rate quality, and still more, if it is to flow from first-rate men, meanness of remuneration will defeat the very object desired. It will lead to inferior men, and to say that is to say everything that is most objectionable in education. But life in the town need not be, and we are quite sure will not be for many students, as expensive as life in college. It is not necessary that all the undergraduates of the University should live in the same style; they do not preserve uniformity now, still less need they do so in the future. It does not follow that men who are

confessedly poorer should be shut out from their wealthier fellows; exclusiveness, at least when carried to the extent of actual separation, does not suit the temper and feelings of our age. Merit counts for more every day; and there are poor members of the aristocracy as well as of other classes, and these would form a link by similarity of expenditure, possessing considerable force for enabling other poor scholars to mix with those that are richer.

There is another more serious source of expense—the length of the University's curriculum and its vacations. We will not discuss it on the present occasion, not only because our limits forbid it, but also because it is our opinion that this grave problem cannot be satisfactory dealt with until the numbers of the non-college students shall have become strong enough to give weight to considerations which ought to be taken into account for its solution.

4. Our fourth remark brings us to one of the grandest gains conferred by the new statute. Instruction is free. A student, as we understand the regulations issued, is at liberty to choose any member of the University that he pleases for his teacher. He is required to attach himself to a tutor; but the tutor is not a teacher, he is the student's friend and guardian, he stands to him in the relation of adviser and counsellor; and it may be inferred that some authority to watch and superintend the academical life of the student is bestowed upon the tutor. But every non-attached student is empowered to select any Master of Arts, of any or of no college, lay or clerical, married or unmarried, to be his instructor; and this is the true revival of the University. To be assigned to a college, and to be obliged to accept and to pay the tutor of the college, constituted the college monopoly; the restoration of the old right of every graduate to teach any student in Oxford restores the University to the nineteenth century. The consequences of this change may be, nay, will most certainly be enormous. It carries in its bosom the reconstruction of the academical system. The elastic power of free trade will assert its irresistible superiority. The college tutors must be the equals of the unattached instructors of the non-collegiate class, or they will be beaten in the race; and it will not be easy for the few fellows, practically available in any college, to keep up a continuous supply of first-rate men, able to cope with instructors who stand in the broad field of the non-collegiate body, and derive from it incomes both permanent and large. Even in their present state many of the colleges cannot maintain their tutorial staffs out of their own revenues; what will it be when these staffs will have to compete with teachers, whose lives may be, and often will be, devoted to teaching?

College tuition then is doomed. It may be that some tutors may long survive in scattered isolation amongst the colleges; for there always will be students who care little for knowledge, and to whom it may be a convenience to take the teacher provided by their college. But the tutors will cease to be the life of Oxford, the great instrumental force for its action on the scholars, the marrow and essence of the University. The only methods which would offer a chance of postponing their downfall, would be an amalgamation of several colleges for the purpose of tuition, so as to render the tutors of the combined societies joint teachers for the whole group, or else a great extension of any of the existing colleges, by the association of scholars residing in the town. The latter system would mean the adoption by Oxford of the practice which has rendered Trinity and St. John's great and dis-

tinguished societies at Cambridge. But neither of these methods can be a match in open competition for free teaching. The instructors of the non-collegiate students must in the long run be the better men; for they will be drawn from the whole University, in opposition to tutors selected from small societies. They will have the liberty of marrying, and thus of making Oxford and its work their abiding home, and they will live under the bracing influences of competition, relying upon merit, and stimulated to acquire merit by efficiency and self-culture. It is not conceivable that tutors composed of fellows of colleges should be capable of asserting equality with such rivals. Even if a good college chose the best tutor it could find in any quarter, it would still be exposed to the serious difficulty that his efficiency might not keep pace with that of his free competitors in the University: and the college would be reduced to the dilemma of retaining a teacher who had become relatively inferior, or of discharging him from an office, which under the supposed circumstances of the University he might reasonably hope to be permanent.

These considerations induce us to believe that the days of college tutors as the distinctive organ of teaching at the University are numbered: this being so, the very interesting and important inquiry presents itself, On what plan ought the future system of instruction of Oxford to be constructed? The right answer to this question will depend on a true conception of the ends at which the University should aim. They should be kept steadily in view in the determination of every detail: and this constant contemplation of the University's ideal is all the more important at the present moment, because Oxford stands at the threshold of a new career, and an error at the outset may have consequences that will work mischief through a long future. What then are these ends? To us it is evident that the great aim of University improvement is the founding of such a system as shall combine, in the active life of the University, the presence of the highest, the best and most progressive science in union with close, practical, catechetical instruction of the young. These two objects, in our judgment, ought to govern every detail. For the securing of these great purposes homes and careers ought to be provided for men of learning, careers which shall attract them into permanent residence in the University, and shall supply adequate motives, and thereby give sufficient guarantees to the nation, for a continuous cultivation of literary and intellectual excellence by men of the most distinguished ability. Oxford ought to draw to herself, and reward such men by bestowing on them fame, weight in the University course, and large incomes. They must not, as too often happens at present, be relegated to the outer regions of the University, however ornamental they may be: the posts assigned to them must tell on the very essence of the University's work, must be felt by every young man who goes to Oxford for a degree, must act on every subordinate teacher engaged in the common function. The professors at the head of each branch of instruction must not be recluses who dwell in closets; for then their value will not be academical, and one great object of their existence will have failed of accomplishment: they must be the living, working chiefs of the intellectual movements of the whole society. On the other hand the business of an English University is to teach the young, and experience has abundantly demonstrated, within the limits of Oxford itself, how efficient for this purpose is vigorous

catechetical instruction. The University, therefore, needs a body of subordinate instructors, animated by the spirit, and guided by the science of their chiefs, labouring in a sustained process of self-improvement in the respective branches of study on which they are engaged, stimulated to exertion by rewards both of reputation and income that shall swell with their efficiency, and shall be contained within herself. In other words, the professor in each department of the University's curriculum, a body of sub-professors associated with him, both with ample and expanding remunerations, received under the tenure of efficiency, and both so co-ordinated as to constitute a regular, progressive, and life-long profession, are the organisation best fitted to impart vitality and prosperity to Oxford. The sub-professor will take the place of the present tutor; he will be summoned to perform the same work, but he will be a different sort of man, and he will do the work in a different spirit. He will not be the nominee of a small society, nor chosen because he belongs to it. He will not teach in many subjects; he will teach in one, and will himself be also a student in that one. He will not be a man driven to look out for a home and a sphere of life external to Oxford; his eyes will be turned inwards, he will think of Oxford as offering a vocation for life, he will be willing to improve his knowledge, and acquire both the possession and the reputation of learning, because they will bring him influence, position, and income within the University. His position will be so constructed as to submit his efficiency to the test of competition. The better the man the larger ought to be the number of his pupils; the greater his influence, the ampler his pecuniary remuneration. Thus it fares with the barrister, the physician, and in a general sense with the merchant and the trader; why should not the teaching profession enjoy the same advantages, and fall under the same rules? Such a sub-professor, unlike the college tutor, will not easily be superannuated, for his academical life will contain the necessary stimulus and guarantees for the continuance of his own studies, and there is no reason in the nature of things why he should not be as superior to younger men as an attorney-general is to barristers of five years' standing. A noble object will be held up to his ambition, to rise in due course of time to the chief place of his profession, and as professor in his own branch of study, to exercise an influence at Oxford and to enjoy a repute throughout the country which will be due to recognised merit, to eminence fairly achieved in an open field, and to greatness of attainments acquired by long culture. Such a system, when established by successful working, would people Oxford with a body of zealous, progressive, and intellectual teachers, full of energy in the improvement of their own selves and their pupils, and striving to make Oxford valued and supported by the nation.

Various methods will suggest themselves for carrying these principles into execution. The plan which seems to us best calculated to insure successful working, would be this. The sub-professors are designed to take the place of the present tutors; and there is no reason why they should not be as numerous as the latter body. There would be the same work to be done, probably more; for there would be a larger mass of students, and the arrangements we have proposed would lead to greater zeal and efficiency, both in teachers and in students. The tutorial body may be estimated at about one hundred strong, and they would be replaced by an equal number of sub-professors. Additional sub-

professors would be required for those branches of study which are not comprised within college tuition, but at present the augmentation would not be large. The sub-professors would be teachers; but the arrangement made by the new statute, which assigns to each student a tutor of a new kind, one who is his friend and counsellor, ought to be, and no doubt would be, made universal. The remuneration of the sub-professors is a vital point; the means exist: the efficiency of the whole system hangs upon their distribution. The great principle of payment by results, or rather payment by competition, is indispensable, if the ends to be obtained by the new system are to be realised. Every undergraduate at Oxford may be assumed to pay, on an average, at least sixteen guineas a year for tuition. Of that sum, four might be allotted to the new tutor. There remains a sum of twelve guineas available for the purposes of the professoriate. Out of this amount, we would assign two guineas to the professor, to the chief of the department to which the sub-professor belongs. The remainder belongs, we conceive, to the sub-professor, but subject to the essential condition that every undergraduate shall be perfectly free to take himself, and his fee of ten guineas, to any one of the sub-professors whom he would prefer. The vitality of the whole affair turns on this critical condition being thoroughly and effectively carried out. It creates a career for the sub-professor; it stimulates his industry and his constant self-improvement by a direct reward, which is capable of becoming extremely large. It encourages him to devote himself to some special subject, most suited to his talents and his tastes, for that will be the easiest and surest road for acquiring deep and accurate knowledge, as well as the reputation which it would not fail to create. It would also be an excellent training for the full professorship. The mode of appointing the sub-professors is a grave matter, one on which a wide difference of opinion will probably be found to exist. The whole question of the appointment of the professorial body is full of difficulty. For our part, we should prefer examination by a board of curators or electors to any other; though it is impossible to deny that the appointment of these curators may be yet more difficult than that of professors and their associates. If such a board were founded, the selection of the sub-professors would naturally devolve upon it; meanwhile we should be content to leave the nomination of these officers to a board of three professors, composed in each case of the professor of the department, and the professors of two other departments most cognate with his own. But, in truth, the likelihood of the electors going astray in the designation of sub-professors is not great. Few, if any, graduates would be candidates for a post whose remuneration depended on efficiency and success, unless they had given proof both to themselves and the University of the possession of qualifications which warrant their appointment; and a supply of candidates much in excess of the demand is an event not very likely to occur. Graduates residing in Oxford, who were not either officials in the University or sub-professors, would obviously be very few.

The position of the professor, amidst a subordinate group of sub-professors, would be one of great importance and great distinction. But, first of all, he must be the right man for the place; and what guarantees will the system provide for such a primary condition? They will not be feeble nor few. The system itself will constitute a very great guarantee. The professor will be the head of a body of men,

whose position will be determined by efficiency. The spirit which such a position will create, the habits it will engender, the relations in which it will place the teacher towards the taught, will be incompatible with permanent incompetency and insufficiency in the chief. A really inefficient Lord Chancellor, even though the spirit of the legal profession encounters in his appointment a cross current of political motives, has rarely been seen in England. The same general influences will produce the same effect at Oxford. Make the sub-professorship a real and practical institution, fill it with men whose very position will render them progressive, let its teaching be earnest and appreciated by its pupils, and let the knowledge employed in that teaching be exactly such as the professors ought to supply, and no fear need be entertained in England of the energy and competence of the professor. The public opinion of his order will be quite enough to bring, if needed, the necessary impulse to bear upon him; and that public opinion will be the more keenly felt if he is elected by the men who are most profoundly stirred by this spirit—by the sub-professors. We confess that, on a survey of the difficulties attending every mode of appointment, we incline to an election by the sub-professors, as most likely to keep in view the great objects for which the professorship exists, and to be least influenced by foreign or improper motives. And now comes the inquiry—When the professor is appointed, what is he to do? what are to be his functions? The theory of his election assumes him to be the man most distinguished in the branch of science which is the subject of his chair; and is it idle to express something stronger than a hope that Oxford in future days may point amongst her working professors, men practically engaged in the education she bestows, to names as eminent as the Niebuhrs, the Bunsens of Germany, or the Hamiltons and the Adam Smiths of Scotland? The world has seen how the Faradays and Tyndalls can teach as well as lead investigation into the deepest recesses of nature: may not Oxford scholars and Oxford men of science instruct, at the same time, the English world and the Oxford undergraduates with equal success? Offer fitting position for such men, give them the motives for exertion—above all, that greatest of motives, the consciousness that their attainments possess practical weight and a true field for their exercise in the life of the University—and such men will not be found wanting. As a rule, they will have passed through the sub-professorship, for the election of strangers, however illustrious, would be very injurious to the efficient working of the sub-professorship; and when they have reached the final chair, their office will be twofold: to maintain that progress in knowledge which has won for them their post, and to guide and animate the sub-professors. It may be fairly expected that professors, so intimately connected with the sub-professors, will feel the desire to exercise a legitimate influence over their juniors; and as the system will of itself foster the desire of progress in the sub-professors, the professors are likely to be anxious to gratify the longings of a superior audience ready prepared to their hands. They will remember the example of Bishop Lloyd, who, as Professor of Divinity, gave lectures which were eagerly attended by tutors of the highest eminence. Compulsory lectures to the undergraduates we would not make a necessary duty for a professor; occasional lectures will, on the contrary, be often addressed by him with advantage to the whole University.

There is a third function which the interest of progress calls upon the professor to discharge: his influence must be felt, directly or indirectly, on the public examination of the University. Such an organic connection with the chief instrument by which Oxford promotes diligence among her scholars and fixes the standard of their attainments, will enable the professor to place those examinations in harmony with the best science of the age: it will give him authority with both sub-professors and undergraduates, and direct their eyes to him for the light which his riper years and experience are fitted to shed on their studies. Whether that connection shall be effected by making the professor occasionally one of the examiners, or more regularly and continuously, by giving him a voice in their appointment, is a question of detail which the University can easily settle at the fitting time. All that we need enforce here, and we do it most emphatically, is that the professor should be officially recognised and felt in the public examinations.

But what is to be his remuneration? what the salary attached to his office? A large one, the largest that can be procured in reason. This is a matter of the highest importance, for the professorship is the key-stone of the whole University edifice which public opinion seeks to found at Oxford. Provided that the professor is efficient—and let the securities for efficiency be as stringent as it is possible to make them—it will not be easy to give him an excessive salary. Oxford's true aim is to attract and retain in her service men of the first order—men who in other professions would be bishops, judges, or great physicians. Oxford has to compete for such men with the great professions: if she desires the end, she must supply the means. The day is fast approaching when college fellowships will fall under the revision of Parliament, and a considerable portion of their funds will be appropriated to the general purposes of the University. From this source, supplemented by the endowments actually allotted to some professorships, a fixed salary of 1,000*l.* a year at least should be assigned to each of the leading professorships. But this is not enough. Two guineas per student, out of the fees he pays for instruction, would be an accessory remuneration of great value; for it would be dependent on the number of pupils working in the department, and it might rise, with great efficiency and success, to a large figure. The University cannot entertain too much misgiving on the score of the energy and quality of the work done by the professors; but if it is satisfied on this head, a grudging parsimony would be a most suicidal policy.

But it must not be concealed that this system which we have sketched presents a side on which some anxiety is justifiable. That it would work well with the class-men, with those who seek the University for the purpose of acquiring knowledge, and winning its distinctions, cannot reasonably be doubted. But what are we to say of the pass-men, the staple and the torment of the University? What will the sub-professors be able to make of them? No more critical question can be asked of new Oxford, if the recent statute has created a new Oxford. The pass-men are the disgrace and the incubus of Oxford as it now is; the extension of the University, so much desired by the nation, is simply impossible, if the state of the pass-men is not radically altered; will the method of sub-professors effect this revolution? The answer to this question is not easy, and—we frankly admit it—not entirely to be relied upon. Nothing but actual trial will show whether the experi-

ment will have been successful. It is a very complicated matter; the future of the pass-men cannot depend on the simple difference between tutors and sub-professors, as teachers. On the hopeful side it may be stated with confidence that professorial will be far more strict as to the matriculation examination than collegiate Oxford. Better trained men will come up to Oxford, men more fitted to receive superior instruction, and men whose already won acquirements furnish some security for future industry. In the next place the University is likely to feel much less tenderness in sending away men, whose incapacity to profit by Oxford has been made evident, than the colleges. In the third place, the new classes, if they come up to Oxford at all, will be impelled by a stronger desire to get some benefit from their academical career, than many whom Oxford now possesses. They will contain fewer rich and idle youths; fewer, who care only for the social distinction of having been at the University, and the fashionable society to which it will have introduced them. The lower middle class cannot afford to give long years to athletics, and cricketing, and boating; and either they will expect to obtain knowledge at Oxford, or they will not come at all. There are great advantages which the sub-professors will possess at starting: they will have a better raw material, more highly trained at entrance, accustomed to more industrious habits, and more honestly in search of instruction. We rely on these advantages; we think that they will suffice for effecting the end desired; and if a vigorous use is made of them, we shall feel confidence in the ultimate result. Still there will be a residuum, mainly composed of the very classes who now constitute Oxford's difficulty. It is possible that young men of this kind may at the bidding of the University attach themselves to a sub-professor, pay his fee, and then never, for whole terms together, come near him or his lectures. That is possible, but that it is to any great extent probable, we do not believe. Such conduct would come into direct collision with the whole spirit which we have the right to suppose will animate the University. The University may do much to check the comfortable indulgence of such idleness. It may render its examinations peremptory, and insist on removal after failure. The sub-professor will of course be bound to lecture; and if the invited guest does not appear, his tutor (the new one) will be called in; and if his efforts fail to procure amendment, the non-attendance will be reported to the Vice-Chancellor or other appointed authority, and summary redress may be easily enforced. It is our conviction that such determinately idle youths will cluster in the colleges, and will be much rarer amongst non-college students; and no doubt the colleges will have a larger apparatus for watching and controlling them at their disposal than the sub-professors. In any case we confide in the altered tone of the University in all these matters; and with altered feeling, altered results are sure to follow.

In conclusion, we would add a very few words on a point of great interest to the nation, the nature of the education which Oxford offers to her scholars. Not a syllable shall we utter against the intrinsic superiority of classical studies for the purposes of general culture over all rivals; and any such weakening of the estimation in which these studies are held by the University would be nothing less than a national misfortune. We earnestly hope that the pre-eminence of the classical firsts may never suffer the slightest obscuration of its glory. But there is a truth, and there are facts, on the other side which must

not be overlooked. A classical education is not the only training which the country needs; and Oxford can never become the great centre to which the young men shall resort, unless she satisfies some of the recognised wants of our age. There are vast fields of knowledge, besides the classical, which the circumstances of modern civilisation render necessary for the well-being of the people. The demand exists: Oxford can furnish the supply without injury to any other interest; and with enormous benefit to those, who otherwise, would not come within reach of her general culture. Let Oxford retain a classical minimum; if the old Universities abandoned classics they would lose their hold on the country, and in time England would have to repeat the repentance of France, which swept away Greek from her schools, and now seeks its restoration with eagerness. Let the matriculation examiner require a competent acquaintance with the classics; and then let moderations be fixed for the completion of one year of residence. One of the three academical years will thus have been devoted to the study of classical literature. That over, a new period may fitly commence, in which separate lines of study, with separate examinations, and separate lessons, may offer instruction and distinction in all the most important branches of knowledge which are needed by a civilised nation. We shall be told, and with perfect truth, that this diversity of schools has already been founded at Oxford; but it seems to us that the conjoined schools are placed into direct, and consequently too subordinate, association with the classical school. The impression is thus conveyed that there is only one course really established at Oxford, the classical, with a number of little extras by its side. Perhaps it would be unfair to say that the cause of this feeling lies in the manner in which the examination of these additional schools is conducted, or in the collocation of the lists of honours. The main reason, it cannot be doubted, is the classical structure of the entire University; the strength and dignity of the apparatus for classical instruction; the want of adequate organisation for teaching in these miscellaneous subjects; and the loose and irregular way in which the teachers collect together their classes, and retain the command of their scholars. Fortunately, however, here, as so often elsewhere, the new statute has laid the foundation of a new order of things. The other subjects will stand on the same level with classics amongst the non-college students. The classics then will have no endowed and dignified establishment of teachers, such as they now possess in the college tutors; the career of teaching is equally free, equally unrestricted for all; and, as students flock in for these additional branches, the University will have the opportunity for constructing regular and co-ordinate systems of instruction for the other departments as for the classical. The great object, we conceive, to keep in view is the final termination of classical studies at moderations after one year's residence, for those who are not going on in the classical school; and starting from that period, the creation of distinct lines of study in many departments, with parallel institutions of sub-professorships. The successful culture of these subjects by men who come to Oxford for the very purpose of acquiring such knowledge, coupled with the effect on public opinion in and out of Oxford, which success is sure to produce, will accomplish all that is further needful for rendering Oxford both in fact and in repute a true and grand University of learning.

BONAMY PRICE.

FACTS AND PHANTASMS ON THE ECCLESIASTICAL QUESTION.

EVERY one can see that the electoral contest now going on is much the same in character, and is sure to be much the same in result, as the electoral contests which, for some considerable time, have preceded it. This fact derives a curious interest for philosophic minds, from the circumstance that these elections were the subject of strongly contrasted prophecies, and that they thus afford an opportunity of comparing true prophecies with false, and of learning wherein the right method of political prophesying differs from the wrong. The contrast in question was presented with special neatness and precision in two speeches, delivered, the one by Lord Stanley, the other by Mr. J. S. Mill, at that early stage of the Reform business when the proposals of the Russell cabinet were before the House of Commons, and when Lord Stanley still worked with Mr. Lowe at the task of stemming democracy. Lord Stanley was strangely fanciful on the occasion; yet his fanciful soarings were not in the least suspected by him to be fanciful; for they started from figures, and appeared to his lordship's mind to be, in their wildest gyrations, regulated by figures. 'So many voters,' argued Lord Stanley, 'will have a place in the constituencies which the Liberal Government wish to call into existence. In an overwhelming proportion of cases these voters will be working men. Working men believe in socialism and in strikes. Working men will return the members. The House will be filled with demagogues, trades' unionists, revolutionists. The thing is arithmetically inevitable.' Such was in effect Lord Stanley's prophecy, and the Tory press hailed it as if it came from the lips of a political Elijah. The other prophet was Mr. John Stuart Mill, and quiet, concise, and definite was the speech embodying his prediction. From figures he turned to facts, from arithmetical ciphers to living men. In the existing constituencies, working men had a large majority; the working men to be now introduced differed in no serious respect from those who already had votes; the reliable basis, therefore, for a calculation as to the number of anarchists likely to be elected by those working men, whose enfranchisement the ministry proposed, was the number of that particular kind of representative to be found in the existing House. Where were the Broadheads, Ledru Rollins, Prudhons, with whom the working men already in the constituencies had, in the terms of Lord Stanley's arithmetical demonstration, been necessitated to swamp the second chamber of the legislature? Echo answered where? Why, then, should Prudhons, Ledru Rollins, and Broadheads be returned by the augmented constituencies? The electoral hatching machine had produced six hundred and fifty-eight well-conditioned, peaceable chicks; why should the addition of a little fuel make it bring forth adders and basilisks? The acre taken in thirty-five years before had borne wholesome crops; why should the ten perches to be now added from the same part of the common yield mere henbane and hemlock? Mr. Mill's prediction, accordingly, was that elections by the extended constituency would in essential respects be what elections had been when the constituency continued unaltered. The conditions under which the present elections are taking place are immensely more favourable to Lord Stanley in capacity of prophet, than

those of the case contemplated by him in the speech to which Mr. Mill replied; yet his anticipations are now seen to have been baseless as a dream; while Mr. Mill's exhibit that exact coincidence with present fact which is usually exhibited in the predictions of the astronomer alone.

Mr. Mill has achieved many things more remarkable than this quiet and simple speech; but it struck us at the time as in its way perfect; and nothing could be more lucidly instructive as a lesson in the application of the inductive logic to political questions. Once more it reminds us, that the art of arts is the art of seeing,—of steadying the optic nerve in the mind's eye so that it will not wander, but look,—of apprehending exactly what is known, in order from that, with steady step, to advance into the unknown. How easy this looks! And yet is it not supremely difficult? Lord Stanley and Mr. Lowe, who then and subsequently agreed with him in his vaticinations, are men not only of unquestioned ability but of eminently clear and unimpassioned intellects, constitutionally exempt from the influence of undefined alarms, unproved assumptions, vague impressions, irrelevant associations, and whatever else goes to the production of unreasoned belief. Yet both these men, in seeking to arrive at a conception of what would under certain given circumstances take place, rose upon the 'sail-broad vans' of imagination, —no, not of imagination, for imagination is intellect in keenest intensity of gaze into the burning heart of truth, but of that mocking spirit of phantasy and of fiction which constantly apes its office,—and beheld a landscape with no counterpart in reality, engendered, like the mirage of the desert, by heated vision upon empty air.

The question now before the nation is what policy ought to be adopted in relation to the Irish Church; and it need not be denied that the principles by which that policy is determined are likely to be applied to the settlement of ecclesiastical difficulties in other parts of the United Kingdom. Well, let us keep calm upon the subject, and endeavour to perform in connection with it this apparently so difficult feat of *seeing*. Original views, striking illustrations, ingenuities of special pleading or felicities of rhetorical appeal,—let us aim at none of these things; let us unaffectedly put them on one side; let us ascertain simply and quietly what is fact and what is not fact in this matter.

First of all, then, as to the principle of the Liberal party in dealing with the Established Church of Ireland. It is the principle of imperial equality, of treating the Irish as men having the same rights and privileges with their fellow subjects in England and in Scotland. We have to ascertain with precision and clearness what this implies. Does it imply that we shall do for the Irish what a majority of the Irish may choose to ask? Certainly not. The majority is not necessarily omnipotent either in Scotland or in England. If a majority of the Scotch desired the abolition of the laws of property in Scotland, the British Parliament would not gratify them. If a majority of the English desired that no taxes should be levied south of the Tweed, the representatives of Ireland and of Scotland, in league with the English minority, would refuse to grant their prayer. If a majority of the Irish demanded that the landlords should be expelled and the country divided among the populace, the representatives of England and of Scotland, in agreement with those Irish who continued sane, would reject their petition. The principle of imperial brotherhood in the treatment of the Irish involves this, and only this, that

the British Parliament will do for a majority of the Irish what has been done, or what would be done, for a majority of the Scotch, or a majority of the English. It so happens that the question of ecclesiastical disestablishment and disendowment has been settled by imperial precedent both in the case of England and of Scotland. At the Restoration, the English Parliament found a Church in possession of the ecclesiastical revenues of England, which, whatever its merits or demerits, was not Episcopalian. A majority of the English people wished the Church to be neither Presbyterian nor Independent, but Episcopalian. The Presbyterians and Congregationalists accordingly were turned out. That is to say, the minority was disestablished and disendowed. The arrangement was adopted into the settlement of 1688, which has been accepted into the imperial legislation. In Scotland, at the last-mentioned date, an Episcopalian Church was in possession; but a majority of the Scotch were in favour of Presbyterianism; and the Episcopalian minority was disestablished and disendowed. This arrangement also was adopted into the constitution of the United Kingdom.

If, therefore, we mean what we say, the declaration that, in matters ecclesiastical, we are to treat the Irish as if they were Englishmen or Scotchmen, must imply that we are to disestablish and disendow the Church of a small Irish minority.

Will not our principle also involve the establishment and endowment of the Church of the Irish majority? The precedents of imperial legislation in the case of the English and Scotch Establishments enforce, we admit, an affirmative answer to this question on two conditions,—first, that the Irish demand that their Church shall be established and endowed; second, that, if the imperial parliament now found the Church of the majority in Scotland or in England unendowed, it would establish and endow the Church in question. All difficulty on this point is happily obviated by the circumstance that the Roman Catholics of Ireland have distinctly avowed that they have no wish for establishment and endowment. The problem, therefore, of doing unto the Irish, in things ecclesiastical, as we do unto the English and the Scotch, is encumbered with no difficulty, and is open to no dubitation.

Mark, nevertheless, how irrelevancies will steal into, obscure, and confuse the thinking even of clever men upon this subject. Your wish, says one, in proposing to disestablish and disendow the Irish Church, is to conciliate the Irish people and to initiate a period of prosperity in Ireland. But the Irish will not be conciliated by this measure. The Irish want the land. They care not though the Protestant clergy hold the tithes, but they fancy it a grievance that Protestant landlords hold the soil. The object, we reply, of the Liberal policy toward Ireland is indeed to conciliate the Irish; but not at all hazards; only in consistence with the requirements of justice; only on principles and by methods which, *mutatis mutandis*, we would apply in England and in Scotland. The case of Scotland fits into the argument at this point, like the charge into a Snider rifle. In Scotland you have an Episcopalian Church and an Episcopalian landed proprietary. The Scottish Episcopalian Church is disestablished and disendowed; the Scottish landlords retain their estates; and if petitions from every county and town in Scotland came up to Parliament for the confiscation of their estates, they would still retain them. We take leave also to add, in justice to the Irish, that there is no proof that they wish to expel the proprietors and seize the land. What their desire in relation to the land is, we

are not now called upon to inquire. It certainly is not confiscation.

There is a phase of this particular irrelevancy which can be detected in the speeches and addresses of some genuine Liberals. They talk as if they really, more or less, believed that the disestablishment and disendowment of the Irish Church were to have a magical effect in Ireland, putting an end to every grievance, and at once and universally converting sorrow into joy. This is a vague and perilous dream, perilous because it tends to create expectations which a Liberal Government may find it impossible to satisfy. The benefits which may be confidently calculated on as results of the disestablishment and disendowment of the Irish Church are very great, but their character is strictly defined. The Irish will have been thereby convinced, if it is in the nature of things possible to convince them, that the English are not their enemies but their friends. The truth that they are not oppressed, that they are not singled out from the general population of the United Kingdom for the exercise of injustice, that they are placed on the same level with Englishmen and Scotchmen, will penetrate the bosoms of all intelligent Irishmen. With this conviction much else may enter their minds. They may learn to welcome English capital and to trust English honour. They may ask themselves seriously whether, on the supposition that they had asserted their independence five centuries ago, they could at this moment have conceived for Ireland a more honourable or a more favourable arrangement than that of union, on terms of perfect equality, with England and with Scotland. In one word, all rational Irishmen will make up their minds that, whatever may be the root of Ireland's woes, that root is not the enmity of England, and the entire civilised world will assent to the proposition.

It is no extravagant hope, therefore, that the disestablishment and disendowment of the Irish Church will put an end to Irish sedition. When the key to the existence of Irish sedition is obtained, the phenomenon is perceived to have been neither strange nor unnatural. England professed to mean well to the Irish, to extend to them equal rights with Englishmen, to desire only their prosperity. But there was a party in Ireland, respectable for its energy and talent, respectable for its honesty and intrepidity, which fiercely disclaimed sympathy with the majority of the Irish people, and spurned the notion of conciliating them; to wit, the Orange party. To believe that Orangemen wished him well was impossible for a native and Celtic Irishman. Orangemen made it a matter of pride and of patriotism to spurn his religion and to disown his kindred. But England until this hour has seemed to the Irish and to the whole of the world to adopt, in every essential point, the Orange view of Irish affairs. She did not indeed approve of Orange processions and faction fights; but she governed Ireland as if Ireland were a Protestant country; and the Orangemen and their opponents alike believed that she was a partisan of the Orange faction. So long as the Church of a Protestant minority continues established in Ireland, England will be identified with the policy of the Pale. Once disestablish and disendow the Irish Church, and this identification ceases for ever. The veil will then at last be taken from the face of England in dealing with Ireland, and the brightness of her smile will be disclosed. This having been achieved, prosperity of all kinds may be hoped for. Economical prosperity will have become possible. But to make economical prosperity certain, material as well as moral conditions may prove indispensable. After the disestablishment and dis-

endowment of the Irish Church, it will still remain to be inquired what these conditions are, and in how far they admit of being dealt with by British legislation. The Parliament of the United Kingdom may be unable to make the Irish happy; legislation cannot give fertility to soil, or number the showers of rain; but the Liberal policy in connection with the Irish Church will be a pledge to the Irish that whatever the English Parliament can, consistently with sound moral and economical principles, do for them, will be done.

Great caution appears to be necessary in discriminating and defining the relation of the Liberal Irish policy to the Roman Catholic Church of Ireland. The ineptitudes of those who, at the Crystal Palace and elsewhere, shout 'No Popery!' are of small account. Whether important or unimportant in the extent of their influence, they are unquestionably beyond reach of argument. But people of intelligence may be found who imagine that Mr. Gladstone's policy is intended to gratify the envy or animosity of the Irish Roman Catholics, and who back their protests against so unreasonable a proceeding, by assertions of the virulent disloyalty of the Roman Catholic Church of Ireland. They tell us that Catholicism, as seen in Ireland, is the worst foe to Irish progress and pacification; that the hierarchy is ultramontane; and that the priests systematically oppose those measures which wise men deem essential to the well-being of the Irish. By orders from Rome, the government of Ireland, as part of a United Kingdom in which the majority is Protestant, is, we are assured, rendered of set purpose impossible, and the restoration of Popish ascendency is studiously aimed at. Why, it is asked, strengthen the hands of Ireland's enemies and our own, without in the least weakening or softening their enmity?

We shall not stay to inquire whether this representation of the character, feelings, and objects of the Roman Catholic clergy of Ireland, is in all points correct. If it does them injustice, we do not make ourselves responsible for the fact. We assume, however, for the sake of argument, that it is accurate, and we have no doubt that it has some considerable correspondence with reality. But the motives and the object of the Liberal party in relation to the Roman Catholic Church of Ireland are, we submit, completely misconceived by these reasoners. To gratify spite or animosity is no motive of Mr. Gladstone or his followers. To say, even sneeringly, that this is an object of theirs, is to do them cruel injustice. They desire to remove from the minds of Irish priests, as well as from those of other Irishmen, the conviction that they are treated unjustly, the rankling sense of wrong which has grown in the shadow of the Irish Establishment. This motive is as different from the other as light is from darkness. It is a motive worthy of a great party, and its bold avowal, with acceptance of all its consequences, has already done more to conciliate the Irish, than could have been counted upon from the charitable relief by England of ten Irish famines. Not to gratify animosity, but to remove animosity by removing that injustice which has produced it, is the aim of the new Liberal policy for Ireland; which, indeed, is only the old Liberal policy converted from profession into practice, from word into deed. And the direct, the natural, we venture to add the inevitable, result of giving full effect to an Irish policy of energetic justice, will be not to encourage, but to counteract the Ultramontane tendencies of the Irish Catholics, and to change their opposition to mea-

sures wisely conceived by British statesmen for the benefit of the Irish, into support. There is intense illogicality in stating, by way of premise, that the Irish priesthood are disloyal and ultramontane, and drawing, by way of conclusion, the inference that the causes which have produced this state of things ought to be continued. The fathers have eaten sour grapes; the teeth of the children are set on edge: therefore, take care to keep up the supply of sour grapes from generation to generation! Remove the sour grapes, say the Liberals, and then see what, after a decade or two, will be the temper of the Roman Catholics of Ireland.

Happily, we do not require, in arguing this point, to proceed upon hypothesis. There are facts to which we can appeal. The Roman Catholics of England were long treated with grievous injustice, but a different spirit entered gradually into their Protestant fellow countrymen, and they were at last admitted to political brotherhood. What has been the result? Are the English Roman Catholics disloyal? Are the Howards, the Cliffords, the Talbots, the Arundels, the Actons, the Jerninghams, ultramontane? 'In this country,' said the Roman Catholic Bishop of Liverpool one day in September, 'I do not think there are truer friends to the British constitution, than the members of the Catholic Church.' The words are true. With a largeness of heart which many Protestants would do well to emulate, Bishop Goss met the 'No Popery' howl, not with a howl of 'No Protestantism!' but with a calm and earnest expression of regret that ill blood and bad feeling should have been excited among the populace, 'now that the Protestants and Catholics have been living together for a length of time in this country as friends, helping each other, striving hand in hand in whatever was for the material advancement and progress of their native country.' With unaffected satisfaction and cordiality we thank Bishop Goss for furnishing us with words which vividly and accurately describe the state of things we desire to see introduced in Ireland; the state of things which the Liberal policy in the matter of the Irish Church is intended and adapted to inaugurate. Contemplated from the point of view taken by all statesmen capable of forming a just and intelligent opinion on the point, there is nothing in Roman Catholicism, regarded as a system of religion, to which the British Government can relevantly object. Every government—French, Austrian, or English—will be jealous of interference between it and its subjects, and every one who has happened to open any existing history of England in the times preceding the Reformation, must be aware that this jealousy was entertained both by monarch and by people in our country ages before Luther was born. But it is no concern of governments that their subjects should hold Protestant instead of Roman Catholic dogma, or that they should deny that the administration of the Church is vested in a pope instead of in bishops, presbyteries, or congregations. Bishop Goss could allege with truth that the politics of Roman Catholics, generally speaking, depend upon the constitution under which they live; that in America they are out and out Republicans, and in Switzerland the same. We have no hesitation in declaring that it would be a great benefit to Protestants to acquire the habit of regarding their Roman Catholic countrymen as equally loyal, equally moral, and, on the whole, equally intelligent with themselves. That one element in the religion of not a few British Protestants is wicked rancour to-

wards Roman Catholics, is unfortunately beyond a doubt. The platform annals of the last three months furnish incontestible evidence of the fact. Protestant fanaticism, indeed, like small-pox, now attacks ten where it formerly attacked fifty; but the hideousness of its ravages in individual cases can hardly have been much worse at any period than at present. The triumph of the Liberal policy in relation to Ireland will be the proclamation to every Roman Catholic in Her Majesty's dominions, that no stigma is attached by the British Government to his Church, and to every Protestant, that blind antipathy to his Roman Catholic countrymen is a disgrace to himself, and an offence to the genius of the constitution.

Hitherto we have treated the question of the Irish policy of Mr. Gladstone in the simplicity of its reference to Ireland. No difficulty has been encountered by us in considering the subject; nor is it possible, if once the principle of dealing with Ireland as we deal with England and Scotland is conceded, to envelope it in any difficulty which is not factitious or imaginary. If the principle is valid, the precedents are exact. The Church of the minority was disestablished in England and in Scotland; the Church of the minority must be disestablished in Ireland; and disestablishment has always taken disendowment along with it. The hardship of disestablishing and disendowing the Presbyterians and Congregationalists of England and the Episcopalians of Scotland in the seventeenth century was unquestionably greater than the hardship of disestablishing and disendowing the Episcopalians of Ireland can be in the nineteenth; yet, in every respect of which the statesman legitimately takes account, disestablishment and disendowment were in those instances successful; and the vigorous, harmonious, contented Episcopalian Church of Scotland, together with the thoroughly respectable and influential Nonconformist communities of England, attest at this hour the safe and salutary nature of the experiment. There is absolutely no argument left to the defenders of the Irish Church Establishment, if the fatal concession that justice to Ireland means the same thing as justice to England and justice to Scotland is made. Frankly, boldly, logically, our fathers erected or maintained the Irish Church, as part of the machinery by which a subject island was to be kept down, and the religion of the conquerors imposed upon the vanquished. Take this ground, and the Irish Church is defensible; abandon this ground, and the case falls at once. If anything was wanting to make the logical collapse of the Irish Church defence conspicuous, it has been supplied by the report of the Irish Church Commissioners. What the Commissioners do may be expressed in two words: they sweep in the flowing skirts of the Irish Church Establishment, and confine it, whether as a benefit or as a burden, to the Irish Episcopalians. But to the question which, by so doing, they promptly suggest—namely, why the Episcopalians, being in a minority, should have their Church established and endowed at all?—no answer can be returned. If the grounds of right and of State necessity vanish, the ground of compliment will hardly be maintained. But is not the Church of Ireland an outlying branch of the Church of England? Yes; and when branches from your trees extend too far upon your neighbour's property they are apt to be cut down. Slightly to change the similitude, the Church of England in the seventeenth century was an athlete, who delivered two blows, right and left; the one to Scotland, the other to Ireland. Scotland staggered for a moment, but swiftly rallied, and

succeeded in pinning down the arm of the assailant to his side. Upon Ireland the blow took effect; and not until now, when the cause of Ireland has become the cause of the United Kingdom, could that be done for the Irish which the Scotch did for themselves.

All this, we say, is plain sailing; but the case of the Church of Ireland is practically complicated with that of the Church of England to an extent which we have not yet realised. Though the logical isolation of the Church of Ireland can be justly represented as complete, and though the Church of England has unquestionably weapons in her armoury which are not available in defence of the Church of Ireland, there has been an invincible tendency in many quarters to view the two institutions conjointly, and tacitly or expressly to decide that the destiny of the one will, in essential respects, be the destiny of the other. In the Irish Church debates of last session the Church of Ireland played, in reality, a secondary part. The Liberals, indeed, brought their logical artillery to bear pretty steadily upon it; but with the exception of one or two Irish lawyers and one or two Irish bishops, the Tories handed it politely aside, and threw their force into a defence of the Church of England. Mr. Disraeli, with 'that graceful impudence' which he has eulogised in his books, and that eye to hedging which was judicious in a statesman who has said, with masterly precision and unanswerable truth, that the Irish Church is one of those institutions which, if Ireland were independent, would be removed by revolution,—made hardly a serious reference to the Irish Church, but treated the House to edifying dissertations on the 'establishment principle,' and the august association of religion with authority. The Tory Lords followed the example of the Tory Commons, and the motley crowd out of doors, which took up the cry of 'No Popery!' linked it instinctively with 'Church in danger.' We cannot be mistaken in deeming this *consensus* of the Tory authorities, heads and tails alike, significant. The snuffing of the deer proves that there is something in the wind. Liberal debaters, intent on victory, naturally confined themselves to the Irish Church, and could truthfully allege that the Irish Church alone constituted the question in hand. But the laws of debate and the tactics of partisan warfare cannot be permitted to prescribe limits to discussion in the open forum of public opinion; and the Liberal party in Parliament ought not to be too timid in facing those conclusions which are arrived at by earnest thinkers whose vision is not obscured by the dust flying so thickly in the parliamentary arena. If we consult the annals of the Liberal party, we shall find that hesitation has been more detrimental to its fortunes than haste. Free Trade chirruping in the lap of Peel, Household Suffrage crowing in the arms of Disraeli, might suggest doubts as to the expediency of hastening so very slowly. Whatever may be the case with legislation, thought cannot be conducted piecemeal; it is not possible for Liberals to avoid contemplating the ecclesiastical question in its completeness; and to us, we confess, it seems fair that the Conservative party and the country in general should have an approximately correct idea of the principles which Liberals are prepared to apply in the settlement of ecclesiastical affairs generally. For our own part, we speak not to the brief of any political section, and we shall endeavour, with the same unpretentious ambition of merely using our eyes which has guided us hitherto, to push on with this discussion, at least so far as may be necessary in order to bring out the conditions of the general ecclesiastical problem,

and to show what would, in sober fact, be implied by accepting a vigorous solution of it.

The first thing to be ascertained is the basis of opinion on this subject common to all parties. That basis is happily well defined; nor does it detract from the accuracy of the statement that individual writers are found to take up in relation to it a position of their own. It may be the vehement conviction of an ideologist here and there that the religion of England, Protestant and Roman Catholic, is an obstruction to the national progress, and that the influence of the clergy of all sects, Roman Catholic and Protestant, endowed and unendowed, is pernicious. As solitary thinkers in a period of great intellectual activity, those who speak thus have a place; it is not in the nature of things impossible that they may one day persuade the nation to adopt their views; but until they do so, their sphere is not that of the practical statesman. They may reflect in scornful surprise upon the circumstance that constituencies do not return them to Parliament; but the simple fact is, that they have not brought up, or brought down, the nation to their level. The statesman, in virtue of his calling as a man of action, does not attempt to change the fundamental opinions of the people, but makes it his object to modify, as times and circumstances require, those institutions in which the beliefs and feelings of a vast majority in the nation have found embodiment. Practically there is but one opinion entertained by Liberals and Conservatives touching the Christian religion, as professed in England, Scotland and Ireland. The sole and entire question in dispute is, how far it may be nationally advantageous to modify certain of the institutions in which the religious life of the country makes its presence known. It is not too much to say that, so strongly do the English people retain their ancient character for religion, and so profoundly convinced are the great body of citizens that the guardianship of domestic morality by religion conduces to the welfare of the country, that the demonstration respecting any proposal brought forward in connection with ecclesiastical affairs that it must strike a blow at England's religion, would be fatal to its acceptance either by Parliament or by the public. Such, we believe, are the limits to be observed in discussing this question, if the discussion of it is to be of any practical value. On the present occasion we explicitly accept them. In one word, we write in the interest of Christian religion.

What agitates the religious community in England in relation to the Irish Church is not so much the question of disestablishment and disendowment, as the question of how the change is to be effected, and what is to come next and next. Is no Church in Ireland to be established and endowed, or are all Churches in Ireland to be in some faint sense established and to some meagre extent endowed?

The plan of more or less establishing and endowing all denominations has an infinite charm for some minds. It is that which has been adopted by the statesmen of France, who boast that their country is in the van of civilisation, and who cannot be said to be swayed by superstitious motives. A few fervently religious people, and not a few people who are philosophically indifferent to all religion, combine to favour it. The fervently religious few believe that religion derives immense reinforcement from being shielded and fed by the State; the philosophically indifferent many, that civil coercion and civil pay temper the fires of religious zeal, tone down enthusiasm, and render ecclesiastical institutions as tolerable to philosophically in-

different persons as it is in the nature of things possible for such institutions to be. They hold that the minister of religion, of whatever sect, or faith, or Church, is in virtue of his calling, and by the law of his being, a mischief and a danger; that the strong curb of government is required to change him from a noxious to a beneficent influence; and that, if not subject to the laity and the law, he will assuredly become the oppressor of both. Our own blissful national Church, instead of presenting the spectacle of a happy family, where Mr. Maconochie and Dr. Colenso have room to indulge their natural instincts, would, in the dire event contemplated, be a dungeon dark in which an iron-sceptred ghoul called Convocation would grin upon its captives. The sabbatarians would triumph, the sincere philosopher, the true Liberal, the lover of liberty and inquiry, would be proscribed within the realm of England. The tyranny would at last become unendurable. The national Church would be split into a host of sects. Each sect would mercilessly tyrannise over the conscience and the actions of its adherents. To end all, the Church of Rome, 'with its mighty organisation, its persistent dogmatism, its unflinching pretensions, and its relentless grasp, would stand forth contrasting, unique, and dominant, amid the circumambient conflict and confusion, offering shelter to weary and bewildered victims,' who would of course take shelter in its bosom. These eloquent words may have recalled to readers that grand style of political vaticination which, in the outset of this article, we placed in comparison, as exhibited by Lord Stanley, with the more quiet and prosaic description of political prophesying practised by Mr. J. S. Mill. It is really a pity that the common eye cannot see any of the splendidly terrible things which reveal themselves to the imaginative vision of this inspired Whig. One is tempted to resign oneself to the illusion which his fancy creates, and to view the surrounding prospect through the glare of his rhetorical frenzy. The ministers of the free Churches are seen driving their slave-gangs before them, bringing down the scorpion whip of excommunication ever and anon upon writhing shoulders. A groan of agony is heard, arising from the laity of those Churches, in particular from the laity of the free Presbyterian Churches of Scotland. Crowds of fugitives are observed, hurrying from these 'regions of sorrow, doleful shades, where peace and rest can never come,' towards the gates of Rome; while, from the consecrated peace and Eden-like contentment of the Anglican establishment, no solitary pilgrim is allured by the smile of the scarlet enchantress.

This of course is not the reality; but is it not much more startling, 'unique,' and theatrically imposing than the reality? The reality is that, with millions of English and Scottish laymen under the domination of the 'sects,' there has never become audible in this country a complaint or a misgiving on the score of ecclesiastical tyranny; and that the gains of Rome from the free Churches are in comparison with those from the Established Church absolutely inappreciable. Will our imaginative artist allege that the felicity and freedom of the free Churches in the United Kingdom are due to the presence of a Church which has the inestimable benefit of being governed by the Committee of Privy Council? So be it. Let him look then—if one whose phantasy evokes such visions will deign to look—to America. Do the free Churches of America—does the Episcopalian Church in the United States—desire establishment or endowment? Do philosophers, men of science, and true

Liberals, tremble in the great Republic under the frown of ecclesiastical tyranny? Does the Church of Rome, so invitingly 'relentless,' so tenderly 'unflinching,' draw tens of thousands in the West to her 'sheltering' arms? The unadorned fact is that no instance has yet occurred, either in England, America, or elsewhere, of a sect, faith, or Church, which has once become free, either regretting its emancipation, or asking to be re-established and re-endowed. After all, it is not wise and manly—it is foolish and unmanly—to put the absurdities of a fevered fancy in the place of statistical data.

It is not a paradise of enlightened opinion, and harmonious freedom, and blissful and beneficent activity, which we see in the existing Church of England. Chronicle with the calmness of Mr. Babbage or his machine a few of the facts of the ecclesiastical situation, and you will find it difficult to fit them into a picture of Eden. The clerical members of the happy family hate each other with conscientious intensity. Evangelical and Anglo-Catholic fight with the ancient and inborn ferocity of natural enemies, hardly suspending their feud for a moment to unite in a shriek of horror at the spectre of Dr. Colenso, and in an invocation to the powers that be to smite the heresiarch on the mouth. Ever and anon we learn that policemen have to be employed to prevent the public ordinances of religion from being interrupted by the uproar of a mob. Reverend gentlemen whose favourite doctrine is that Protestantism is thinly disguised infidelity, that Luther was a 'perjured monk,' that the Reformers in general were 'utterly unredeemed villains,' and that the Reformation was a grand mistake, preach unforbidden in Anglican pulpits, while a reverend Anglican entering a Nonconformist pulpit is instantly put under discipline by his bishop. Evening journalists of unimpassioned sentiments on all subjects, and peculiarly unimpassioned on the subject of religion, nowise unfavourable to the Church of England, murmur audibly at the prospect of the ecclesiastical establishment becoming a Roman Catholic establishment, 'under an alias.' Morning journalists, not perhaps so cool in their habits of observation as the evening journalists, but representing with infallible correctness the state of feeling among average Englishmen, ask in sincere bewilderment whether the Church of England is Protestant or Roman Catholic. 'Harmless' enthusiasts descend, by grace of the patron and under the benign protection of the Privy Council, into pulpits, in quiet, unsuspecting, old-fashioned, devout neighbourhoods. Suddenly the good confiding folks are horrified by the apparition of crosses and candles, altars and albs, votive flowers and emblematic banners, and all that paraphernalia of Catholicism which, from their infancy, it has been with them an eleventh commandment to detest. They stare in amazement; they protest; the harmless enthusiast has the sweet exalting consciousness of incipient martyrdom, and glows with pious gratitude for being permitted the honour of testifying by act as well as word against the apostasies of Protestantism. Two thirds of the congregation take flight. The harmless man goes on his way rejoicing. But the rude villagers, belonging as they do to a race which, if not brightly intellectual, has been considered 'brave, proud, and high-spirited, unaccustomed to defeat, to shame, or to servitude,' rally for a moment around their parish church. A leader and hero for the occasion is found in the person of a reluctant but valiant churchwarden. Solemnly advancing at the head of his troops, he storms the citadel of the ritualist, dismantles the altar, and retires. Pitiable innocence! Child-like ef-

frontery! The clerical martyr could scatter the congregation with perfect impunity, but the lay attempt at retaliation shows that his angelic meekness is not left unguarded by weapons less heavenly than those of prayer and fasting. The misguided churchwarden is prosecuted, condemned, punished; the martyr turns up the whites of his eyes in renewed fervours of gratitude; and the congregation are left to reflect at leisure on the paradisaical felicity vouchsafed to English Protestants by the Committee of Privy Council. These unadorned facts, with the like of which we might fill a number of this Magazine, may be tints of Eden's beauty and samples of Eden's joy; but they somehow do not produce content in England. They lead to misapprehensions on the part of the vulgar. English shopkeepers and that sort of people are so inveterately stupid, so apt to cling to their old notions about having a Protestant Church, so obtuse in the perception of distinctions which refined minds can draw, so rough and ready in their ideas as to the fair scope of toleration! They mean well, poor blockheads. They are tolerant to all lengths if they only can be got to see that their tolerance is frankly asked. 'At this moment,' says a pamphleteer who, we fear, sympathises with the multitude on this point, but who certainly speaks truly,—'at this moment policemen are required to maintain order in ritualist churches, but the rudest Englishman will interfere with no man in worshipping his God, if there is nothing ambiguous in his position, and if every one can see him to be the thing he calls himself. The sturdy John Bull who hoots down what he affirms to be a Papist taking the nation's money in a Protestant pulpit will cast his coat to defend a Mormon preacher set upon by a bully!' Fact.

Imaginative tableaux of State Church Edens, and free Church inquisitions, are fine things for poets, philosophers, and the like high personages; but the statesman is a much more commonplace functionary, and will probably, or at least ought to, prefer facts to ideals. Disappointment, exasperation, amazement, diffused throughout large classes of the community, incurable rioting in places of worship, these are phenomena which he is compelled to take account of; and however beautiful they may be from an artistic point of view, he cannot regard as quite successful the ecclesiastical arrangements which produce them. On the other hand, however objectionable, in the view of imaginative artists or philosophical cynics, may be the free Churches of Great Britain and America, it is quite sure that the statesman can find no fault in them. The statesman in these times has stooped from his altitudes, and no longer racks his brain to secure for the nation which he governs access to the celestial regions and the best possible advice on the condition of their souls. He would be thought to be drunk or mad if he informed Parliament that the Baptists are ruining souls because they do not sprinkle infants, or that the Independents will of a surety descend into the bottomless pit for the sin of rejecting bishops. These propositions may be infallibly certain, but they do not, as the scientific people say, admit of verification. No 'goblin damned' of a Dissenter can be summoned to give evidence before a Parliamentary Committee. The statesman always requires verification, and what *does* admit of proof is that the doctrine relating to things of this world, to things with which nations in these prosaic times are concerned, held by Baptists, Independents, Presbyterians and the other Churches of the Gentiles, is entirely admirable and salutary. They tell people not to steal, not to lie, not to break

their marriage vows, not to cultivate sedition or disloyalty, to fear God, honour the king, and love each other. The statesman cannot have a particle of objection to all this, and,—what to Archdeacon Denison must be very surprising, if not incredible,—he finds that the teaching of these things by Nonconformist pastors has much the same effect upon mere unregenerate youngsters dead in trespasses and sins, as the teaching of Anglican priests has upon boys and girls who have had sin washed out of them, and holiness washed in, by the regenerating water of baptism. We have fallen on prosaic times, and the scientific people have infected public men generally with their matter-of-fact notions. Seeing only with the two eyes which nature has given him, the statesman cannot but perceive that the free Churches of Great Britain are inspired with the most ardent loyalty towards her Majesty and the constitution; and he knows that, in the United States of America, the free Churches of the commonwealth contributed on a recent occasion, more perhaps than any other agency whatever, more even than the press, to raise the patriotic enthusiasm of the people to white heat, and to bear the nation through an unparalleled crisis of national existence.

Nothing could be farther from our intention than to indite a panegyric upon the Nonconformist Churches, or to maintain that the Episcopalian form of Church government is one whit inferior to any other. We take note merely of the fact—to recognise which as incontrovertible is a necessity for every man of candid intelligence—that, for every purpose which rational statesmen have to consider, the religion which maintains itself is in the present day just as valuable as the religion which is maintained by the State.

Really, if we will consider it, this is a little secret which politicians might think worth possessing. Suppose it were discovered, with absolute certainty, with an obviousness of demonstration which the meanest capacity, once it was explained, could not fail to apprehend, that the fighting of the country could be done for nothing, that our armies could perform their duties to admiration and yet find themselves in bed, board, and washing! A secret hardly less valuable than this it is to know that the religion of England can be most vigorously maintained without costing the nation one penny. If any one still disputes this, we beg to remonstrate with courteous firmness, and to ask how he can be so unfair and ungenerous towards his Episcopalian countrymen. Is he not ashamed to insinuate that Episcopalians are more niggardly or less pious than Congregationalists and Baptists? Can he imagine that the Church which vaunts unbroken Apostolic succession has lost the power of providing for the necessities of her ministers in the way in which, beyond all doubt, those necessities were provided for in the Apostolic age, and that the virtue of Christian liberality, which beams like a jewelled coronet on the fair brow of the early Church, has fallen from the regenerate Church of England? With persons who would thus insult Episcopalian Christians, we have no sympathy whatever. We may, no doubt, be reminded that the Episcopalians of Scotland, embracing a large majority of the Scottish aristocracy and landed proprietors, support their clergy with exceptional and conspicuous inadequacy. The fact is, we believe, indisputable; but it would be rash to conclude from one fact, even though striking, that the rich are less liberal than the poor, and that the Episcopalian Church of England, with members who count their acres by the hundred thousand, and their pounds by the million, is likely to be worse maintained than the Roman

Catholic Church of Ireland and the Primitive Methodist communion of Wales. The Scottish aristocracy are rather a poor lot. Since the days of the Ragman's Roll and their desertion of Wallace in the wood of Falkirk, they have been worth less than any other part of the Scottish nation; and Scotland would have had her back broken many a day if she had not had stiffer vertebræ to depend on in the persons of her peasants and burghers, than she had in her aristocrats. Wealthy, besides, as the landed aristocracy of Scotland may be in comparison with the rest of their countrymen, they are not so wealthy as the members of the Established Church of England who, indeed, stand forth in undisputed pre-eminence, the richest portion of the human race. On the whole then, it must be concluded that the assertion, by whomsoever made, that the Episcopalians of England would not maintain their clergy, if no longer the official servants of the State, as well as they are maintained at present, is a mere wanton insult to excellent people.

That the English religion which is not established and not endowed is, in all essential respects, as viewed by the statesman, of equal value with the English religion which the nation pays for, Mr. Spurgeon being quite as much in favour of loyalty and morality as the Bishop of Oxford; that the religion which is paid for by the nation could be paid for without any serious inconvenience by those who prefer it, and the nation's money left to be put into the nation's pockets; — these are facts whose simplicity, neatness, and absolute certainty are pleasing to the well regulated and patriotic mind. The ecclesiastical revenues of the United Kingdom, managed by commissioners conversant with business, have been calculated on good grounds to be able to yield nine millions sterling per annum. There are a considerable number of men who scream and shriek, but very few men who now deliberately say, that the nation cannot do with this money what it pleases. We honour the dead very highly, but 'the living, the living, *they* shall praise Thee!' was the cry of a prophet of the true God; and it is the faith only of savages that the eyes of their ancestors look down with changeless petrifying gaze upon the present. That eternal punishment should be inflicted upon a people because a past generation was not preternaturally wise, and did not anticipate the circumstances of another age, is not a thesis which can be intelligently defended.

Of the sacrilege of applying money intended to maintain clergymen to national purposes, the Lords said a great deal in their debate on the Irish Church; and they were the very men to do the subject justice, inasmuch as they must know better than any of us the consequences of that particular sin which consists in appropriating to secular uses, funds originally intended to maintain clergymen. That those consequences have not been deadly in a physical sense, is evident from the fact that their lordships have still the enjoyment of their estates, and that we have the benefit of their lordships' eloquence, logic, and piety; and if Mr. Disraeli, whose authority on nice points of theological casuistry is, we should hope, unimpeachable, is right in his opinion that a good digestion is the fruit of a good conscience, we may conclude that the sacrilege, which unquestionably lies at the door of their lordships' order, does not excruciate their minds.

Of course, there are altitudes of devout reasoning connected with this subject to which we, confessedly mere pedestrians and dealers with plain fact, cannot pretend to rise. The association of authority with religion is a superb idea, and when done justice to by the statesman-divine who wrote *Ixion*, *Popanilla*,

and the *Infernal Marriage*, can hardly fail to thrill and exalt the soul. But that tendency to reduce abstractions to realities, and to translate ideal grandeurs into actual facts, with which those fingering knaves, the scientific people, have tainted the age, will steal over us; and if we yield to it, the effect of Mr. Disraeli's grandeurs is in this instance not so impressive. The association of religion with authority in England means the regulation of Anglican doctrine by Lord Westbury, or the appointment of Anglican bishops by Mr. Disraeli; the furious contending of ecclesiastics in the law courts, with interminable babblement of lawyers in order to show what Anglican clergymen have a right to preach; the dismantling of churches by churchwardens; the irritation almost to frenzy of the populace, by having it thrust in their teeth and eyes by 'harmless enthusiasts' like Mr. Maconochie, and volunteer scare-crows like Mr. Lyne, that the Established Church is Roman Catholic; pompous speechifying of the peers of England on ecclesiastical vestments, Britain's proud senate converted into a conclave of man milliners, to consider what tags and tippets, what buttons and ribbons clergymen shall wear, and to decide—or to fail in deciding, for hitherto the mighty problem has defied their strength—whether the two candles shall or shall not be lit. This, in literal veracity, is the canvas of which Mr. Disraeli's sublime peroration on the marriage of authority and religion was the paint. To terminate this association is what Lord Shaftesbury, in a trembling fit of most respectable, because quite sincere and pious alarm, would call national apostasy. What apostate reasoners propose to substitute for this association, is a universal alliance between the worshippers of God of every name in the United Kingdom and the government of the realm; an alliance cemented, on the one hand, by the protection, the respect, the countenance, which the worship of God ought to receive from authority in all rightly constituted States, and expressed, on the other, in unanimous loyalty to the throne, cordial support of the laws, and hearty maintenance of domestic morals and public virtue. A company of free Churches kneeling round the throne, lifting hands of prayer to God for the welfare of the sovereign and the kingdom, as the free Churches of England, Scotland, and Ireland *do* at the present moment; this, in the view of Lord Shaftesbury, would be national apostasy; this would bring down upon us the wrath of God; while the infinitude of confusions and disorders at which we have glanced, the spectacle of a state of ecclesiastical anarchy unexampled in the planet, is believed by his lordship to be, in comparison, well pleasing to the Creator! Had Shakespeare ever dared to attribute to an imaginary character so astounding a contravention of all reason and all truth, his knowledge of human nature would have been called in question.

It is curiously interesting to find, as you cannot help doing if you will carefully reflect, that, by the simple process of applying the ecclesiastical revenues to the reduction of taxation, every evil which now afflicts ecclesiastical England would be removed, and that not one evil appreciable by sober-minded men would be occasioned. A free Episcopalian Church, or, if you will, ten free Episcopalian Churches, could not possibly do harm in England, any more than free Baptist or Independent Churches. Not one prayer less would ascend to heaven. Not one sermon less would be preached on earth. Ritualists, Colensoites, Evangelicals, would be as unmolested as Roman Catholics and Unitarians now are, and the disgrace of Church-rioting, a disgrace for which our Parliament and Go-

vernment deserve the scorn of the civilised world, would be for ever at an end in England. No hardship would be endured. The change would be gradual; spread over the life-time of the present incumbents, easily and amply prepared for. The machinery of a sustentation fund would meet every emergency. Dukes and earls, unless the effect of the regenerating laver is quite dried out of them, could spare a few hundreds per annum from their wine account, their hunting account, their cigar account, to maintain those ministering to them in spiritual things. The practice of Christian liberality in the precise way in which it was practised by those Christians of whom we read in the New Testament, would be of unspeakable benefit to their lordships' morals.

When, on the other hand, you look at the ecclesiastical difficulty from the point of view of positive Parliamentary action, you perceive its solution to be utterly hopeless. Parliament consists of a mixed multitude of men of all creeds and no creed, totally incapable of dealing with ecclesiastical doctrine, ecclesiastical discipline, ecclesiastical dress, or any other ecclesiastical matter. Can such a multitude put the Church of England right? Judging by the analogy of the past, the most enthusiastic Erastian cannot maintain that the great candle controversy will be arranged before the lapse of a century; and the candle controversy is nothing to what Parliament has to do before it gets to Dr. Colenso, Mr. Bennet of Frome, and the last of the Thirty-nine Articles. Time, of course, is unlimited, and one would like to have faith in the institutions of one's country; it is not mathematically impossible that the British Parliament may, in the course of ages, cure the disorders of the Church; but we back the *globigerina* insect engaged, Mr. Huxley tells us, in filling up the Atlantic at the rate of a thousand feet in a thousand years, to build a fine, dry, chalk road between England and America first. By the simple method of bidding the ecclesiastical gentlemen manage their own affairs, the wars of the Church would, in so far as the State is concerned, cease to exist. The giant of ecclesiastical anarchy makes a frightful hullabaloo, and is an infinite and appalling nuisance. All the armies of Israel can do nothing to settle him; but adopt the right method, and, in two seconds, he will lie prostrate, beautiful in death. 'Fling but a stone, the giant dies.'

Might not the Church go free and keep the money also? Hardly. An immense corporation endowed with millions per annum by the State would be dangerous. A free Church cannot become tyrannical when maintained by its congregations; but ecclesiastics with nine millions to make them superior to the influences of the people, might erect a spiritual despotism which would be no mere phantasm. The Church does not want the money. She has the richest membership in the world, and the experience of fifty Churches proves that there is no conceivable Church membership so poor as to be unable, or so base as to be unwilling, to maintain a clergy. The nation does want the money. The amount of the expenditure is stupendous; the weight of the taxation is crushing; all conscientious statesmen, all intelligent men, are awaking to the duty of lowering the debt; and nothing is wanted except cash in hand, to be used as financiers know how to use it, in order to inaugurate a process by which that enormous item in the budget which is due to the national debt may be reduced one third or one half, and relief thus brought to every man of narrow means within the United Kingdom. If we could succeed but a little in clearing our minds of cant, we would discern in this an application of ecclesiastical

revenues as proper and as religious as David's appropriation of the shew-bread to the use of himself and his men. When a State gives money to an ecclesiastical corporation, it is almost sure to injure instead of promoting the cause of religion; but the State which lowers its taxation gives an impetus to industry and to enterprise throughout all its borders, and increases the happiness of myriads of families.

In these views we can scarcely be said to have anticipated the thinking of resolute and devout men upon this question. On the whole, it must, we think, be admitted that the spectacle presented by the Church of England in relation to the approaching crisis in ecclesiastical affairs has been fitted to inspire observers with respect and admiration. There has no doubt been a large amount of inarticulate shouting and screaming; the cry of 'No Popery!' has been wildly absurd and wickedly intolerant; the lucubrations of Evangelical doctors of divinity on canon law have been pitiful. But some allowance must be made for the feeling of honour on the part of the Anglican communion in standing by a little brother in his hour of trial, and it is the nature of those professionally connected with great institutions to dread all change. So far as we are aware, also, there has been no exception to the rule that those who have exclaimed fiercely against the Irish policy of Mr. Gladstone, and all that it may portend, have represented the lower section of Anglican intellect. The men of real power in the Church, the men who have not been outstripped in the intellectual advance of the age, the Puseys, the Vaughans, the Ellicotts, the Alfords—alas that we cannot add the Dean of Westminster—have exhibited faith in the vitality of the Church and in the strength of her hold on the people, and have believed that disestablishment and disendowment will not be necessarily calamitous either in Ireland or in England.

The immediate business of the Liberal party is with the Church of Ireland. The main danger to which they are exposed is that of not doing the work thoroughly and of preparing complications and difficulties by bungling schemes of compromise. The overwhelming majority of the party will, we think, decide absolutely against any project of general endowment, and we cannot doubt that Mr. Gladstone, knowing as a financier and as a statesman the hedge of thorns which continental governments have planted in their own way by taking upon them the maintenance of religious denominations, will see it to be his duty to put all such plans aside. The best method will, we believe, be to avoid for the present any express application of the revenues of the Irish Church, but to commit the management of them to commissioners to be directed in their use by Parliament. Were the benefices valued at their average amount for the last ten years, incumbents might be paid this sum annually by the commissioners until their death, the Church might at once become free and self-governing, and the disposal of the revenues, gradually falling in, might be determined, from time to time, by Parliament. To declare absolutely that they shall be applied in Ireland, if the step was necessary to obviate misconception on the part of the Irish, might be wise for the Legislature; but as the principle of the Liberal policy towards Ireland in this whole matter is to treat her as an integral part of the United Kingdom, the perfectly right way would be to throw the Irish ecclesiastical revenues into an imperial fund, to be expended, with possible and not inconsiderable augmentations, for the benefit alike of England, Scotland, and Ireland, through the diminution of the national burdens.

B.

VIKRAM AND THE VAMPIRE; OR, TALES OF INDIAN DEVILRY.

ADAPTED BY

RICHARD F. BURTON,

Vice-President, Anthropological Society, London.

THE VAMPIRE'S EIGHTH STORY.

OF THE USE AND MISUSE OF MAGIC PILLS.

THE lady Chandraprabha, daughter of the Raja Subichar, was a particularly beautiful girl, and marriageable withal. One day as Vasanta, the Spring, began to assert its reign over the world, animate and inanimate, she went accompanied by her young friends and companions to stroll about her father's pleasure garden.

The fair troop wandered through sombre groves, where the dark tamala tree entwined its branches with the pale green foliage of the nim, and the pippal's domes of quivering leaves contrasted with the columnar aisles of the banyan fig. They admired the old monarchs of the forest, bearded to the waist with hangings of moss, the flowing creepers delicately climbing from the lower branches to the topmost shoots, and the cordage of llianas stretching from trunk to trunk like bridges for the monkeys to pass over. Then they issued into a clear space dotted with asokas bearing rich crimson flowers, cliterias of azure blue, madhavis exhibiting petals virgin white as the snows on Himalaya, and jasmines raining showers of perfumed blossoms upon the grateful earth. They could not sufficiently praise the tall and graceful stem of the arrowy areca, contrasting with the solid pyramid of the cypress, and the more masculine stature of the palm. Now they lingered in the trellised walks closely covered over with vines and creepers; then they stopped to gather the golden bloom weighing down the mango boughs, and to smell the highly scented flowers that hung from the green fretwork of the chambela.

It was spring, I have said. The air was still except when broken by the hum of the large black bramra bee, as he plied his task amidst the red and orange flowers of the dak, and by the gushings of many waters that made music as they coursed down their stuccoed channels between borders of many coloured poppies and beds of various flowers. From time to time the dulcet note of the kokila bird, and the hoarse plaint of the turtle dove hid deep in her leafy bower, attracted every ear and thrilled every heart. The south wind, 'breeze of the south,'[1] the friend of love and spring,' blew with a voluptuous warmth, for rain clouds canopied the earth, and the breath of the narcissus, the rose, and the citron, teemed with a languid fragrance.

The charms of the season affected all the damsels. They amused themselves in their privacy with pelting blossoms at one another, running races down the smooth broad alleys, mounting the silken swings that hung between the orange trees, embracing one another, and at times trying to push the butt of the party into the fish pond. Perhaps the liveliest of all was the lady Chandraprabha, who on account of her rank could pelt and push all the others, without fear of being pelted and pushed in return.

It so happened before the at-

[1] In Hindostan, it is the prevailing wind of the hot weather.

tendants had had time to secure privacy for the princess and her women, that Manaswi, a very handsome youth, a Brahman's son, had wandered without malicious intention into the garden. Fatigued with walking, and finding a cool shady place beneath a tree, he had lain down there, and had gone to sleep, and had not been observed by any of the king's people. He was still sleeping when the princess and her companions were playing together.

Presently Chandraprabha, weary of sport, left her friends, and singing a lively air tripped up the stairs leading to the summer house. Aroused by the sound of her advancing footsteps Manaswi sat up, and the princess seeing a strange man started. But their eyes had met and both were subdued by love, love vulgarly called 'love at first sight.'

'Nonsense!' exclaimed the warrior king, testily, 'I can never believe in that freak of Kama Deva.' He spoke feelingly, for the thing had happened to himself more than once, and on no occasion had it turned out well.

'But there is such a thing, O raja, as love at first sight,' objected the Baital, speaking dogmatically.

'Then perhaps thou canst account for it, dead one,' growled the monarch, surlily.

'I have no reason to do so, O Vikram,' retorted the Vampire, 'when you men have already done it. Listen, then, to the words of the wise. In the olden time, one of your great philosophers invented a fluid pervading all matter, strongly self-repulsive like the steam of a brass pot, and widely spreading like the breath of scandal. The repulsiveness, however, according to that wise man, is greatly modified by its second property, namely, an energetic attraction or adhesion to all material bodies. Thus every substance contains a part, more or less, of this fluid, pervading it throughout, and strongly bound to each component atom. He called it "Ambericity," for the best of reasons, as it has no connection with amber, and he described it as an imponderable, which, meaning that it could not be weighed, gives a very accurate and satisfactory idea of its nature.

'Now, said that philosopher, whenever two bodies containing that unweighable substance in unequal proportions happen to meet, a current of imponderable passes from one to the other producing a kind of attraction and tending to adhere. The operation takes place instantaneously when the force is strong and much condensed. Thus the vulgar, who call things after their effects and not from their causes, term the action of this imponderable love at first sight: the wise define it to be a phenomenon of ambericity. As regards my own opinion about the matter, I have long ago told it to you, O Vikram! Silliness.'

'Either hold your tongue, fellow, or go on with your story,' cried the raja, wearied out by so many words that had no manner of sense.

Well! the effect of the first glance was that Manaswi, the Brahman's son, fell back in a swoon and remained senseless upon the ground where he had been sitting; and the raja's daughter began to tremble upon her feet, and presently dropped unconscious upon the floor of the summer house. Shortly after this she was found by her companions and attendants, who, quickly taking her up in their arms and supporting her into a litter, conveyed her home.

Manaswi, the Brahman's son, was so completely overcome, that he lay there dead to everything. Just then the learned, deeply read, and purblind pandits[1] Muldev and

[1] Savants, sages.

Shashi by name, strayed into the garden, and stumbled upon the body.

'Friend,' said Muldev, 'how came this youth thus to fall senseless on the ground?'

'Man,' replied Shashi, 'doubtless some damsel has shot forth the arrows of her glances from the bow of her eyebrows, and thence he has become insensible!'

'We must lift him up then,' said Muldev the benevolent.

'What need is there to raise him?' asked Shashi the misanthrope by way of reply.

Muldev, however, would not listen to these words. He ran to the pond hard by, soaked the end of his waistcloth in water, sprinkled it over the young Brahman, raised him from the ground, and placed him sitting against the wall. And perceiving, when he came to himself, that his sickness was rather of the soul than the body, the old men asked him how he came to be in that plight.

'We should tell our griefs,' answered Manaswi, 'only to those who will relieve us! What is the use of communicating them to those who, when they have heard, cannot help us? What is to be gained by the empty pity or by the useless condolence of men in general?'

The pandits, however, by friendly looks and words, presently persuaded him to break silence, when he said, 'A certain princess entered this summer house, and from the sight of her, I have fallen into this state. If I can obtain her, I shall live: if not, I must die.'

'Come with me, young man!' said Muldev the benevolent; 'I will use every endeavour to obtain her, and if I do not succeed, I will make thee wealthy and independent of the world.'

Manaswi rejoined, 'The Deity, in his beneficence, has created many jewels in this world, but the pearl, woman, is chiefest of all; and for her sake only does man desire wealth. What are riches to one who has abandoned his wife? What are they who do not possess beautiful wives? they are but beings inferior to the beasts! wealth is the fruit of virtue; ease of wealth; a wife of ease. And where no wife is, how can there be happiness?' And the enamoured youth rambled on in this way, curious to us, Raja Vikram, but perhaps natural enough in a Brahman's son suffering under that endemic malady—determination to marry.

'Whatever thou mayest desire,' said Muldev, 'shall by the blessing of heaven be given to thee.'

Manaswi implored him saying most pathetically, 'O pandit, bestow then that damsel upon me!'

Muldev promised to do so, and having comforted the youth led him to his own house. Then he welcomed him politely, seated him upon the carpet, and left him for a few minutes promising to return. When he reappeared, he held in his hand two little balls or pills, and showing them to Manaswi, he explained their virtues as follows:

'There is in our house an hereditary secret, by means of which I try to promote the weal of humanity. But in all cases my success depends mainly upon the purity and the heartwholeness of those that seek my aid. If thou place this in thy mouth, thou shalt be changed into a damsel twelve years old, and when thou withdrawest it again, thou shalt again recover thine original form. Beware, however, that thou use the power for none but a good purpose; otherwise some great calamity will befall thee. Therefore, take counsel of thyself before undertaking this trial!'

What lover, O warrior king Vikram, would have hesitated under such circumstances, to assure the pandit that he was the most in-

nocent, earnest and well-intentioned being in the Three Worlds?

The Brahman's son, at least, lost no time in so doing. Hence the simple-minded philosopher put one of the pills into the young man's mouth, warning him on no account to swallow it, and took the other into his own mouth. Upon which Manaswi became a sprightly young maid, and Muldev was changed to a reverend and decrepid senior, not less than eighty years old.

Thus transformed, the twain walked up to the palace of the Raja Subichar, and stood for a while to admire the gate. Then passing through seven courts, beautiful as the Paradise of Indra, they entered, unannounced, as became the priestly dignity, a hall, where surrounded by his courtiers sat the ruler. The latter seeing the holy Brahman under the roof, rose up, made the customary humble salutation, and taking their right hands, led what appeared to be the father and daughter to appropriate seats. Upon which Muldev having recited a verse, bestowed upon the raja a blessing whose beauty has been diffused over the Three Worlds.

'May that Deity[1] who as a mannikin deceived the great king Bali, who as a hero, with a monkey-host, bridged the Salt Sea, who as a shepherd lifted up the mountain Gobarddhan in the palm of his hand, and by it saved the cowherds and cowherdesses from the thunders of heaven—may that Deity be thy protector!'

Having heard and marvelled at this display of eloquence, the raja inquired, 'Whence has your holiness come?'

'My country,' replied Muldev, 'is on the northern side of the great mother Ganges, and there too my dwelling is. I travelled to a distant land, and having found in this maiden a worthy wife for my son, I straightway returned homewards. Meanwhile a famine had laid waste our village, and my wife and my son have fled, I know not where. Encumbered with this damsel how can I wander about seeking them? Hearing the name of a pious and generous ruler, I said to myself, "I will leave her under his charge until my return." Be pleased to take great care of her.'

For a minute the raja sat thoughtful and silent. He was highly pleased with the Brahman's perfect compliment. But he could not hide from himself that he was placed between two difficulties: one the charge of a beautiful young girl, with pouting lips and soft speech, roguish eyes; the other a priestly curse upon himself and his kingdom. He thought, however, refusal the more dangerous: so he raised his face and exclaimed, 'O produce of Brahma's head,[2] I will do what your highness has desired of me.'

Upon which the Brahman, after delivering a benediction of adieu, almost as beautiful and spirit-stirring as that with which he had presented himself, took the betel-leaf[3] and went his ways.

Then the raja sent for his daughter Chandraprabha and said to her, 'This is the affianced

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[1] Vishnu, as a dwarf, sank down into and secured in the lower regions the Raja Bali, who by his piety and prayerfulness was subverting the reign of the lesser gods; as Ramachandra he built a bridge between Lanka (Ceylon) and the main land; and as Krishna he defended, by holding up a hill as an umbrella for them, his friends the shepherds and shepherdesses from the thunders of Indra, whose worship they had neglected.

[2] The priestly caste sprang, as has been said, from the noblest part of the Demiurgus; the three others from lower members.

[3] A chew of betel leaf and spices is offered by the master of the house when dismissing a visitor.

bride of a young Brahman, and she has been trusted to my protection for a time by her father-in-law. Take her therefore into the inner rooms, treat her with the utmost regard, and never allow her to be separated from thee, day or night, asleep or awake, eating or drinking, at home or abroad.'

Chandraprabha took the hand of Sita—as Manaswi had pleased to call himself—and led the way to her own apartment. Once the seat of joy and pleasure, the rooms now wore a desolate and melancholy look. The windows were darkened, the attendants moved noiselessly over the carpets, as if their footsteps could cause headache, and there was a faint scent of some drug much used in cases of deliquium. The apartments were handsome, but the only ornament in the room where they sat was a large bunch of withered flowers in an arched recess, and these, though possibly interesting to some one, were not likely to find favour as a decoration in the eyes of everybody.

The raja's daughter paid the greatest attention and talked with unusual vivacity to the Brahman's daughter-in-law, either because she had roguish eyes, or from some presentiment of what was to occur, whichever you please, Raja Vikram, and it is no matter which. Still, Sita could not help perceiving that there was a shade of sorrow upon the forehead of her fair new friend, and so when they retired to rest she asked the cause of it.

Then Chandraprabha related to her the sad tale: 'One day in the spring season, as I was strolling in the garden along with my companions, I beheld a very handsome Brahman, and our eyes having met, he became unconscious, and I also was insensible. My companions seeing my condition, brought me home, and therefore I know neither his name nor his abode. His beautiful form is impressed upon my memory. I have now no desire to eat or to drink, and from this distress my colour has become pale and my body is thus emaciated.' And the beautiful princess sighed a sigh that was musical and melancholy, and concluded by predicting for herself—as persons similarly placed often do—a sudden and untimely end about the beginning of the next month.

'What wilt thou give me,' asked the Brahman's daughter-in-law demurely, 'if I show thee thy beloved at this very moment?'

The raja's daughter answered, 'I will ever be the lowest of thy slaves, standing before thee with joined hands.'

Upon which Sita removed the pill from his mouth, and instantly having become Manaswi, put it carefully away in a little bag hung round her neck. At this sight Chandraprabha felt abashed and hung down her head in beautiful confusion. To describe——

'I will have no descriptions, Vampire!' cried the great Vikram, jerking the bag up and down as if he were sweating gold in it. 'The fewer of thy descriptions the better for us all.'

Briefly (resumed the demon), Manaswi reflected upon the eight forms of marriage—viz. Bramhalagan, when a girl is given to a Brahman, or man of superior caste, without reward; Daiva, when she is presented as a gift or fee to the officiating priest at the close of a sacrifice; Arsha, when two cows are received by the girl's father in[1] exchange for the bride; Prajapatya, when the girl is given at the request of a Brahman, and the father says to his daughter and her betrothed, 'Go, fulfil the duties of religion;' Asura, when money is received by the father in exchange

[1] Respectable Hindus say that receiving a fee for a daughter is like selling flesh.

for a bride; Rukshasa, when she is captured in war, or when her bridegroom overcomes his rivals; Paisacha, when the girl is taken away from her father's house by craft; and eighthly, Gandharva-lagan, or the marriage that takes place by mutual consent.[1]

Manaswi preferred the latter, especially as by her rank and age the princess was entitled to call upon her father for the Lakshmi Swayambara wedding, in which she would have chosen her own husband. And thus it is that Rama, Arjuna, Krishna, Nala, and others were proposed to by the princesses whom they married.

For five months after these nuptials, Manaswi never stirred out of the palace, but remained there by day a woman, and a man by night. The consequence was that he—I call him 'he,' for whether Manaswi or Sita, his mind ever remained masculine — presently found himself in a fair way to become a father.

Now, one would imagine that a change of sex every twenty-four hours, would be variety enough to satisfy even a man. Manaswi, however, was not contented. He began to pine for more liberty, and to find fault with his wife for not taking him out into the world. And you might have supposed that a young person who, from love at first sight, had fallen senseless upon the steps of a summer house, and who had devoted herself to a sudden and untimely end because she was separated from her lover, would have repressed her yawns and little irritable words even for a year after having converted him into a husband. But no! Chandraprabha soon felt as tired of seeing Manaswi and nothing but Manaswi, as Manaswi was weary of seeing Chandraprabha and nothing but Chandraprabha. Often she had been on the point of proposing visits and out of door excursions. But when at last the idea was first suggested by her husband, she at once became an injured woman. She hinted how foolish it was for married people to imprison themselves and quarrel all day. When Manaswi remonstrated, saying that he wanted nothing better than to appear before the world with her as his wife, but that he really did not know what her father might do to him, she threw out a cutting sarcasm upon his effeminate appearance during the hours of light. She then told him of an unfortunate young woman in an old nursery tale who had unconsciously married a fiend that became a fine handsome man at night when no eye could see him, and utter ugliness by day when good looks show to advantage. And lastly, when inveighing against the changeableness, fickleness, and infidelity of mankind, she quoted the words of the poet—

> Out upon change! it tires the heart
> And weighs the noble spirit down;
> A vain vain world indeed thou art
> That can such vile condition own;
> The veil hath fallen from my eyes,
> I cannot love where I despise. . . .

You can easily, O King Vikram, continue for yourself and conclude this lecture, which I leave unfinished on account of its length.

Chandraprabha and Sita, who called each other the Zodiacal Twins and Laughter Light,[2] and All-consenters, easily persuaded the old raja that their health would be further improved by air, exercise,

[1] A modern custom amongst the low caste is for the bride and bridegroom, in the presence of friends, to place a flower garland on each other's necks, and thus declare themselves man and wife. The old classical Gandharva-lagan has been before explained.

[2] Meaning that the sight of each other will cause a smile, and that what one purposes the other will consent to it.

and distractions. Subichar, being delighted with the change that had taken place in a daughter whom he loved, and whom he had feared to lose, told them to do as they pleased. They began a new life, in which short excursions and visits, baths and dances, music parties, drives in bullock chariots, and water excursions succeeded one another.

It so happened that one day the raja went with his whole family to a wedding feast in the house of his grand treasurer, where the latter's son saw Manaswi in the beautiful shape of Sita. This was a third case of love at first sight, for the young man immediately said to a particular friend, 'If I obtain that girl, I shall live; if not, I shall abandon life.'

In the meantime the king, having enjoyed the feast, came back to his palace with his whole family. The condition of the treasurer's son however became very distressing, and through separation from his beloved, he gave up eating and drinking. The particular friend had kept the secret for some days, though burning to tell it. At length he found an excuse for himself in the sad state of his friend, and he immediately went and divulged all that he knew to the treasurer. After this he felt relieved.

The minister repaired to the court and laid his case before the king, saying, 'Great raja! through the love of that Brahman's daughter-in-law, my son's state is very bad; he has given up eating and drinking, in fact he is consumed by the fire of separation. If now your majesty could show compassion and bestow the girl upon him, his life would be saved. If not——'

'Fool!' cried the raja, who hearing these words had waxed very wroth, 'it is not right for kings to do injustice. Listen! when a person puts any one in charge of a protector, how can the latter give away his trust without consulting the person that trusted him? And yet this is what you wish me to do.'

The treasurer knew that the raja could not govern his realm without him, and he was well acquainted with his master's character. He said to himself, 'This will not last long,' but he remained dumb, simulating hopelessness, and hanging down his head, whilst Subichar alternately scolded and coaxed, abused and flattered him, in order to open his lips. Then with tears in his eyes he muttered a request to take leave, and as he passed through the palace gates, he said aloud, with a resolute air, 'It will cost me but ten days of fasting!"

The treasurer having returned home collected all his attendants and went straightway to his son's room. Seeing the youth still stretched upon his sleeping mat and very yellow for the want of food, he took his hand, and said in a whisper, meant to be audible, 'Alas! poor son, I can do nothing but perish with thee.'

The servants hearing this threat slipped one by one out of the room, and each went to tell his friend that the grand treasurer had resolved to live no longer. After which they went back to the house to see if their master intended to keep his word, and curious to know if he did intend to die, how, where, and when it was to be. And they were not disappointed: I do not mean that they wished their lord to die, as he was a good master to them, but still there was an excitement in the thing——

Raja Vikram could not refrain from showing his anger at the insult thus cast by the Baital upon human nature; the wretch, however, pretending not to notice it, went on without interrupting himself.

—which somehow or other pleased them.

When the treasurer had spent

three days without touching bread or water, all the cabinet council met and determined to retire from business unless the raja yielded to their solicitations. The treasurer was their working man. 'Besides which,' said the cabinet council, 'if a certain person gets into the habit of refusing us, what is to be the end of it, and what is the use of being cabinet councillors any longer?'

Early on the next morning, the ministers went before the raja in a body, and humbly represented that 'the treasurer's son is at the point of death, the effect of a full heart and an empty stomach. Should he die, the father, who has not eaten or drunk during the last three days' (the raja trembled to hear the intelligence, though he knew it), 'his father, we say, cannot be saved. If the father dies the affairs of the kingdom come to ruin,—is he not the grand treasurer? It is already said that half the accounts have been gnawed by white ants and that some pernicious substance in the ink has eaten jagged holes through the paper, so that the other half of the accounts is illegible. It were best, sire, that you agree to what we represent.'

The white ants and corrosive ink were too strong for the raja's determination. Still, wishing to save appearances, he replied with much firmness, that he knew the value of the treasurer and his son, that he would do much to save them, but that he had passed his royal word, and had undertaken a trust. That he would rather die a dozen deaths than break his promise, or not discharge his duty faithfully. That man's condition in this world is to depart from it, none remaining in it; that one comes and that one goes, none knowing when or where; but that eternity is eternity for happiness or misery. And much of the same nature, not very novel, and not, perhaps, quite to the purpose, but edifying to those who knew what lay behind the speaker's words.

The ministers did not know their lord's character so well as the grand treasurer, and they were more impressed by his firm demeanour and the number of his words than he wished them to be. After allowing his speech to settle in their minds, he did away with a great part of its effect by declaring that such were the sentiments and the principles—when a man talks of his principles, O Vikram! ask thyself the reason why—instilled into his youthful mind by the most honourable of fathers, and the most virtuous of mothers. At the same time that he was by no means obstinate or proof against conviction. In token whereof he graciously permitted the councillors to convince him that it was his royal duty to break his word and betray his trust, and to give away another man's wife.

Pray do not lose your temper, O warrior king! Subichar, although a raja, was a weak man; and you know, or you ought to know, that the wicked may be wise in their generation, but the weak never can.

Well, the ministers hearing their lord's last words, took courage, and proceeded to work upon his mind by the figure of speech popularly called 'rigmarole.' They said: 'Great king! that old Brahman has been gone many days, and has not returned; he is probably dead and burnt. It is therefore right that by giving to the grand treasurer's son his daughter-in-law, who is only affianced, not fairly married, you should establish your government firmly. And even if he should return, bestow villages and wealth upon him; and if he be not then content, provide another and a more beautiful wife for his son, and dismiss him. A person should be sacrificed for the sake of a family, a family for a city, a city for a country, and a country for a king!'

Subichar, having heard them, dis-

missed them, with the remark that as so much was to be said on both sides, he must employ the night in thinking over the matter, and that he would on the next day favour them with his decision. The cabinet councillors knew by this that he meant that he would go and consult his wives. They retired contented, convinced that every voice would be in favour of a wedding, and that the young girl, with so good an offer, would not sacrifice the present to the future.

That evening the treasurer and his son supped together.

The first words uttered by Raja Subichar, when he entered his daughter's apartment, was an order addressed to Sita, 'Go thou at once to the house of my treasurer's son.'

Now, as Chandraprabha and Manaswi were generally scolding each other, Chandraprabha and Sita were hardly on speaking terms. When they heard the raja's order for their separation they were—

—'Delighted?' cried Dharma Dhwaj, who for some reason took the greatest interest in the narrative.

'Overwhelmed with grief, thou most guileless Yuva Raja (young prince)!' ejaculated the Vampire.

Raja Vikram reproved his son for talking about things of which he knew nothing, and the Baital resumed.

They turned pale and wept, and wrung their hands, and begged and argued and refused obedience. In fact they did every thing to make the king revoke his order.

'The virtue of a woman,' quoth Sita, 'is destroyed through too much beauty; the religion of a Brahman is impaired by serving kings; a cow is spoiled by distant pasturage, and wealth is lost by committing injustice, and prosperity departs from the house where promises are not kept.'

The raja highly applauded the sentiment, but was firm as a rock upon the subject of Sita marrying the treasurer's son.

Chandraprabha observed that her royal father, usually so conscientious, must now be acting from interested motives, and that when selfishness sways a man right becomes left, and left becomes right, as in the reflection of a mirror.

Subichar approved of the comparison; he was not quite so resolved, but he showed no symptoms of changing his mind.

Then the Brahman's daughter-in-law, with the view of gaining time, a famous stratagem amongst feminines, said to the raja, 'Great king, if you are determined upon giving me to the grand treasurer's son, exact from him the promise that he will do what I bid him. Only on this condition will I ever enter his house!'

'Speak, then,' asked the king; 'what will he have to do?'

She replied, 'I am of the Brahman or priestly caste, he is the son of a Kshatrija or warrior: the law directs that before we twain can wed, he should perform Yatra (pilgrimage) to all the holy places.'

'Thou hast spoken veda-truth, girl,' answered the raja, not sorry to have found so good a pretext for temporising, and at the same time to preserve his character for firmness, resolution, determination.

That night Manaswi and Chandraprabha, instead of scolding each other, congratulated themselves upon having escaped an imminent danger—which they did not escape.

In the morning, Subichar sent for his ministers, including the grand treasurer and his love-sick son, and told them how well and wisely the Brahman's daughter-in-law had spoken upon the subject of the marriage. All of them approved of the condition; but the young man ventured to suggest, that whilst he was a-pilgrimaging the maiden should reside under his father's roof. As he and his father

showed a disposition to continue their fasts in case of the small favour not being granted, the raja, though very loath to separate his beloved daughter and her dear friend, was driven to do it. And Sita was carried off, weeping bitterly, to the treasurer's palace. That dignitary solemnly committed her to the charge of his third and youngest wife, the lady Subhagya-Sundari, who was about her own age, and said, 'You must both live together, without any kind of wrangling or contention, and do not go into other people's houses.' And the grand treasurer's son went off to perform his pilgrimages.

It is no less sad than true, Raja Vikram, that in less than six days, the disconsolate Sita waxed weary of being Sita, took the ball out of her mouth, and became Manaswi. Alas for the infidelity of mankind! But it is gratifying to reflect that he met with the punishment with which the Pandit Muldev had threatened him. One night the magic pill slipped down his throat. When morning dawned, being unable to change himself into Sita, Manaswi was obliged to escape through a window from the lady Subhagya-Sundari's room. He sprained his ankle with the leap, and he lay for a time upon the ground—where I leave him whilst convenient to me.

When Muldev quitted the presence of Subichar, he resumed his old shape, and returning to his brother Pandit Shashi, told him what he had done. Whereupon Shashi, the misanthrope, looked black, and used hard words, and told his friend that good nature and soft-heartedness had caused him to commit a very bad action—a grievous sin. Incensed at this charge, the philanthropic Muldev became angry, and said, 'I have warned the youth about his purity, what harm can come of it?'

'Thou hast,' retorted Shashi, with irritating coolness, 'placed a sharp weapon in a fool's hand.'

'I have not,' cried Muldev, indignantly.

'Therefore,' drawled the malevolent, 'you are answerable for all the mischief he does with it, and mischief assuredly he will do.'

'He will not, by Brahma!' exclaimed Muldev.

'He will, by Vishnu!' said Shashi, with an amiability produced by having completely upset his friend's temper; 'and if within the coming six months he does not disgrace himself, thou shalt have the whole of my book-case; but if he does, the philanthropic Muldev will use all his skill and ingenuity in procuring the daughter of Raja Subichar as a wife for his faithful friend Shashi.'

Having made this covenant, they both agreed not to speak of the matter till the autumn.

The appointed time drawing near, the pandits began to make inquiries about the effect of the magic pills. Presently they found out that Sita, alias Manaswi, had one night mysteriously disappeared from the grand treasurer's house, and had not been heard of since that time. This, together with certain other things that transpired presently, convinced Muldev, who had cooled down in six months, that his friend had won the wager. He prepared to make honourable payment by handing a pill to old Shashi, who at once became a stout, handsome young Brahman, some twenty years old. Next putting a pill into his own mouth, he resumed the shape and form under which he had first appeared before Raja Subichar, and leaning upon his staff he led the way to the palace.

The king, in great confusion, at once recognised the old priest, and guessed the errand upon which he and the youth were come. However, he saluted them, and offered them seats, and receiving their

blessings, he began to make inquiries about their health and welfare. At last he mustered courage to ask the old Brahman where he had been living for so long a time.

'Great king,' replied the priest, 'I went to seek after my son, and having found him, I bring him to your majesty. Give him his wife and I will take them both home with me.'

Raja Subichar prevaricated not a little, but presently being hard pushed, he related everything that had happened.

'What is this that you have done?' cried Muldev, simulating excessive anger and astonishment. 'Why have you given my son's wife in marriage to another man? You have done what you wished, and now, therefore, receive my shrap (curse)!'

The poor raja, in great trepidation, said, 'O Divinity! be not thus angry! I will do whatever you bid me.'

Said Muldev, 'If through dread of my excommunication you will freely give whatever I demand of you, then marry your daughter, Chandraprabha, to this my son. On this condition I forgive you. To me, now, a necklace of pearls and a venomous krishna (cobra capella); the most powerful enemy and the kindest friend; the most precious gem and a clod of earth; the softest bed and the hardest stone; a blade of grass and the loveliest woman—are precisely the same. All I desire is that in some holy place, repeating the name of God, I may soon end my days.'

Subichar, terrified by this additional show of sanctity, at once summoned an astrologer, and fixed upon the auspicious moment and lunar influence. He did not consult the princess, and had he done so she would not have resisted his wishes. Chandraprabha had heard of Sita's escape from the treasurer's house, and she had on the subject her own suspicions. Besides which she looked forward to a certain event, and she was by no means sure that her royal father approved of the Gandharba form of marriage—at least for his daughter. Thus the Brahman's son receiving in due time the princess and her dowry, took leave of the king and returned to his own village.

Hardly, however, had Chandraprabha been married to Shashi the pandit, when Manaswi went to him, and began to wrangle, and said, 'Give me my wife!' He had recovered from the effects of his fall, and having lost her he therefore loved her—very dearly.

But Shashi proved by reference to the astrologers, priests, and ten persons as witnesses, that he had duly wedded her, and brought her to his home; 'therefore,' said he, 'she is *my* spouse.'

Manaswi swore by all holy things that he had been legally married to her, and that he was the father of her child that was about to be. 'How then,' continued he, 'can she be *thy* spouse?' He would have summoned Muldev as a witness, but that worthy, after remonstrating with him, disappeared. He called upon Chandraprabha to confirm his statement, but she put on an innocent face, and indignantly denied ever having seen the man.

Still, continued the Baital, many people believed Manaswi's story, as it was marvellous and incredible. Even to the present day, there are many who decidedly think him legally married to the daughter of Raja Subichar.

'Then they are pestilent fellows!' cried the warrior king, Vikram, who hated nothing more than clandestine and runaway matches,—'No one knew that the villain, Manaswi, was the father of her child; whereas, the Pandit Shashi married her lawfully, before wit-

nesses, and with all the ceremonies.[1] She, therefore, remains his wife, and the child will perform the funeral obsequies for him, and offer water to the manes of his pitris (ancestors). At least, so say law and justice.'

'Which justice is often unjust enough!' cried the Vampire; 'and ply thy legs, mighty raja; let me see if thou canst reach the siras tree before I do.'

. . . . . .

'The next story, O Raja Vikram, is remarkably interesting.'

THE VAMPIRE'S NINTH STORY.

SHOWING THAT A MAN'S WIFE BELONGS NOT TO HIS BODY BUT TO HIS HEAD.

Far and wide through the lovely land overrun by the Arya from the Western Highlands spread the fame of Unmadini, the beautiful daughter of Haridas the Brahman. In the numberless odes, sonnets, and acrostics addressed to her by a hundred pandits and poets her charms were sung with prodigious triteness. Her presence was compared to light shining in a dark house; her face to the full moon; her complexion to the yellow champall flower; her curls to female snakes; her eyes to those of the deer; her eyebrows to bent bows; her teeth to strings of little opals; her feet to rubies and red gems,[2] and her gait to that of the wild goose. And none forgot to say that her voice affected the author like the song of the kokila bird, sounding from the shadowy brake, when the breeze blows coolly, or that the fairy beings of Indra's heaven would have shrunk away abashed at her liveliness.

But, Raja Vikram! all the poets failed to win the fair Unmadini's love. To praise the beauty of a beauty is not to praise her. Extol her wit and talents, which has the zest of novelty, then you may succeed. For the same reason, read inversely, the plainer and cleverer is the bosom you would fire, the more personal you must be upon the subject of its grace and loveliness. Flattery you know is ever the match which kindles the flame of love. True it is that some by roughness of demeanour and bluntness in speech, contrasting with those whom they call the 'herd,' have the art to succeed in the service of the bodyless god.[3] But even they must——

The young prince Dharma Dhwaj could not help laughing at the thought of how this must sound in his father's ear. And the raja hearing the ill-timed merriment sternly ordered the Baital to cease his immoralities and to continue his story.

Thus the lovely Unmadini, conceiving an extreme contempt for poets and literati, one day told her father, who greatly loved her, that her husband must be a fine young man who never wrote verses. Withal she insisted strongly on mental qualities and science, being a person of moderate mind and an adorer of talent—when not perverted to poetry.

As you may imagine, Raja Vikram, all the beauty's bosom friends, seeing her refuse so many good offers, confidently predicted that she would pass through the jungle and content herself with a bad stick, or that she would lead ring-tailed apes in Patala.

At length when some time had elapsed, four suitors appeared from four different countries, all of them claiming equal excellence in youth and beauty, strength and understanding. And after paying their

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[1] This would be the verdict of a Hindu jury.

[2] Because stained with the powder of Mehndi, or the *Lawsonia inermis* shrub.

[3] Kansa's son; so called because the god Shiva, when struck by his shafts, destroyed him with a fiery glance.

respects to Haridas, and telling him their wishes, they were directed to come early on the next morning and to enter upon the first ordeal—an intellectual conversation.

This they did.

'Foolish the man,' quoth the young Mahasani, 'that seeks permanence in this world—frail as the stem of the plantain-tree, transient as the ocean foam.

'All that is high shall presently fall; all that is low must finally perish.

'Unwillingly do the manes of the dead taste the tears shed by their kinsmen: then wail not, but perform the funeral obsequies with diligence.'

'What ill-omened fellow is this?' quoth the fair Unmadini, who was sitting behind her curtain; 'besides, he has dared to quote poetry!' There was little chance of success for that suitor.

'She is called a good woman, and a woman of pure descent,' quoth the second suitor, 'who serves him to whom her father and mother have given her; and it is written in the scriptures that a woman who in the lifetime of her husband becoming a devotee, engages in fasting, and in austere devotion, shortens his days, and hereafter falls into the fire. For it is said,—

'A woman's bliss is found, not in the smile
Of father, mother, friend, nor in herself;
Her husband is her only portion here,
Her heaven *hereafter*.'

The word 'serve,' which might mean 'obey,' was peculiarly disagreeable to the fair one's ears, and she did not admire the check so soon placed upon her devotion, or the decided language and manner of the youth. She therefore mentally resolved never again to see that person, whom she determined to be stupid as an elephant.

'A mother,' said Gunakar, the third candidate, 'protects her son in babyhood, and a father when his offspring is growing up. But the man of warrior descent defends his brethren at all times. Such is the custom of the world, and such is my state. I dwell in the heads of the strong!'

Therefore those assembled together looked with great respect upon the man of valour.

Devasharma, the fourth suitor, contented himself with listening to the others, who fancied that he was overawed by their cleverness. And when it came to his turn he simply remarked, 'Silence is better than speech.' Being further pressed, he said, 'A wise man will not proclaim his age, nor a deception practised upon himself, nor his riches, nor the loss of riches, nor family faults, nor incantations, nor conjugal love, nor medicinal prescriptions, nor religious duties, nor gifts, nor reproach, nor the infidelity of his wife.'

Thus ended the first trial. The master of the house dismissed the two former speakers, with many polite expressions and some trifling presents. Then having given betel to them, scented their garments with attar, and sprinkled rose water over their heads, he accompanied them to the door showing much regret. The two latter speakers he begged to come on the next day.

Gunakar and Devasharma did not fail. When they entered the assembly-room and took the seats pointed out to them, the father said, 'Be ye pleased to explain and make manifest the effects of your mental qualities. So shall I judge of them.'

'I have made,' said Gunakar, 'a four-wheeled carriage, in which the power resides to carry you in a moment wherever you may purpose to go.'

'I have such power over the angel of death,' said Devasharma, 'that I can at all times raise a corpse, and enable my friends to do the same.'

Now tell me by thy brains, O warrior King Vikram, which of

these two youths was the fitter husband for the maid?

Either the raja could not answer the question, or perhaps he would not, being determined to break the spell which had already kept him walking to and fro for so many hours. Then the Baital, who had paused to let his royal carrier commit himself, seeing that the attempt had failed, proceeded without making any further comment.

The beautiful Unmadini was brought out, but she hung down her head and made no reply. Yet she took care to move both her eyes in the direction of Devasharma. Whereupon Haridas, quoting the proverb that 'pearls string with pearls,' formally betrothed to him his daughter.

The soldier suitor twisted the ends of his mustachios into his eyes, which were red with wrath, and fumbled with his fingers about the hilt of his sword. But he was a man of noble birth, and presently his anger passed away.

Mahasani the poet, however, being a shameless person—and when can we be safe from such?—forced himself into the assembly and began to rage and to storm, and to quote proverbs in a loud tone of voice. He remarked that in this world women are a mine of grief, a poisonous root, the abode of solicitude, the destroyers of resolution, the occasioners of fascination, and the plunderers of all virtuous qualities. From the daughter he passed to the father, and after saying hard things of him as a 'Maha-Brahman,'[1] who took cows and gold and worshipped a monkey, he fell with a sweeping censure upon all priests and sons of priests, more especially Devasharma. As the bystanders remonstrated with him, he became more violent, and when Haridas, who was a weak man, appeared terrified by his voice, look, and gesture, he swore a solemn oath that despite all the betrothals in the world, unless Unmadini became his wife he would commit suicide, and as a demon haunt the house and injure the inmates.

Gunakar the soldier exhorted this shameless poet to slay himself at once, and to go where he pleased. But as Haridas reproved the warrior for inhumanity, Mahasani nerved by spite, love, rage, and perversity to an heroic death, drew a noose from his bosom, rushed out of the house and suspended himself to the nearest tree.

And, true enough, as the midnight gong struck, he appeared in the form of a gigantic and malignant rakshasa (fiend), dreadfully frightened the household of Haridas, and carried off the lovely Unmadini, leaving word that she was to be found on the topmost peak of Himalaya.

The unhappy father hastened to the house where Devasharma lived. There, weeping bitterly and wringing his hands in despair, he told the terrible tale, and besought his intended son-in-law to be up and doing.

The young Brahman at once sought his late rival and asked his aid. This the soldier granted at once, although he had been nettled

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[1] 'Great Brahman;' used contemptuously to priests who officiate for servile men. Brahmans lose their honour by the following things: By becoming servants to the king; by pursuing any secular business; by becoming priests to Shudras (serviles); by officiating as priests for a whole village; and by neglecting any part of the three daily services. Many violate these rules; yet to kill a Brahman is still one of the five great Hindu sins.

In the present age of the world, the Brahman may not accept a gift of cows or of gold; of course, he despises the law.

As regards monkey worship, a certain raja of Nadiya is said to have expended 10,000*l.* in marrying two monkeys with all the parade and splendour of the Hindu rite.

at being conquered in love by a priestling.

The carriage was at once made ready, and the suitors set out, bidding the father be of good cheer, and that before sunset he should embrace his daughter. They then entered the vehicle; Gunakar with cabalistic words caused it to rise high in the air, and Devasharma put to flight the demon by reciting the sacred verse,[1] 'Let us meditate on the supreme splendour (or adorable light) of that Divine Ruler (the sun) who may illuminate our understandings. Venerable men, guided by the intelligence, salute the divine sun (Sarvitri) with oblations and praise. Om!'

Then they returned with the girl to the house, and Haridas blessed them, praising the sun aloud in the joy of his heart. Lest other accidents might happen, he chose an auspicious planetary conjunction, and at a fortunate moment rubbed turmeric upon his daughter's hands.

The wedding was splendid, and broke the hearts of twenty-four rivals. In due time Devasharma asked leave from his father-in-law to revisit his home and carry with him his bride. This request being granted, he set out accompanied by Gunakar the soldier, who swore not to leave the couple before seeing them safe under their own roof-tree.

It so happened that their road lay over the summits of the wild Vindhya hills, where dangers of all kinds are thick as shells upon the shore of the deep. Here were rocks and jagged precipices making the traveller's brain whirl when he looked into them. There impetuous torrents roared and flashed down their beds of black stone, threatening destruction to those who would cross them. Now the path was lost in the matted thorny underwood and the pitchy shades of the jungle, deep and dark as the valley of death. Then the thunder-cloud licked the earth with its fiery tongue, and its voice shook the crags and filled their hollow caves. At times, the sun was so hot that the wild birds fell dead from the air. And at every moment the wayfarers heard the trumpeting of giant elephants, the fierce howling of the tiger, the grisly laugh of the foul hyæna, and the whimpering of the wild dogs as they coursed by on the tracks of their prey.

Yet, sustained by the five-armed god,[2] the little party passed safely through all these dangers. They had almost emerged from the damp glooms of the forest into the open plains which skirt the southern base of the hills, when one night the fair Unmadini saw a terrible vision.

She beheld herself wading through a sluggish pool of muddy water, which rippled, curdling as she stepped into it, and which, as she advanced, darkened with the slime raised by her feet. She was bearing in her arms the semblance of a sick child, which struggled convulsively and filled the air with dismal wails. These cries seemed to be answered by a multitude of other children, some bloated like toads, others mere skeletons lying upon the bank, or floating upon the thick brown waters of the pond. And all seemed to address their cries to her, as if she were the cause of their weeping; nor could all her efforts quiet or console them for a moment.

When the bride awoke, she related all the particulars of her ill-omened vision to her husband; and the latter, after a short pause, informed her and his friend that a terrible calamity was about to befall them. He then drew from his travelling wallet a skein of thread.

[1] The celebrated Gayatri, the Moslem Kalmah.

[2] Kama again.

This he divided into three parts, one for each, and told his companions that in case of grievous bodily injury, the bit of thread wound round the wounded part would instantly make it whole. After which he taught them the Mantra,[1] or mystical word by which the lives of men are restored to their bodies, even when they have taken their allotted places amongst the stars, and which for evident reasons I do not want to repeat. It concluded, however, with the three Vyahritis, or sacred syllables—Bhuh, Bhuvah, Svar!

Raja Vikram was perhaps a little disappointed by this declaration. He made no remark, however, and the Baital thus pursued:

As Devasharma foretold, an accident of a terrible nature did occur. On the evening of that day, as they emerged upon the plain, they were attacked by the Kirátas, or savage tribes of the mountain.[2] A small, black, wiry figure, armed with a bow and little cane arrows, stood in their way, signifying by gestures that they must halt and lay down their arms. As they continued to advance, he began to speak with a shrill chattering, like the note of an affrighted bird, his restless red eyes glared with rage, and he waved his weapon furiously round his head. Then from the rocks and thickets on both sides of the path poured a shower of shafts upon the three strangers.

The unequal combat did not last long. Gunakar, the soldier, wielded his strong right arm with fatal effect and struck down some threescore of the foes. But new swarms came on like angry hornets buzzing round the destroyer of their nests. And when he fell, Devasharma, who had left him for a moment to hide his beautiful wife in the hollow of a tree, returned, and stood fighting over the body of his friend till he also, overpowered by numbers, was thrown to the ground. Then the wild men, drawing their knives, cut off the heads of their helpless enemies, stripped their bodies of all their ornaments, and departed, leaving the woman unharmed for good luck.

When Unmadini, who had been more dead than alive during the affray, found silence succeed to the horrid din of shrieks and shouts, she ventured to creep out of her refuge in the hollow tree. And what does she behold? her husband and his friend are lying upon the ground, with their heads at a short distance from their bodies. She sat down and wept bitterly.

Presently, remembering the lesson which she had learned that very morning, she drew forth from her bosom the bit of thread and proceeded to use it. She approached the heads to the bodies, and tied some of the magic string round each neck. But the shades of evening were fast deepening, and in her agitation, confusion and terror, she made a curious mistake by applying the heads to the wrong trunks. After which, she again sat down, and having recited her prayers, she pronounced, as her husband had taught her, the life-giving incantation.

In a moment the dead men were made alive. They opened their eyes, shook themselves, sat up and handled their limbs as if to feel that all was right. But something or other appeared to them all wrong. They placed their palms upon their foreheads, and looked downwards, and started to their feet and began to stare at their hands and legs. Upon which they scrutinised the very scanty articles of dress which

[1] From 'Man,' to think; primarily meaning, what makes man think.
[2] The Cirrhadæ of classical writers.

the wild men had left upon them, and lastly one began to eye the other with curious puzzled looks.

The wife, attributing their gestures to the confusion which one might expect to find in the brains of men who have just undergone so great a trial as amputation of the head must be, stood before them for a moment or two. She then with a cry of gladness flew to the bosom of the individual who was as she supposed her husband. He repulsed her, telling her that she was mistaken. Then, blushing deeply in spite of her other emotions, she threw both her beautiful arms round the neck of the person who must be, she naturally concluded, the right man. To her utter confusion, he also shrank back from her embrace.

Then a horrid thought flashed across her mind: she perceived her fatal mistake, and her heart almost ceased to beat.

'This is *thy* wife!' cried the Brahman's head that had been fastened to the soldier's body.

'No she is *thy* wife!' replied the soldier's head which had been placed upon the Brahman's body.

'Then she is *my* wife!' rejoined the first compound creature.

'By no means! she is *my* wife,' cried the second.

'What then am I?' asked Devasharma-Gunakar.

'What do you think I am?' answered Gunakar-Devasharma, with another question.

'Unmadini shall be *mine*,' quoth the head.

'You lie, she shall be *mine*,' shouted the body.

'Holy Yama,[1] hear the villa in exclaimed both of them at the same moment.

. . . . . .

In short, having thus begun, they continued to quarrel violently, each one declaring that the beautiful Unmadini belonged to him and to him only. How to settle their dispute Brahma the Lord of creatures only knows. I do not, except by cutting off their heads once more, and by putting them in their proper places. And I am quite sure, O Raja Vikram! that thy wits are quite unfit to answer the question, To which of these two is the beautiful Unmadini wife? It is even said—amongst us Baitals—that when this pair of half-husbands appeared in the presence of the Just King, a terrible confusion arose, each head declaiming all the sins and peccadilloes which its body had committed, and that Yama the holy king himself bit his forefinger with vexation.[2]

Here the young prince Dharma Dhwaj burst out laughing at the ridiculous idea of the wrong heads. And the warrior king, who like single-minded fathers in general was ever in the idea that his son had a velleity for deriding and otherwise vexing him, began a severe course of reproof. He reminded the prince of the common saying that merriment without cause degrades a man in the opinion of his fellows, and indulged him with a quotation extensively used by grave fathers, namely that the loud laugh bespeaks a vacant mind. After which he proceeded with much pompousness to pronounce the following opinion:

'It is said in the Shastras——'

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[1] The Hindu Pluto; also called the Just King.

[2] Yama judges the dead, whose souls go to him in 4 hours and 40 minutes; therefore a corpse cannot be burned till after that time. His residence is Yamálaya, and it is on the south side of the earth; down South, as we say. (1 Sam. xxv. 1, and xxx. 15.) The Hebrews, like the Hindus, held the northern parts of the world to be higher than the southern. Hindus often joke a man who is seen walking in that direction, and ask him where he is going.

'Your majesty need hardly display so much erudition! Doubtless it comes from the lips of Jayudeva or some other one of your Nine Gems of Science, who know much more about their songs and their stanzas than they do about their scriptures,' insolently interrupted the Baital, who never lost an opportunity of carping at those reverend men.

'It is said in the Shastras,' continued Raja Vikram sternly, after hesitating whether he should or should not administer a corporal correction to the Vampire, 'that Mother Ganga[1] is the queen amongst rivers, and the mountain Sumeru[2] is the monarch among mountains, and the tree Halpa-vriksha[3] is the king of all trees, and the head of man is the best and most excellent of limbs. And thus, according to this reason, the wife belonged to him whose noblest position claimed her.'

'The next thing your majesty will do, I suppose,' continued the Baital, with a sneer, 'is to support the opinions of the Digambara who maintains that the soul is exceedingly rarefied, confined to one place, and of equal dimensions with the body, or the fancies of that worthy philosopher Jaimani, who conceiving soul and mind and matter to be things purely synonymous, asserts outwardly and writes in his books that the brain is the organ of the mind which is acted upon by the immortal soul, but who inwardly and verily believes that the brain is the mind, and consequently that the brain is the soul or spirit or whatever you please to call it; in fact that soul is a natural faculty of the body. A pretty doctrine indeed for a Brahman to hold. You might as well agree with me at once that the soul of man resides, when at home, either in a vein in the breast or in the pit of his stomach, or that half of it is in a man's brain and the other or reasoning half is in his heart, an organ of his body.'

'What has all this string of words to do with the matter, Vampire?' asked Raja Vikram, angrily.

'Only,' said the demon laughing, 'that in my opinion, as opposed to the Shastras and to Raja Vikram, that the beautiful Unmadini belonged, not to the head part but to the body part. Because the latter has an immortal soul in the pit of its stomach, whereas the former is a box of bone, more or less thick, and contains brains which are of much the same consistence as those of a calf.'

'Villain!' exclaimed the raja, 'does not the soul or conscious life enter the body through the sagittal suture and lodge in the brain, thence to contemplate, through the same opening, the divine perfections?'

'I must however bid you farewell for the moment, O warrior king, Sakadhipati-Vikramaditya![4] I feel a sudden and ardent desire to change this cramped position for one more natural to me.'

The warrior monarch had so far committed himself that he could not prevent the Vampire from flitting. But he lost no more time in following him than a grain of mustard, in its fall, stays on a cow's horn. And when he had thrown him over his shoulder, the king desired him

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[1] The Ganges, in heaven called Mandakini. I have no idea why we still adhere to our unerable corruption of the word.

[2] The fabulous mountain supposed by Hindu geographers to occupy the centre of the iverse.

[3] The all-bestowing tree in Indra's Paradise, which grants everything asked of it. It the Tuba of El Islam, and is not unknown to the Apocryphal New Testament.

[4] 'Vikramaditya, Lord of the Saka.' This is *prévoyance* on the part of the Vampire; king had not acquired the title.

of his own accord to begin a new tale.

'O my left eyelid flutters,' exclaimed the Baital in despair, 'my heart throbs, my sight is dim: surely now beginneth the end. It is as Vidhata hath written on my forehead — how can it be otherwise?[1] Still listen, O mighty raja, whilst I recount to you a true story, and Saraswati[2] sit on my tongue.'

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[1] On the sixth day after the child's birth, the god Vidhata writes all its fate upon its forehead. The Moslems have a similar idea, and probably it passed to the Hindus.

[2] Goddess of eloquence. 'The waters of the Saraswati' is the classical Hindu phrase for the mirage.

THE MANCINIS:

An Italian Episode in French History.

MORE than once in their history Frenchmen have seen, with jealous hatred, an Italian invasion of their court, and dark indeed are the colours in which the foreign favourites are invariably depicted. Battle, murder, and sudden death follow in their train; poison and witchcraft are their constant weapons of offence and defence, sometimes employed at the bidding of their royal masters and mistresses, sometimes treacherously turned against them; for when was the Italian supposed to be other than subtle, wily, fawning, and treacherous in the popular belief of nations less versatile or less gifted with the art of pleasing? This feeling of hatred to the foreigner it was that, in the wars and tumults of the Fronde, made *bourgeois*, courtiers, nobles, and princes of the blood rally alike to the cry of 'Point de Mazarin!' whom Anne of Austria had made absolute master of France and of herself. The history of that stormy time, is it not written by the pen of one who fought and intrigued through it all against his brother cardinal with every malicious wile that restless vanity and fierce ambition could suggest, and by many other memoir writers besides Paul de Gondi? Its main features and its results are all familiar; but the personal biographies of that family which the successful churchman sought to found and endow with his enormous wealth, and the varied and powerful alliances which he formed, are less well known, though they make a truly curious chapter in the chronicle of the *siècle* Louis XIV. The obscure birth of the cardinal, we find, is a fertile theme for the authors of the Mazarinades, as the scurrilous pamphlets and epigrams of the Frondeurs were called, nor are any contemporary notices more flattering. Looking down from the lofty empyrean of his own far-descended line, St. Simon gravely but contemptuously remarks: 'Jamais on n'a pu remonter plus haut que le père de cette trop fameuse Éminence, ni savoir où elle est née, ni quoi que ce soit de sa première jeunesse. On sait seulement qu'ils étaient de Sicile.' The great Condé speaks of his enemy as 'ce gredin de Sicile,' and 'Sicilien' becomes at once the *mot d'ordre* with the rhymesters of the party. The Val de Mazare in Sicily was supposed to have given a name to the nameless peasant his father, of whom Scarron and De Retz speak as a bankrupt tradesman in Rome, but who nevertheless we know rose high enough in the social scale to marry an heiress of the great Orsini family. In modern days, M. Léon Laborde thinks he has discovered proofs of the great stateman's patrician birth and aristocratic training, but they are far from conclusive; and if we are to consider a certain manuscript found in the royal library at Turin in 1855 as a genuine production (of which there seems no reasonable doubt), we now possess an authentic history of the birth and parentage of Giulio Mazarino, from the pen of an early friend and schoolfellow. This anonymous writer, whose work is apparently addressed to some member of the royal house of Savoy, about the year 1657, when, in the person of Prince Eugène of Savoy-Carignan, Conte de Soissons, it had allied itself with the cardinal's niece Olympia, tells us that Pietro, father of Giulio, was born in a Sicilian village called Mazarino, and thence took his surname. He came to seek a fortune in Rome, on the strength of the proverb, that

to no one does the mistress of the world ever prove a stepmother, and there he entered the service of the Constable Colonna, and became his chamberlain. There he married Ortensia Buffalini, with, says the biographer, 'a *dot* more than suitable to the birth and station of the bridegroom, and largely dowered besides with beauty and virtue.' They had a numerous family, but Pietro became intendant of the extensive domains of the constable, and did not lack means to educate them with more than ordinary care. In Rome, in the Rione di Trevi, in the year 1602, Giulio, his famous son, first saw the light; and under the instructions of the Jesuits he developed into an infant prodigy, reciting short sermons in public with fluency and appropriate gestures at five years old. The Order of Jesus continued to superintend his education till, at seventeen, he went to Spain in the suite of the Abbé Colonna, when even his admiring biographer admits that he learnt other arts and sciences than those imparted in the schools of Alcala and Salamanca. Love and dice had charms so strong that his father, in great uneasiness about his future career, recalled him to Rome. His uniform success through life at all games of hazard was indeed too remarkable to escape invidious comment, and '*escroc*' was a word too often applied by his ill-wishers to one who may either have been born under a lucky star, or have acquired by practice and observation skill beyond his rivals: so at least pleads his anonymous apologist. But our concern at present is not with the cardinal's road to wealth, power, and fame—how he served in the papal army, and won the patronage of the Barberini Pope by his diplomatic talents, discarding then his sword and armour for a nuncio's hat and robes. Before he left Rome as the pope's vice-legate to France, in 1634, he established his two sisters in very excellent marriages. The eldest married Girolamo Martinozzi, and the younger, Lorenzo Mancini, a Roman baron; while their father, for some time past a widower, found favour in the eyes of Portia Orsini, whose family were, we must suppose, so far influenced by the position achieved by his distinguished son, that they did not reject the alliance. We pass on now, over some fourteen years of Mazarin's life and of French history, till we find him cardinal and prime minister of France, sole confidant of the regent Anne of Austria—some say her lover (others whisper her husband)—enormously wealthy, engaged in building and decorating the magnificent Palais Mazarin, and beginning to contemplate the advisability of sending for some of his sisters' children. Though the Palais Mazarin was in course of construction, the cardinal lodged in the Palais Royal, where he had greater facility of constant access to his royal mistress; and here were summoned the eldest of Madame Martinozzi's daughters, the two elder Mancini demoiselles, and their brother, whose ages, in 1647, ranged from seven to thirteen: here they were brought up along with the royal children. Madame de Motteville describes their arrival on the 11th of September, and their appearance. Mdlle. Martinozzi was blonde, with fine features and gentle eyes: she gave promise of real beauty. Laure, the eldest Mancini, was an agreeable brunette of twelve or thirteen; the second, Olympia, was very dark, with a long pointed chin and bright though small black eyes. Madame de Nogent was sent to meet them at Fontainebleau. The queen received them the same evening, thought them pretty, caressed them in private, and showed them next day to the court, where the curious courtiers crowded so eagerly round the new

arrivals, that there seemed some danger of their being suffocated by the press, while their uncle affected hardly to notice them. There is perhaps no stronger proof of the queen's entire devotion to him than the manner in which she occupied herself with these girls. Madame de Senécé, ex-gouvernante to the young king, was appointed to superintend their education; but Anne herself, true Spaniard, aways *dévote* if sometimes *galante*, instructed them in religion, and treated them with the same tenderness as her own children. The courtly Madame de Motteville, who never believes that her royal mistress can do wrong, makes small comment on the strangeness of these proceedings, little as she loved the cardinal. 'Il avait le don de plaire, et il était impossible de ne pas se laisser charmer par ses douceurs,' she says; but not from her do we hear of the whispers against the fair fame of Anne, however much she may privately have shared the fears of Madame de Senécé and Mdlle. de Hautefort, who were bold enough to remonstrate with the queen on the imprudence of her conduct with her minister. Madame de Brienne, too, ventured to repeat to her majesty some of the calumnies to which she exposed herself, and was met by the most solemn assurances from the queen that her preference for the cardinal was purely intellectual, and that their lengthened conferences were entirely confined to 'affaires de l'État.' Unfortunately, the letters which exist on both sides are so familiar and so indiscreet, that it is hard even for the dispassionate student of this century to believe the queen's assertion; though perhaps they are not inconsistent with the theory of a private marriage, if —which seems an unsettled point —Mazarin was never actually in priest's orders. This idea is frequently to be met with in the pamphlets of the day; and Madame la Palatine says in her memoirs, speaking of the queen regent, 'she did worse than love Mazarin: she married him.' No real evidence on the subject, however, exists; and the Palatine, whose gossip is always coarse and seldom good-natured, in this instance evidently inclines to take what she considers far the darkest view of the case. But to return to the Mancinis. We find that the nephew Paul was placed at the college at Clermont, along with the Prince de Conti, while his two sisters and Anne Martinozzi shared the studies and the amusements of Louis XIV., and of Monsieur, till the Frondeurs obliged court and cardinal to retire to St. Germain's, and leave them in charge of the nuns of Val de Grâce; for Madame de Senécé had joined Madame de Longueville, and gone into opposition. The peace of Ruel restored the court and its ruling spirit for a season to Paris, though Condé was little disposed to submission; for, with a shrewd prevision of the part they were in future to play, he made it then a stipulation that his eminence must promise on no account to arrange any marriage for the nieces without his consent. The hollow truce could not last long, and it was broken on a day when the haughty soldier addressed to the cardinal a letter bearing on its cover the insulting words, 'All' Illustrissimo Signor Facchino,' &c. The regent ordered the prince to be arrested; but seeing the Duke of Orleans and the parliament both declared against him, Mazarin judged it prudent to withdraw across the frontier till the storm should have blown over. His nieces joined him at Péronne. Their flight was sudden and secret, for they already shared the odium which attached to the favourite.

Then the Frondeurs sang pæans of triumph over his discomfiture and disappearance, and the list even

of the pieces in prose and verse that flowed from the pens of their scribes and rhymesters in the spring of 1651 would fill pages. No abuse, no insinuation, no accusation was too dark to heap upon le Mazarin, and on every member known or unknown of his family: unprofitable reading now as then, with hardly any precious grain of truth to be found in it worth wading through such a mire of filth and scurrility, pungent though the wit thereof may sometimes be, and significant too of an entirely new era in French literature and French thought. The language at this time takes quite a new form in the brilliant pages of De Retz, of Scarron, and of Madame de Sévigné: it is a new weapon, keen, subtle, and ready-forged for the hands of Voltaire and his brethren, to be used with such terrible effect against the *ancien régime* and all that had previous to the Fronde been considered most sacred. Then for the first time throne and altar were both roughly handled, and the demon of mockery was roused in men's breasts at the spectacle of a devout Spanish queen, regent of the kingdom, altogether in the power of an upstart cardinal minister, a foreigner who robbed the nation to the extent of millions: it is strange, too, that some other sights, not uncommon then, should elicit such slight notice as they do in the literature of the day; but here and there, instead of comedy, we find records like the following:

1651. At Rheims, Châlons, Rethel, &c., everywhere famine, death, bodies unburied. The faces of the survivors are black with hunger; they are phantoms scarcely human. They eat lizards, dead dogs a week old. In Lorraine the starving nuns leave their convents to beg. In Picardy there are five hundred orphan children under seven years old.

But Mazarin, when he went into exile, was rich enough to raise an army from his private fortune to oppose Condé, and he won Turenne to his side; so the fighting and lampooning go on, and the people perish by hunger and by the sword, and there seems none to pity them. Only one name shines out from the dark record with the lustre of purest charity—a name that continues to succour the sick and the afflicted of our own day—that of Vincent de Paul, who then first sent out his emissaries among the starving population of France. The ex-minister, who was still Anne's minister *de facto*, had selected Bruhl as his residence in the spring of 1651: from thence he continued to direct all her actions and to correspond with her in the constant exchange of letters filled with expressions of the most ardent devotion; here too he managed to conclude the marriage of his eldest niece, Laure Mancini. Laure was the first to marry, the first also to quit the scene altogether; and if it be true, that whom the gods love die young, we feel it doubly so when a nature like hers, pure, candid, holy, and loving, is taken away from the unutterable corruptions of such a society. Though only one of the pawns in the game then being played, she was fortunate in attracting the love of the husband to whom she was destined. When she was fifteen overtures for her hand had been made by the Cardinal Barberini, in behalf of one of the Colonnas, but Mazarin paused. It was thought that he had cast his eyes on the gay and irresistible Duc de Caudale, the heir of the d'Épernons, who would probably have made a very indifferent husband, and whose sudden death quenched so many bright eyes in tears, though Laure's were not among them. The Duc de Mercœur, brother of 'le roi des Halles,' son of M. de Vendôme, and a grandson of Henri IV. and la belle Gabrielle, would be an invaluable partisan for the cardinal; he was an unexceptionable *parti* for Laure, for, unlike

his turbulent race, he was gentle and pious, and having been betrothed to Mademoiselle Mancini before the flight to Bruhl, he exhibited the rare spectacle of fidelity to his engagements, in spite of ridicule and threats from the Prince of Condé, at whose hands he underwent a rough and angry examination on the subject before the parliament of Paris. There he mildly but firmly declared himself the husband of Mademoiselle Mancini, and set off immediately for Bruhl to claim his bride, although strictly forbidden to bring her into the kingdom. M. de Vendôme did not oppose the proceeding; possibly he foresaw the speedy return to power of the cardinal, and the benefits he might reap from such an alliance. Some months later they came in the shape of places and governments. He received the government of Bretagne and the admiralty, while Jean Doucet, as De Retz contemptuously nicknamed the young husband, was entrusted with Provence and with a division of the cardinal's army, with which he subdued some of the towns that Condé had seduced from obedience. While he was in the field, Laure led a peaceful life at Anêt with the Duchesse de Vendôme, her mother-in-law, a saintly lady, who practised devotion and charity. When she appeared at court, she was beautiful enough to be admired, too modest and retiring to excite envy or hatred. Before any shadow had fallen on her happiness, she died suddenly from the consequences of her third confinement: her powerful uncle is said to have wept real tears by her deathbed, and the blow to the Duc de Mercœur was so severe, that after a period of entire seclusion, he took orders. Laure's two elder sons are known in history as the celebrated Duc and Grand Prieur de Vendôme, names that were to become infamous even in the days of the Regent Orleans and Dubois, for those who bore them inherited none of the virtues of their parents. The military successes of the eldest brother, however, warranted him in making the boast that he inherited from an earlier and a royal progenitor his undoubtedly brilliant talents. It is curious that the Duc de Vendôme's great opponent in the field should have been his first cousin, for Prince Eugène was the son of his mother's sister, Olympia Comtesse de Soissons.

On his return from his second exile, more firmly established in power than ever, and incomparably the richest subject in Europe, Mazarin found suitors in plenty for the hands of his nieces as they reached marriageable age. Anne Martinozzi and Olympia Mancini were both sixteen, but the gentle blonde attracted more admirers than her cousin, who had little pretension of beauty, and who saw with the bitterest envy the marriage of Anne to the Prince de Conti, and a little later, that of Laure Martinozzi to the reigning Duke of Modena, alliances which raised them both to royal rank. Armand de Conti, who was slightly deformed and originally destined by his warrior brother for the Church, had resisted the imposition of hands ecclesiastical, though he received as his appanage many rich abbacies. Always under the influence of his sister, Madame de Longueville, he joined the Fronde and fought and gambled passionately but unsuccessfully through the first years of manhood, till her conversion brought about his, and the remainder of his life passed away in the strangest alternations between fits of extravagant devotion and penitence and the wildest excesses. His position had become a humiliating one, for his fortune was nearly all gone when Sarrazin, his secretary, suggested to him the expediency of attaching himself to the absolute dis-

penser of place, power and wealth, by allying the blood of the Bourbons with that of the Mazarin. He was not perhaps a very attractive husband for Mademoiselle Martinozzi, who would undoubtedly have preferred accepting the homage of 'le beau Candale,' and perhaps she had the further mortification of knowing that the prince expressed the most entire indifference as to which of the nieces it was who should become Princesse de Conti, since it was the cardinal he meant to espouse. Mazarin signified his wish that it should be Anne, and De Candale at once withdrew his pretensions with equally mortifying indifference. The betrothal took place on February 21, 1654, at Compiègne: on the following day the marriage was celebrated with royal pomp, and the Prince de Conti received a bride whose beauty and goodness gave him every reason to think himself a fortunate man even without the lavish dowry, the government of Guienne, or the sumptuous new Hôtel Conti, which the cardinal, in a generous mood, bestowed along with her.

Certainly the careers and characters of his two elder nieces were wonderfully different from those of the younger, whether nature or the training of Val de Grâce be responsible for it. Michelet says the others were led astray by the evil example of Queen Christina of Sweden, when she visited the French court, and fascinated these young ladies with her coarse wit and her damsel errant propensities; a suggestion which may be true to a certain extent. But it may also be conjectured that when they were summoned to Paris, they came, not the innocent children that Laure and Anne had been, but prepared, by the knowledge of their relative's great power and influence, to play conspicuous parts in a court, where the age of the young king and his brother, just verging on manhood, held out every temptation to intrigue, and where lovers and husbands, coronets and *fauteuils*, diamonds and equipages, not whips, hoops, or childish toys, were the prizes to be striven for. The Conti marriage proved a happy one, in spite of occasional fits of jealousy on his part, for which Anne, whose piety grew year by year more austere, gave him not the shadow of a cause, and spite of relapses of his which only made her redouble her prayers. If we are to believe Bussy, it was after his marriage that Conti tried ineffectually to *poser* as the adorer of Madame de Sévigné, that charming but icy marquise, who had so long withstood all attempts to win a warmer regard than that of the Rabutin tie of blood from Bussy himself. But in the retirement of Guienne the prince became daily more under the influence of wife and sister, both devout mystics; one, like himself, penitent and seeking to expiate the sins and follies of a stormy past, the other stainless, but pressing on ever nearer to the light. He left her a widow at twenty-nine, and the union between her and Madame de Longueville was only drawn the closer. Anne was Jansenist in her opinions, and became the protector and patroness of Port Royal, using her influence with the king in behalf of the brethren, as well as for all the weak and oppressed whom she could benefit. She stripped herself of at least two thirds of the wealth with which her uncle had endowed her; and the inscription on her tomb, in St.-André-des-Arts, sets forth, that in the famine of 1662, she sold all her jewels to feed the starving poor of Berri, of Champagne and Picardy. Death, when it came ten years later (1672), in the shape of a sudden apoplectic seizure, could not come unawares or unwelcome to one who had so communed with the Unseen. Who does not re-

member Madame de Sévigné's description of that death chamber?—the moans of the expiring princess as the physicians tried to torture her back to consciousness, the overwhelming grief of her family, the extravagant and feigned sorrow of the ladies who screamed and fainted till they were expelled, 'qui prouve trop, ne prouve rien,' the *éloge* pronounced by the king, all vividly brought before us by the pen of the lively writer, who says in conclusion, 'Il y a de belles réflexions à faire sur cette mort,' but leaves it to Madame de Grignan and to us to make them. The two sons of Anne Martinozzi were left to the charge of Madame de Longueville; the eldest died in youth, the other survived to be the brightest ornament of his house.

A second detachment of the cardinal's family had arrived from Rome in March 1653. Of nieces to marry there was no lack, nor stint of dowers to give them; the cry was still 'they come.'

> Les Mancinis, les Martinosses,
> Illustres matières de noces,

sang the poets of the Fronde, who had now tuned their lyres to notes of praise of these Roman beauties.

Paul Mancini, the eldest nephew, was dead; two other brothers remained: Philippe, afterwards created Duc de Nevers, and Alphonse, who died at college, where his fellow-pupils, on one unlucky day, tossing him in a blanket, he fell to the ground on his head and broke his neck. The Duc de Nevers' eccentric life is associated with his four brilliant sisters—Olympia, Marie, Hortense, and Marie-Anne; but before proceeding to the history of that group, a short notice of the remaining Martinozzi will not be out of place here. She was but a bird of passage at the French court. Very soon after her arrival there, proposals for her hand were made by the Duke of Modena, through Prince Eugène of Savoy Carignan (afterwards Comte de Soissons, and husband of Olympia Mancini), and accepted. The marriage was celebrated by proxy at Compiègne, Prince Eugène representing the Duke of Modena in the gorgeous ceremonial, which was precisely the same in all respects as if the bride had been a daughter of France. Immediately after, Laure was conducted by her mother to Modena, where her husband, Alphonse d'Este, and a home under her native Italian sky, awaited her. Seven years of marriage, during which her husband fought the battles of France, then we find her regent of Modena, governing that little state with firmness (*virile donna*, her biographer calls her), renowned for her just dealings and her piety; in politics, always faithful to France and to the *grand monarque*, when Mazarin had passed away. In 1673 she made a journey to Paris to marry her daughter, Marie Beatrice, to James, Duke of York. So the grand-niece of the cardinal sat for a time on the English throne, and but for the Revolution of '88 his blood (unless we credit the warming-pan legend of the first Pretender's birth, once an article of Whig and Hanoverian faith) might have continued to flow in our rulers' veins.

Some one has remarked of the English nation that we are the only people on the face of the globe that uses its sacred writings as horn-books, and we have often been inclined to wish that the same irreverence did not characterise our treatment of many a classic besides. The 'Farewell Horace whom I hated so, not for thy faults but mine,' of Lord Byron, finds an echo in many breasts; just now our thoughts revert to the period of our youth, when our preceptors used to give us lessons in French dictation from Madame de Sévigné's letters. Our knowledge of the time

and of the society being limited to the rudiments of Mrs. Markham's History, imperfectly acquired, we remember feeling precisely the same bewilderment about the marquise's friends, her anecdotes of '*Quanto*,' and all manner of exalted, and to us unknown, personages, as some country cousin might experience who suddenly found herself listening to the talk and scandal of half a dozen fine ladies. It was tantalising not to know who all this good company with whom she is so familiar might be, about whom there are so many good stories, of which, from our ignorance, we lose the point. There was a pleasure in trying to guess, which occupied us more perhaps than orthography or punctuation; and as to making Madame's style a model for our own, which we were told was the object of the lesson, we mentally postponed that idea till we too should go to court and be able to relate to our friends how we fared there. No doubt it was a symptom of incipient worldliness, that in those days we much preferred, unintelligible to us though they were, extracts from her Paris letters to those that bore the dates of Livry or les Rochers, where her reflections on the treatise of 'le bonhomme Nicole,' preparatory to 'mes Pâques,' or her extravagant expressions of fond anxiety for her daughter, used to weary us profoundly. So the penalty of becoming a classic letter writer two hundred years ago is that now, listless school boys and girls yawn over greasy slates, on which they have copied, with equal indifference, the finest jests and the saddest tragedies, or such passionate words from a mother's heart as these: 'Que Dieu me fasse la grâce de l'aimer un jour, comme je vous aime, ma fille.' In her society we often find a M. de Nevers appearing; always charming—certainly eccentric. There is much excitement at court in 1670 about his marriage, for the bride is no other than 'cette belle Diane,' Mdlle. de Thianges, niece of Madame de Montespan, then the reigning favourite; and 'ce M. de Nevers si difficile à ferrer, ce M. de Nevers si extraordinaire, qui glisse des mains alors qu'on y pense le moins,' this M. de Nevers is Philippe Mancini, the only surviving nephew of the cardinal. It is rather significant of the fact that the last male of his family was no favourite with him, that when he created a Duc de Mazarin to carry on his name, that title was given not to Philippe but to Armand de la Porte, the husband of Hortense Mancini, a selection where for once his sagacity singularly failed. He was probably however correct enough in his estimate of his nephew, as one not likely ever to concern himself with policy or ambition. Brilliant, fantastic, accomplished, all things by fits and starts, and nothing long, he was the delight of society, but would apply himself to no duty and no pursuit. Fits of poetical abstraction were no recommendation in the eyes of so practical a genius as his uncle, whose displeasure he also early incurred by his share in a scandal, which Madame de Motteville and Bussy relate, of some young courtiers who thought fit to keep the holy week at Roissi in a series of profane orgies of the maddest kind. For a time, in consequence, he was banished from court, but afterwards received a commission in Louis XIV.'s own regiment of guards and the title of Duc de Nevers. At the cardinal's death he found himself in possession of great estates in both France and Italy, and of one half of the Palais Mazarin, with its rich contents of pictures and statues, far better bestowed on him than on the eccentric devotee who, in his zeal for religion and decency, traversed his galleries, hammer in hand, and is calculated to have destroyed pic-

tures and marbles to the value of four hundred thousand francs. To her brother's half of the palace the luckless Hortense often fled to escape the persecutions of her *Barbe bleue*, and his satirical muse was employed in her service to ridicule the extravagances of the Duc de Mazarin, while he assisted her to escape from so intolerable a companion.

Marriage made no difference in the restless habits of M. de Nevers, who spent most of his time travelling between Paris and Rome, where, on Monte Cavallo, he owned another superb palace. He was slightly jealous of his beautiful Diane, and carried her with him, sometimes so unexpectedly that Mdlle. de Montpensier says, 'Madame de Nevers has known what it was to get into her carriage for a short drive and to hear Monsieur give the order to the coachman, "*à Rome,*"' from which there was no appeal and no delay. But they seem to have continued excellent friends. Twenty years later we find their names constantly appearing in the Sévigné, Grignan, and Coulanges correspondence, always spoken of as the most charming, the most agreeable, the wittiest, and the most eagerly sought guests. The *précieuse* Madame de Grignan is ever keenly anxious to possess the last satire or epigram from M. de Nevers' pen. 'I am never surprised that you should be loved and welcomed,' writes Madame de Sévigné to De Coulanges at Rome, 'but I admire your good fortune in being so by the Nevers.' He, in return, describes the delights of their society, in which he found—

> Toujours de jolis vers,
> Toujours une table
> De peu de couverts.

The last item is a sign that they understood the first essential of social enjoyment, but the poetic vein of M. de Nevers, though then considered by the best judges as 'd'un goût si relevé et si singulier,' strikes us as meagre enough; nor have we any intention of transcribing specimens of it here. His reputation as poet and satirist led him into a war of epigrams with Racine and Boileau, when at the instigation of the Duchesse de Bouillon and her salon, he espoused the cause of the Déshoulières and the Pradons to crush the *Phèdre* of Racine. On whichever side at the time, the victory in the war of wits may have been supposed to rest, it is unfortunate for the Duc de Nevers that his name should go down to posterity as enlisted on the side of the mediocrities. But to fame of any kind through life or beyond it, he was sincerely and truly indifferent; his only ambition was to please for the moment, and nature had bestowed on him just those gifts and graces which made it impossible he should ever do otherwise.

In the meantime Olympia, perhaps the central figure of the whole group, waits for us to ravel out the tangled web of her chequered fortunes. She was the least beautiful of the sisters, but her age, which was nearest that of Louis, gave her in childhood the earliest claims as his favourite playmate. Her quickness and tact were remarkable even then; even then she never forgot that her playfellow was a king whose favour was to be won, a possible lover whose homage was to be secured. For some years she had no rival in his boyish preference, till as manhood approached, fairer faces attracted him. Courtiers, following the lead of the outspoken Queen Christina, who told the cardinal that it would be a thousand pities not at once to marry two young people so much attached to each other as the king and Olympia, had paid her obsequious attentions till they observed the monarch's wandering glances. She was not slow to perceive either that as the

highest place was not for her, her only chance of power lay in a great establishment and the most distinguished marriage that the wealth and influence of her uncle could obtain for her. Here we know she had the mortification of seeing her cousins preferred by the Prince of Conti and the Duke of Modena. The cardinal offered her to Armand de la Meilleraye, but the vision of Hortense's young loveliness had dazzled him, and he gravely objected that he wished to marry 'pour faire son salut,' and that as he felt an inconceivable aversion to Olympia the consequence of marrying her would be 'justement le grand chemin de la damnation.' Not flattering, certainly; but consolation was at hand. The Princess of Carignan-Savoie had a son to marry: the Prince Eugène, and for him she made pressing offers to Mazarin for his niece's hand. There was a little hesitation; was it yet possible that a king's heart might be caught in the rebound, and a consort's crown be placed on that ambitious head? Such ideas were not unwelcome to his Eminence. He sought the astrologers and soothsayers in his doubts, says Madame Lafayette; but the royal diadem was not to be found in any horoscope drawn for Olympia, so she accepted the Prince of Carignan, in recognition of whose Bourbon blood, the title of Comte de Soissons, with the rank of a prince of the blood royal, was revived in February 1657. The experiment answered in all respects. The Comte de Soissons proved an indulgent husband; a brave soldier, the companion in arms of Turenne, his absences from the court were long and frequent. When there he adored his wife, and enacted principally the part of *personnage muet* on that brilliant stage, though Molière is supposed to have once overheard him express the naïf sentiment of astonishment which the great comedian has put into the mouth of M. Jourdain, that he had all his life spoken prose without knowing it. The king took her marriage in excellent part. His cheerful looks at the ceremony caused the queen mother, who had had some pangs of uneasiness on the subject, to whisper to Madame de Motteville, 'You see, I told you there was nothing to fear from this *liaison*.' It became a habit with Louis to visit the Hôtel de Soissons daily, and Olympia smiling and satisfied with the prestige of royal favour, rapidly took her place as the brilliant intriguing great lady that nature intended her to be. We are very familiar with a full length portrait of Olympia Mancini that now adorns the collection of a Scottish noble, a wonderful piece of painting by the hand of a great master, Philippe de Champagne, which evidently dates from these prosperous days. And as we look at her glowing out from the canvas, dressed in the rich colours that suit her dark Roman tints, covered with magnificent Venetian point lace, a feather fan in her perfect hand; her black hair worn short, and curling closely round the olive oval face whose black eyes almost dazzle us with their lustre, we feel in spite of her want of regular beauty, that the mistress of the Hôtel de Soissons must have possessed charm and fascination, as well as talent, and as restless a heart as ever beat in a woman's breast. Speaking of the loves of Louis XIV. for the Mancini ladies, Michelet commits the error of calling Marie the elder, whereas she was Olympia's junior by two years, and came to France six years later. The astrologer who predicted to the dying Madame Mancini that her daughter Marie would be the cause of great sorrows and calamities to mankind, would seem too to have mistaken the sisters' identity, for that prediction might more safely have been applied to the unscrupulous, self-seeking Olympia,

than to Marie, whose stars had bestowed on her those gifts of head and heart which just enable women oftenest to make shipwreck of their own lives. It was in the year following the marriage of Madame de Soissons that the young king's desperate illness occurred, when his physicians having pronounced the case hopeless and his end very near, all the courtiers hastened to worship the rising sun in the person of Monsieur, and only Marie Mancini, fresh from her convent, wept and watched in uncontrollable grief near his chamber. From the hour of his recovery hers was the influence that, to the dismay of Olympia, and in truth of the cardinal also, continued to hold him in sway, and that not through the worse, but through the nobler instincts of his nature. Mazarin always felt that Olympia was a useful ally or tool, but something in the disposition of Marie caused him to dislike and fear her, and though in his subsequent opposition to her marriage with her royal lover he was suspected of double dealing and of affected humility in declining such an honour for one of his family, we are inclined to believe that, besides the impossibility of bringing the queen mother to consent, he was really sincere in his aversion to the project, and resolute in sending her into banishment as the wife of the Constable Colonna. In the early days of their passion the lovers are described by Madame de Soissons in a curious letter to her uncle, preserved by the Société de l'Histoire de France, which is very little known. In it the jealous displeasure of the elder sister shows in the contemptuous terms in which she speaks of her younger rival. We transcribe a portion of it here:

Ce 29 aoust [the year is evidently 1658]. Je viens encore de recevoir une lettre de Votre Éminence. . . . Pour commencer à luy donner des nouvelles, je lui dirai que jay esté asez malheureuse pour perdre la bonne grâce de celuy à qui vous voulez que je fasse un compliment de votre part: i ne me parle plus du tout depuis un jour que je demeure à danser le soir. Je ne sçay ce qu'il avoit, si ce n'est qu'il boudait ma sœur et luy ensemble, et je voulu prendre la liberté de luy en dire quelque chose; je commencé par lui demander si ma sœur ne boude pas: il me dit que ouy, mais que sestoit son ordinaire: je luy dist que pour elle i n'importe pas, mais pour luy n'estoit pas bien et que mesme le monde en faisoit cent contes, disant qu'ils sembloient deux petits enfants qui boudassent à tout moment, et comme de fait le monde dict qu'il en ait amoureux, et comme ce ne peut estre par la grande beauté qu'elle aye ni par le grand esprit, i dise qu'il faut que ce soit parce qu'il la croit de meilleur naturel que les autres. Vous sçavez que le monde est meschant, mais en vérité cela est tousjours faschieux. Tout le soir après que je luy en dict cela i ne me parla plus et m'a traitée depuis comme une personne qu'il n'auroit jamais ni veue ni connue: je vous avoue la vérité que cela m'a esté fort sensible: j'aimeré mieux qu'il ne m'eust jamais parlé que d'agir de la manière qu'il fait à cette heure.

It is unnecessary to remark that, though these lines depict the situation with considerable clearness, the comtesse is no Sévigné. The jealous Marie had exacted from the king that all intimacy with her sister should cease, nor was it resumed till Marie had vanished altogether, and he had become the husband of the Infanta Marie-Thérèse. In the letters of Bartet, one of the cardinal's confidential agents, we see how anxious Mazarin was to re-establish the influence of the Hôtel de Soissons. Every sign of returning favour on the part of the king is chronicled from day to day: good advice is given to Olympia, and she is exhorted to give more care and application than ever to keep his majesty in good humour. These counsels were successful, and gained for her the post of surintendante of the queen's household. 'Nothing,' says St. Simon, 'could exceed the splendour of Madame de Soissons: she was the mistress of the court and of all its fêtes.' With a very evil eye she saw that

the attachment of Louis to the gentle La Vallière was becoming serious and likely to withdraw him from the ballets, the masques, the perpetual carnival of her salon, and presently we find her mixed up in a plot with her lover, the notorious De Vardes, Madame (Henriette), and her adorer the Comte de Guiche, to ruin the obnoxious rival by betraying her to the queen. A letter in Spanish was dropped in Marie Thérèse's apartment informing her of the king's infidelities, but it missed its destination and was carried instead to the king himself, who failed at the moment to discover the real culprits. Before long, De Vardes, the very incarnation of treachery, transferred his homage to Madame and obtained the disgrace of De Guiche: Olympia, jealous and outraged beyond measure, ran to reproach Henriette. Very soon the latter hears that De Vardes has been speaking lightly of her, and she complains to the king, who already suspects him and orders him to the Bastille. Then both ladies confront one another before Louis, and their violent and mutual recriminations reveal all the secrets of the double intrigue. De Vardes is exiled for life, though we know that, unlike Lauzan, he did not find his master continue implacable, and the Soissons are ordered to retire to his government of Champagne. In a few months Olympia returned to her magnificent existence at court, but her personal influence over Louis was at an end. De Vardes had many successors, and though the *métier* of *femme galante* did not particularly discredit any one in those days, darker accusations, especially after the death of her husband, began to circulate about Madame de Soissons. She had been brought up in a creed of astrologers and horoscopes, and it was the fashion of the day to frequent the houses of the fortune tellers: on some such foolish errand she most probably had, along with her sister the Duchesse de Bouillon, visited the too celebrated La Voisin. The readiness to believe in poisoning was a terrible sign either of the imperfection of medical diagnosis then or of the character of the age; yet now we find Michelet accepting it in the case of Henriette d'Orléans, and not altogether disposed to deny it in the early death of the young Queen of Spain. Has not the long contemplation of the human tragedy of past centuries coloured his thoughts too darkly? Is there not truth in the saying of Voltaire, 'that mankind would indeed be miserable were it as easy or as common to commit horrid crimes as it is to believe in them?' That Olympia's name appeared in the trial of La Voisin proved perhaps not much: her flight condemned her, and she had two powerful and implacable enemies in Madame de Montespan and Louvois. The former coveted and obtained her post in the queen's household, the other persecuted her even in exile with untiring malignity. But the most dangerous of all was doubtless the highest personage in the realm. Had she appeared before any tribunal, her real offences, the having visited and consulted the wretches who affected to practise sorceries, if they did not sell poisons, and the having with them plotted the ruin of La Vallière by magic, and sought for spells with which to regain her own lost power to charm, would have entailed the public discussion of royal frailties that would not bear the light. She was warned to fly. Let us hear Madame de Sévigné on the affair which was the engrossing topic of the winter 1680.

'Il ne paroît pas que jusqu'ici il y ait rien de noir aux sottises qu'on leur impute; il n'y a pas même du gris brun. Si on ne trouve rien de plus, voilà de grands scandales qu'on auroit pu épargner à des

personnes de leur qualité. Le Maréchal de Villeroy dit que ces messieurs et ces dames ne croient pas en Dieu et qu'ils croient au diable. Vraiment on compte des choses ridicules de ce qui se passoit chez ces abominables femmes. Madame de Soissons demanda si elle ne pouvoit faire revenir un amant qui l'avoit quittée. Cet amant étoit un grand prince, et on assure qu'elle dit que s'il ne revenoit pas, il s'en repentiroit: cela s'entend du roi, et tout est considérable sur un tel sujet.' The same incomparable pen gives us the scene of Olympia's last evening at the Hôtel de Soissons, when the warning being given, she withdrew from the card tables, collected her jewels and money in haste, sought her mother-in-law the Princesse de Carignan, to whom with tears she protested her innocence, and left Paris before daybreak, with two of her children and a tolerably numerous suite. The fugitive met with a terrible reception in some of the towns through which she passed. Witch and poisoner were henceforth epithets for ever associated with her name. Louvois, it was said, had sent on orders to the hotels in the large towns not to receive her. She had the greatest difficulty in finding lodgings, and had to seek shelter in churches and convents from the insults of the vilest of the populace. At Brussels she found refuge and even presently drew around her a little court under the protection of the Prince of Parma, the governor of the Low Countries. Such was the beginning of an exile which lasted for the remainder of her life, a period of nearly thirty years. She had eight children, the greater number of whom were left in France under the care of their grandmother. Favour and fortune had deserted them, and their mother's disgrace and evil reputation fell as a blight on their lives. Louvois too was their enemy for her sake. Only one of them sought and found a glorious career, but it was not in the service of France. Eugène the fourth son had been destined for the church, but he early showed a preference for drums and fifes over mass books, bell and candle. He ventured to ask to be allowed to serve, but Louvois refused him and the king laughed at the small insignificant figure of 'le petit abbé.' After the peace of Nimeguen, when the Contis and some other warlike spirits went campaigning on the Danube against the Turks, Eugène volunteered with them, and when orders came from the court at home insisting on their return, he alone refused to obey, replying that in future he renounced France. 'Ne trouvez-vous pas que j'aie fait là une grande perte?' said Louis smiling to his courtiers. It was perhaps the greatest he ever made: with that one man more in his armies, the close of his reign might have seen not a series of hopeless disasters and bloody defeats, but one of strategic triumphs and brilliant victories. The life of Prince Eugène is still to be written in our language,[1] and the archives of Vienna must we think one day furnish a military historian with the materials for a biography that would possess great interest not only for those who study war, but for the general reader. Like Wellington and Pitt, it is true that the private character of Eugène seems almost wholly merged in his life of constant public service; but in an age of so much corruption to have left a name untainted by any scandal public or private, to have won the devoted attachment of his troops, the friendship and admiration of those with whom he served, and of the men of letters and science with whom his later years were

[1] There is a Memoir in three volumes, in German, by Herr Arneth.

passed, all argues that 'le petit abbé,' with his cold grave manner, possessed the characteristics of a true hero. But we have not yet done with the Comtesse de Soissons. Though there is no connected history of her proceedings abroad, we find her playing a prominent part once more in 1688 in the Spanish court, where again suspicion of the most horrible kind attaches to her. Those who accept St. Simon as an authority believe, as he did implicitly, that the young queen died from poison administered by Madame de Soissons. He brought the tale from Spain thirty years after the event, and it was circumstantial; but it is only fair to add that though many inclined to suspect poison in the mysterious death of Marie-Louise, St. Simon—whose hatred of le Mazarin and all his race is undying—is the only historian of any weight who attributes it to Olympia. If poison it were, there were other parties in the court whose interests the queen's death might have served. Louise d'Orléans had never lost the love for France, which had made her look on the Spanish throne as a cruel banishment, and this predilection made her eagerly seek the acquaintance of Madame de Soissons when she arrived in Madrid with her son Prince Eugène. It was said she sought to establish him and another of her sons in marriage there. Her movements were attentively watched by the French ambassador and reported to his master, for it was shrewdly suspected that she was now no friend to French interests, and her influence and intrigues were therefore to be feared. The picture he draws of her society is a cruel contrast to the salons of the Hôtel de Soissons of other days:

La vie de la Comtesse de Soissons consiste à recevoir chez elle tous le gens qui veulent y venir depuis les cinq heures du soir jusques à deux heures, après minuit. Elle sert une table de dix à douze couverts, dont cinq ou six sont remplis par autant de *goinfres* de profession qui y viennent tous les soirs sans y manquer, ne jouent ni ne parlent, et ne font que de remplir de viandes, n'ayant de nation au monde si sobre que l'espagnole chez elle, ni si gourmande ailleurs: c'est une expérience qu'on fait tous les jours en ce pays-ci. Le reste de la compagnie est formé d'une vingtaine de petites gens qui vivent avec si peu de respect qu'ils y entrent leurs cheveux attachés derrière, sans gouille, leurs boucliers aux bras, leurs grandes épées et poignards. C'est, Sire, tout ce que se peut apporter de familiarité et d'air de mépris pour la maison d'une femme de qualité: aussi n'y paroît-il aucun grand seigneur, ou du moins fort rarement. . . . Il est certain d'ailleurs, qu'avec l'esprit qu'a Mme de Soissons elle pourroit pénétrer dans beaucoup de choses qu'on ne découvriroit pas de soi-même. . . .

He goes on to speak of long *tête-à-tête* interviews with the queen, then of the umbrage taken by Charles II., into whose brain had entered the idea that Madame de Soissons, once accused of magic, might have thrown over him and his consort a malignant spell by reason of which their union was still, and in spite of many prayers, a barren one. In the relation of the sad death of the queen by the ambassador, Madame de Soissons' name does not appear; so whether she had quitted Madrid before or immediately after that event, we do not know. She resumed her life at Brussels, and identified herself with the interests of her illustrious son. If her heart was very bitter against the country to which she was never permitted to return, she lived to see it receive from him the severest humiliation. Her death took place in the autumn of 1708, just after he had won his laurels on the fields of Oudenarde and Malplaquet. She was a worthless woman, if judged by any moral standard, and her sole claim to be remembered consists in her having been the mother of a hero, though she possessed, it is true, much of the peculiar talent of her uncle, with all his ambition and unscrupulousness. Whether it is that even clever and artful women

always lack the coolness and the long patience, as well as foresight, necessary to work out their combinations, she was a failure; perhaps she would have said the fault lay in the stars, which she so often and fruitlessly consulted.

Marie Mancini was a woman of another stamp, for in her, generous emotions and a certain exaltation of mind and intelligence, redeemed an otherwise faulty character. She came to France at fifteen, and spent one year at the court with her sister and the young king; a tall, awkward silent girl then, her face was very sallow, her features irregular, almost expressionless. The next two years she passed under the care of the nuns at Chaillot. Here she studied with great application. She passionately loved the works of the poets of her own country, and had all a Roman's natural taste and enthusiasm for the fine arts. History, politics, nothing could be indifferent to a restless intelligence like hers, eagerly seeking for knowledge. We have seen what was the incident which, on her return to court, first attracted Louis to the shy and retiring demoiselle whom he had hitherto overlooked. When he looked, he found that those two years had worked wonders, for she was no longer a raw unformed girl, but a graceful and accomplished woman, almost a beautiful one, and her empire over him soon became absolute. She loved him, and the task she set herself was to educate him, for Marie was too proud a woman to endure that the man she loved should make her blush, as poor Louis at twenty often did by his ignorant blunders. Up to this moment, whether from the policy of the cardinal or his own disinclination to learn, his mind was totally uncultivated. He had learnt to dance, but did not dream of any other kingly attainment. On council days he gave his bodily presence yawning piteously; it was impossible to be more passive or more indifferent, consequently more absolutely the puppet of Mazarin. But when Marie spoke to him of glory, of the power he had over men, of the place he might gain for France among the nations; when she had taught him to read with her of what other kings and heroes had been and done in the world, she woke a new soul within him. That Louis XIV. did not sink altogether to the level of Louis XV., is perhaps owing to the love of Marie Mancini in the critical years of his youth,—the only ennobling female influence that ever approached him, for we are unable to consider the decorous bigotry and prudent hypocrisies of her who, in the evening of life, urged him to expiate his pleasant vices by the torture and persecution of his Huguenot subjects, in that light. That Marie should incite him to govern for himself was, however, no part of Cardinal Mazarin's design. Her influence and her uncle's became plainly antagonistic, and very soon the queen mother and her counsellor decided that projects for a royal marriage must be set on foot, and a negociation for the hand of the Princess Marguerite of Savoy was commenced. It was agreed that the two courts should meet at Lyons to discuss the alliance and permit the king to see his intended bride. The journey was undertaken near the end of November. Louis treated it as a party of pleasure, showed unwonted spirits and independence, rode most of the way on horseback, and Mdlle. Mancini rode constantly beside him. At first he expressed himself much pleased with the appearance of Princess Marguerite, then he rapidly cooled, and finally, to the anger and mortification of the royal house of Savoy, declined the marriage. It was not wonderful, considering who was his companion; what is inexplicable is, that

she should have been allowed to accompany him. The queen mother, however, had a still dearer wish for her son, and fate seemed likely to gratify it; for during the visit to Lyons she received a proposal from the Spanish court offering her niece Marie-Thérèse to the young King of France. She saw the rejection of the Princess of Savoy with something more than indifference under these circumstances; she even permitted herself to speak very slightingly of her and of her mother, and to say, 'qu'elle étoit fort aise d'être défaite de ce monde-là;' but for the moment she kept her hopes and designs secret, and while the court lingered on at Lyons till the end of January, there was nothing to disturb the felicity of Mdlle. Mancini and the king, who had become more inseparable than ever. The appearance of Don John of Austria in Paris, with proposals of peace and marriage from Spain, however, boded the separation of the lovers, and then it was that Louis found courage to speak openly to Cardinal Mazarin of his wish to marry his niece, and was met by a refusal. It is possible that, had Marie shown more pliability and more consideration for her powerful relative, he might have taken a different view of the king's wishes, but with the confident rashness of youth, she had been foolish enough to make her uncle the object of her constant sarcasms. Believing herself so secure in the affection of her royal lover that she need fear no one, she had yet to verify the experience of him who said, 'Put not your trust in princes,' and to learn how inexorable was the will she had defied. Mazarin, on the point of starting for the Pyrenees, to conclude the treaty with Spain which should secure peace to the nation and a royal bride for Louis XIV., gave orders that his niece should quit Paris and repair, under the chaperonage of Madame de Venelle, to Brouage, near St. Jean d'Angely. Louis, it is said, went on his knees before his mother and the cardinal in vain. When the moment of separation came, Marie uttered the famous words, 'Vous m'aimez, vous êtes roi, et je pars,' words generally supposed to express that, because he was a king and loved her, she was leaving him for his own sake to a worthier destiny. Perhaps she was capable of such proud and loving self-abnegation, though we might read them, too, as a last appeal: 'You love me, you are a king and I go; since you love me and are a king, why permit it?' for when she saw that the king had no answer but tears, she passionately exclaimed, 'Ah! je suis abandonnée.' Absorbed as he was in negotiation, Mazarin did not fail to learn that, though separated, the king and Marie were carrying on a constant correspondence, and to the former he addressed the most vehement remonstrances on the folly of his conduct. There is one letter of more than ten pages, in which he draws a most unfavourable picture of his niece's real character, and protests that if there is anything in the world capable of killing him with vexation, it would be that one of his blood should do France and the king such an injury, by persuading him to an unworthy marriage. The tone of the whole letter is as haughty as if it came from a Richelieu, and it succeeded in its object. The marriage treaty for the infanta too advanced, and Marie saw that the moment for her to retire was come. She said she would correspond no more with her wavering lover, and this resolution drew from her uncle an approving letter to Madame de Venelle, in which he desired his niece to feel confidence in his affection for her, and in his intention to establish her well in marriage, and recommended the perusal of Seneca to console her under her present disappointment.

When next year he accepted for her the proposals of the Constable Colonna, the greatest of Roman nobles, neither this alliance, nor, we fear, the study of Seneca, afforded any balm to a proud and wounded spirit; especially when the king, by acquiescing in the cardinal's project, condemned her to honourable banishment. So violent was her grief, that it was almost thought she would die on her journey to Italy. The memoirs which relate her subsequent career are mostly spurious; but here and there in contemporary writings we meet with passing notices of romantic incidents enough—jealousies, flights, threatened incarceration in convents, then she sinks into obscurity. That her marriage was unhappy goes, as the French say, without saying. Madame de Grignan writes of her landing in Provence, when with the Duchesse de Mazarin she fled from Rome, embarking at Civita Vecchia in an open boat dressed in man's attire, carrying 'peu de linge mais force pierreries.' They were arrested at Aix on suspicion, then released by the king's orders. Hortense took refuge in Savoy; Marie approached Paris and wrote supplicating letters to Louis and to Colbert, entreating to be allowed to remain in France; the constable wrote peremptory ones insisting on his wife being restored to him. She, forbidden by the king to come within fifty leagues, and fearing some cruel Italian vengeance from her angry husband, wandered to Savoy, thence to Spain. She was forty years old now. Madame de Villars speaks of her with admiration and pity. Those who had known her in France at twenty, found her now not less but more beautiful. 'Elle est toujours dans son couvent, dont elle s'ennuie fort,' says Madame de Villars. 'C'est vraiment un caractère original qu'on ne peut assez admirer quand on le voit de près comme je le vois. C'est la meilleure femme du monde, à cela près qu'il n'est pas au pouvoir humain de lui faire prendre les meilleurs partis ni de résister à tout ce qui lui passe dans la fantaisie. Si je n'avois pas autant compâti à son malheur, je n'aurois pu assez me divertir à l'entendre parler comme elle fait. Elle a de l'esprit.' A portrait evidently drawn from the life, and that only too well explains the fate of the original. She survived her husband, and consequently, after nearly all the convents in Spain had in turn been her prison, she must have regained her liberty; but this woman, who was once so near a throne, has left absolutely no trace of her later days, nor of how nor when she finally made her exit from the troubled stage of life.

Our space will now only allow us a short notice of the two remaining Mancini ladies—Hortense Duchesse de Mazarin, and Marianne Duchesse de Bouillon.

> Hortense eut du ciel en partage
> La grâce, la beauté, l'esprit.

So sings La Fontaine of the cardinal's favourite niece, the heiress of his millions, whom, after twice refusing for her Charles II. of England, the heir of Portugal, and the Duke of Savoy, he bestowed with all the millions and his name on Armand de la Porte, Marquis de la Meilleraye, then young, handsome, well spoken of, a favourite with the king, grand master of the artillery, and governor of more than one province. Fortune's richest gifts were showered upon him, but some fatal germ of insanity there must have been lurking in his temperament which, under the influence of conjugal jealousy and religious fervour, changed him before long into an Orgon and a Bluebeard, a seer of visions, only not mad enough to be sequestered, because the king found his inexhaustible purse too convenient to borrow from. He

was the most ridiculous, and at the same time tyrannical, of husbands; and if Hortense was no blameless wife, her contemporary, the witty marquise whom we have so often quoted, was not inclined to be very severe on her, for she says, 'Les règles ordinaires n'étoient pas faites pour elle, et sa justification étoit écrite sur la figure de M. de Mazarin.' She has left to the world another and more elaborate one in her own memoirs, compiled under her direction, if not absolutely from her dictation, by the Abbé St. Réal; while in St. Évremond, the friend and constant companion of her later years, she possesses an ardent admirer and apologist. The eccentricities of M. de Mazarin were soon matter of public notoriety; the mutilation of his statues as an offering to decency, his refusal to allow his people to interfere with the will of God by trying to extinguish the fire that had broken out in his palace, his method of drawing lots for his servants, celebrated by Voltaire:

Le sort, d'un postillon faisoit un secrétaire;
Son cocher étonné devint homme d'affaire;
Un docteur hibernois, son très-digne aumônier,
Rendit grâce au destin qui le fit cuisinier.

Notorious, too, were the persecutions and the scenes of jealous rage which often sent Hortense weeping and dishevelled to seek protection from her brother, till at last, when he had taken her diamonds, she felt that the limit of wifely endurance was reached, and she left him, refusing to return. M. de Mazarin, whom Louis never seems to have been willing to affront, obtained an order to shut his duchess up in the convent of the Filles de Sainte-Marie, where she found a companion in misfortune of very similar disposition in Madame de Courcelles. These two giddy offenders relieved their *ennui* by playing such pranks on the nuns that they begged the king to have the penitents removed; and La Chelles, of which M. de Mazarin's aunt was abbess, next received them. The abbess, however, became the partisan of her niece, and refused admittance to the husband when he came to claim her. Foreseeing that the suit which he had commenced against her was likely to be decided in his favour, and perfectly resolved never again to endure the yoke, Hortense, with the consent of her brother and the assistance of the Chevalier de Rohan, fled to Italy to the protection of the Colonnas. We have seen her romantic adventure in Provence with her sister; but the danger of arrest was too great for her to remain on French territory, so she sought refuge at the court of Charles Emmanuel, duke of Savoy, who had formerly been a pretender to her hand. Her beauty and the favour she found in his eyes caused terrible jealousy to his duchess, though St. Évremond describes the three years she spent there as passed in retirement and study. At the end of that time her admirer died, and Turin, with his widow as sovereign, was no longer a pleasant residence; so she turned her thoughts towards England, where she possessed an old lover in Charles II. and a cousin in Mary of Modena, Duchess of York. Her arrival at Whitehall made a great sensation, and the star of 'la belle Quérouailes' paled before her; but if Charles was inconstant, the *caprices* of Hortense were not less so, and by exhibiting a weakness for the Prince of Monaco she soon lost her ascendancy over the monarch, who, however, treated her generously by allowing her apartments in St. James's, and, in return for aid formerly received from the cardinal, giving her a pension. The pension was very insufficient for her needs, since, as St. Évremond says in his *éloge* of her, 'sa mauvaise fortune l'a réduite à n'avoir rien, et, magnifique sans biens, elle a vécu plus

honorablement que les plus opulents ne sçavoient faire;' that is, with a noble disregard of debt. Gaming, too, was a passion that increased with years. Up to the time of the Revolution, her society was really a brilliant one; wits, men of letters, as well as courtiers both French and English, surrounded her. St. Evremond basked in her smiles, while he ate luxurious dinners at her table; and he has left descriptions of her charms at fifty that sound almost fabulous. The events which drove James II. and his consort into exile were a sad blow to Madame de Mazarin, for William of Orange was not likely to prove friendly; her pension ceased, and her debts were so great that it was impossible for her to leave England. Her husband replied to the representations made to him of her destitute condition, while he was piously squandering her fortune, that there was no necessity for her to pay creditors who were heretics; she had only to be declared bankrupt, and then return to the conjugal happiness which he still offered her. Hard pressed as she was, her answer was always the old war cry of the Fronde, 'Point de Mazarin!'

She died at Chelsea in 1699, and M. de Mazarin went to law with her creditors to recover her body. So it was her strange fate to fall in death into the hands of the man whose pursuit she had defied and eluded for more than thirty years.

It may be said with truth that his connection with the family of the great cardinal cost Louis XIV. an infinity of trouble and vexation both at home and abroad. The youngest of them, Marianne, Duchesse de Bouillon, a very proud great lady, was only an offender in a minor degree, and her offence was receiving and encouraging in her salon poets (it must be admitted of the second order) who conspired against the court poets. Marianne was beautiful and witty, and of a very independent spirit; no favourite with the king, before whom she used to arrive (says St. Simon) holding her head high and talking so loud that you heard her voice two rooms off. Her audacity and her perfect good understanding with her husband, who himself conducted her before the judges when she was examined on the trial of La Voisin, as to whether she had not sought for spells or poison to murder him, carried her triumphantly through so odious an ordeal. To La Reynie's interrogatory if she had ever seen the devil, she answered, 'I see him now; he is old, ugly, and disguised as a Conseiller d'État.' On rising to leave, she said aloud, with a charming air of *naïveté*, 'Really, I never could have believed that wise men could ask so many silly questions.' Her friends gave her a perfect ovation. She had her share of courtly disgrace, consequent on these and other adventures, but bore it lightly. Here is St. Simon's account of her on her death in 1714:

> Elle étoit la reine de Paris et de tous les lieux où elle avoit été exilée. Mari, enfants, tous les Bouillons, le prince de Conti, le duc de Bourbon qui ne bougeoient de chez elle, tous étoient plus petits devant elle que l'herbe. Elle n'alloit chez personne qu'aux occasions, et elle y conservoit un air de supériorité sur tout le monde, qu'elle savoit mesurer et assaisonner avec beaucoup de politesse selon les rangs. Sa maison étoit ouverte dès le matin; c'étoit grande table matin et soir, grand jeu, et toutes les sortes à la fois. Elle savoit, parloit bien, disputoit volontiers. L'esprit et la beauté la soutinrent et le monde s'accoutuma à en être dominé.

Madame de Bouillon had several sons, who all embraced the profession of arms; and the eldest, the Prince de Turenne, would have been celebrated, were not the memory of his smaller achievements unfortunately merged in that of the illustrious soldier whose name he bore. But the line died out. M.

Amédée Renée,[1] from whose entertaining pages we have gathered many of the facts related above, remarks how little good fortune the blood of the cardinal brought to the noble houses that sought his alliance and his treasures. After the second, or at most the third generation, his descendants ceased to carry on the race of the Stuarts, the Estes, the Vendômes, the Contis, the Bouillons, or the Soissons; and while the sensitive consciences of some of his heirs caused them to rid themselves of his ill-gotten wealth, the extravagance of others dissipated it with such rapidity that in less than half a century after his death the name and the vast fortune of Giulio Mazarino had alike passed away. His palace, the great block of building between the Rue Richelieu and the Rue Vivienne, abutting on the Rue Neuve des Petit Champs, tenanted in succession by the Nevers, the notorious John Law, the India Company, and the Bourse, received the royal library of Louis XV. and the collection of medals and antiques from Versailles, and is now known as 'La Bibliothèque Royale.' One monument, however, bearing his name he has left to men of letters in the library collected by himself with such care and pains. The Bibliothèque Mazarine, consisting of a hundred and fifty thousand volumes and many precious manuscripts, is lodged in the Collége des Quatre Nations, which he founded, and which is now the Institute of France.

[1] *Les Nièces de Mazarin*, par Amédée Renée. Paris, 1858.

POETICAL THEOLOGY AND THEOLOGICAL POETRY.

MILTON'S *Paradise Lost* was once disparaged, in the hearing of the writer, and its claim to pre-eminence among its author's works disputed in favour of his earlier and brighter production, *Comus*, on the ground that the great epic poem was 'tainted with theology.' To the Puritan bard himself, in his latter days, at least, the charge of having made his most important work subservient to the expression of what he believed to be religious truth, would have appeared as the most honourable praise that he could have received; nor have there been wanting thousands since his day who have read the poem, as a scheme of divine cosmogony, with a reverence second only to that with which they have regarded the opening chapters of the book of Genesis. Yet, whoever will consider, on the one hand, how universally that poetry which has proved highest and most enduring—that which has withstood the wear of Time, and received the suffrages of generation after generation of thinking and feeling minds—has been also that which has appealed most forcibly and directly to those deeper thoughts and desires which form the permanent basis of human character, reappearing perpetually in defiance of the varying influences of climate or of changing civilisation and polity (insomuch that it has become proverbial that a great poet is 'not for an age, but for all time'): and, on the other hand, how much that is necessarily fleeting, or bound up with the peculiar circumstances of this or that period or country, is implied in the term 'theology,' as ordinarily used and understood: whoever will consider this must surely perceive that such a charge against a poet is no idle one; that he who has permitted his verse to become the vehicle for the religious dogmas of his sect, or of his own time, has in effect rendered his broad-winged Pegasus but a beast of burden, and is carrying with him a load which, sooner or later, will assuredly drag him down from the lofty regions he aspires after, till

> On the Aleian field he fall,
> Erroneous there to wander, and forlorn.

And how, indeed, should it be otherwise? For it is surely of the very nature and essence of true poetry, dealing as it does not with the succession of ideas in logical sequence, but with their association (often involuntary and apparently unaccountable) through that mingled influence of feeling and reminiscence which we call Imagination, that it abhors definitions; that it is perpetually striving after a glory dimly seen and indefinable—an infinite beauty of which all things in visible nature are but weak and shadowy symbols. Hence the poet is indeed the truest metaphysician: he, above all others, looks through and beyond the *φυσικὰ* to the *μετὰ φυσικά*: he sees, amid a universe of vanishing forms—whether it be in the rising or setting sun, in the 'long grey fields' or 'in waters on a starry night,' in the 'lazy-pacing clouds,' or the unbroken, unfathomable sky, in the wild heath-clad hills, or the plains of barren sea fringed with the curve of sounding breakers, in a flower, a breeze, the hum of an insect just breaking the stillness of a summer noon—in all these he sees and feels something beyond of which they speak; that to which his whole Being responds, yet which he cannot define, which, indeed, grows more indefinable the more keenly it is felt:

He can watch from dawn to gloom
The lake-reflected sun illume
The yellow bees in the ivy bloom,
Nor heed nor see what things they be;
Yet from these create he can
Forms more real than living man,
Nurslings of immortality.[1]

And as these subtle affinities are not traceable but by a mind refined and cultivated to a high degree,—since in the life of nations as of individuals little more than the outward and visible beauty of nature is at an early period discerned (if indeed it may be rightly said to be discerned at all), and each further insight into her secret harmonies is the result of and attendant upon the advance into a higher grade of intellectual feeling; so it inevitably comes to pass that a genuine poet is always in advance of the reigning thoughts and perceptions of the majority in his day; his very office and privilege being indeed to awaken broader sympathies and create deeper longings than heretofore, his very claim to the title of poet resting on his ability to lead to new and unexplored regions of the imagination, to throw open yet wider the passes, and to scale yet farther the heights whence—

Gleams that untravelled world, whose margin fades
For ever and for ever as we move.

And how strangely contrasted with this is the office and self-imposed duty of the theologian, as ordinarily understood. His whole aim and object is not to lead through the finite and visible to the perception of the infinite and invisible, but to reduce the latter, as it were, to terms of the former; to bring the spiritual and incomprehensible into a visible and tangible shape. So far is he from abhorring definitions, that he can scarcely have sufficient of them; and, not content with defining the indefinable and explaining the inexplicable to his own satisfaction, he demands also that his explanations should be accepted as satisfactory by every one else, and is prepared to make martyrs, either at the stake or at the printing-press, of all who should presume to prefer their definitions to his own.[2] Instead of looking through the physical to the metaphysical, and reaching outward from visible to spiritual beauty, he is for reasoning inwards from the bounding circle of his own preconceived opinions, and will admit nature into his scheme only so far as she can be made to furnish ornaments or arbitrarily selected illustrations thereto. And as every man who is born into this world is influenced and fettered by the received opinions and creeds in which he is brought up, to such an extent that only the most ardent and onward-looking souls can make head against the current, we should expect to find what a glance at theological history shows to be the case, that the heads of the various schools of theological thought of which we have any historical record, were not in fact the heralds and pioneers alone in a new path, but acted rather as the mouthpiece for opinions already largely but vaguely adopted, which they had the sagacity to lay hold of and crystallise into a definite system with a recognisable title; and that while the poet, looking always beyond his own day, is the leader into new fields of thought and the inaugurator of a new intellectual era, the theologian, on the other hand, has a tendency always to look back to the precedent of former opinions, and, appearing at the close of an

[1] Shelley.

[2] As Hallam has sarcastically observed, the admission by theologians of all periods, that the doctrine of the Trinity is a mystery unfathomable by man, has in no wise deterred each of them from framing his own particular dogma with regard to it, and anathematising all who should differ from him.

era of excitement, reduces to a stationary position and a fixed form ideas which have for some time previously been moving over and agitating the face of society. And it should especially be noted that while the productions of a great poet, appealing to the eternal principles of human nature, and tied down to no definite system of opinions, have an almost unlimited expansive power, insomuch that their full truth and beauty seems to grow more and more perceptible with the deepening experience of succeeding generations; the dogmatic system of the most subtle theologian, on the contrary, being in fact nothing more than the definite and concentrated expression of the dominant religious opinions of his own day, contains within itself the seeds of decay, and must infallibly be left behind, as a clog and an incumbrance, so soon as the intellectual advancement of mankind demands a corresponding expansion of the forms of religious belief.[1] As a single instance, contrast for a moment the history and influence upon mankind of the greatest English poet with that of the great German reformer, considered as a theologian. It is conceded on all hands, as a trite truism, that there must eventually have been a Reformation without Luther; that he blew into a flame the questionings and discontents which had smouldered for a long time previously. But, admitting all the value of his work for his own time (and it can perhaps scarcely be overrated), and honouring the true heroism of his noble stand at the Diet of Worms, the memory of which should never die, what is his influence or authority on the detailed opinions of the present century? Even well educated persons are scarcely acquainted with the names of his principal works; his commentaries are no authority to the modern biblical student; his *De Servo Arbitrio*, which he declared was the only one of his writings to which he recurred with satisfaction, is almost unknown, and contains opinions which would now, if read, be repudiated by the narrowest of modern divines; and even that class of religionists in England who make most of his memory, and continually refer to him as the champion of our Protestant cause, are ignorant of his real opinions on many subjects, and if they were better informed would, in many cases, renounce all connection with him. And how strange, compared with this, is the fate of him who in his lifetime was known as 'Mr. Shakespeare of the Globe Theatre,' a second-rate actor and author of some successful plays, spending his evenings in taverns with other 'poor players,' vagabonds by law; little known in his own country, quite unknown out of it; after his death very gradually recognised as a writer with something great in him, though inferior in finish to Beaumont and Fletcher; till by degrees the conviction of what he really was slowly dawned upon the world, and it was perceived that there was scarcely any hue of emotion in the human mind but what was reflected in his illuminated page,—that not only were there treasures of wisdom and wit therein applicable to almost all contingencies of human life, but that—

> All pains the immortal spirit must endure,
> All weakness that impairs, all griefs that bow,
> Find their sole voice in that victorious brow.[2]

[1] It is true that at certain periods an inclination has been shown to return voluntarily to the 'old cast clouts and rotten rags' of systems formerly discarded as worn out; as we have seen recently in the ritualistic movement, and in other singular developments of ecclesiastical polity. But these are temporary movements—periods of renewed enthusiasm for ideas once reverenced, but which can never permanently regain their sway.

[2] Matthew Arnold.

Thus, while poetry is possessed eminently by the spirit of onward movement; while it is its glory to be continually tending towards the infinitely perfect and beautiful, which yet it can never hope entirely to comprehend; while it avoids all fixity of expression and speaks to us in that broad and universal metaphor which can be expanded so as to cover and include under its wings the thoughts and aspirations of future and more enlightened generations: dogmatic theology, on the contrary, is constantly busied in setting bounds to future mental progress, constantly asserting a final haven of perfection beyond which we neither can nor ought to aspire, and congealing the opinions of its own day into a hard and restraining barrier, within which for the future the course of human knowledge and feeling is to be, and is in fact, bound; until the surging current beneath grows too strong to be longer kept down, and suddenly, at the call of some energetic leader, the barriers are burst and the standard advanced to a new position, only, however, to mark the era of a new precedent; to become the rallying-point for the fresh enunciation of the oft-repeated but barren and impotent decree, 'Thus far shalt thou go, and no further.'

Between two forces working in such opposite directions, and for such different ends, what harmony can there be? And when the one puts on the livery of the other, and would fain persuade us that they are fellow-labourers, how singular are the anomalies, how shallow the platitudes, which result. Not the least so when in the hands of a really gifted poet the union of the two is attempted, and when, in curious accordance with the parable that a new piece cannot be sewn on to an old garment, we see the patchwork gradually separating with the lapse of time—the poetry growing and flourishing; the theology hanging upon it as a dead weight of decaying material, salt that has lost his savour. Not to cite minor examples, it must be admitted that our great English epic poem furnishes a notable instance of this kind of incongruity. Milton set out with the determination to make his poetic genius the handmaid of his theology; and announced, in lines pealing with sound and energy, his 'great argument,' to

> Assert eternal Providence,
> And justify the ways of God to men.

To this end the mediæval cosmogony was carefully rearrayed, and made to serve as the groundwork or stage for the action of the poem; the personal characters of the Good and Evil principle (the Ormuzd and Ahriman of the old Persian theology) were described and contrasted; the lurid hell and the blazing and flashing heaven, 'dark with excessive bright,' of the early Christians, with the accessories of harps and amaranth crowns, were not forgotten; the happy garden and the serpent tempter played their part; and the dogmas of Justification and Free Will found their astonished place in poetry; and all this not as mere arbitrary adornment, but as things to be most certainly received and believed. But what thinking man would now accept Milton's theology, or admit that he had 'justified the ways' of such a Deity as he represents? We still indeed are under the sway of the magician; we still feel the chilling of the blood as we are borne past 'fierce Phlegethon' and Cocytus to where—

> Far off from these a slow and silent stream,
> Lethe, the river of oblivion, rolls
> Her watery labyrinth;

our spirits still respond to the noble apostrophe, 'Hail! holy Light!' which ushers us into 'an ampler ether, a diviner air;' and we can yet gaze with delight at the stately

beauty of the landscape of Eden; these and many other passages of 'immortal verse' still gladden us, appealing, as they do, to our sympathy with the grand, the beautiful, the mysterious; but the long setting forth of the means of grace and justification, the material heaven with its luscious banquets, the mechanical six days' creation, the war in heaven, with its undignified incidents, and the attribution to the Deity of the feeling and language of vulgar human passion; all these, once believed to be among the most serious and sacred parts of the poem, are falling fast into the Limbo appointed for such things, or hold a precarious claim on our attention only on account of the majestic lines to be found here and there amongst them—fossils imbedded in this

> Dust of systems and of creeds:

and it is with a feeling of relief that we turn to a poem like *Comus*, where all the illustration and imagery is kept within the just limits of poetic fiction; where nothing is exacted from us as matter of faith save the eternal triumph of Good over Evil, and where the only direct appeal to our religious or moral feelings comes to us now, as when it was first written, with a freshness and energy sufficient to sweep away before it a whole army of dogmatisers and creed-makers—

> Mortals who would follow me,
> Love Virtue, she alone is free,
> She can teach you how to climb
> Higher than the sphery chime;
> Or if Virtue feeble were,
> Heaven itself would stoop to her.

Nor is the contrast less marked if, turning from the works of one conspicuous poet, we glance at the general character of the 'sacred' and 'secular' poetry of England; a comparison which has been rather forced upon us of late by the publication, in the same series and in close succession, of two small books, the *Golden Treasury of Songs and Lyrics*, and the *Book of Praise*. We confess that before the appearance of the former delightful little volume, giving us in a compact form the masterpieces of the salient names in the roll of our lyric poets, we had scarcely formed an adequate idea of the richness of our literature in this particular branch of poetry. Comparatively limited as the selection is, what a wide range of feeling, what a varied command of the many-sounding tones of lyrical expression, surprise as we turn those pages. As in Prospero's island, we seem to wander amid

> Sounds and sweet airs, that give delight and hurt not.

We contrast the stately, though sometimes rugged, strength of Milton's sonnet with the wilder and more romantic notes of Shakespeare; we have the concrete view of external nature displayed in the sober yet full and deep painting of Collins and Gray, and in the richer colours of Byron and Keats; and its abstract or metaphysical aspect in Shelley and Wordsworth, who seem to become a part of all which they behold, and to whom the whole wide landscape of nature is but the reflex of still wider feelings: and we trace, in a somewhat similar sequence, the phases of the poetry of Love, from the matter-of-fact devotion to physical beauty in the sweet quaint early pastoral ballads, to the manly yet tender and chivalrous feeling which shines with steady light in the Elizabethan bards, till we arrive at the period when, in such verses as Shelley's 'Love's Philosophy,' the master passion has included all nature within its embrace, and all thoughts, all passions, all delights, are become in very deed 'but ministers of love;' and all these feelings tuned to such varied music that there is scarcely any charm of metrical rhythm but may find its representation in this entrancing collection; nor could any man, whose mind and heart

were ever so little tuned to such things, wander through this gallery of art without finding not only his ear and taste refined thereby, but his moral aspirations (considered as distinct from mere opinions) strengthened and refreshed withal, and his whole nature braced up and rendered more ready, as Mill has remarked, for 'anything that comes before it in the shape of duty.' And now let the reader, with his mind steeped in these fresh and beautiful thoughts, turn from this unpretending little volume to the second of the same series, wherein a well-read and laborious editor has collected together so much as seemed to him worth preserving of what is called the sacred poetry of England; those lyrical writings which have been called forth by, and dedicated to the expression of, the feelings of the leading religious sections of our country for two centuries back. The volume bears the title of the *Book of Praise*; in it then we shall doubtless find, crystallised into immortal verse, the thoughts of our greatest poets on that most stirring and sublime of all subjects, the contemplation of Infinite Goodness—the return of the human soul towards the fountain of its being. But what catalogue of names is this? Shakespeare we know, and Wordsworth we know; but who are these? All those names with which we are used to associate poetical greatness are conspicuous by their absence. Here is a region where Chaucer and Spenser are unknown; where not only Byron and Shelley, but Gray, Collins, and Tennyson have received notice to quit. We meet, indeed, once the name of Herbert, through whose perpetual conceits and quaintnesses there shines the quiet light of a manly yet gentle spirit; we welcome Heber, who is seldom commonplace or weak, and whose unfinished works indicate what he might have done had he been able to give more of his mind to poetry; we admit Cowper to a somewhat precarious tenure among the bards; and we cannot refuse our testimony to the polished verse and natural command of epithet displayed in the earnest though melancholy effusions of John Keble, of whom more anon. But what is this crowd of meaner names? Who are these who are to discourse to us on the mysteries? What have Toplady, Williams, Mant, Edmeston, Newton, Gurney, and their compeers to give us on these great subjects, better than we can conceive and feel and express for ourselves? What is their claim to be poets? But it may be that we speak out of our ignorance, that these artists, though unknown without the sanctuary, have done great things within it; have covered the altar with fine gold and the walls with precious stones, not seen of the profane who stand without. Let us enter then, not without due reverence, this temple where art is dedicated to the service of religion. The simple grandeur of Heber's hymn, 'Holy, holy!' which we meet with at the entrance, augurs well, though much of its effect is due to the train of association connected with the opening words. But in the second hymn, on the same subject, the commonplace verses of Mant are a sad and sudden descent from the dignified style of Heber; and as we proceed through the book, while we light on scarcely anything equal to the opening poem, what depths of bathos yawn before us!

Where is their God? the heathen cry,
And bow to senseless wood and stone;
Our God we tell them fills the sky,
And calls ten thousand worlds his own.

This is from a paraphrase of the 115th Psalm, by an author whose name is appended to some of the best hymns in the book, and who enjoys great reputation as a hymn writer. 'Bless thee, David, thou art translated'! Or take this from Isaac Watts, the best of the hymn-

ists of the last century, of whom Dr. Johnson said, with a sort of left-handed compliment, 'that he had done best what no one had done well,' i. e. sacred poetry:

I sing the goodness of the Lord,
Who filled the earth with food;
He formed the creatures with his word,
And then pronounced them good.

This is business-like, certainly; but will those whose minds have been penetrated by that wonderful view of the slow majestic unfolding of the universe, which the splendid generalisations of modern science have revealed to us, care to express their awe and wonder in such childish matter-of-fact lines? Yet it is thus that we are invited to contemplate 'God the Creator.' Of course there is much that is better than this in the book, but even the best scarcely rises above mediocrity. Such a verse as this even (from a hymn on the Nativity) is an oasis in the desert:

Art thou, O wondrous sight,
Of lights the very Light,
Who holdest in thine hand
The sky and sea and land,
Who than the glorious heavens art more exceeding bright?

A very pleasing little poem too is that by G. H. Sears,

It came upon the midnight air,
That wondrous song of old—

embodying in simple language the true meaning and feeling of that sweet legend of the angels of the Nativity, which shadows forth a truth that is for all time, however various the forms of expression in which it is clothed, from the Oriental garb of a vision of visible messengers from a higher sphere, down to the firmly expressed conviction of the modern poet—

that good shall fall
At last, far off, at last to all,
And every winter change to spring.

The well known hymn of Lyte, 'Abide with me,' gives in some of its verses a true and touching expression to that melancholy feeling of indefinite longing which sprung up with mediæval Christianity, and which, unhealthy though it be, gives some of the richest colouring to modern religious life. All the hymns of Heber shine conspicuous in this collection, and are in fact too good for their company; what would be classed as mediocre in the great world of poetry, here taking rank as *facile princeps*. These are the salient points of the collection, but amid what a deluge of commonplaces they float those only can be fully aware who searched, like ourselves, through the book in the hope of meeting with that which would stir and upraise them, and have found 'no rest for the sole of the foot,' but rather within the lowest deep a lower deep; for though the very worst of Newton's and Wesley's hymns have not found entrance, we meet with such verses as these, gravely offered as a fit expression of acquiescence in Almighty will; e. g. from a hymn of Wesley's commencing 'Oh for a heart to praise my God'—

A heart in every thought renewed,
And full of love divine;
Perfect and right and pure and good,
A copy, Lord, of Thine.

Or Toplady—

Lord, I feel a carnal mind
That hangs about me still,
Vainly though I strive to bind
My own rebellious will;
Is not haughtiness of heart
The gulf between my God and me?

Or Bathurst (1831!)—

Yes, thou wilt speedily appear,
The smitten earth already reels;
And not far off we seem to hear
The thunder of thy chariot wheels.

Or Watts—

Thence he arose ascending high,
And showed our feet the way;
Up to the Lord our flesh shall fly
At the great rising day.

We might multiply instances of such commonplace and prosaic

writing, applied to what the writers would require us to accept as the most important and overwhelming of subjects; but enough has been quoted to indicate in what trammels the theological muse is content to move, and what hopeless doggrel has been and is accepted as religious poetry with those to whom 'religion' is only another name for speculative dogmatism, and with whom 'soundness' of theological views will atone for any amount of dulness and insipidity.[1]

Not, however, that we would represent the poet as necessarily bound to appear indifferent to, and ignore entirely in his verse, the theories and creeds, theological or philosophical, which are stirring the men of his own day, however transient and partial we may deem them. On the contrary, it sometimes happens that the poet—taking a wider and less prejudiced view of the things contended for, and of their real relation to the well-being of mankind, than can be expected of those who have been brought up to look only at one side of the question, and to see everything through the highly coloured medium of their own habits of thought and feeling—may 'reach the law within the law,' and without renouncing his special office, may yet be the means of throwing a far clearer light upon a vexed question of theology than all the colleges and schools can do, and may go down to the root and reality of a matter, when those who profess specially to be in the place of teachers have been merely playing on the surface, and putting their arbitrary names and definitions in the place of living realities. Nor would it surprise any who concur in the view previously put forth as to the relative position of poet and theologian with regard to the progress of new opinions and wider sympathies among mankind, to find the former moving with the times and entering into and appreciating the significance of the leading movements of thought in his day, which the latter often ignores or misconceives; and that while the poet, if he touch on theology, imparts to it something of the largeness of view and depth of feeling which are essential to his art, the true theologian, when he endeavours to assume the garb of poetry, only mimics its outer form while reducing it in fact to the dead level and narrow limits of thought which his education has rendered a second nature to him. Two works which have long been before the public, and which have perhaps been more popular and more largely read and quoted than any other volumes of modern poetry —Keble's *Christian Year* and Tennyson's *In Memoriam*—present in a concentrated form so striking an instance of the contrast we have hinted at, that it may be worth while to look at them a little in detail; the more so as we hope to show not only that the first mentioned book has long usurped, with a large section of English readers, a higher position than it is entitled to, but also to point out how much there is in the latter poem of temperate wisdom and of intuitive in-

[1] In the preface to the *Book of Praise*, Sir Roundell Palmer has endeavoured to parry the charge of monotony of subject and style in the book, by insinuating that this charge would equally apply to the Italian religious painters (Raffaelle included), whose object, in common as he avers with that of the modern hymn writers, was to select and dwell upon the leading points of Christian belief, which necessarily resulted in a perpetual repetition of subject. He forgets, however, that in the Italy of Raffaelle the spiritual and temporal power was combined in one Government, from which all the best art-commissions came, and to which consequently the greatest artists gave their talents; and that though the said artists might be commissioned to paint sacred subjects chiefly, the painter was selected for his genius, not for his orthodoxy. Had Raffaelle had nothing but sanctity and orthodoxy to recommend him, we should know little of his pictures now.

sight into the tendency and reality of some of the leading subjects of speculation which are agitating the present generation, which has scarcely been duly recognised even by those who are more unreserved admirers of the Laureate's poetry than the writer can profess to be.

The *Christian Year*, which has been so long a household book with many of us, is not to be classed with the mass of what is called religious poetry, such as the mediocre devotional verses which form the bulk of the *Book of Praise*. Throughout the book there are evidencies of a strong feeling for the beauty of natural scenery, and of a genuine and sometimes very refined power of poetical expression, within certain limits. We can scarcely refuse the title of poet to the author of such verses as these, touching with such delicacy and truthfulness the various aspects of nature which they allude to, and bringing the very feeling of the scene itself before us:

Red o'er the forest peers the setting sun,
The line of yellow light dies fast away
That crowned the eastern copse, and chill and dun
Falls on the moor the brief November day.

The bright-haired morn is glowing
O'er emerald meadows gay,
With many a clear gem strowing
The early shepherd's way.

Why blow'st thou not, thou wintry wind,
Now every leaf is brown and sear,
And idly droops, to thee resign'd,
The fading chaplet of the year?
Yet wears the pure aërial sky
Her summer veil, half drawn on high,
Of silvery haze, and dark and still
The shadows sleep on every slanting hill.

But scarcely on any page of the book can we read far without discovering that such portrayal of the feeling and aspects of natural scenery, happily and delicately as it is often expressed, is used in a manner and for a purpose quite distinct from what we are accustomed to regard as poetry,—from that metaphysical reading of nature so exquisitely hinted at by Shelley in a stanza before quoted. With Keble all the suggestions of nature are coloured by his own peculiar form of religious belief; we look at the landscape through a stained glass window. which may indeed impart to it a glow of colour beyond what is natural, but which deprives it of all its freshness and suggestiveness; we are presented, not with the subtle associations of feeling whereby the beauty of a sunset landscape wakes up an indefinable corresponding emotion in our minds, but with arbitrary similes and types tacked on in the vain endeavour to weave nature into one texture with orthodoxy. In the first of the poems quoted above,[1] for instance, how forced is the simile built upon the lines in the second verse:

Yet wait awhile and see the calm leaves float
Each to his rest beneath their parent shade.

which are thus made to form an apology for a sermon:

Man's portion is to die and rise again,
Yet he complains, while these unmurmuring part
With their sweet lives, as pure from sin and stain
As his when Eden held his virgin heart.

Yet more arbitrary and far-fetched is the train of similes in the poem for Septuagesima Sunday, 'There is a book, who runs may read.' That

The works of God, above, below,
Within us and around,
Are pages in that book, to show
How God himself is found—

is a feeling often entertained and expressed by poetic minds, though in more dignified and glowing language; but what are we to say to this childish juxtaposition of ideas, in no possible respect naturally associated with one another?—

[1] Twenty-third Sunday after Trinity.

The moon above, the church below,
A wondrous race they run,
But all their radiance, all their glow,
Each borrows of its sun.

. . . . . .

The saints above are stars in heaven—
What are the saints on earth?
Like trees they stand whom God has given,
Our Eden's happy birth.

How utterly opposed is this system of pulling Nature to bits, like a Chinese puzzle, and assigning to each bit its appropriate meaning, to that divine second-sight of the true poet, which 'lifts the veil from the hidden beauty of the world.' How impoverishing to the mind is the sense of bathos which we feel when at the close of one of the best poems in the volume,[1] which commences in a really high strain:

Where is Thy favoured haunt, Eternal Voice?

we are brought back to such a matter-of-fact arbitrary simile as that embodied in the closing lines:

And as this landscape broad—earth, sea, and sky,
All centres in thine eye,
So all God does, if rightly understood,
Shall work thy final good.

'Goot worts,' certainly, but very bad poetry.

Nor can any unprejudiced reader but be struck, in reading this volume of sacred poetry, by the manner in which all the wide intellectual movements of the writer's day, of such interest to a mind like that of his contemporary and friend Arnold, are totally ignored by Keble, whose verse acknowledges nothing but the orthodox church as worthy a serious thought. With him things are waxing old, the 'aged world' is borne to its funeral pile, and the noblest prospects held out by science and social and national intercourse are insignificant in comparison with ecclesiastical rites and the illustration of the doctrine of the Trinity by the three-aisled nave and the triple verse. It is instructive, at the same time, to note how a mind naturally endowed with some poetic fervour will ever and anon break through the trammels of ritualism by which it has been overlaid and borne down, and speak its wider sympathies and aspirations in such lines as—

Open our eyes, thou Sun of Life and gladness,
That we may see that glorious world of thine;

or—

There is no light but Thine, with Thee all beauty glows;

or in the really noble sentiment which breathes in the concluding verses of the poem for the 1st Sunday after Christmas. Nor can we but regret that the same mind which in its freer moments could give utterance to such sentiments, should descend to the sheer idolatry (for we can scarce call it less) which meets us constantly throughout the *Lyra Innocentium*, more particularly in the section on 'holy places and things.' Of Keble's repulsive manner—repulsive whether from a religious or poetical point of view—of viewing the greatest and holiest of passions, we shall have occasion to speak presently. In the meantime let us turn to our Poet Laureate, and notice the distinction in his method of viewing the subjects already alluded to.

In Memoriam presents greater facilities for contrast and comparison on such points than a work more strictly poetical in origin and character might furnish. Having been written with the implied motive of embalming the memory of a departed friend, not in set descriptions of his character but in reflections suggested by reminiscences connected with him, or by those involuntary melancholy yet tender speculations which hover over the tomb of one who has been loved, it is almost

[1] Twentieth Sunday after Trinity.

entirely subjective in character from end to end; while the circumtances under which a great part at least of the book was written were such as we might expect would naturally lead its author to those considerations of our relation to the spiritual world and a future existence which are commonly supposed to be the peculiar property of the theologian, and would dispose him to take refuge from his sorrow in those religious forms, consecrated by long association, which are so often welcome to a mind weakened by regret, and the 'soothing tendency' of which Keble declared it to be his main object to shadow forth. Yet, in going from Keble to Tennyson, we cannot fail to remark at once the palpable contrast between the two writers, in the degree of importance they attach to religious ritual and to consecrated places and things. If the poet acknowledges indeed that to us it 'sweeter seems' to rest where—

> The kneeling hamlet drains
> The chalice of the grapes of God—

this is but as we are 'the fools of habit;' and even so slight a concession as this has place only in the earlier pages of the book; at a later period even ceremonies so distantly connected with ritual as the orthodox Christmas festivities and decorations, made for 'use and wont' (No. xxix.), are discarded:

> For who would keep an ancient form
> Through which the spirit breathes no more?
> (No. civ.)

And if the sound of church bells is at first only connected with that retrospect of 'sorrow touched with joy,' which runs also through Keble's verses on the subject in the *Lyra Innocentium*, as we proceed we find the same sounds speaking only of the hope and progress of the future, as their 'soul-animating strains'—

> Ring in the nobler modes of life,
> With sweeter manners, purer laws.

Yet as a protest against that Radical spirit which would suddenly and ruthlessly pull down the old temples and desecrate the time-hallowed shrines, how admirable is the feeling expressed in No. xxxiii.:

> O thou that after toil and storm,
> Mayst seem to have reached a purer air,
> Whose faith has centre everywhere,
> Nor cares to fix itself to form—
>
> Leave thou thy sister when she prays
> Her early Heaven, her happy views,
> Nor thou with shadowed hint confuse
> A life that leads melodious days.
>
> Her faith through form is pure as thine,
> Her hands are quicker unto good;
> O sacred be the flesh and blood
> To which she links a truth divine!

The whole Pan-Anglican Synod could have urged nothing more forcible and genuine in favour of religious forms and their real advantage to a certain class of minds, than is contained in these three verses; and how exceptional is the impartiality of mind which could lead one confessedly moving with the onward current, to look so tenderly and truthfully at the old methods; an impartiality nevertheless which, as Matthew Arnold has implied in his striking little poem *Bacchanalia, or The New Age*, is peculiarly characteristic of a true poet.

It is scarcely necessary to observe that we find in Tennyson none of that system which pervades theological poetry, of picking nature to pieces to manufacture symbols and similes out of the *débris*. External nature with the poet is not a simile-shop to be selected from at pleasure; it is one great whole, the visible form and reflex of his own mind, with which it often becomes almost identified,—the

> Calm and still light on yon great plain—

interwoven with and coloured by his 'calmer grief,' and the spirit of Nature even identified with that of his lost friend:

> Thy voice is on the rolling air;
> I hear thee where the waters run;
> Thou standest in the rising sun,
> And in the setting thou art fair.

The distinction between the two writers in this case is simply the distinction between genuine and manufactured poetry, and does not bear, therefore, so much on our present subject. But when we turn to find what either writer has to say upon the doubts, the questionings, the speculations, which have consumed so much of the intellectual life of this century, the discrepancy between the two becomes so great that comparison is barely possible. To Keble 'the fairy tales of science and the long result of time' are as if they were not; the obstinate refusal of many noble and free spirits to be tied down to the letter of the old beliefs is quietly ignored, or referred to only as a motive for a more decided renunciation of the world, a more rigid determination to shut out by the stained-glass windows of the church the fresh light and air of the open heaven and the green earth. The poem for the 11th Sunday after Trinity may be taken as the epitome of the theological poet's feeling on this head. He can indeed promise us a calm of his own—he would hide us in a pavilion from the strife of tongues; but at what a cost! Not less than the renunciation of all participation in the battle waging around us for truth and freedom, as well as of all that brightens life—of

> Moonlight dreams
> Of love and home by mazy streams.
>
> . . . . . .
>
> Yes, let them pass without a sigh;
> And if the world seem dull and dry,
> If long and sad thy weary hours,
> And winds have rent thy sheltering bowers;
> Bethink thee what thou art and where—
> A sinner in a life of care.

Rather than this melancholy and aimless calm—aimless as far as this life is concerned—who would not choose to be a pioneer in those great movements which—

> uplift the earth
> And roll it in another course,

even though such change be not effected but

> With many shocks that come and go,
> With agonies, with energies,
> With overthrowings and with cries,
> And undulations to and fro?[1]

And when we turn to find what our poet has to say with reference to some of the greatest and most interesting subjects of speculation, we are constrained to admit, that when Tennyson touches upon such subjects in his poem, however he may occasionally lose sight of the demands of poetic expression in his desire to emphasise a truth (which is in itself a defect), he has shown a sympathy with the onward course of science and of free thought, combined in an unusual degree with a refusal to be bound by either extreme of dogmatism—the religious or the scientific (for there is a scientific dogmatism almost as narrow and bigoted in its way as that of the old-fashioned evangelical religion). The hints and metaphors borrowed from that young and suggestive science, Geology, which abound in the book, evidence a true perception of the importance of that science in its bearing upon popular beliefs, and show how large a part it has borne in the writer's thoughts. More special and definite are the allusions to Psychology, which has been of late such a battle-field of intellectual contention; and perhaps it might be difficult to find the principles of what has been called the *à posteriori* school of psychologists expressed in a more clear and concentrated manner, or a more distinct relation claimed and indicated for them with reference to the course of life here and hereafter, than in No. xliv. of *In Memoriam*, which, however, we have scarcely space to quote.

[1] *In Memoriam.* No. cxii.

The same subject is again taken up in the beautiful No. xlvi., where the theory of reabsorption into the one Divine and Universal Soul—a doctrine of such antiquity, and which has had such sublime attractions for some of the greatest minds that have lived and thought upon earth—is exquisitely touched upon, as being, with all its sublimity, utterly inadequate to satisfy the majority of tender and loving human souls. Akin to the spirit of this is the earnest protest in Nos. cxvii. and cxix., against the materialist dogma; and though it be illogical, according to all received definitions of logic, to urge against the truth of any theory considerations as to its probable results if received as true, yet we cannot but be moved by the voice in which the poet calls upon us to recognise the eternity of individual existence:

> Nor dream of human love and truth
> As dying Nature's earth and lime;

we cannot but feel that there is 'much reason in his sayings,' when he appeals to our feelings in evidence that we are—

> Not merely cuming casts in clay;
> Let Science prove we are, and then
> What matters Science unto men?

Strange, indeed, were the anti-climax, could it be that all the learning and research and experiment of modern science—all her boasts of her guiding and enlightening power, were to culminate in closing to our mental eye the vista of future and eternal existence, which has been the best hope and strongest upholder of the world's great ones, both pagan and Christian, even when fallen on evil days. It is probably with a side-glance at this materialistic tendency, that in the prologue to *In Memoriam* we find our poet claiming an equal place for Reverence as the companion of advancing Science:

> Let knowledge grow from more to more,
> But more of Reverence in us dwell—
> let not science be the instrument for narrowing our aspirations rather than extending them; let it not be allowed that a slight (comparatively, how slight!) increase of information on physical subjects should blind us to the infinite fields of knowledge and wisdom lying unexplored before us, or, in the language of Wordsworth,
>
> That men should pore, and dwindle as they pore.

To return for a moment to our theological comparisons: it is one of the most hopeful indications of the rise of a higher standard of faith in the present day, that the religion of *fear*, whose chief article is the belief in eternal punishment—that lurid background of flame which was kindled during the long mediæval night—is everywhere losing its hold even on minds of the ordinary and conservative type, and is indeed now rarely met with among educated people out of the pulpit; from which, however, a large number of the clergy (who have always been the last to cling to a falling creed) still hebdomadally 'deal damnation round the land,' though these denunciations are confined generally to the least learned and liberal of the body clerical. Did, then, the refined and cultivated mind of Keble not enter any protest against this soul-debasing dogma, or at least pass it over with as little notice as possible? On the contrary, he has devoted two numbers in his book (2nd Sunday after Lent and 11th after Trinity—the latter among the best written of all his pieces) to arguments drawn especially from this belief, wherein he represents the Deity under the aspect of a relentless Judge, marking every sin, and storing up his 'wrath' till a day of vengeance, when—

> Full many a soul, the price of blood,
> Marked by th' Almighty's hand for good,
> To utter death that hour shall sweep;
> And will the saints in heaven dare weep?

a conception not more satisfactory to our highest moral sense than the idea of an Omnipotent Being, willing the good of all his creatures, yet unable to avoid consigning a majority of them to eternal misery, is to our logical faculties. Nor is the writer afraid to argue, in behalf of this dogma, that its obliteration would cancel also the future of blessedness for the good:

> For with the sinner's fear their hope departs,
> Fast linked as Thy Great Name to Thee, O Lord.
>
> . . . . . .
>
> And if the treasures of thy wrath could waste,
> Thy lovers must their promised heav'n forego.

Those who hold by the validity of such reasoning, would probably be shocked to be told that no really generous and unselfish natures would shrink from making such a sacrifice, and giving up their eternity of heaven to rescue others from an opposite doom, were it possible that they could be placed in a position to make the choice. It is no insignificant example of the power of theological prejudice, that a man so kind-hearted and benevolent in nature as the author of the *Christian Year* is known to have been, and one whose education and talents were certainly above the average of his contemporaries in the ministry, should have been drawn into accepting and urging upon others a doctrine so opposed to all that we regard as the first principles of justice. But the fact that he was so drawn is of itself a proof that he had not the breadth and independence of feeling which belongs to a true poet; nor can we but wonder when we find the author of such sentiments characterised in high quarters as 'our great Christian poet.' Christianity has a better poet in Tennyson; and it is indeed refreshing to contrast his manner of touching on the subject just alluded to — the genuine reverence for the highest ideal of Deity which prompts the question (No. liv.):

> The wish that of the Living whole
> No life may fail beyond the grave,
> Derives it not from that we have
> The likest God within the soul?

And the tenderness of feeling which, without ignoring the time-honoured belief in the moral responsibility of man, and in the inevitable recoil of moral aberrations upon the life that is clouded by them, yet can trust—

> That somehow good
> Will be the final goal of ill;
>
> . . . . . .
>
> That not one life shall be destroyed
> Or cast as rubbish to the void,
> When God hath made the pile complete.

It is to the ascetic only, who shuts himself out from all but one phase of life and thought, who generalises only from one class of facts, who has surrendered the freedom of his reason to a restraining and narrowing authority—that a mantle of gloom,

> Not pierceable by power of any star,

hangs over so much of man and nature. To the wider generalisations of the poet a fairer prospect is unrolled, and while he would 'prelude woe,' while he feels perhaps far more keenly than the theologian the partial unhappiness and apparent failure of many a bright scene or fair phase of existence, and would tune his harp to the sorrows of mankind—even then

> The glory of the sum of things
> Will flash along the chords and go;

and like the prophet on Mount Peor, he finds himself but the messenger of a mightier power, and when others would demand curses of him, he must perforce give forth the words of blessing and hope. Something of this the reader cannot but see in No. cxxv. and the two following numbers of *In Memoriam*. But if earnest minds—not sufficiently strong to 'be unto themselves a guide,' yet clear-sighted enough to discern the vanity of the

orthodox claim to furnish an infallible rule—if such minds, amid the overturning of old idols and the decay of long-reverenced forms, would seek some firmer ground for a faith which sees its former foundations failing—here too their poet will not be found wanting, but will prove a clearer guide than their theological custodian, when, with no uncertain sound, he calls upon them to lift their voice—

> To one that with us works, and trust,
> *With Faith that comes of self-control,*
> The truths that never can be proved
> Until we close with all we loved,
> And all we flow from, soul in soul.[1]

Surely the line we have italicised is in itself worth more than all whole burnt offerings and sacrifice, has more of genuine religious teaching than libraries of sermons and synodical and Pan-Anglican meetings without end could furnish. True that the poet speaks of truths that 'never can be proved,' but in fact the highest order of truths are not susceptible of proof, nor is that the highest order of mind which will accept nothing but logical proof. But who has not felt, when successfully struggling against the lower impulses of his nature, when combating and restraining passion, selfishness, or indolence (that rust of the soul, which cankers all its efforts when once given the rein), when firmly preferring the path of duty to that of gratification, and making for himself proof—

> That tasks in hours of insight willed,
> May be through hours of gloom fulfilled,

that every such victory gains to him fuller assurance of a higher and holier ideal, the embodiment of all to which such self-sacrifices tend —that like the pilgrims in our great allegory, who were taken by the shepherds to the top of the Delectable Mountains (attained not indeed without difficulty and toil), he has gained skill to look through the perspective glass which opens up vistas of a stronger and brighter existence for himself and all mankind, that he seems to discern 'the gates of the city, and some of the glory of the place.'

There is one other subject, previously hinted at, to which we would refer in pursuing our comparison; a subject not generally considered as a 'religious' one, but which perhaps above all others forces upon us the contrast between the narrowing influence of the theological spirit as compared with the deeper and freer spirit of poetry. Ever since the growth of the ecclesiastical tree upon the soil of Christian teaching, which it has at times entirely overshadowed, Christianity has been more or less identified with that ascetic tendency which regards the mightiest passion of our nature with a jealous eye, as something to be placed in the background, to be kept under restraint, to be spoken of in whispers, at times to be forbidden altogether; at the best to be regarded as 'on sufferance only,' as a thing to be ashamed of, and as incompatible with perfect holiness of life. Even in the writings of St. Paul, in most respects such a noble type of all that is manly and pure in human nature, this feeling begins to manifest itself, as in that strange exhortation contained in 1 Cor. vii.; not unnatural perhaps at a period when the dissolution of all things was yearly expected, but which it is truly edifying to hear periodically read, with perfect gravity, before congregations many of whom have for years realised the blessing and completeness of wedded life, to which others perhaps are looking forward as their brightest and most elevating prospect. We know how that spirit gathered strength in its march, till it culminated in its great formal

[1] *In Memoriam.* No. cxxx.

development in the system of monasticism which hangs over the field of mediæval history; and it is to the tendency, remarked upon by Goethe, of ideas and systems which have at any one time been generally accepted, to reproduce and reassert themselves, long after they have been supposed to be finally defunct, that we must attribute the present ecclesiastical revival, and with it the reassertion of the ascetic spirit which ascribes to celibacy a special and peculiar holiness. That this latter belief is practically acted upon, except in a very limited number of cases, no one would undertake to affirm; but there can be little doubt that it is colouring to a great extent the views upon the subject of marriage of many young persons in the present day, particularly among the sex in which the priesthood has always found its most devoted adherents. It is this feeling which is giving such renewed dignity, in the eyes of many, to the antiquated marriage-service of the Established Church, and to which we owe the frequent glowing descriptions in our newspaper columns of 'choral weddings,' where hymns are sung appropriate to the occasion. The keynote of these hymns was struck by Keble in the *Christian Year*, and their general object, if plainly put, is to ask pardon for the sin of committing matrimony. It is in the interest of all that is healthful and natural in connection with the greatest happiness that life can afford, that we would protest against this unreal and forced view of marriage, to which 'the Church' is leading her sons and daughters, and to which her chosen poet has lent the aid of his smooth and polished verse. It is melancholy indeed to find in the present century the superstitious fancies of Jeremy Taylor (who on this subject was a well-meaning but most unhealthy writer) quoted as a pendant to modern religious poetry (*Christian Year*, Wednesday before Easter). There is in this however, something openly repulsive which would prevent its attracting any but the most bigoted mediævalists. But in the hymn for 'Holy Matrimony' we find the false notion that the ties of love are something in their nature evil, which can only be tolerated under ecclesiastical purification, so speciously indicated as to appear to the casual reader as a protest in favour of a higher view of the subject:

E'en wedded Love, till Thou be near,
  Dares not believe her gain;
Then in the air she fearless springs,
The breath of Heaven beneath her wings,
And leaves her wood-notes wild, and sings
  A tuned and measured strain.

Ill fare the lay, though soft as dew
  And free as air it fall,
That with Thine altar full in view
  Thy votaries would enthrall
To a foul dream, of heathen night—
  . . . . . .
Far other strains, far other fires,
  Our marriage offering grace.

True it is indeed that 'far other strains' grace the marriage feast of those who follow the steps of the ecclesiastical revivers — true that theirs is a 'measured strain' compared with those 'wood-notes wild' in which the tenderness and passion of Juliet or Miranda

Rose slowly to a music slowly breathed;

even as the stiff and restricted form of a church chant is to the πολύφλοισβος θάλασσα of Beethoven's symphonies. But must we really accept the theory that the soul is to be raised and liberated by putting into shackles its most stirring emotions? There may be some pure, but certainly no powerful minds who would accept the position, even put in this cautious and semi-attractive form. But the same feeling assumes a more explicit aspect in the *Lyra Innocentium*, where in the sonnet entitled 'Bridal White' we are cautioned on such an occasion of 'dangerous bliss' to—

Arm the more
Both heart and limb with brightness from above;
So may we scare the *noisome beasts* that rove
There busiest, where earth's rapture most runs o'er;

a sentiment which reappears in the popular hymn, 'The voice that breathed o'er Eden' (at present the stock hymn at all respectable Church weddings), in the verse

O spread thy pure wing o'er them,
Let no *ill power* find place,
While onward to God's altar
Their hallowed path they trace.

It is on the highest grounds of morality and purity that we are bound to speak plainly on this subject; for this unnatural and artificial restraint of feeling only tends to substitute prurient self-consciousness for healthy emotion; and at this very time, to the writer's knowledge, these principles, carried to their greatest length by some of the ultra-Ritualistic party, are exhibiting their natural results in odious and indecent sermons on the holiness of virginity, the proper regulation of marriage, and other recommendations which we prefer not to mention—sermons delivered to mixed congregations of both sexes, the majority often ladies who are not ashamed to be seen listening to this disgusting nonsense in a church, though no possible consideration would reconcile them to being present at a similar lecture in any other place. It is worthy the attention of the holy men who promulgate these opinions, that our genial and healthy early English poet has put their argument into the mouth of an allegorical personage, in whose company they would scarcely care to be seen, though they are perhaps acting as his ministers. Chaucer relates how in his wanderings through the 'Court of Love' he saw where within a bay window—

Stood one in grene, ful large of brede and length,
His beard as black as fethers of the crow;
His name was Lust, of wonder might and strength,
And with Delite to argue there he think'th,
For this was all his opinion
That love was sinne: and so hath he begun
To reason fast, and 'ledge auctoritee:
'Nay,' quod Delite, 'love is a vertue clere,
And from the soul his progress holdeth he:
Blind appetite of lust doth often stere,
And that is sinne, for reason lacketh there.
. . . . . .
But verray love is vertue as I fele,
For love may thy freill desire ackele,[1]
For verray love is love, withouten sinne;'
'Now stint,' quod Lust, 'thou speketh not worth a pinne.'

And to step (and a long step it is) from the homely simplicity of Chaucer to the wilder flights of modern poetry, how paltry does this pretension to purity on the part of the Church party appear by the side of the really sublime imagery and idea with which Shelley commences a little poem called a 'Bridal Song':

The golden gates of sleep unbar,
Where Strength and Beauty, met together,
Kindle their image, like a star
Upon the sea, in glassy weather:

which however may, we suppose, be stigmatised as 'improper' in these days of Divorce Courts, and other shrines of the great goddess Propriety, whom all England and the world worshippeth.[2] But if, finally, we return to the poem which we have been specially contrasting with Keble's, we find that on this subject, more perhaps than any other, its author appears as the man of nobler and purer feelings as well as the better poet. Let the reader once more consider the tameness and cold ascetism of Keble's marriage hymns, additionally disfigured

[1] Cool.

[2] It hoped that nothing in these remarks will be construed into any plea or excuse for the sensuality, which Mr. Swinburne and his friends appear to consider as the highest fount of poetic inspiration. Compared with some of the lyrical effusions of this gentleman, *Don Juan* may be styled a healthy and elevating production.

by reference to that strange myth of the creation of Woman, which is read with such ludicrous solemnity in our churches, and then let him contrast with this the marriage lay at the close of *In Memoriam*:

> O true and tried, so well and long—

commencing with that felicitous touching of the prominent characteristics of an English wedding day, which must have vividly recalled to many a man and woman some 'undimmed hour' brightened by their own or others' happiness, and rising at the close to so high and serious a tone, as the poet contemplates in his mind's eye the 'happy shores,'

> By which they rest, and ocean sounds,
> And, star and system rolling past,
> A soul shall draw from out the vast
> And strike his being into bounds,
>
> And moved through life of lower phase,
> Result in man, be born and think
> And act and love, a closer link
> Between us and the crowning race
>
> Of those that, eye to eye, shall look
> On knowledge;—

let him mark how in the concluding verses the incidents of marriage and birth are claimed as being each a step towards the consummation of that—

> One far-off divine event
> To which the whole Creation moves;—

and he must surely admit that the most effective celebration of the national wedding service, with its formal catalogue of the objects of the 'institution,' and with all the concomitants of surplices and chanting, processions and crosses, ascetic homilies and monkish hymns, has never done anything to dignify and sanctify the fulfilment of sexual love, comparable in effect to these few verses of the Poet Laureate.

Such are some of the considerations—not, we venture to think, forced or far-fetched—suggested by a comparison of two of the most popular books of their day, dealing in many cases with similar subjects, but from two diverse points of view; the one being specially the property of the religious public, the other of the poetical world, so far as the latter can be said at present to live and have a being. And it is perhaps not insignificantly that our comparison between the two has closed with a reference to that passion which includes all others 'that stir this mortal frame,' which has the widest sympathies and deepest connection with all nature.

We have spoken of the feelings and expressions of the poet with regard to the theology of his day as generally characterised by wider and more liberal views than those of the professed theologian. But the highest poetry has a theology of its own, which has been its property through all ages, varying not in kind but in degree, and growing deeper and more intense with the progress of intellectual cultivation —'still opening with the opening mind.' Its passive principle has been to recognise in all that is beautiful and grand in the phenomena of inanimate nature—in all that is tender and brave and chivalrous in human actions and feelings—the living signs of an all-pervading influence of life and love; to stand as a continual testimony against that common and mean conception of the Deity of which Bunsen spoke so strongly;[1] that which leads ordinary minds to regard the Almighty Giver only in the light of a quasi-human personality of vast power, inhabiting some vaguely conceived external position in the universe, from whence he superintends and regulates human affairs. Poetry has indeed used the theological conceptions of its age incidentally as machinery and ornament; but all those feelings and expressions with

[1] *God in History.*

regard to the relation of men to the Infinite, which have come from the inmost hearts of the great poets of the world, are as true for this day as when they were first uttered; or if they wear an altered aspect now, it is only that their meaning has become fuller and deeper and more evident with the growing light of knowledge and of a higher standard of humanity. And to those minds that happily can feel the all-embracing passion of poetry, its active effect (following naturally upon its passive principle) is and ever has been to lead the mind from the bondage of passing theories and dogmas and formulæ, up to an Eternal Source of strength and light; and this not by placing before the mind higher theories and dogmas, be they ever so noble, or by appealing to our logical faculties of judgment, but by enlarging the circumference of the imagination, and strengthening the soul for a renewed flight to those regions of perfect beauty to which all high poetry tends, for a clearer perception of those indefinable truths of which the great poets have been and will ever be the highest interpreters.

Whose praise are they singing?
Of what is it told?
What will be for ever,
What was from old.

First hymn they the Father
Of all things, and then
The rest of Immortals,
The action of men:

The Day in its hotness,
The strife with the palm—
The Night in its coolness—
The Stars in their calm.[1]

[1] Matthew Arnold.

OATNESSIANA.

Part I.—Captain Ord's Return.

CHAPTER XVII.

SUFFIE had great difficulty in telling her story to Eelen and Jean. If it had not been that there never had existed a secret between the sisters, and Suffie literally did not know how to keep a secret from Eelen and Jean, she could have found it in her heart to keep this from them. Eelen and Jean were struck, and Jean was loud in her comdemnation, but neither was disposed to back Suffie in affording the smallest countenance to the black lady. 'It is a judgment upon him, but you maun let it gang its ain gate,' averred Jean; 'it is no business of yours, Suffie. It would have made a fell odds if you had not gien each other up, and you gotten his sillar to do it. It might have been your part then to meddle and be at the bottom of the affair. But as it is, you maun leave it to the Park gentry, it is their matter now; it is for them to redd it up, and a fine ravelled hank the hachty madam has got to employ her hand on for throwing awa' her young leddy on Tam Ord. I would not demean myself to speer whether he were married half a dozen of years syne, or were only gaun to be. The Wedderburns may find that out for themselves and buy the black leddy and her bairn aff, as he bought aff you. At'weel Tam Ord had need to be rich enough to buy the whole country side, let alane Dalgordon, if he is to give hundreds to this ane and thousands to that to pay for his false lees. The big blackguard deserves to be hanged or banished, no doubt, but I would na let him or ither folk see I thought about him. It is no your business, Suffie.'

'Na, it is no your business, Suffie,' echoed Eelen; 'lass, ye may be richt glad you're quit of it. I hope ye hae na forgotten the arnetty for the cheese and the halters for the calves?'

To Suffie's vexation Mr. and Mrs. Aikenhead made a late call after shop-shutting that night; and before Suffie could prefer the uncommon request to her sisters not to communicate the story of the stranger to the pair, they were told every word of it, and they joined authoritatively in the chorus that it was no business of Suffie's. They went a great deal farther in scouting at Suffie's having anything to do with the black lady. 'Woman, it would na be fair after you've taken Ord's money,' represented Aikenhead strongly. 'I would not hear of sic a step, and I've had trouble enough with you, Suffie. It would look like spite and vindictiveness, feelings with which I've no trade; and a bargain's a bargain, lass. Leave Ord to sort the woman and her tale when he comes hame; it's like he'll sort it sune, and pack the blackamore and her brat, bag and baggage, back where she came from in double quick time, and no another word heard tell of them. The Wedderburns can take care of themselves, but it is as well for Ord that they are frae hame, for I reckon Mr. Wedderburn's ane of the real gentry, and if he got word of the claver, he might be a ticklish customer to put aff for as canny as he is; as for her, she's sma' graith compared to the laird of the Park, everybody kens she's just a London browster's dachter, and I 'daresay she would make a muckle mouth and swally a camel.'

'They're a' alike, Aikenhead,' insisted the grocer's irreverent bet-

ter half, 'give them their riding horses, their wine and wa'nuts, and their pouthered flunkeys, and they'll no stick at sin and misery, gin it dinna be of the sort to bring their waste to untimely want. But I wonder at ye, Suffie; I dinna believe ae word of the woman's pretences—a parcel of impudent lees. I never heed waff reports. I think ye forget what I am—an honourable married woman—to insult me by mentioning sic a little-worth gypsy in my presence, afore Aikenhead too! but you auld maids have no sense or feeling,' and Mrs. Aikenhead tossed her head, and the load of pink ribbons on her second-best bonnet, hitched nearer to Aikenhead to indicate her right to him, and looked drawn daggers at Suffie after requiring every detail of the narrative which she now condemned so severely.

'I canna help it,' protested Suffie, with symptoms of the dourness which lay under her quietness. 'I did not make up to the black lady, I would never have thought of siccan a thing. She spoke to me first, and it looks like the finger of the Lord,' she said solemnly, under her breath, to herself, and again aloud, 'I promised to go back and look in upon her, black or white; and I maun do it, if it were only to tell her you'll no let me have anything to say to her.'

The sisters were about to fly out against such an obligation, but Aikenhead's unexpected approval turned the scale. 'Do it, Suffie then, or the quean will be following you out to Sandycroft here, since you were so daft as to listen to her, and if she speer about you and hear your case, she'll jalouse she's gotten two strings to her bow, another lichtlied lass's hate to add to her ain, when, hech! Ord would be in a pickle. Be as quick about it as you can, my woman, because you would need to let Mrs. Harley better understand that you've nothing on earth to do with the black sorry. For Mrs. Harley is as sharp as a needle, she but to be, poor soul! and I can tell you she might attempt to come back upon you for the lawing as you introduced the forriner to her house. When you are about the matter you can let Mrs. Harley ken too, Suffie, there maun be no taking on of coffee or tea, or ham or chiz at our shop. If there's ready money, gude and weel, I've no call to stand out on the character of my customers. Mr. Young sets us a fine example when he lets business alane, for business is business and religion is religion. But when there's a black leddy without a name, or like to be without a name, I dinna choose that that there should be an account run up—not that an ill-paid account or twa would break me, I'm happy to say. However, there's less reason for snatchin' at desperate chances, like Mrs. Harley, poor, ill-matched wife. For anything farther, mind you, woman, the least said is soonest mended, and you'd better ca' a calm sough with your tongues about this adventure. I repeat, it would ill become you to spread it, it would be taken as soor grapes from this family, and if it were traced back it might draw down on you the wrath of Ord and the Wedderburns, which is no altogether to be scorned.'

Mrs. Aikenhead tossed her head again, at the bare proposal of calling a calm sough out of fear of Tam Ord and the gentry's retaliation on a story which she had classed to Suffie as 'a waff report,' not fit to be alluded to in her righteous hearing, but the outlines of which she was nevertheless primed to fill in with dashing suggestions and bold conclusions, and to buzz and gloat over and dispense from behind her counter for weeks to come. Aikenhead knew what was in her mind and could not padlock her lips behind his back, though he could exact a certain amount of obedience, rendered by her with a rude grace, to his face. As to the rest he trusted to its

being brushed aside as, 'women's tongues, George, women's tongues.' Women's and men's tongues might alike have been excluded from giving evidence at Oatness, the abuse of the tongue was so much indulged in there. Dr. Spottiswoode did occasionally preach a weighty sermon against bearing false witness, and applied it not only to courts of law, but to private dwelling houses, but Mr. Young, a not ignoble, shock-headed Boanerges, whose faith was mighty as his diet was frugal, heard none of the speaking and meddled as little with base accusations and cruel condemnations as with liberality and generosity in the conduct of business.

Suffie's half formless, blurred conception of the black lady as an avenging spirit, if avenging spirits ever came in yellow shawls, white veils, and crisp, tangled jetty ringlets, seemed to dissolve in mist under the practical influence of Aikenhead; but when she walked into Oatness the next afternoon it was to keep her word, which was a law to a primitive woman like Suffie, and not out of pure anxiety to remedy the risk—as both she and Aikenhead saw it—incurred by a facile, imprudent action.

The enthralling circus was still in full force at Oatness, with a morning performance, which answered to Suffie's afternoon in point of time, and kept the streets deserted as on the previous evening. The gale had fallen, leaving its traces only in light wreaths of sand, like the scrapings of Aikenhead's sugar casks, drifted as summer snow in the narrow rough lanes and broad grassy streets, on a day now 'lown,' tranquil, and benign with a blue breadth of benignity over the ruffled sea like the landward summer days, which were next to mythical in the first six months of the year at Oatness.

But Suffie did not find the Ship Inn in the customary repose which had reigned there when she quitted it, nor did she return a moment sooner than she was eagerly watched and waited for. The weariness of hope deferred in Mrs. Harley's experience had been very agreeably diversified that day by the arrival of a party of government surveyors, who were to make a trigonometrical survey from all the heights round Oatness at the country's expense, and who were also to live at the country's expense for the next three months in the Ship Inn. The hitch with Mrs. Harley was that the best parlour was wanted immediately for the chief man, and there were the black lady and her yellow boy occupying it, dawdling over their dinner, demanding steaks, rice, pickles, and finding great fault with the rice and the pickles. Mrs. Harley was not uncivil. In the elation of the great grist which had suddenly been dealt to her mill, she had thrown on her Sabbath-day gown (and been immediately obliged to kilt it in the heat of her service) and her cap with all colours of primroses. But she was not unbecomingly elated. For a consideration she was willing to put off as well as she could, even a solid man who wanted the best parlour for three months till the black lady could supply herself with a lodging. But the black lady, who had brought no luggage but one trunk, a sea chest certainly, not only looked blue at the mention of consideration, but began to scold in her high English, —these niggers were always so fine —and to clamour for Miss Care, as she pronounced Miss Suffie's name.

Miss Care found the poles for the survey, like a whaler's harpoons, with little flags appended to them in the fashion of a ship's colours, amidst a quantity of men's traps and travelling bags in the inn lobby, a clatter of men's voices in the rooms, distressing to a shy, middle-aged, single woman, a pervading smell of ham and eggs, with which Mrs. Harley was about to give a relish to her cock chickens, that she was

wont to chase down, strangle and stew, when the white stone of the emergency of a traveller to dinner turned up, and the stronger flavour of the tobacco and beer with which the surveyors were already solacing themselves and treating Mr. Harley. And the great eyes were looking out for Suffie on the threshold of their owner's apartment, their owner's arms prepared to pull Suffie over the threshold as their property, and their owner's voice hailing her in impatient, reproachful accents: 'Oh! Miss Care, how long you've have been, when the people you brought me to are seeking to rob me and to drive me and the child out like dogs, and they call this a Christian country! Speak to them, they're your country people. Tell me what I'm to do. Quick, Miss Care.'

She who had put in a claim to be Mrs. Ord of Dalgordon was not more attractive to Suffie's taste or composing to Suffie's mind in her house dress. Suffie had never beheld a spectacle like the black lady or seen a dress more unlike a house gown, and that among the comparatively familiar surroundings of Mrs. Harley's battered mahogany furniture, thread-bare, dank-green carpet, and knife-boxes and tea-caddy for elegant ornaments. With the infatuation of coloured women for the total absence of colour, which is most trying to their own shade of blackness, Suffie's mulatto friend wore a white muslin, such as Suffie deemed only fit for a wedding or a kirking. She wore no cap, and caps were still worn in Suffie's day and within her rank, especially by all married women however young, but this woman, who was past her youth, had her glossy frizzled hair ringleted in front, and behind twisted with rows of beads—for all her headdress. She must have had a great fondness for beads, as they hung from her and rattled round her in every direction. She had bead bracelets, three or four of them, ear-drops composed of beads, and a bead chain so long that it was a negligee and knotted at her throat. Some of the beads were gold, some coral, some ebony, some perforated berries, and one of the rows, if Suffie had been cool and had taken time to decipher them, was of shells. But to Suffie, who was not accustomed to jewellery, except in the form of framed hair brooches and solid solitary rings, put on for state occasions, the rows of beads represented so many circlets, such as she had only seen, she recollected with another recoil, garlanding the squat Hindoo household gods which sailors and travelled men brought home sometimes to Oatness. The black lady was not unlike one of these Hindoo gods in feature, flat, coarse, elongated, and bony all at the same time; and the singular contrast afforded by the dusky brown of face, throat, and hands, displayed against the pure white muslin dress of the surrounding drapery had a startling effect, somewhat similar to that produced by the uncouth symbols of heathen idolatry deposited on chimney pieces and door sills, and made to front family Bibles and engravings of ministers in Geneva gowns and bands, or ministers too pure to don gowns, and limiting their insignia to bands. But the great characteristic of these prominent carved cross-legged divinities was like the normal atmosphere of the Ship Inn, one of profound stillness, and the black lady would have formed a better type of perpetual motion. Her long, oily ringlets waved, her claw-like hands gesticulated, her dark eyes flashed, her white teeth, like a mouthful of her gown, showed themselves continually, while the small washed-out *fac simile* of her, the sallow child, sat mowing and flinging about the fragments of a plate which it had already broken, on the faded carpet.

There was one and but one favourable attribute of the outlandish figure, which Suffie was enough of

a woman to notice and appreciate with a quick thrilling recognition of the importance of the assumption. On the third finger of the left hand the black lady wore a plain gold ring.

Suffie tried to say the stranger must settle her plans on her own account, even while she advised her to give Mrs. Harley additional payment for the room, but the black lady negatived Suffie's slow renunciation of interest in the question with voluble bursts of eloquence. She shook before Suffie a purse, wrought also of brown beads or seeds, and which was ominously down to the dregs of its contents; finally, snatching up the child who wailed in concert, she executed an impromptu scene of rocking and lamentation with the constant refrain, Was this the Christian country of which the missionaries told the natives? She had been in England before, at school, as good a school as any at Clapham, she could tell Miss Care that, but these were very different days. Here all the cold, cruel beetles and donkeys of Scotch people were in league with the false Captain Thomas Ord. No, they told her lies, to keep him from her for their own purposes, but her Captain would come and she would confront them with him, and have them all exposed and punished, and sent up to some of the hill forts. But that would be after she had leapt with her child from the rocks into the deep, gurgling, drowning water, or after she had been driven out, and lain down and died of the biting cold on their Christian doorsteps in their Christian country. The mourning and the abuse died out in Hindustanee either to soothe or to stir up still farther the excited child. Suffie was altogether beaten by the very irrationality of a creature not fit to take care of herself, by the tempest of rage and pain, and, above all, by the wild-sounding Hindustanee.

Suffie stumbled to the window, and cast about in her mind what she could do for the woman who had been Suffie's rival in the days when she had not dreaded a rival, simply because she had Tam Ord's word. As she gazed out in her trouble, Mrs. Captain Peter Clephane trotted past, aiding her steps by her huge umbrella, and carrying her dressed cap in a pocket handkerchief, going along the High Street beyond the inn court, to some of the town's tea parties. Stimulated as it was, a bright idea struck Suffie's dull brain. Mrs. Captain Peter Clephane had a craving for news; she was fond of doing things out of the ordinary routine, and astonishing her friends and the public. Occasionally she did a generous action, which was an excuse for the world's enduring her despotism and impertinence. She was a great friend of Captain Ord's —as Suffie supposed. Saying aloud, 'I see somebody that may help you, mem,' or she would not have been allowed to break off so easily from the heavy charge imposed upon her, Suffie braced herself for the great effort of going out, stopping, and appealing to Mrs. Captain Peter Clephane. As it was, the black lady candidly informed Suffie that she would put on her bonnet and be ready to run after Suffie, if she passed out of sight, but instead of doing so, threw down the child, went in her turn to the window, and jealously scrutinised the interview.

Suffie had descended the inn stair, shuffled across the court and up the intervening yards of street, and tremblingly accosted Mrs. Captain Peter Clephane. 'Eh! Mrs. Clephane, mem, sic a thing has happened.'

Mrs. Captain Peter Clephane stood motionless for a second, and then faced round on Suffie with her ugly, clever face, 'What is 't, Miss Suffie Quhair? Have you got a new lad and let him slip through your fingers again like a knotless

thread, and has Geordie Aikenhead pulled *him* up, and made him pay for his fickle fancy, and is some other Charlotte Wedderburn putting up with your auld shoon? no that I'm finding fault with Charlotte, it's the cleverest lass puts out her neebour. However you maun walk along with me and not keep me standing, for I've gotten the cauld in my head and my ears are ringing. Now, Miss Suff, what mare's nest have you fund?'

Suffie was always disturbed by the mocking tone of the old woman, and would fain have retreated from the encounter she had provoked. She explained herself with the utmost difficulty. How a black lady and her child had come to Oatness the day before and asked for Captain Ord, and how she (the black lady) said—'threepit,' that how she had a right to ask after Captain Ord for years. How the Captain was absent, gone with the Park family to get the lave of the Dalgordon plenishing and Miss Wedderburn's providing, and his gude sister was from home forby. And the black lady's money was small, the inn was unexpectedly filled, and Suffie was feared with reason that no Oatness lady would take in such a doubtful lodger at a moment's notice, more by token when she could not pay above a small hire for a lodging. What would Mrs. Captain Peter Clephane please to re-recommend to the black lady in her extremity?

Mrs. Captain Peter Clephane had stood still after the first word, in spite of the cold in her head, and listened in silence, cocking her most available ear towards Suffie, and once and again turning full upon her an expressive, alert face, the ugliness of which was made up of the queer lines and puckers in a comically carved gurgoyle, the grizzled beard of a man, and the superhuman brightness and malice of a flibbertigibbet. 'What's your will, Suffie Quhair? What have you to do with this disclosure?' she asked abruptly, directly Suffie paused. 'Preserve me! it's like the auld ballant of Susie Pye and the woman who travelled land and sea, no able to say more than the twa words, "Gilbert" and "London." Had Captain Ord lain in a black hole of a dungeon before he got so big and braw, ye ken, and this black lady, as you call her, let him out, think ye? But what I'm keen to hear is, do ye want to pay him back for his scant kindness in his own coin by scourging him with his own vices, and ruining all his fine schemes?'

'Na; whisht, whisht, Mrs. Clephane,' exclaimed Suffie, choking upon her words, 'I forgie him, I hope I forgie him. But since she forgathered with me, of all the people in the world, her "first foot" on the shore by an accident, should na he be prevented from doing more wrang, terrible wrang if what she mints at be true? And black or white, good or bad, she cannot be left to perish hersell, a lone woman and a bairn, Mrs. Clephane, in a strange land.'

'Ye can save them yersell then, Suffie Quhair,' declared Mrs. Captain Peter Clephane discontentedly and disdainfully, and beginning to move on, 'since you're so magnanimous and charitable, and all your orders. If you had plucked up a proud spirit, and wanted to scourge the man, I might have aided and abetted you, for I like to see justice done. What, though his sillar has crossed your loof? It's no lost that a friend gets, and you were, or should have been, his nearest friend. But you're so high-flown, you're clean aboon me, and you can make a kirk and a mill of your forgiveness—a fell like forgiveness he'll think it, I'se warrant,' and Mrs. Captain Peter Clephane walked off, giving a little preparatory clank with her umbrella, and then planting it determinedly on the ground.

Suffie remained behind, saying

involuntarily, as a parting protest, 'Poor black sheep, I doubt it is ower true, she will need to loup into the sea, or lie down in the street in a Christian country.'

Mrs. Captain Peter Clephane halted at a few paces' distance, and looked over her shoulder, frowning with all her might, and speaking as if under great provocation, 'You're a gowk, Suffie Quhair, that's what you are, a saft, silly lump, with your hair growing grey. What do you mean by making up to me with your havers? I've no call to fash my thoomb with such unpleasant, improper troke about a gentleman who is my friend and entertains me at Dalgordon. If Mrs. Harley will not spare you a room as she's bound to do, and it her business to entertain strangers, speak to the minister about the heathen, or take her to Jael Cairns', she has a room and her son's your man, his mother will not refuse any *frien'* of yours accommodation at a moderate sum, no, though it were the black gentleman and not a black lady,—Jael's ower far ben with the seceders to fear the like of him. And if the black lady's ower nice for Jael Cairns, she's a hantle ower nice to come across the sea without sillar, seeking a recreant man like a lass in a rant of a song, and you may tell her I said so. Bide a wee, Miss Suffie, and tell me if yon's no my lass's glaiket head at my gate, trusting to my back's being turned. Ay, you're caught the now, ye idle cutty, and it's an ill wind that blaws naebody gude.'

To Jael Cairns' it was that the black lady was led, with Suffie's mazed and distraught eyes seeming to see the finger of the Lord looming clearer and clearer out of the darkness and pointing to an inevitable fate, drawing nearer every moment, gathering like thunder-clouds in the midsummer sky of Captain Ord's life, and casting its shadow behind into the past and before into the future. Jael Cairns was not aware that her proposed lodger was any other than a black lady at a loss for an apartment in the town, whom Miss Suffie Quhair had happened oddly enough to pick up. The black lady herself was bitterly indignant at the blow to her dignity in her lines having been cast into such mean quarters as a working man's cottage, and a single room with its whitewashed walls, its box bed, its strip of carpet. She was utterly ungrateful to Suffie for her pains and penalties, but not so lost to sanity as to refuse the only shelter, however miserable, which she could hope to procure while she awaited Captain Ord's return.

Suffie shrank from the part she was playing while she could not choose but play it, and was in trepidation with regard to what Eelen and Jean would say, and how any of them at Sandycroft would ever dare own to the Aikenheads her perverse behaviour.

CHAPTER XVIII.

Suffie could not have reconciled Eelen and Jean to her step forwards and not backwards, but for the black lady's desperation. Danger to life awed the quiet women. Jean was the first to propose that they should keep away from the Aikenheads' for the present, and not say anything farther of the mischance. She did not see how Suffie could have helped herself, but Bell always thought nobody knew anything save herself, and 'kicked up a stour' if her way was not taken.

Thus Suffie was established, so to speak, in clandestine correspondence with the black lady. Not that Suffie was eager to avail herself of the privilege; she kept away from Jael's till summoned by Jael herself to look into her cottage in the passing, a message with which Suffie could not refuse to comply.

Suffie found Jael 'putting out' a bannock in the cool of the evening,

toasting it on the girdle hung by the crook over her little snowy cheeked fore-face, and diffusing the peculiar 'birsled' hot, sweet strong smell of peas over the house. At the same time she kept a vigilant eye through the little round back window on 'the laddie,' a great hulking, kindly, morally cowardly fellow approaching middle age, strolling and occasionally sticking a spade or a fork into the soil and among the potatoes of the yaird, 'diverting himself.' Jael's rose-bush was budding, and the companion swine were fattening bravely on the cabbage leaves, and the critical little pastoral, which Jael had improvised and studied till she was perfect in every part, seemed more imminent than ever. There is no need to say that it was a poetic figment, and that Jael was brimful of poetry.

'Ye'll mind it was you who brought the black leddy here, Miss Suffie, ye'll tak tent and mind that,' she said meaningly to Suffie in the first words of her greeting, and Suffie was rendered suspicious that Jael had become cognisant of all the relations of the black lady. With great delicacy Jael came no nearer the truth, leaving Suffie to seek and find it for herself, but proceeded to discuss generally the unsatisfactory habits of her lodger while she nipped the edges and patted the backs of her bannocks in toasting and turning them. Black folk were not like other folk. The lady never went out, as lodgers at the sea-side were accustomed to go, from morning to night in fine weather, and allowed Jael the freedom of her cleanings. The black lady demanded a deal of attendance. She had the grand cut green grate-paper, which Jael had prigged from a gangrel to adorn her front room, pulled down from her grate, and the lady did it herself so rashly that it was torn to tatters. She kept a fire and it June that would roast an ox beside her, day and night. Jael lived in dread of having her house burnt about her ears. The black lady sent Jael every morning to see if who but Captain Ord were come back (Jael did not look at Suffie), and when she heard 'no,' she just lay still 'low-thering' in her bed. She was not pleased with Jael's cooking—gude wholesome kail would not content the black lady—she would give Jael no peace till she went to the baker's, pastry-cook's the black lady called him, for trash of pies and tarts and buns—that is cookies which were her and the bairn's diet. The bairn was like nothing Jael had ever seen, but a puggie riding on the top of an organ; when the fire was let low sure enough he would huddle himself together and sit dragging his mother's shawl round him for all the world as the puggie pulled its rag in a blast, after it had done dancing to a tune. The black lady's kist, as far as Jael could see, held nothing but nonsense of gauzes and feathers, and if the woman continued as she was doing, what with the fire, the confinement, the pastry, the pining, she would lose her wits, which were far enough to seek at any time; and if Captain Ord refused to stir in the business, and it was little the black lady kenned of the Captain's doings, it would not be on 'deaf nuts' that the object would be put into a mad-house, the doctor's bill paid, the bairn taken care of.

Suffie tried to reassure Jael with a quaking heart of her own, and then she knocked reluctantly at the lodger's door.

'Come in,' cried the indolent voice, with its vehemence sounding fretfully through its languor.

When Suffie obeyed the warrant she was ready to confirm Jael's report. The heat, the closeness, the scent of patchouli, with which Suffie's nostrils were quite unacquainted, and which stank in them, making the homely smell of Jael's birsled peas-bannocks the most refreshing odour in the world by comparison, reduced the air in the

room to a level that, in Suffie's opinion, might have made the stalwart ploughman in the garden without, faint.

The black lady lay in the blue and white check curtained bed, as Jael had described her doing, clad in an old cashmere dressing gown, the barbaric splendour in hue and pattern of which did duty for the glories of the yellow shawl and the rattling beads, while the long ringlets were straggling and sticking everywhere to the carpet, bed cover, and check curtains. Jael's toilet accommodation was in the French style, that of a looking glass a few inches square hung on the wall, so that chairs and chimney-ledge, *faute de mieux*, were littered with combs and brushes, and flashy crystal and porcelain bottles and pots. The black lady's chest not only encumbered the room, but stood open with its contents of flimsy gauze and muslin, lace and ribbon, drawn half out either to feast weary, frivolous eyes, or in ostentatious display. The tea-table, one of Jael's treasures, had its tray set out, but instead of the buttered toast and tea, which would have been Jael's dainties, it held a sickening, half-full, slopped-about cup of chocolate, the fatty matter in a cake at the top, and some morsels of sweet biscuits. Crumbling more of such morsels and brandishing a huge fan, the child sat under the table.

'Oh! Miss Care, is it you at last, come to see whether I am alive or dead, in the den into which you thrust me?' the black lady hailed Suffie superciliously.

It was evident that Jael's lodger knew Suffie but as the luckless wight, whose humanity she had impressed for her own use within the first five minutes of their acquaintance, and whom she despised accordingly. It was not that her cunning had not prompted inquiries, though she was too selfish and stupid for honest curiosity, but they were foiled, not so much by the unknown tongue of the dialect in which Jael replied to them, as by the black lady's having fallen into the hands of a friend of Suffie's, who was too vigilant for Suffie's honour to vouchsafe any other information regarding her than—Who should Miss Quhair be but one of the ladies of Sandycroft—ladies of a dozen milk kye?—and Jael, supercilious in her turn, wondered that there was anybody in the world who had not heard of Sandycroft and the Misses Quhair.

But the want of a listener, the luxury of abusing others and pitying herself, conquered the black lady's contempt and displeasure, and induced her almost immediately to raise herself and cry, 'To think that I should come to this! Miss Care, sit down there and listen to my melancholy story,' and she rushed into it with theatrical fervour. 'My name is Lily Ann Martin—a beautiful name, aint it? All our family had beautiful names. That is the reason why I could not think of calling Onny, Thomas after his father, and I chose the most imposing name I could find—Onisephorus, wasn't I successful? But it is a troublesome name to say to a child, so he is Onny till he grow up. I was the daughter of a wealthy gentleman, an indigo planter in Bengal, and brought up *as his own daughter*. I was sent home to complete my education at an English school, a most superior fashionable boarding-school at Clapham, Miss Care, where I was a great favourite, for no other girl had so much pocket-money or such preserves sent home to her. When I returned to India, I expected to go up and keep house at my papa's plantation, where he had a bungalow like a palace, and such grounds! with pine-apples as big as your head. Why we fed our pigs out in Bengal on pine-apples. No, you need not cry for them, Onny, pretty mamma cannot afford to buy them for you, even if they would not be

hard and sour, grown in glass houses in this cold, miserable Scotland.

'Where was I? Oh! I went out thinking I was going to my papa to be petted and praised, to wear my muslin spotted with real beetles' wings, and my silver and gold net tissues—I assure you I had such dresses, Miss Care, and a duchess would have given her ears for ball gowns like them. Well, my poor indulgent darling papa—such a gentleman, so particular about his curry and his chutnee, and never drank anything but port and Madeira, unless it was the finest pale ale, and would not suffer us to be crossed—was dead and buried. They said his affairs were left in the greatest disorder, or rather, I believe, the executors pretended there was no money, and defrauded me and my sisters of the plantation. Anyway, they insisted we must do something to support ourselves, and they did nothing better for us than get Georgine and Clarissa into situations in Calcutta, while they sent me away to teach in a school at Singapore.

'You may guess it was hard for me to work when I had never been used to it, and had been brought up so differently,' continued the black lady plaintively, looking down at her thin dark wrists and long dusky fingers, and then glancing across at Suffie's wrists—solid and red in their leanness, and at her work-worn hands. 'The schoolmistress was a cat of a Scotchwoman, who twitted me and persecuted me on account of the brutal prejudice against the children of native ladies and European gentlemen. But I know a greater offence was that I was young, and I am sure you will excuse me for saying it, I was handsome then, before I was knocked about and put upon, and cruelly, cruelly deserted. More than one gentleman has told me that there was not such a pair of eyes as mine in Europe.'

Suffie could believe it, and at the same time 'thought shame' for the possessor of the eyes, as she languished the wonderful orbs in an access of vanity.

'The schoolmistress, Miss Clinkscales (she called herself of a good family, but I think it is a very commercial name), tried to keep me out of society, alleging it would not receive me, but I had friends like myself, and at their houses I met Captain Ord when his ship was in port. I thought him a fine dashing man the first time I saw him, and I believe he was immensely struck with me—with my eyes or something.' She apologised coquettishly, lowering her eyelids and shaking back her ringlets. 'Of course we met frequently, till Miss Clinkscales found it out, flew on me, called me names, and wanted to shut me up slaving and teaching horrid plagues of children to read, write, and cipher. I could bear it no longer, and told her a bit of my mind; we had a great blow up, and I resigned my situation on the spot. I assure you I did, Miss Care, for I had a fine spirit before it was broken by my unmerited misfortunes.

'I was going to take refuge with my friends the Stangroves—considering they would not have the face to refuse to admit me into their house till I saw what I should do, since my papa was the only European gentleman who had received Mrs. Stangrove, a lady of colour like my own mamma, at his bungalow—when I met Captain Ord. I remember it as well as yesterday. It was a burning hot day, about noon, when everybody should have been lying down. The street was in such a glare that I was glad to creep along in the shade of the awnings at the bazaars, and in the track of the water-carriers. He was amazed to see me. He was abroad because his ship was under sail, and he was taking leave of his friends. He walked along by me, and I confided to him my wretched plight. I

confess to you, Miss Care, he swore dreadfully over Miss Clinkscales, and he wished with all his heart that he could have taken me along with him. We were near the harbour, and he proposed that I should go out to his ship, see his cabin, rest there, and have tiffin with him. I consented for a frolic after my imprisonment and toil, and as the heat was so great—not that I mind heat much, and I am sure I would give anything to feel some of it when I am lying with my teeth chattering here.

'After we were on board, and he had paid me every attention, and showed off the style he lived in, with salmon cutlets, mangoes, and all that sort of thing at his table, he talked again of how jolly it would be for me to go on a cruise with him; and said, that if we had been in Scotland, it would have been easy, for there were no ends of elopements there. And when I asked what came of elopements, he answered, by George, one thing was apt to become of them, for marriages were the easiest things in the world in his country. A man had only to stand up and call a woman his wife, before witnesses, and if she did not contradict him, she was married to him as fast as if ever a parson had joined their hands, and said a prayer over them. It was a profane speech, you know; but men are wild creatures, and will say improper things, as I dare say you have experienced, Miss Care.

'I was so thoughtless, that I considered such stories good fun then, and although the boarders at Clapham had often spoken of runaway marriages between young lords and girls like us, as girls will speak, you must remember, Miss Care, I had no idea, till that moment, that they could be performed by anybody but a blacksmith, or anywhere else except at a place called Gretna.

'He left me to give orders in the ship before he put me ashore. I was not able to amuse myself with peeping about, I was too tired, what with walking in the middle of the day, and quarrelling with Miss Clinkscales. I am always very tired after a quarrel, and feel as if I were falling to pieces, and as if all the breath had gone out of me; I am certain I shall die of it some day. As my shocking ill luck would have it, I fell asleep in the cuddy; and when I awoke—would you believe it? Captain Ord had forgotten all about me, he had so much to do before sailing; the last boat had left the ship, and it was too late to put me ashore, if I could have gone after that to the Stangroves.' I thought I should have gone mad at last, I was so monstrously sorry. But what could I do, Miss Care, what could I do? And he promised me solemnly to lie to all night, and land me the first thing in the morning before anybody saw me, and nobody would know I had been there, for he would shut the mouths of the sailors, and he was not carrying passengers, only a cargo.

'But Providence was against me—you must not contradict me—Providence has had a spite at me all my life,' clamoured the black lady, the more loudly and violently the more her own tale told against her. 'Why did my papa die just after I had left school? Why did I go to sleep in the cuddy? Why did Captain Ord come to me early next morning, with a face like ashes, for as bluff-complexioned man as he is,—and I think you have seen him, Miss Care,—and wiping his forehead with his handkerchief? He had to tell me some of the owners of the ship were coming on board, unexpectedly, and it was against his orders, it was as much as his situation was worth, if they found me there. He could not hope to get me off in time, or to conceal me; and he could not say that I was his sister on account of my complexion. He wanted me to let him say I was his wife, and he added it was only hurrying matters, as I

must have seen he meant to marry me if I would consent. It was a Scotch ship and would be a Scotch marriage, which the Archbishop of Canterbury could not break if he wished to do it. I should be saved all further bad usage and labour. It was foolish and wrong in me to agree to it, no doubt, Miss Care, but I had only a moment to make up my mind, when the boat came alongside, and the captain brought down some grumpy fogies of elderly men, and introduced me to them as his wife, and joked a little in his free way about getting up his marriage in a hurry with the weighing of the anchor.

'Once I had allowed him to say that, where would have been the use in going back, when he had told me already that I could no more unmarry myself then, than any other married woman who has grown tired of her wedding ring? Besides, he might not have been able to shut the sailors' mouths; and my frightful misfortune in having been detained with him might have got round to my enemy Miss Clinkscales, and reached the ears of my friends the Stangroves; and you can suppose how both enemies and friends talk on these occasions.' The black lady emphasised her last words with asperity, but she rallied and returned to a happier impression presently, like a woman whose mercurial temperament was liable to swift changes from one extreme to another. 'After all, I've sometimes had a suspicion, Miss Care, that Captain Ord put on the agitation and the situation to reconcile me to an immediate union, for there was no question but he was passionately attached to me.' She paused to smile faintly, and smell at a scent bottle. 'However I lost a great deal by it, for I should have liked my marriage in church, with a wedding gown and the bells, and the service and the clergyman,' summed up Lily Ann, with a whimper, 'as well as any woman. But there was no help for it, I could not get them up in an instant. And it was all right, for I had heard before, and I have asked other people since, and they have confirmed it, about Scotch marriages, and that was a Scotch ship. There were the owners to whom he mentioned me, and they are all alive still, for anything I know. He told the crew next that I was his wife, and I was quite convinced of it, and never thought of anything but of the inconvenience of not having a change of dress with me, and we remedied that at the first port we touched at. He brought me back to Singapore as Mrs. Ord, and bought my marriage ring, and provided for me. I knew no other title or position save that of his wife, so long as he traded there.'

The woman had warmed with her story, heaped the last proofs one upon another with feverish rapidity, and was now fanning herself with her handkerchief, and listening with greedy ears for Suffie's opinion.

Suffie, giddy with the loaded air, and the tale of her old lover's infidelity, knew nothing of the legality or illegality of the marriage. She knew that such marriages could be contracted in Scotland, and would stand against all dispute; but whether they could take place in a Scotch ship,—if it removed the disliability of 'furth of Scotland,' Suffie was perfectly incompetent to pronounce.

There was one thing the honest woman recognised. This flaunting foolish woman might have gone about her marriage with such irregularity as provokes the censure of the kirk even in Scotland, where the irregularity remains the civil law; it might have been an afterthought, following on gross imprudence; still the black lady believed herself—she had believed herself from the beginning—a married woman; and Suffie condemning the stranger's lightness, boldness and strong passions with every instinct

of revolted modesty and purity, could not rank her with abandoned women.

'It would be a marriage here; I dinna ken what it might be yonder,' Suffie stammered; 'but it would be a scoundrel's trick anywhere,' she added with sudden sternness, 'if Captain Ord thought to deceive you.'

'Miss Care, it was a Scotch ship,' remonstrated the black lady indignantly, 'there must be Scotch law in a Scotch ship, I am clear of it. I never dreamt of the Captain's intentions being anything else but honourable, how should I? not though he changed his sailing port, and only came occasionally to Singapore to visit me. He fell away in his regard like other married men, and we had our differences, but nothing to speak of, for all his dreadful obstinate temper. But he could be a selfish brute at times,' she reflected vindictively, at the risk of contradicting herself, 'would you credit it, Miss Care; once after we had had words he left me without a shilling, and another time when we were on the quay together, and I had angered him, he gave me a push, and I should have been over the stones and into the water, and a drowned woman as sure as fate, had it not been for a poor lascar who seized hold of me. He was mortal sorry for that, however, for I kept it upon him, and maintained he did it on purpose, and that I could hang him whenever I liked to lodge information, but of course, that was a considerable fib, and if I had fallen into the water, he would have done ever so to pick me up.

'The first suspicion I had was when I heard from Captain Ord's agents that he had gone back to Scotland without sending me word, or asking me to go with him. I had not seen him for nearly a year, and then he had been very cool and had only stayed three days. Now he had directed Hyam, Mudge and Hurrel to pay me and Onny a quarterly allowance, not more than enough to keep us in a middling way I can tell you, as if that were all we had a right to expect from him, as if he meant to disown us, and brand us with shame.

I took the alarm. I said to myself, 'My captain, you'll not get rid of your wife, whom you made your wife to screen yourself in your awful scrape, and your child, so easily; you'll not impose upon another woman, if I can open her eyes.' I took my plans quietly, and misled his agents who thought I was only carrying away Onny for a trip to the Cape, in order to have change of air for the sickly fellow. I took out my passage from the Cape to England, and I followed my husband, and I will follow him to death.' The last words were panted with clenched hands and gleaming eyes, while the speaker gathered herself up in the bed, till she looked like a sleek, savage beast crouching before it springs. The facile, empty, vain half-Eastern could hate as well as love in the fashion in which subtle and sensual natures love and hate.

At this moment the child, who had been unusually silent as he contemplated the phenomenon of still, staid, sandy-haired, freckled Suffie in her dark plain scrimped clothes, sitting motionless, with her fingers tightly locked on her knee, arrived at the solution that it was a woman from the outer world, a woman in a walking-dress, very unlike the flying yellow shawls, and floating white veils of pretty mamma. Forgetting his paroxysms of cold he cried shrilly to be taken out of the dark into the light, and to be shown the ships and the bazaars, the elephants and the howdahs.

His mother scolded, threatened him in vain, and at last put her fingers in her ears, and buried her head in the bed-clothes to shut out the noise of his screams.

'I daresay the bairn is wild for

air and light,' said Suffie with commiseration in her own longing for a breath of the 'caller' air, and her own caller though distressed thoughts, 'Whoever heard tell of a bairn keepit in a hot, dark room for days on days? If you please, mem, I'll row him in a shawl and carry him into the garden for five minutes and send him back to you, sleepy for the nicht.' Yet Suffie's arms trembled under their burden after she was in the cool, green garden, for this was *his* bairn, and if it was not the child of sin, it was the child of Tam Ord's falsehood to her and fraud to another. But it was a bairn, though very like a monkey; it was a bairn, and it crept to Suffie's maiden breast for warmth; clasped her neck with its tiny arms and began to chatter of the birds, the bees, and a cat upon the opposite wall. Suffie's heart melted anew, and in that melting, and in her devout thankfulness that she had escaped Tam Ord, she took a great resolve. 'I will gang mysell and tell Miss Wedderburn the moment she comes hame. I may have selled mysell to Tam Ord and the world; but I never selled mysell to the deevil.'

Suffie had the kail-yard to herself. Jael's son and the next door neighbours had bidden good-night to their swine. It was very quiet except for the child's chatter. All at once a noise arose from the house and Suffie heard no more of Onny's clipped, oddly accented and foreign words, or the affected fantastic sentences about pretty mamma, pet Onny and big captain papa taught him by the silly woman within. Suffie held her breath, and sweat drops broke and bathed the velvet band above her forehead. She knew the voice, she believed she knew the very slam of the door and the loud resounding footstep. Captain Ord had returned; Captain Ord was meeting his shaken off wife, and the town might ring with that meeting, it might echo like a thunder-clap to the Park and Dalgordon and part the plighted couple there for ever.

Suffie must get out of reach of the meeting, and get rid of the child so much concerned in it, so unconscious of the concern, no longer diverted with the open air and the garden, or soothed by the canny Scotch tongue, but setting up once more his dismal lamentation. There was but one way of exit, by passing through the narrow entrance where if Suffie encountered the swelling, rampaging Captain, the two could not cross each other. Suffie was forced to risk the encounter, and as she did so, and was stopped by Jael standing aghast, and by her son, open-mouthed and petrified, arrested within the half open door of the kitchen, Suffie heard through the thin boards of the other door madly raised voices; she caught the furious salutation in the hoarse growl of the man and the answering taunt in the vibrating shriek of the woman.

'How dare you travel here to disgrace me and yourself, Lily Ann? If you do not have a care, I'll be the death of you, woman.'

'Oh! yes, you've tried that trick before, once too often, Captain Ord. But it is my part to follow you, and I'll dog you and claim you before the whole world, though you should kill me in the end.'

Suffie had fled out into the Oatness suburbs, out on the greens which led to peaceful becalmed Sandycroft, before she halted. She had never traversed the sandy road, or passed through the browsing kye, in such a mood. All dim and strange to her was the home landscape with its familiar sights and sounds—the white sails on the horizon, the rabbit burrows over which she stumbled, the rattle of a corn-craik in a distant field, the low of her favourite Hawkie that she was brushing with her skirts, and

which was rising to look after her with its faithful, patient, wondering eyes.

It was like passages in a different life to Suffie, that an age ago, in her far back youth, she had walked along that very road with the same evening star shining over her head, the same 'bluarts' and 'cockroses' heavy with dew blossoming at her feet, a happy, light-footed lass convoyed by her sweetheart; that again she had trodden the path walking alone, a weary, lagging, humbled but dour woman, going to seek her own, to recall to a forsworn man his broken vows.

Suffie did not ponder the details of Tam Ord's wickedness and ask how much or how little he had been in earnest in his deeds; what inordinate vanity, what lust, what craven panic he had yielded to; whether the ignorant man had believed that he was accomplishing a marriage and had intended at the time to hold it good; whether he could not now with all his asseverations and oaths, tell, any more than Suffie, whether Scotch ribs of oak and a Scotch charter constituted Scotland. She hardly listened to suggestions of grisly horror natural to a woman of her temperament and habits, and credible after the wickedness which had been disclosed beforehand, that Captain Ord would fulfil his threat—awful sounding from the savage determination with which it had been uttered, and strangle the black lady, or beat her brains out. It would not be ill to do when the poor, weak, passionate creature lay spent with her frenzy, feebly moaning, her great eyes half glazed, her relaxed hands unable to clutch, far less to strike in her own defence.

Suffie set her teeth together and said to herself, 'I'll not tell Eelen and Jean a single word till it be all done and past. They would say I had nothing to do with it, they would make me bide till I had consulted Aikenhead; but I'll consult nobody any mair. I dinna care though I've to give *him* back his sillar; it's ill gotten gear, and I've borne it a sair, sair grudge and him for boding it, and me for looking at it, this many a day. I would be well wanting it, although it is an ill year for selling beasts, and we will be a hantle poorer than his sillar would come to, deed will we, if we have to part with our additional kye, at a loss, to pay him back his wad. But if Eelen and Jean are very ill pleased—and it is only them that has a right to complain, I'll go out into service and hain my wages, and pay them up the odds, by times. I could na rest in my bed, I could na rest in my grave, if I were not to go and make a clean breast of it to the innocent young lady. She'll suffer next, but she's the least to be pitied. Maybe she'll not believe me; maybe the Park family will put me to the door as a leear and a slanderer, and me a douce woman of douce folk, who has been respected all my days. Maybe he'll come out and slay me after he has finished aff the black lady. Sandycroft is a lone house at the turn of the night, and I'm not so strong as I have been, I think, for I've shooken ever since I heard him. Eelen and Jean could not ettle at muckle to resist a raging murderer though my father's auld gun is to the fore, there's naething but pouther in the house for Miles taking a pap at the sparries. I do not believe that even Jean could load and fire the gun, so as to give *him* a fleg. He might be the death of the whole three of us. Well, we must just dee, and he maun be hanged for the treeple crime, for as sure as I'm Suffie Quhair, a christened woman, with a soul to be saved, I maun glorify God by speaking the truth at the Park, doing justice to the black leddy and her bairn, and saving Miss Wedderburn.'

PRUSSIA AND MR. CARLYLE.

A LETTER FROM A HERMITAGE.

THE October leaves are falling so fast, and the October days are drawing in so rapidly, that I cannot during this month, complete that epistle on the classical realistic revival which was to wind up what I proposed to say of our poetical schools; but in the meantime here is a pleasant little story extracted from a local paper—a story honourable to all concerned therein, and deserving to be permanently preserved.

Many of your readers, my dear editor, will remember the famous Scotch hero who appears so frequently in Mr. Carlyle's history of the great King of Prussia—Marshal Keith. Than the parting tribute to this 'heroic kind of man who had not too much of reward in the world' in the fifth volume, I know few 'farewells' in history more simple or touching.

> Tebay could not recover Keith's body: Croats had the plundering of Keith; other Austrians, not of Croat kind, carried the dead General into Hochkirch Church: Lacy's emotion on recognising him there, like a tragic gleam of his own youth suddenly brought back to him, as in starlight, piercing and sad, from twenty-years distance—is well known in Books. On the morrow, Sunday October 15th, Keith had honourable soldier's-burial there,—twelve 'cannon' salvoing thrice, and 'the whole Corps of Colloredo' with their muskets thrice; Lacy as chief mourner, not without tears. Four months after, by royal order, Keith's body was conveyed to Berlin; reinterred in Berlin in a still more solemn public manner, with all the honours, all the regrets; and Keith sleeps now in the Garnison-Kirche:—far from bonny Inverugie; the hoarse sea-winds and caverns of Dunottar singing vague requiem to his honourable line and him, in the imaginations of some few. 'My Brother leaves me a noble legacy,' said the old Lord Marischal: 'last year he had Bohemia under ransom; and his personal estate is 70 ducats' (about 25*l.*).
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> In Hochkirch Church there is still, not in the churchyard as formerly, a fine, modestly impressive monument to Keith; modest Urn of black marble on a Pedestal of grey,—and, in gold letters, an inscription not easily surpassable in the lapidary way. . . . . These words go through you like the clang of steel. Friederich's sorrow over him ('tears, high eulogies,' *loua extrêmement*) is in itself a monument. Twenty years after, Keith had from his master a statue, in Berlin. One of Four; to the Four most deserving: Schwerin (1771), Winterfeld (1777), Seidlitz (1778), Keith (when?)—which still stand in the Wilhelm Platz there.

Keith was the younger son of an old Scotch family—Earls Marischal of Scotland for many generations. Dunottar was the earliest, Inverugie, near Peterhead in Buchan, the latest seat of the race. The crag and the castle of Inverugie belonged to the united families of Cheyne of the Crag and Keith of Inverugie, and were at length acquired in marriage with Mariot Keith, by her cousin the Earl Marischal, who at the close of the sixteenth century was reckoned the wealthiest Earl in Scotland. No inconsiderable portion of his immense property, however, had been acquired at the Reformation out of the débris of the monastic estates; and the doom reserved for the spoilers of the Church was popularly supposed to hang over his house. The defiant and contemptuous words,

> THEY HAIF SAYD:
> QUAT SAYD THEY?
> LAT THEM SAY,

scrawled on the lintel stones of most of the places they built are supposed to have had reference to the priestly anathema; an unavailing defiance: for the last Earl Marischal joined the Chevalier in the '15, when the whole of his vast estate fell to the Crown. The prediction of the Rhymer was thus literally fulfilled:

Ugie, Ugie, by the sea,
Lairdless shall thy land be;
And underneath thy hearth-stane
The tod shall bring her bairns hame.

But, though exiled, the last Earl Marischal and his brother James made a great name in the continental history of the last century,—one in diplomacy, the other in war.

Not long since it came to the knowledge of the municipality of Peterhead, that the statue (spoken of above) erected by Frederick the Great to his trusty general was about to be removed, and it not unnaturally occurred to them that no site more appropriate for it could be found than in the front of the town-hall of the burgh of which the Marischals were the founders, on the banks of whose river the Marshal was born, and where his boyhood was passed; and they acted accordingly. This is the sequel.

First King Wilhelm himself responded:

Coblentz, 23rd August, 1868.

I received, with particular satisfaction, the representation of the Provost, Magistrates, and Town Council of the worthy town of Peterhead, that the memory of Field-Marshal J. F. E. Keith, and his heroic career in Prussia, still live in his native place. I therefore willingly bestow upon the town of Peterhead the wished-for statue of the Field-Marshal, after the model of the monument which my great ancestor ordered to be placed to his deserving General in Berlin; and hope that this statue may contribute to maintain lasting relationship between the birth-land of the Field-Marshal and his adopted home, Prussia.

With the execution of this present gift-order, I charge you, the Minister of Foreign Affairs.

(Signed) WILHELM.

For the Minister of Foreign Affairs.

And then Count Bismarck (through the Prussian Ambassador in London) explained the reasons which had induced Prussia to meet the request with such speedy and gracious answer:

Sir,—I am desired by Count Bismarck to inform you that His Excellency received your letter of the 17th February last, in which you privately expressed the wish that the statue in marble of the famous Field-Marshal Keith, which had some time ago been taken down at Berlin and replaced by one of bronze, might be given over to Peterhead, his native town,—as a statue of Keith, if given you by the Prussian nation, would be of tenfold value to one which the city of Peterhead itself could set up of him.

Your request was sure to meet with a sympathetic reception on the part of His Majesty's Government, as the highly gifted Scotch historian who with such a thorough appreciation wrote the history of our Great King, and thereby erected to his Generals (and amongst these to Field-Marshal Keith) a worthy historical monument, has long since undertaken, as your request proves, to form between his native land and Prussia a spiritual tie to which His Majesty's Government would willingly give a lasting expression by the erection of a statue of Keith in the Scotch seaport.

It was, therefore, to Count Bismarck an agreeable duty to suggest to His Majesty to comply with your request; and, I am happy to say, his intercession has met with the most gracious reception on the part of the King.

The original statue of Keith, however, which, together with the other statues in marble of the heroes of the Seven Years' War, has been set up within the walls of the Military School at Berlin, cannot be withdrawn from this destination. But His Majesty has ordered the casting of a statue of the Field-Marshal for Peterhead, after the still existing model in plaster which was made for the purpose of casting the statue in bronze now standing on the Wilhelm Platz at Berlin.

Surely all this is very pleasant, for more reasons than one. It shows, in the first place, in an official way, what is thought of Mr. Carlyle and his great work in Prussia,—the country chiefly concerned; and it shows, in the second place, that these inhabitants of 'the granite countries' still keep in lively remembrance their great men,—a habit elsewhere growing somewhat out of date; a habit, however, which one acquainted with them would be apt to assume as characteristic, for they are, upon the whole, a strong, firm, persistent people, not easily moved to admire,

but, once touched, keeping the impress tenaciously.

Of the statue itself Mr. Carlyle has elsewhere said, that it represents 'a fine, bushy-browed, effective-looking Scottish man,' and is artistically a good one. Let us hope that for many generations 'in front of the town-hall, on a slab of our famous local granite' (as the municipal imagination pictures it), this effigy of their valiant soldier will stand—not it may be, without a line underneath from that magnanimous inscription still legible in the little church at Hochkirch:—

DUM IN PRÆLIO NON PROCUL HINC
INCLINATAM SUORUM ACIEM
MENTE MANU VOCE ET EXEMPLO
RESTITUEBAT
PUGNANS UT HEROAS DECET
OCCUBUIT
D. XIV. OCTOBRIS.

SHIRLEY.

SPAIN.

AN article headed 'Politics and Prospects of Spain,' in our Number for December 1865, brought down the recent history of government, or misgovernment, in that extraordinary country to the eve of the first and abortive insurrectionary movement of General Prim. We resume the subject with the view of continuing that history down to the latest period which it is possible for us to include, and in the hope of arriving at some definite or probable conclusions touching the new order of things. Is it possible to establish a constitutional monarchy, or any free, popular, representative system of government, in Spain?—meaning, of course, a working *de facto* one, not a nominal one such as we have seen for the last thirty years, in which the nation at large had neither part nor interest. Do the series of events which the civilised world has been anxiously watching for the last six weeks constitute a revolution in the broad acceptation of the word, or merely one of the normal insurrections which are regarded in much the same light at Seville and Madrid as earthquakes in Chili or Peru? The mere change of dynasty, although a significant feature, may make little difference in the end; should it turn out to be the result of personal and exceptional circumstances which deterred the present masters of the situation from pursuing the prescriptive course of simply displacing and replacing their official predecessors.

> Treason ne'er prospers; what's the reason?
> Why, when it prospers, 'tis no longer treason.

This trite maxim might be the motto of almost every Spanish politician, civil or military, who has played a prominent part within living memory. We should be puzzled to name a man of them who has not been seen heading a mutiny, or hurrying across the frontier a proclaimed rebel, at some period or other of his career, and attaching no more importance to the fact than an English statesman would attach to the loss of his seat in Parliament or his place. In fact, a mutiny or *pronunciamiento* bore a marked analogy to a vote of want of confidence, and was the received mode of testing the strength of party. The people looked on indifferently so long as the executions and deportations were confined to the rival factions, and no call was made on their pockets or their time; for the Spaniard must undergo a radical transformation before he can be made to appreciate either the necessity of increased taxation to restore credit, or the reasonableness of requiring him to go through the troublesome processes of self-government when others are paid to govern for him. Public opinion, properly so called, can hardly be said to exist in Spain; and newspaper reading is limited to the capital and the great towns.

The interval between Prim's *pronunciamiento* in January 1866, and the death of Narvaez, has been bridged over or filled up by an able and well-informed writer, M. de Mazade, in the *Revue des Deux Mondes*, and having carefully verified his narration, we cannot do better than follow it in its principal details. Prim's *escapade*—for it deserves no better name—was premature, ill-conceived and ill-executed. His declarations and proclamations raised doubts whether he was seeking to upset a ministry or a throne. He made no head, and without venturing to measure his strength against the royal troops, prudently neared the frontier, retreated into Portugal, and

soon afterwards took up his temporary abode in England, which is now, to refugee princes and patriots, pretty much what Venice was in the times of *Candide*. Despite his proved courage and acknowledged merits as a leader, his failure seriously lowered the popular estimate of his character; his hopes and chances of a victorious return from exile sank to a very low ebb, and the Union-Liberal party, headed by O'Donnell, bade fair to be in the ascendant for some time to come. But no Spanish premier is ever safe; he is treading on volcanic ground; 'incedit per ignes Suppositos cineri doloso;' and it speedily appeared that the power of the Marshal Duke of Tetuan, retained as an instrument of urgent through temporary need, was undermined to its foundation; that he was losing influence with the army, and on the eve of being thrown over by the court.

We pass over two or three minor outbreaks to come to the terrible and critical one of June 1866, when a large part of the troops quartered in and about Madrid, including artillery enough to command thirty guns, broke out into open mutiny, and were joined or aided by Progresistas and Democrats, as well as by the disorderly population of the capital. The ensuing conflict, though not so long sustained, had much in common with the battle of the barricades at Paris in June 1848; for law, order, and the first principles of society were at stake. Fortunately, no party leader or military man of note showed himself on the side of the insurrectionists. The nearest approximation to one was General Pierrard, who was incapacitated for effective command by deafness. Prim, generally credited with the conception, was far away, whilst the gravity of the situation caused all the men of popular and military weight, then on or near the scene of action, to hurry to the rescue. In the morning, according to M. de Mazade, the cause of the Government was deemed hopeless by many, so rapidly did the insurrection gain ground, and so complete was deemed the defection of the army.

How, then, was this victorious commencement so soon converted into defeat? Above all, by the vigour and determination of O'Donnell, and the manner in which he was seconded by rivals and opponents, as well as friends and colleagues, on that day. All the generals in Madrid, Moderado, Liberal, and even Progresista, mingled with and encouraged the loyal troops. When the barracks that constituted the citadel of the mutineers had been carried by a desperate and well combined assault, the worst was over, and before evening closed the struggle was at an end. But the loss of life was great: the killed were computed at more than six hundred, and an extraordinary number of officers of rank were amongst the wounded or the slain. General Narvaez received a slight wound, and although Serrano, the two Conchas, Echague, Ros de Olano, Hoyos, &c. were unharmed, their self-sacrificing and generous bravery was beyond dispute. When O'Donnell presented himself the same evening at the palace, he was received as the man who had done most to serve the sovereign and the dynasty. But another month was not to pass away before he was to present a fresh and a memorable example of the adage, 'Put not thy trust in princes.' Before the middle of July he was given to understand that his services were no longer wanted, and Narvaez was installed in his place, alone with Gonzalez Bravo, whose bare adhesion to a ministry was enough to indicate its tendencies.

The ostensible cause of the change

was a proposal, displeasing to the Queen, to create senators; but the real explanation is, that O'Donnell had done his allotted work, and had done it with a completeness which not only rendered his further aid superfluous, but incapacitated him from undoing it if he tried. The day after the insurrection he, the head of the Liberal party, had presented himself before the Chambers to propose the temporary establishment of absolutism. 'The Government,' he said, 'deems it necessary to suspend the constitutional guarantees, and comes to demand the requisite authority from the representatives of the country. Deeply seated in the conscience of all is this idea—that, after what has just occurred, it is impossible to leave society without protection. I desire liberty, I desire it to-day as I desired it yesterday, as I have always desired it since I defended it on the battle-field; but that there may be liberty, there must be society, and for that we must put an end to the anarchy produced by the destructive passions which, unhappily, have got possession of us.'

The manner in which the insurrection had been suppressed showed that the dominant classes were as able and willing to support society as the corresponding classes in England in April 1848; and it is melancholy to find a man of O'Donnell's stamp resorting to the very description of cant that was and is employed by those who planned and profited by the *coup d'état*. Verily, he had his reward; for he lived long enough to see his doctrines expanded and perverted till they were adduced to justify the deportation of the very men who had fought and bled by his side for law, order, and society.

The situation, observes M. de Mazade, would not have failed to be curious had it failed to be grave. It was O'Donnell who had given battle to the revolution: it was Narvaez who reaped the fruits of victory. It was the chief of the Union-Liberal who had obtained from the Cortes a sort of temporary dictatorship: it was the chief of the Conservative party who inherited it, free to interpret it as he liked, without even demanding a confirmation from parliament. 'And it is thus that the insurrection of the 22nd June gave birth to a reaction which only rested an instant with the Duke of Tetuan, to pass on immediately to the Duke of Valentia. The first act of the new ministry was to dismiss the Chambers, saying merely by way of programme that the men who had just come into power were sufficiently well known. They were so, most of them. It was not a new cabinet—it was always the Narvaez ministry of 1858, of 1865, revised, corrected, made perfect, and unhappily, it is to be feared, little converted to liberality. Now, what was it about to do?'

This was a question which the master spirit or spirits would have found it difficult to answer, except by saying (like the Disraelite ministry in this country) that *coûte que coûte* they meant to keep their places as long as they could; and they could hit on no expedients for the purpose except measures which (and here again the analogy with our present rulers holds good) led infallibly to the downfall of their party—to the ruin and disgrace of all who were foolish enough to put trust in them. There had been a time when Narvaez meditated a better use of his opportunities. 'Yesterday,' writes M. Bresson, the French ambassador at Madrid, to M. Guizot, on the 21st January 1846, 'he (Narvaez) came to tell me that he was resolved to resign. "I am discouraged, disgusted, fatigued," were his words. "Some day or other I shall blow my brains out. I see the danger and cannot remedy it. Do not suppose that I am deceiving myself; I have an intellect that

sees as clearly into this matter as that of God. If you had time to hear the fine opera of *Nebuchadnezzar*,—it is the scene of the second act: there is nothing wanting but the fire from heaven, and haply we shall not wait long for that."' In a subsequent letter, March 21st, 1846, M. Bresson represents him as generous in his sentiments, noble in his expressions, master of his thoughts, developing his plans; resolved on restoring to the country, after having organised and disciplined it, its liberty and constitution; abjuring all project of revenge, all interest, all anger; demanding only six months to get the Cortes elected and convoked; exclusively preoccupied with the accomplishment of a salutary work which will earn him the approbation of the Queen and the gratitude of Spain.[1]

The longed-for occasion, if it did not come before, certainly came in 1866. 'Volvenda dies ecce attulit ultro.' He had his Cortes ready to his hand. He had no need of his six months for electing and convoking them. He had only to convoke them in compliance with the letter and spirit of the constitution, which required them to meet every year; and he would neither convoke nor dissolve: he persevered in ignoring them altogether—in treating them as a nullity, until a number of the members got together, and on the suggestion of the president, M. Rios Rosas, drew up a petition to the Queen to conform to the constitution in this particular. It had been signed by 128 deputies, when Pezuela, the Captain-General of Madrid, charged with this curious parody of a *coup d'état*, entered the chambers with an armed force and closed the doors, proclaiming: 'It has came to my knowledge that certain *individuals*, enemies of public order and their private safety, were preparing and signing an address, protesting by force of a false and malicious interpretation of constitutional precepts against the non-convocation of the Cortes in this current year, &c.'

These individuals comprised the president and vice-president, with many of the most distinguished members, three or four of whom had held the highest offices in the state. The next morning they were placed under arrest, and the president was sent to Carthagena, and embarked on board a vessel with twenty-eight criminals condemned to the galleys. This was a little too strong for even Spanish apathy, and the Government felt obliged to express regret and offer some semblance of an apology, which simply provoked a sarcastic retort. General Serrano, the same who next or equal to Prim has done most to dethrone the Queen, was then President of the Senate. He was her first favourite, and if asked to define the duties or privileges of the post, the best reply would be that of the fair Venetian who was asked by an Englishwoman to explain those of the *cicisbeo*:

> The dame, press'd to disclose them,
> Said, Lady, I beseech you to *suppose* them.

Though no longer on duty in this capacity, Serrano thought he might so far presume on former intimacy and present rank as to seek an interview with his august mistress, and speak his mind freely touching the arbitrary proceedings of her ministers. All he got by his interposition was a domiciliary visit from the Captain-General on arriving at his own house after the conclusion of the audience. He was arrested, replaced in his carriage, and temporarily deposited in the military prison, to be finally despatched, under the custody of a commissary of police, to the Castle of Alicant.

Things went on in nearly the same

[1] *Mémoires pour servir*, &c. Par M. Guizot. Vol. viii. c. 45.

spirit and fashion till the April following, when Narvaez died, and was succeeded by his lieutenant, M. Gonzalez Bravo, as Lord Derby was succeeded by Mr. Disraeli. The reactionary party had no other plausible candidate for the premiership, and were obliged to put up with a kind of Hobson's choice, although, if there were any clear-sighted men amongst them, they must have seen that the lieutenant was utterly unequal to the work: that the spear of Achilles could be wielded by no inferior hand: that the system which had been with difficulty upheld by the energetic and determined soldier would speedily be broken or crumble to pieces in the grasp of the reckless, though daring and clever, civilian.

Having no personal influence with the troops who had been in the habit of creating presidents of cabinets as the Prætorian bands created emperors, his wisest policy would have been to temporise and make friends of such of the military leaders as had not yet definitively declared themselves—at all events not to drive them, *nolentes volentes*, into open and direct hostility. There was no doubt a widely-spread feeling that great changes were at hand, that the reactionary policy had been carried too far, and that, if the people were not ripe for tempered liberty, they were equally unprepared for downright avowed absolutism. Communications had consequently been opened between the leaders of the various sections of the Liberal party; and Prim, then in exile, was doubtless kept duly informed of their intentions, upon an understanding that he was to co-operate when the time arrived. But the aspect of things had become too serious for sudden or ill-considered action. The next *pronunciamiento* on a large scale was pretty sure to end in something more than a transfer of place or power from one party to another. The Queen was reported to have declared that no member of the Union-Liberal, Progresista, or Democratic party should ever again enter the Cabinet except over her dead body: and the manner in which she had used up and then flung over O'Donnell was warning sufficient, independently of the threat. They must go the whole length of upsetting the dynasty if they moved at all, and there were many who did not wish to go that length.

It is a mistake to suppose that, till very recently, the Queen was unpopular with the numerical majority of her subjects. They cared nothing about her feminine weaknesses, if they heard of or believed in them; and her form of religion, which we should term bigotry, fell in completely with their predilections and their faith. The clerical party were and are heart and soul with her, and the clerical party are still a tower of strength in Spain. The supposed conspirators, therefore, might well have hesitated before the difficulty of the enterprise as well as from reluctance to overthrow a sovereign who had founded most of their fortunes and (her vow apart) might be again used as a stepping-stone.

To suppose that the Duc and Duchesse de Montpensier were parties to any conspiracy, if there was one, is preposterous. If admitted to the counsels of the discontented generals, they must have known that these were inimical to their family and destructive to their own hopes or prospects of aggrandisement, and it may be doubted whether the only plausible excuse for the treatment of these royal personages—that a disloyal use had been made of their names—was not a pure fiction, for it is extremely unlikely that the self-same leaders, who at the commencement of the insurrection proclaimed 'Down with the Bourbons,' should just before have been rallying adherents in the

name of a prince or princess of that house. Yet in less than three months after his accession to the premiership, M. Gonzalez Bravo ventured on the extraordinary step of ordering the Queen's sister and her husband to quit Spain at twenty-four hours' notice; besides arresting, imprisoning, and deporting to the Canaries or Balearic isles almost every Spanish general of note who was not already in exile or bound hand and foot to the arbitrary projects of the priesthood and the court. Amongst them it is sufficient to mention Serrano, Zavala, Dulce, Cordova (a Moderado), Echague, Bos de Olano, Serrano Bedoya, with a host of others whose arrest was only known by their sudden and unaccountable disappearance.

If the object, like that of the measures pursued in France after the Orsini plot, was to strike terror, M. Gonzalez Bravo might have congratulated himself on his success, but the desperate character of these proceedings was speedily bought home to him and his coadjutors. When, after the passing of the Gagging Acts, some unwillingness was shown by the troops to act against the people, Canning pertinently asked, 'What will Castlereagh do now that his extinguishers are on fire?' This was the question which M. Gonzalez Bravo had to answer when he discovered that a large portion of the troops were discontented at the unmerited contumely to which brave and deservedly popular officers had been subjected. The navy had been already disgusted by being made the first, if not only, subject of reduction and economy; and it was the navy that, while the military leaders were hesitating, set the example of revolt. The rapidity with which the insurrectionary spirit spread, with the simultaneous appearance of the exiled generals at the spots where their presence was most needed, shows that the revolution was the result of a concerted plan, although the wide-spread dissatisfaction with the ministry and the court would in any other country have been quite sufficient to account for it. Yet so habituated were the people to regard insurrection as a game in which they might be losers but could hardly rise winners, that the fate of the monarchy hung wavering in the balance till a bloody conflict had taken place. Madrid remained quiet and obedient to authority till news arrived of the defeat of the royalists at Alcolea, and many still attribute the Queen's fall without a much more protracted struggle to the sudden collapse of the Bravo ministry, and her inopportune absence from the capital.

It has been said that a monarch who could have made up his mind to mount his horse and head his troops, might three times over have saved monarchy in France. It is possible that, if Isabella II. had been in a condition and could have been persuaded to enact Elizabeth at Tilbury Fort and fling foul scorn at her enemies, they might have been crushed, or she might at least have obtained a short respite or breathing time. But she was abandoned by the man whose evil counsels had produced or accelerated the catastrophe; and his successor, hastily chosen as a *pis aller*, clogged his demand for her return to Madrid with a condition which womanly pride or womanly weakness compelled her to reject. General Concha, it is said, insisted on her returning without her intendant, Marfori, who had succeeded Serrano much as (to borrow a well known *mot*) she herself had succeeded the founder of her throne; and she positively refused, on the ground that her compliance would be deemed a confirmation or admission of the current calumny. Where were her spiritual advisers, where was her confessor, Monsignor Claret, when this delicate question

was discussed? We have always understood that absolution could no more be given after confession in the Catholic Church, than after the sacrament in the Anglican, without repentance and a *bonâ fide* resolve to begin a new life. How, in a case like Queen Isabella's, unless she has been foully calumniated since she was fifteen, did her confessor manage matters without paltering with her conscience and his own? But not to press this remark, which might be inconveniently generalised, it is enough that she flung up her remaining cards in a pet, and reserved her 'foul scorn' till she was safely lodged at Pau, with M. Gonzalez Bravo in a comfortable villa close at hand.

When she quitted the kingdom, the revolution was practically complete, and throughout the whole length and breadth of Spain a curious and instructive spectacle was presented to the political speculator. It was not simply the military leaders who at once assumed the full powers of administrators and forthwith set about distributing places and honours, but every district and town, almost every community, had its junta, and it was computed that at one time there were more than 500 independent governing bodies in Spain. Though professing to be provisional, and to be waiting for definitive instructions and the permanent re-establishment of central authority in some shape, many of them lost no time in remedying their local and particular grievances. Thus in Barcelona, besides melting down the bells of their steeple into coin, they voted the instant demolition of a fort which commanded a part of the town; and at Malaga (it was said) they voted an equalisation of property, there being, it seems, more Lords Overstone and Westminster than they approved. The Junta of Lugo abolished the tax on horses with the exception of horses kept for pleasure, and declared military conscription at an end 'for ever.' In other places, orders were issued strongly resembling Jack Cade's; and even at Madrid there was an evident eagerness to obtain popularity by decrees which recall King Arthur in *Tom Thumb*:

> Open the prisons, set the wretched free,
> And bid our treasurer disburse six pounds
> To pay their debts.

All offenders against the revenue laws received a complete amnesty: all officers and soldiers who had left the service voluntarily or compulsorily for rebellion or mutiny since 1865 were restored and indemnified; and any one who chose to apply as a working man received seven reals and a half per diem for pretending to work, or, in other words, for doing worse than nothing. Through folly or negligence in some quarter, thirty thousand muskets found their way into the hands of the dangerous classes, who show no alacrity to give them back. There are decrees or proclamations for the suppression of the Jesuits, for the suppression of convents, for the freedom of the press, for freedom of worship, for freedom of education, and every other freedom that the most inventive and advanced Liberal can suggest—all of course subject to a constituent assembly in embryo, to be elected by universal suffrage when the people shall be properly prepared, or educated by some Spanish Disraeli, for the high and responsible duties to be imposed upon them. But perhaps the most absurd decree of all is one promoting every officer in the army or navy—whether he fought for or against the revolution—a step, and releasing each private two years before the regular expiration of his period of service. Those who fought against the throne will naturally complain, like the labourers who bore the heat and burthen of the day: those who

fought for it will see that they are objects of fear, and act or make terms accordingly.

Describing the rejoicings at the Restoration, Lord Macaulay says: 'But in the midst of the general joy, one spot presented a dark and threatening aspect. On Blackheath the army was drawn up to welcome the sovereign. He smiled, bowed, and extended his hand graciously to the lips of the colonels and majors. But all his courtesy was vain. The countenances of the soldiers were sad and lowering; and had they given way to their feelings, the festive pageant of which they reluctantly made a part would have had a mournful and bloody end. But there was no concert amongst them. Discord and defection had left them no confidence in their chiefs, or in each other.'

An ominous passage in *La Discusion* (the Democratic organ) of October 16 justifies a fear that the Spanish army is by no means pleased at a state of things which might lead to its due subordination to the civil power: 'Amongst the great obstacles that are opposed to the march of the revolutionary spirit is the attitude of the army—not of the army of Alcolea, of the army of liberty, but of that which has remained in an attitude of expectation, responding with the silence of indifference to the glorious movement of September. This attitude is most grave, not that it really signifies a sentiment of hostility, which we do not believe, but on account of the distrust to which it gives rise, and because it indirectly favours the exertions of the reaction. People ask how much longer is this reserve, this mutual uncertainty, this sort of latent division, to last?'

Another journal, *El Diario Español*, having indignantly protested against this distrust of the army, *La Discusion* of October 17 replies:

> Can our contemporary, perchance, be ignorant that the reaction is furbishing its arms? Was there not a talk the day before yesterday of exciting a conflict of the deepest gravity with the workmen of the canal? Was there not a plan for enlisting them in the service of the conquered cause? Is he ignorant, perchance, that the same intrigues are going on in all the provinces of Spain? Well, we are driven to speak out. Those who are thus engaged rely principally on the hope that the attitude of a part of our army is not entirely favourable to the revolutionary idea. The army, they say, has adhered to this movement in the same manner as it affirmed those celebrated monarchical declarations in the time of Narvaez.[1] Do you not know, they add, that in several corps a pressure has been put upon the officers to prevent them from accepting the promotion and favours conceded by the ministry? And what else can this mean than that they are not with us?

It was the mortification of the French army at the conduct of the troops at Paris in February 1848, who at once fraternised with the people in a way to set discipline at defiance, that made them willing instruments of the *coup d'état* in December 1851. Firing on the people was their mode of recovering their relative importance and self-respect. A friend of ours writes from Madrid: 'The people here are such raving fools; their warmth of reception is in an exactly inverse ratio to the performances of the heroes they have been receiving with ovations. For Prim, hymns, bands, arches, serenades, and frantic cheers. For Serrano, bands and cheers, and a few wreaths. For the troops, comparative silence and a few trumpery wreaths: they might have been the vanquished instead of the victors.'

Unless the army can be reorganised or placed on an entirely new footing, all that has been done will be speedily undone, and the old

[1] This alludes to the military addresses which poured in, in 1866, to declare the adherence of the army to Narvaez, the Queen, and the dynasty.

system of military *pronunciamientos* will recommence. The most valuable boon Prim could now confer on his applauding countrymen would be a self-denying ordinance to the effect that no general officer should be deemed qualified for the presidency of the council or any other of the highest offices of the State. But far from meditating such a sacrifice, he has just promoted himself to the rank of marshal by way of recommendation to the premiership, which is understood to be his aim, be the future form of government what it may. A dukedom has been simultaneously conferred on General Dulce for (it is said) furnishing the money, the sinews of war, which was foolishly supposed to come from Prussia, and on another grandee with a long and odd name, who, notwithstanding that title to notoriety, has been hitherto so obscure that the well informed correspondent of the *Times* never so much as heard of him. Surely for a provisional government so situated to be conferring rank or title is the *ne plus ultra* of absurdity and inconsistency, considering that, whether the present duumvirate or triumvirate is to give place to a monarchy or a republic is confessedly an open question. Besides, how were they to deal with the claims or demands of their partisans after thus recognising their own?

Prudent people, placed in a delicate and embarrassing position, would consider what befell others in a similar or analogous one. The provisional government of Paris in 1848, elected or self-elected much in the same fashion as the existing one of Madrid, was much better obeyed and could give better proofs of national acceptance. All the established authorities, all the great towns with their municipalities, all the corporate or representative bodies, from the Channel to the Mediterranean, hurried to give in their adhesion and offer their congratulations. Lamartine, who held the portfolio for foreign affairs, was exercising a marked influence on the destinies of Europe, and Ledru-Rollin (Minister of the Interior), with his commissaries, was apparently crushing out or silencing all semblance of resistance to his sway. The National Assembly met: the ancient parties, as they were called, reappeared as by the wave of a magician's wand; a clean sweep was made of Messrs. Lamartine, Ledru-Rollin, Louis Blanc & Co.; and the reactionary spirit, then set in motion, soon hurried the people, who were supposed ripe for a red republic, over the flowery path of universal suffrage to despotism.

Is it likely that the Spanish people, especially the landed proprietors and the peasantry, will be more enlightened, more awake to the blessings of political liberty, than the French? They have personal liberty already, at all events as much of it as they want. They like absolute monarchs, who do not tax them or interfere with their local privileges; they like priests, who favour their besetting sins; they do not like agitators who trouble them about government, and they do not like schoolmasters. Such is the main body of voters who are expected to adopt or confirm all the wild decrees or wilder schemes of the competing bidders for popularity at Madrid; a capital, by the way, which, unlike Paris, has no bonds of sympathy, and no common interest beyond the vague one in good government, with the provinces. An uneasy consciousness of coming disappointment or danger clearly led to the declaration of the central junta which was promulgated on October 18:

Whereas, the form of government is one of the questions of the greatest importance to the good organisation of the State, which is all the more solid and respected the more completely it is the expression of the national will:

Whereas, the decision as to the form of government should be amply discussed, and a *plebiscitum* without previous ripe deliberation would not be the expression of the reasoning will of the nation:

Whereas, the vote of a *plebiscitum*, before the judgment of the electors has been enlightened by numerous discussions in public and by the journals, would not be the conscientious expression of the national sovereignty:

Whereas, considering the circumstances which preceded the revolution, the people have not had the opportunity of enlightening their conscience as to the most appropriate form of government, or judging exactly what person should be proposed to fill the highest post in the State:

And whereas, important as it is to hasten the meeting of a Constituent Assembly, in order to escape from a provisional state of things, full of peril for the revolution, and prejudicial to the other interests of the country, it is equally desirable that the suffrages of the people should be enlightened in order to be free—a thing impossible if the electors are called upon at a brief notice to decide the form of government, and designate the future head of the State, inasmuch as they would give way to unreflecting sympathies, or obey pressure from abroad, instead of forming a correct judgment,

The Junta proposes to the Provisional Government to declare that, in conformity with the programme agreed to at Cadiz, and proclaimed throughout the provinces, it belongs solely to the Constituent Assembly to decide the question of the future form of government; not that, at the same time, there is any intention of ignoring the right of every Spaniard, even including the public functionary, to express his opinion, or manifest his personal sympathies.

But how is a people not much in the habit of reading newspapers, and indeed for the most part not able to read at all, to be rendered capable of giving a sound opinion on the form of government best adapted to Spain? When the Sultan returned to Turkey after his memorable visit to England, he called together his trusted counsellors, and intimated his sovereign will that they should forthwith produce duplicates of the customs and institutions that had most impressed him with a sense of utility on his tour. He especially insisted on a chamber of deputies, and a chamber of beys and pachas with a bench of muftis, and he was understood to intimate a wish for a Bright, a Lowe, a Gladstone, a Disraeli, and a *Times*. He was hardly more unreasonable in his impatience than the advanced Liberals, the aspiring youth of Madrid, when, in the early turmoil of the revolution, they proposed to set about educating the people, who, for want of knowing better, were then clamouring in the streets. A leading article in the Democratic organ of October 14th runs thus:

We have learnt and make public with the greatest pleasure that several young men of this capital, amongst whom are students of all the faculties, have undertaken with the most laudable enthusiasm to communicate instruction to the people proportioned to its capacity. With this object they have applied to the Signor Rector of the university, D. Fernando Castro, who, with the greatest amiability, has placed a hall of the institute of San Isidro at their disposition, promising to do all in his power to procure fitting localities in the public edifices, so that in a few days the people may enjoy the greatest of the advantages that it is entitled to hope from the revolution. This protection from a person so respectable as the new rector of the university has animated to such a pitch the young men to whom we refer that, overleaping all obstacles to the realisation of their project, *they think of beginning their lectures on the twentieth of this month at night, being the hour most convenient to the workmen, who, it is to be hoped, will compose the majority of the audience.*

We, with whom the people is everything and who hope everything from the people; we, who are covered with blushes on contemplating annually in the statistical returns, demonstrated with the cold gravity of figures, this bitter truth: 'The Spanish people is one of the most ignorant in Europe;' —we find immense joy at seeing how the revolution is bearing the best fruits that we expected from it, and how this brilliant youth, that in the days of tyranny wasted its time in frivolity, in these glorious days of liberty devotes itself to its duty and attends with noble disinterestedness to the paramount necessity of instructing our people. Let the youths to whom we refer accept our most cordial felicitations; let Signor Castro also accept them for the patronage that he vouchsafes to so elevated a project, and be it known to all that the country will greatfully acknowledge the immense benefit which the opening of public and gratuitous classes will confer on th

people from which it may derive the instruction it needs so much.

The simplicity of mind and honesty of intention manifested by this article are beyond all praise. We do not know what extraordinary excitement might effect, or what number of workpeople might be suddenly struck with the paramount obligation of qualifying for their high function. But the lower-class Spaniard in his normal state, if invited to take lessons, would feel like the English coachman who, on being told that he would be expected to attend prayers, hoped that it would be considered in the wages; and these noble-minded youths might be taken aback like the well-known Irish landlord who, on proposing to his servants and labourers to play cricket, for which he had marked out a ground, was asked how much they were to be paid per hour.

Olozaga, who refused to join the Provisional Government to which a civilian of his calibre would have added confidence and strength, and who lingered at Paris till all uncertainty was at an end, arrived at Madrid on the 18th October. He would have had a triumphant entry but for the rain. He had already met Serrano and Topete at Zaragossa, and their speeches on the occasion (as described by the active and able correspondent of the *Times*) accurately represent the shades of opinion prevalent in influential quarters touching the future form of government. 'He (Olozaga) said that he was at heart a Republican, that a Republic seemed to him the beau-ideal of a government; but that he looked to the experiment twice made in France, where that system of government broke down in consequence of popular excesses, and where it invariably led to the establishment of Imperial despotism. He was afraid that Spain was now as little ripe for a Republican Government as France was in 1789 or 1848. He was, therefore, in favour of a constitutional monarchy, though based on the most advanced Democratic institutions, under which the nation might be fitted for the enjoyment of that Republican Government which was to be the aim of all his endeavours. Admiral Topete spoke in the same sense; he was himself a Republican, he said, and although, for the present, he would put up with a constitutional monarch, he took good care to bring up his son the way he should go, by instilling the most uncompromising Democratic maxims into his young head. Marshal Serrano, a "Liberal of the eve," could not go so far as his maritime colleague; he limited himself to an expression of his willingness to accept the result of the popular suffrage, whatever it might be.'

It is to be hoped that the gallant admiral will not form one of the deputation commissioned to offer the crown to the future monarch—at all events, not accompanied by the young Hannibal who is pledged to destroy the monarchy; for his presence might suggest uncomfortable reflections or embarrassing inquiries. It might naturally be asked whether the Spaniards wanted a king for five, ten, or twenty years; what sort of pension would be settled on him when they had done with him; or what form of notice to quit he was to receive.

The Central Junta insist that the question of monarchy or republic shall be put and decided irrespective of persons, thereby presupposing a capacity for abstract reasoning which, we fear, does not abound in countries more advanced than Spain. Few Spaniards will vote in the plebiscite for either form without a thought or speculation as to who, in the given alternative, is to be the first president or king. This question is discussed in all its bearings by Signor R. Molina, in *La Nacion*, and his article has been reprinted by *La Discusion*. He is opposed to a republic, mainly on two grounds:

that it is not in harmony with Spanish institutions, customs, or modes of thought; and that it would be the fertile source of distrust abroad. But there is a third ground—the number of qualified competitors for the presidency:

> We have several who by their former merits, and by the services they have rendered in initiating and guiding the revolution, unite undeniable titles, and possibly the evil is in there being so many of them. Espartero, by his wide tradition, his honoured fame, his respectability in the estimate of all parties and foreign governments; Olozaga, as the intelligence that has conceived, propagated, and prepared the advent of the revolution; Serrano, as the victorious military chief that has decided it, and the gallant man who commands the sympathy of all the cultivated classes; Prim as the popular hero, the commander whose *élan* and whose great sacrifices have made him adored by the people; Rivero, as the recognised chief of the acting republican party; and Topete as hope, as the new man who has surged up from this revolution giving a great idea of his valour and his character. All these men could worthily fill the presidency of the republic. If their different qualities were united in one, there would be no room for doubt; if out of these six there remained but one, the question would be settled; but there are six. Will they all have the abnegation, patriotism, and public virtue to be completely subordinate to one, when, be the result of the election what it may, the estimate formed by each of his own claims will be the same?

Will not a similar difficulty arise when the new monarch shall be required to name his President of the Council and his cabinet? Will the Duke-General or the bran new Marshal submit to be set aside for a civilian? Will the wholesome constitutional rule, 'Cedant arma togæ,' be carried out? But let us see what the same writer, a representative pen, has to say on the respective merits or qualifications of the foreign candidates for the throne, who without their consent and possibly much to their annoyance, have been so liberally discussed. He rather gives the preference to King Ferdinand of Portugal, but foreseeing obstacles which are likely to prove insurmountable, he proceeds to discuss another candidate in terms which we translate as a specimen of the familiarity with English matters in which Spanish journalists rejoice:

> Next to this candidature another presents itself, also highly acceptable amongst the princes of Europe, which has made many proselytes from the moment it was started. This candidature is that of the Duke of Edinburgh, son of Queen Victoria, and brother of the Prince of Wales, the heir to the British Crown. On this prince's being seated on the throne of Spain, we should naturally recover Gibraltar, which is no small point of honour and interest, and haply Malta into the bargain. Our war-marine would be signally augmented on the entry into the port of Cadiz to take possession of the Crown of Spain; and English money would circulate abundantly throughout our country in every form to fructify the different veins of production. So that Spain and England would be the two first maritime powers in the world; they would be united in the closest and most cordial alliance. We should assume the first place amongst European powers, and, as no one can gainsay, to the great advancement of our influence and our interests.
>
> We must not omit to mention amongst the advantages of this candidature that of having on the throne a prince of the most virtuous family; no despicable advantage, since in Spain we can bear testimony to the truth of the adage: *Ad exempla regum* [sic] *componitur orbis.* The inconveniences of this candidature are those common to all the other foreign ones, and especially those of religion, the Duke of Edinburgh being, as may be supposed, Protestant.

There is undoubtedly a certain degree of awkwardness or inconvenience in asking a monarch elect to begin by an interested and calculated act of apostasy, though the example was set by that pattern of popular sovereigns, Henry IV. of France. But it is to be feared that most young princes, subjected to such a test, would exclaim with the heroine in *Lalla Rookh*:

> Thou for my sake at Alla's shrine,
> And I at any God's for thine.

'On revient toujours à ses premiers amours.' What if they should be compelled to take a Bourbon after all? If they cannot put up

with the Montpensiers, as too much committed to a party, there is the most accomplished scion of any royal house in Europe, the Duc d'Aumale. If he could be persuaded to devote himself to what might turn out a bootless and thankless task, there is no candidate that would bear a momentary comparison with him for all the qualities, civil and military, mental and bodily, which would best become a constitutional king. We learn from M. Guizot that, when the famous Spanish marriages were first mooted, the Duc d'Aumale was the intended husband of Queen Isabella. Is he to be congratulated on his escape? or was it on the cards that a worthy partner of her throne might have prevented all the misery and immorality, public and private, that have resulted from her being mated, for the most mistaken and unjustifiable of political ends, with an unworthy one?

Until we see what has come, or is likely to come, of the plebiscite, we must be pardoned for not backing the self-laudations of which the Spaniards are so lavish through their orators and their press, or the congratulations with which they are hailed abroad. The likelihood of getting the nation at large to move legally and formally, may be inferred from the fact that no member of the Central Junta, in a capital numbering nearly 300,000 inhabitants, had more than 2,000 votes. In our former article, we instanced a district containing eighty-three electors, of whom only three (the priest and two *employés*) could be induced to vote at the (then) last election for a deputy. Their absence was caused by pure indifference, and this instance was less the exception than the rule. Unless it is supposed that decrees against religious orders and Jesuits can at once eradicate the ingrained faith and stereotyped habits of the people, they will vote in the provinces as the priests tell them—i.e. for absolute monarchy and the Church. And who, again, that knows anything of Spain, can suppose that any scheme of secular education can be practically carried out? The bulk of the population will be taught by their spiritual masters or refuse to be taught at all. The snake has been scotched, not killed; and this is not the first time that it has been scotched without destroying its vitality. The very Jesuits may return when the storm has blown over, as they have returned again and again after being banished and proscribed.

The tone and language of the improvised rulers and their organs have hitherto been unimpeachable. Their views are broad, indeed much too broad, and they are so generous that they have unluckily forgotten to be just. The permanent staff of the public offices, down to the clerks whose duties are purely mechanical, have been displaced, with the most indecent haste, to make room for partisans, who, of course, are utterly inefficient for the work. Following the bad example of the French *National* in the Revolution of July, the first care of the conductors of the *Iberia*, the Progresista organ, was to provide places for almost every one connected with that print, by way of instant reward for the services they claimed to have rendered to the cause.

The waiters on providence will always constitute the majority of any given community; and on the morrow of a revolution it can seldom be wise to institute a nice scrutiny into the motives or services of those who, whether favourable to it or not, are ready to accept it as an accomplished fact. Yet the moment some lukewarm adherents or converts of yesterday ventured to raise their heads at Madrid, they were hooted down. A leading article in *Las Novedades* of October 19, is headed *Atras la Farsa* (Back, or Down with, the Farce), in which the new-comers,

who (it was feared) might claim a share of the loaves and fishes, were treated as comedians of the lowest orders:

> The completion of the revolution, the preservation of our conquests, imperatively requires that we should not treat with these mean-spirited and low-souled men who never thought of preferring the integrity of the principles of a party to the least of their personal interests, to the smallest satisfaction of their vanity—
>
> The Black Flag for Them!
> The Flag of Justice for All!
> The Flag of Equity for Ourselves.

The marked distinction here drawn between justice and equity is significant and will hardly be understood out of Spain.

This selfish system, by creating a strong reactionary interest, destroys all hope of permanence. With what face can men who are providing for their faction and proscribing all others in this fashion, appeal to public principles? It is also to be observed that amidst high-sounding appeals to patriotism, philanthropy, and Spanish honour, not one syllable has been whispered about the only method by which Spanish honour can be upheld beyond the frontier, namely, by national faith, by the honest fulfilment of Spanish obligations. Instead of measures to restore credit, its restoration has been indefinitely postponed, if not rendered wholly impracticable, by the repeal of taxes which no popularity-seeking government will ever venture to restore or productively replace.

Few, we repeat, can speculate hopefully on any change of dynasty or ministry, men or measures, in a country where bigotry has lost nothing by the dismantling of its strongholds, and liberty has gained nothing by the full and frequent recognition of its rights. The oldest, tritest, and truest of adages is eternally recurring when we speak of Spain: 'Quid leges sine moribus vanæ proficiunt?' Will any fresh ban against the religous orders or the priesthood, or any new-fangled restrictions on arbitrary power, prove more effective than the old? Spain is a hundred years behind Italy in toleration. When a burying ground was grudgingly conceded to the English at Madrid, it was in the spirit which animated a Pope of the last century who, on being told that the Protestant residents of Rome wished to repose in *consecrated* ground, made answer that the utmost he could do for them was to curse an allotment so that they might lie in *desecrated* ground. The Pyrenees once passed, all dissidents from the Infallible Church are contemptuously confounded in one term of reproach, *Judíos*; and should any of them get leave to open a public place of worship, protected or not protected by treaties, they must make up their minds to hear muttered as they repair to it remarks like that of the French sentinel when asked the meaning of the stream of persons one Sunday morning in the direction of the English chapel at Paris: 'Ce sont ces coquins d'Anglais qui vont à leur sacrée messe.'

It is the daily discomfort and annoyance of living amongst a priest-ridden race, rather than positive persecution, that has hitherto prevented English commerce and enterprise from penetrating far or taking root in Spain, and this is an obstacle which no decree of a Madrid Junta, a Provisional Government, or even a Constituent Assembly, can remove. In the Circular addressed by the Minister of Foreign Affairs, Signor de Lorenzana, to the diplomatic agents of Spain, the subject of religion is handled with extreme caution, and Europe is simply assured, with an abundance of limitations and qualifications, that Spain does not wish to lag behind the religious movement of the world. Beyond a limited circle, Spanish bigotry overspreads and blights all beneath its shade, like the upas tree; but even if it could be shaken

off by a strong effort, we should hesitate to proclaim with the leading journals of Madrid, that an entirely new order of things has been inaugurated; that Spain is about to assume her former and rightful rank amongst nations; to be as prosperous at home, and honoured or feared abroad, as when she sent forth her invincible Armada, or when, as Spain with the Indies, she gave utterance to the proud boast since appropriated by Great Britain, that the sun never set upon her flag.

Does a magnificent past involve or portend an equally magnificent future? Greece and Rome, the Venetian and Dutch republics, are the reply. If the men who made Spain great could be suddenly recalled to life in this emergency, the times would be found out of joint for a repetition of their achievements. There are no New Worlds to conquer or plunder when they are conquered. Her wealth, when she was wealthy, was imported, not home-made or home-grown. Her fame, when she became famous, rested on a union of faith, genius, and heroism, for which she is no longer a congenial soil, and which no effort of legislation can reproduce. Her revival, if she revives, must be by the arts of peace, which she has never cultivated with success; by industry, regularity, and scrupulous honesty in matters of business. The old Castilian virtues, linked with pride and poverty, are out of date. 'The age of chivalry is gone. That of economists and calculators has succeeded, and the glory of Europe is extinguished for ever.' For Europe read Spain, and this famous burst of Burke's may be accepted like an unadorned truth. Economy and calculation are not her forte, and it is precisely because we live in an age of economists and calculators, when the characters of nations are weighed and settled on the Stock Exchange and the Bourse, that her glory has declined with her declining credit.

There is a story, which the Spaniards themselves are fond of telling, that when Ferdinand III., after his death at Seville, which he had conquered from the Moors, was brought into communion with St. Jago, the patron saint of Spain, he proceeded to ask boons for her. 'Fine climate.' Granted. 'Fertile soil, corn, wine, oil, &c.' Granted. 'Brave sons and beautiful daughters.' Granted. 'Good government.' 'No, no, no! three times, nine times, No!' exclaimed the saint, losing all patience (as saints are apt to do) at the monstrosity of the demand: 'Give Spain good government, and every one of the angels would leave heaven to live in it!' The curious and depressing circumstance is that the Spaniards should dwell complacently upon this feature of their national character, as if good government was not the best, the sole, security for every other good. It remains to be seen whether this *vis inertiæ* can be overcome by any amount of pressure or stimulant that the leaders of the present movement can bring to bear. They are working well together so far. Their personal ambition has been kept under. Their intentions seem good; and it will be their misfortune not their fault, should the State machine run back into the old groove despite of them.

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Correspondents are desired to observe, that all Communications must be addressed direct to the Editor.

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FRASER'S MAGAZINE.

DECEMBER 1868.

THE IRISH CHURCH IN THE SIXTEENTH CENTURY.

THE works we have prefixed to this article differ widely in comparative importance, but we shall notice them together, as they have much in common. Dr. Brady, as our readers may be aware, is a clergyman of the Irish Establishment, who, being fond of historical studies, applied himself, a short time ago, to examining the grounds of the well-known position — considered by most Irish divines as placing their Church beyond the reach of attack—that the Irish episcopate, in the first years of Elizabeth, conformed to the doctrines of the Reformation, and consequently, in accordance with a theory less rational possibly than theological, that the whole Church of Ireland, including the laity, became, in construction of law, Protestant before the end of the sixteenth century. The result of Dr. Brady's enquiry was to scatter to the winds the flimsy fallacies by which this paradox was long upheld; and in a pamphlet published in 1866 he proved conclusively that the inferences drawn from the alleged acceptance by the Irish bishops of the royal supremacy, and their supposed presence in the House of Peers on different occasions, are not only utterly illogical, but have a very unstable basis in fact; that a great number, perhaps a majority, of the bishops remained in communion with Rome, and actually were appointed by the Pope, down to the close of Elizabeth's reign; and that there is not a pretence for the convenient fiction by which the Irish Establishment is made to embrace the whole of the Irish people almost from the beginning of the Reformation. Truth in Ireland being usually sacrificed to party, this discovery brought down upon Dr. Brady a vast amount of ecclesiastical clamour; and through this, probably, he has been led to investigate the subject in a wider field, and to endeavour to ascertain from authentic sources what was the character of the Irish Church in the second half of the sixteenth century, and what its relations with the State and the

[1] *State Papers concerning the Irish Church in the Time of Queen Elizabeth.* Edited by W. Maziere Brady, D.D. London, 1868.

Calendar of the Carew MSS., preserved in the Archiepiscopal Library at Lambeth, 1515–1588. Edited by J. G. Brewer and Wm. Bullen, Esqrs. London, 1868.

nation. For this purpose he has had recourse to some of the original and contemporaneous documents on the affairs of Ireland now being disinterred from our public archives in immense profusion; and we see the collected fruit of his researches in the unpretending volume before us. Composed wholly of the correspondence of statesmen in England during the period, of minutes from the council in Dublin, and of letters and memoranda of deputies and of Irish bishops and their dependents, it forms a perfectly genuine record; and it throws a clear and undistorted light on the condition of the Irish Establishment, on its nature, tendencies, and general influence, and on the esteem in which it was held, at the most critical point in its history. This volume, therefore, will repay perusal at the present juncture, when the Irish Church is the most pressing question of the time; and we can only regret that it is so small in size, that, necessarily, it is altogether imperfect. We may add here that it corroborates incidentally what its compiler had laid down before as to the conversion of the Irish episcopate; but happily it discloses what is more valuable than this antiquated case of spiritual technicality.

The second publication we have referred to is the *Calendar of the Carew Papers*, abstracted from the original documents by the direction of the Master of the Rolls, and edited by Messrs. Brewer and Bullen. Sir George Carew, as our readers may know, was one of those daring soldiers of fortune who took an active part in the subjugation and government of Ireland in the days of Elizabeth; and having been one of the lieutenants of Mountjoy, and president of Munster in difficult times, became head of the celebrated commission for the settlement and plantation of Ulster, and lived into the reign of Charles I., having served three sovereigns with high distinction. This remarkable man made a large collection of papers relating to Irish affairs; and these MSS., which fill forty-three volumes in the library at Lambeth and the Bodleian, are among the most important materials of Irish history in the sixteenth century. In the *Calendar* the greater part of this mass has been condensed into two volumes resembling the usual State-paper calendars; and an attentive reader can gather from it a full, and often a graphic, account of most of the events that occurred in Ireland between 1515 and 1588, and of the opinions, from an English point of view, of contemporary soldiers and statesmen upon them. This work, in short, gives us the main features of that long drama of policy and conquest which, with many strange vicissitudes and revolutions, and with numberless deeds of valour and crime, ended in the overthrow of the Celt by the Saxon, and the ascendency of the English monarchy over barbarous feudalism and sept anarchy; at least, as all this appeared to the eyes of some of the actors on the winning side, of some who directed the councils of the Pale, or followed the standards of Bellingham or Sussex. Our limits, however, forbid us to attempt to enter upon the whole of this subject; so we shall confine ourselves to those parts of the *Calendar* which relate merely to ecclesiastical matters—to the Church in Ireland and kindred topics; and in fact, shall treat the more important work as a supplement only of Dr. Brady's volume.

In considering this subject we should bear in mind what the state of the Church in Ireland was at the period just before the Reformation. Dr. Brady's volume tells us nothing of this—an omission, we think, to be regretted, for it is hard to comprehend the historical position and real

character of the Irish Establishment, without having a distinct notion of the order of things out of which it arose. In the earlier part of the sixteenth century, the Church in Ireland was, in a great measure, an image of the divisions of race inveterately rooted in the nation; and it reflected faithfully the disordered condition and barbarism of the society around it. Although associated by a common creed, and nominally, and in law one, two Churches practically existed in Ireland—the one, that of the Anglo-Norman Pale, representing the ascendency of the old colonists who had overrun and subdued the island, the other that of the Celtic clans, embodying the traditions and sentiments of a half-conquered and half-savage people. The Church of the Pale, like the colonists themselves, had settlements scattered over the country; but it was in no sense a national growth; sustained by England and the English interest, it was the ecclesiastical counterpart of foreign domination. The prelates of this Church were always Englishmen; they were the spiritual warders of the Pale and of a large undefinable territory beyond it; they usually had a seat at the council in Dublin; they often mustered their dependants and tenants in hostings against the Irish enemy. The clergy, too, of the Church of the Pale were for the most part of English descent, and one in mind with their ecclesiastical heads; and spread over many parts of the country, and generally monopolising dignities and benefices, they were a visible expression of the supremacy of race, and of the continuing effects of conquest. On the other hand, the Church of the clans was the descendant of the old Church of Ireland, supplanted by the Norman invasion; it maintained a hold over the vast region still occupied by the Celtic chiefs and by many of the 'degenerate English' nobles; it claimed the allegiance of all within these limits; and, as far as such an idea was possible, it represented, to a certain extent, the declining cause of Irish nationality. The bishops of this Church were, as a rule, Irishmen; they were despised by their lordly brethren of the Pale; they formed an episcopate really distinct; their sympathies were always hostile to the Saxon; and they sometimes joined in the wild rebellions or conspiracies of the chiefs of the Irishry. The clergy were of the same character; they participated in the feelings of the native race from which they, to a man, sprang; and, always poor and contemned as Irishmen, they had little in common with the priests of the Pale, known to them by the name of 'the English synod.'

This state of things was ill calculated to promote religion or the interests of the Church. The Church of the Pale, cut off from the people, became the creature of the Government and the colonists; it was a harsh and intolerant spiritual garrison; it was overrun with flagrant abuses, and disgraced by simony, vice, and covetousness. The arrogance of its prelates, the ignorance of its ecclesiastics, its conquering spirit, its coarse Erastianism, its dependence upon the great lords of the Pale, its want of charity and of Christian virtues, had been described by more than one writer; and its moral weakness was in marked contrast with its high estate and temporal grandeur. As for the rest of Ireland, the Church of the Celts was barbarous and illiterate in the highest degree; its clergy resembled their congregations, and if it was devoted to Rome, it sanctioned the lawlessness, violence, and anarchy of the wild races that composed its flocks. If we may believe a contemporary witness, it was not by the priesthood of either Church, but by poor friars and other regu-

lars, that Christianity was, to any extent, maintained in Ireland during this period:

Some sayeth that the prelates of the Church and clergy is much cause of all the misorder of the land; for there is no archbishop ne bishop, abbot ne friar, parson ne vicar, nor any other person of the Church, high or low, great or small, English or Irish, that useth to preach the Word of God, saving the poor friar beggars; and when the Word of God do cease there can be no grace; and without the special grace of God this land may never be formed. And by preaching and teaching of prelates of the Church, and by prayer and orison of devout persons of the same, God useth alway to grant his abundant grace; ergo, the Church not using the premises is much cause of all the said misorder of this land.

It would seem, however, that the Holy See had not been a beneficent influence, at least within the Church of the Pale. In contempt of the Statutes of Provisors, incompetent, worthless, and profligate men had been raised by the Pope, in many instances, to high places in the Irish Church, and the Church buildings were often neglected and ruinous. This report of Ossory, in 1534, is probably in some degree exaggerated; but we cannot doubt that it is true in the main:

The Bishop of Rome's permissions and usurped jurisdiction have been the chief cause of the desolation and decay of Ireland. By the abominable abuse whereof the cathedral churches in monasteries, parish churches, and all other, regular and secular, for the most part in effect through the land, have been in utter ruin and destroyed: for the said Bishop of Rome commonly hath preferred by his permissions to the administration and governance of them; not only vile and vicious persons, unlearned, being murderers, thieves, and of other detestable disposition, as light men of war, who, for their unjust maintenance therein, for some time expel the rightful incumbents, and other seasons by force of secular power put the true patrons from their patronage.

It may be doubted whether, before the Reformation, the Irish clergy were as deeply tainted as the English were with gross sensuality. Nor is it clear what the average state of morality in Ireland was at this time; though, if we may credit some reports, the sottishness and unchastity of the Celtic septs were viewed with disgust by the settlers of the Pale, whose lives were probably not a whit better. At this period the crying evils of Ireland we are disposed to think, were violence and disorder, the spirit of lawlessness, of the hatred of race, and continual feuds, rather than profligacy and animal vices. The following passage is well known, but we quote it for its graphic significance:

The holy woman Brigitta used to enquire of her good angel many questions of secret divine, and among all others she enquired 'of what Christian land was most souls damned?' The angel showed her a land in the west part of the world. She enquired the cause why. The angel said, 'For there the Christian folk dieth most out of charity.' She enquired the cause why. The angel said, 'For there is most continual war, root of hate and envy, and of vices contrary to charity; and without charity the souls cannot be cured.' And the angel did show to her the lapse of the souls of Christian folk of that land; how they fell down into hell as thick as very hail showers. And pity thereof moved the pandar to conceive his said book, as in the said chapter plainly doth appear; for, after his opinion, this is the land that the angel understood; for there is no land in this world of so long continual war within itself, or of so great shedding of Christian blood, or of so great robbing, spoiling, preying, and burning, or of so great wrongful extortion continually, as Ireland.

It is difficult to estimate the spiritual influence of Catholicism in Ireland at this period. The ruins of many abbeys and churches attest the munificence of lords and chieftains; but the gifts of superstitious fear and reverence are no proofs of a living religion, and we can hardly suppose that there was much piety among the grasping colonists of the Pale, the wild Irish clans, or the degenerate Englishry. There was no pilgrimage of grace in Ireland, though Holy Church was the rally-

ing cry of one or two abortive Celtic risings; and Henry VIII. found it easy enough to substitute his supremacy for that of the Pope, and to silence the scruples of the great men of Ireland by distributing among them monastic spoils.

During this time there was hardly a trace of the fierce zeal that was to make the island the battle-field of a war of creeds; and the hostility of race had not yet been aggravated by sectarian discord. The doctrines of the Reformation, however, made scarcely any way in the country; unfitted to comprehend or receive them, the people continued almost wholly Catholic; they went on in the paths of their fathers, if not adhering to the ancient faith with peculiar devotion, at least considering any attempts to change it a device of the Saxon, the policy of a relentless enemy. Browne, one of the more reforming prelates, who always endeavoured to make things pleasant, gave this account of the diocese of Dublin, where, if anywhere, Protestantism would have taken root:

> Since my coming over I have been unable, even in the diocese of Dublin, to induce any, either religious or secular, to preach the Word of God, or the King's just title as Supreme Head of the Church. They that there could and would very often, even till the right Christians were weary of them, preach after the old sort and fashion, will not now open even their lips in any pulpit for the manifestation of the same, but in corners and such company as them liketh, they can full earnestly utter their opinions. The observants are worse than all others, for I can make them neither swear nor preach amongst us.

After several changes, the Church in Ireland was declared Protestant at the accession of Elizabeth. But the nature of things and the hearts of a people are not altered by an Act of Parliament; this declaration after the lapse of three centuries falls now on the ear like a sorry mockery. In actual fact the Church of the Pale was transformed into the modern Establishment, so far as regards its higher dignitaries, a large part of the subordinate clergy and of the laity, however, remaining Catholics; while, for a long time, the old native Church continued unchanged and was hardly disturbed. By degrees, indeed, the Establishment encroached on its rival with the advance of conquest, and ultimately was planted in all the island; but this was the work of many years: and it is simply untrue that in any sense the Church of Ireland outside the Pale was reformed in the middle of the sixteenth century. Even if we examine the figment by which the whole Church is made out to have become Protestant—the alleged conversion of the Marian bishops—we find that it has no basis in fact. Dr. Brady's volume shows that long after Elizabeth had been seated on the throne, a considerable portion of the episcopate of Ireland was visibly in communion with Rome, and had no relation with the new establishment. Miles Magrath, a converted Archbishop of Cashel, wrote as late as 1582 that 'many prelates of the Church were appointed without having taken the oath of supremacy,' that is, owed allegiance to the Pope, and that 'bishops in general were Romish.' We find repeated instances of the nomination and translation of bishops in Ireland from Rome; and we see that it was only as the process of subjugating the island went on, that the Papal episcopate was extruded from their sees, and 'bishops of the Queen' put in their stead. From the following letter of Sir John Perrott, it is evident that, as late as 1586, this change had not been yet accomplished:

> Mr. Garvie was content to accept the bishopric of Kilmore at my request, as well to displace one substituted into it by the Pope's authority, as also to do some good to that rude ignorant people. . . .

I have heretofore written to have other men preferred to other bishoprics that lie far remote, and some of them such as her Majesty or any of her progenitors have not in a number of cases presented any man unto. . . . My desire was the rather to prefer these men, for the more strengthening of the voices for her Majesty in the Upper House.

Passing over, however, this theological subtlety, it is a matter of more importance to note, that whatever may have been the name of the Church, the great mass of the inhabitants of Ireland remained Catholic through the reign of Elizabeth, and turned a deaf ear to the Reformed doctrines. Even within the Pale a large majority of the old settlers was not converted, outside it the nation continued sunk in its former state of superstitious ignorance. Dr. Brady has brought this out very clearly, the only point of the least concern to those who think that a Church is more than a legal phrase or an episcopal caste. For example, the Archbishop of Armagh wrote thus in 1585:

Many of the gentlemen refuse to be justices of the peace, pretending their disability, but indeed refusing the oath of her Majesty's supremacy. . . . It is a hard thing to be thought of that the land is not able to afford of the birth of the land forty Christians which have the taste of the true service of God, and how, then, can they be true-hearted to her Majesty?

The lawyers in Dublin, the seat of the Government, were, nearly to a man, of the old faith:

The Baron Cusack is the only man of his profession that favoureth religion in this land, and therefore, in my opinion, the fitter for that room. The number of the lawyers is great, and beareth no less sway. So are they for the most part, nay, I should say, all thwarters and hinderers of matters that should tend to the reformation of religion.

The gentlemen of the Pale were almost as bad in the estimation of a zealous prelate:

For preachers, God be thanked, my cathedral church and these civil dioceses hereabouts are indifferently furnished, but it is almost a bootless labour for any man to preach in the country out of Dublin for want of hearers. . . . When it was bruited throughout the Pale that her Majesty's pleasure was that they should not be touched for their religion, they took heart, and grew to such obstinacy, that now they can hardly be reclaimed. The rather because these noblemen and principal gentlemen, by their bad examples, do daily draw them backwards from the service of God established by her Majesty.

This was the religious state of Waterford, where, owing to frequent intercourse with England, we might have supposed that Protestantism would have found room:

Such is the miserable state of this wretched city, that all things are done contrary to the sacred Word and blessed will of the Lord, and also her Majesty's most godly proceedings in causes spiritual. The Gospel of God utterly abhorred, the Church in time of divine service of all hands eschewed (nisi a paucis et id forma tantum). The sacraments contemned and refused. Massing in every corner. No burial of the dead according to the Book of Common Prayer, but buried in their houses with diriges, and often cast into the ground like dogs. Rome runners and friars maintained among them. Public wearing of beads and praying upon the same. Worshipping of images, and setting them openly in their street doors with ornaments and deckings. Ringing of bells and praying for the dead, and dressing their graves divers times in the year with flower-pots and wax candles. No marriage agreeing with God's law and her Majesty's proceedings; for either they marry in houses with masses, or else before two or three laymen, without any minister, taking of hands, and so they live as man and wife. No punishment for this or any other sin. The windows and aisles of the churches full of images. They will not deface them, and I dare not for fear of a tumult. None of the women do come either to service or sermons. And to conclude, virtue is rejected and all vice embraced.

As regards the mass of the 'mere Irish,' their spiritual condition is thus described by a reformer of an uncompromising kind:

They have no knowledge of God or his Word, or any kind of religion, but in all things show themselves more barbarous

and beastlike than any other infidels, without any regard or mind of salvation. . . . If hell were open and all the evil spirits abroad, they could never be worse than these Irish rogues—rather dogs or worse than dogs, for dogs do but their kind, and they degenerate from all humanity.

In fact, the Reformation was a plant that could not take root in the Irish soil. The settlers of the Pale had little in common with Protestantism in a true sense; to the rest of the people Protestantism seemed identified with foreign invasion and wrong; and in any case they were not prepared for any active spiritual change. The following sketch of the Irish is unjust; it betrays the scorn and hate of the conquerors; but it shows how improbable it was that the Irish would sympathise with a revolution in faith, associated everywhere with the advance of civilisation, with increased knowledge, with national improvement:

At this instant the Irish men, except in the walled towns, are not Christian, civil, or human creatures; but heathen, or rather savages and brute beasts. For many of them, as well women as men, go commonly all naked, saving only a loose mantle hanging about them. . . . And at night the master, mistress, or dame, men-servants, maid-servants (women-servants, I should have said, for I think there be no maids), guests, strangers, and all, lye in one little room, not so good or handsome as many a hogscote in England. And when they rise in the morning, they shake their ears and go their ways without any serving of God, or other making of them a-ready. And their exercises all day, and many times throughout the night, are murder, burning of houses, theft, and mischief. . . . In most parts of the country they have neither ministers nor churches, or those which are be decayed and never used. They never marry nor christen, but howl over the corpse like dogs.

Under circumstances such as these the Church of the Pale became the Established Church of Ireland, though as yet confined within narrow limits, and the old Celtic Church was hardly changed, though encroached upon gradually by a rival more than ever vexatious, arrogant, and hostile, the great body of the Irish people of both races continuing Catholic. The character of the new Establishment comes out distinctly in Dr. Brady's volume. That Establishment, in its general spirit, was simply the Church of the Pale again, but with a fresh element of bitterness infused, so far as regards nearly the whole nation, in consequence of its religious change. Its prelates, as in the old days, were active spies against the Celtic enemy; thus the Bishop of Meath, on the edge of the Pale, was constantly giving information to the council concerning the movements of the O'Neills; and in 1572 he took the field against them:

He saith assuredly that Sir Leynaghe O'Neill, with a great force, is in readiness to invade us this night. The place we should repair to is Moynalty. I have written to the sheriff, so have I to the portriff of the baron. I have sent for Michael Cusack and his son. God grant they be to be found. I will make what number I can ready. I pray you send what number you can out of Trim or elsewhere, that they may be with the rest before day.

In fact, it was considered all the better that an Elizabethan prelate should have experience in war:

Whensoever any alteration shall happen [so wrote an official in Dublin to Walsingham] let all offices be given to soldiers of experience, and to none others. I would the Queen would also so bestow her bishopricks, for here is scarce any sign of religion, nor no room for justice till the sword hath made a way for the law.

The prelates of the Establishment exaggerated the intolerance and arrogance of the bishops of the Pale. Divided, even in their own dioceses, from the body of the people by a difference in creed, they were almost officially made persecutors; and they hated the Irishry, not only as aliens, but as addicted

to a hostile faith which they had been commissioned to extirpate. Like genuine high priests, they distinguished themselves in advocating measures of coercion and harshness; and with characteristic folly, they urged the Government to prosecute Catholicism in the Pale, forgetting that the hold of England on Ireland depended mainly on the loyalty of the settlers. The following letter from Archbishop Loftus may be taken as a specimen of their ordinary sentiments:

When we, the Bishops of Dublin, Meath, and a few others well affected, perceived this declination, being authorised by her Majesty's High Commission for Ecclesiastical Causes, we convented before us the principal gentlemen and such as we knew to be ringleaders in the cause, seeking to draw them to better conformity. But we were restrained from proceeding any farther. . . . The people are grown to a general revolt, which thing, notwithstanding, is not so far gone but in my opinion it may be easily remedied without any danger, and with great gain to her Majesty, if the Ecclesiastical Commissioners be restored and put in use, for this people are but poor, and fear to be fined. If liberty be left to myself and to such commissioners as are well affected in religion to imprison and fine all such as are obstinate and disobedient; and if they persist—being men of ability to bear their own charges—to send them into England for example sake, I have no doubt but within a short time they will be reduced to good conformity. If it be objected that this severe course may perhaps breed some stirs, I assure your lordship there is no doubt of any such matter, for they are but beggars, and if once they perceive a thorough resolution to deal roundly with them, they will both yield and conform themselves.

This report also is curiously significant:

Sir Nicholas White, at the Privy Council, moved the deputy, Sir John Perrott, to use tolerance in the matter of oath and religion, for which many gentlemen of the Pale were then called before his lordship. . . . Which motion the bishop of Meath impugned, as he saith then, but not contented with this, he in open pulpit took occasion to stir this controversy—whether magistrates may tolerate with Papists—for he thinketh of them, as appeareth by his words, as idolaters, Papists, and infidels. In which opinion he (the bishop) flatly affirmeth they cannot but rather root them out, for that they will be pricks in their eyes, thorns in their sides, and whips to their backs. . . . The doctrine delivered by the bishop was that Christian princes must root out idolatry, and not join in an unequal yoke with infidels. This is true divinity, confirmed by all men.

The Reforming prelates, and many of their clergy, treated the native Irish, as a matter of course, as foes both for this and the next world. The Protestant bishops often attended the deputies in their processions through the country, and vied with each other in zeal for severity and in denouncing Popery and Irish Papists. There was nothing particularly atrocious in this; it was what was to be expected from men in whom the effects of the ascendancy of race had been aggravated by religious animosities, by pride, fear, and the habit of domination. The following shows how an episcopal lord justice dealt with an unlucky Catholic prelate who had fallen into his evangelical hands:

He retaining his former obstinacy and evasions, we found ourselves far off from that truth which we expected, and are not ignorant that he can declare if he list. . . . So as not finding that easy manner of examination to do any good, we made commissions to Mr. Waterhouse and Mr. Secretary Fenton to put him to the torture, such as your honour advised us, which was to toast his feet against the fire with hot boots. . . . Having had conference with some of the best lawyers in the land, we find that they make a scruple to arraign him here, for that his treasons were committed in foreign parts, the statute in that behalf being not here as it is in England. And therefore we think it not amiss, if it be allowed there, to have him executed by martial law.

In ordinary times, as we have hinted, the Government in Dublin discountenanced the violence and spiritual ferocity of the heads of the Establishment. Elizabethan

statesmen were not often cruel; being men of the world and not carried away by professional religious excitement, they were not unaware that a policy of persecution might cause England to lose Ireland, and even mar the prospects of the Reformation. With few exceptions the letters of the deputies contrast agreeably with those of the prelates in point of clemency and common sense. We quote the following from Sir John Perrott:

First: for religion, how much I am to ask God forgiveness for being therein more politically slack than religiously forward. Your lordship may understand by that I have written to her Majesty in that point; being one of the three wherein her Majesty doth sharply note in me a want of discretion. Next, for tendering the oath of supremacy. I have therein also answered her Majesty at large. It hath not been universally tendered, as it seemeth hath been there informed, but only to justices of the peace and other officers.

The English Government usually concurred; but we must not forget that the Irish people would not unreasonably lay to its charge the intolerance of the Reforming prelates. Burleigh wrote thus in reply to Perrott:

Touching the refusal of the oath of supremacy by the gentlemen of the Pale, which your lordship thinketh it meet to be punished with severity, the matter hath been considered here. And in respect of their rawness in religion, making the said oath a matter of conscience, it is not thought convenient they should be brought unto it by compulsion against their consciences, but even with time, by instruction and labour, of those to whose charge it doth belong. And indeed, considering our manner of proceeding here, the time is not fit for severity.

Occasionally, however, the Government in Dublin, beset with difficulties, and in serious danger, would identify Popery with rebellion, and proscribe the creed of the mass of the nation, in the hope of coercing them into submission. The following was written by Lord Grey, but it was just after the Desmond war, which in a great measure was a Catholic rising:

The fault is certainly this. The wrong end is begun at. Rebellion and disobedience to the prince's word are chiefly regarded and reformation sought of. But God's cause is made a second or none at all. And be itself the witness. For the many challenges and instructions that I have received for the civil and political government and care-taking to the husbandry of worldly treasure, where is there one article that concerns the looking to God's due service, saving of his Church, fed with true food, and repressing of superstition and idolatry, wherewith the Jews of Canaan were surely no more filled and infected than this lamentable Ireland is?

But what was the internal state of the Church thus aggravating the disorders of Ireland, and provoking disturbance and bitter animosities? So far as regards the inferior clergy, the Reformation had not wrought much spiritual change in the Church of the Pale; it had not improved the discipline of the Establishment; it had not purified its moral condition. The Establishment professed a new creed, but it had little of the real essence of Protestantism, and, after a period of spoliation and revolution, it was, as a religious institution, in a worse plight than its predecessor had been. Many years after the accession of Elizabeth, a considerable part of the parochial clergy were only in name of the Reformed faith; those, for instance, of the diocese of Meath, a centre and stronghold of the Establishment, were thus described by Sir H. Sydney:

Among which number of curates only eighteen were found able to speak English, the rest, Irish priests, or rather Irish rogues, having very little Latin, less learning and civility. All these live upon the bare altarages, as they term them, which, God knoweth, are very small, and were wont to live upon the gain of masses, dirges, shrivings, and such like trumperies, godly abolished by your Majesty. . . . If this be the estate of the Churches in the best peopled diocese and best governed country

of this your realm, as in truth it is, easy it is for your Majesty to conjecture in what case the rest is, where little or no reformation, either of religion or manners, hath yet been planted or continued among them.

The prebendaries of St. Patrick's wrote thus as late as 1584:

There is not one in that land to be found which can or will preach the Gospel, four bishops and the prebendaries of St. Patrick's only excepted. This is lamentable with God's people. There is an infinite number of impropriate churches in Ireland, all being in her Majesty's hands and her farmers. There is not in any one impropriation a preacher. There is scarce a minister to be found among them, but rather a company of Irish rogues and Romish priests, teaching nothing but traitorous practices—all in a manner enemies by profession to God's true religion.

This is a report of Sir William Fitzwilliam in 1587:

It is most true and lamentable that between Dublin and the furthest end of Munster there is not one church standing convenient to repair unto, except it be to the Haven towns. And although, for the most part, the incumbents are unlearned, yet might they be inforced to read the Lord's Prayer and the Belief in English, and teach the same to his parish.

The Establishment, in fact, as a spiritual agency, as a means of teaching and extending Protestantism, was completely neglected, and made powerless. The possessions of the Church had been largely alienated; and vast tracts had fallen into the hands of lay impropriators indifferent to religion. Sydney wrote thus of the diocese of Meath:

I could not have believed, had I not for a great part viewed the same throughout the whole realm, and was advertised of the particular estate of the Church in the bishopric of Meath, being the best inhabited country of all this realm by the honest, zealous, and learned bishop of the same, Mr. Hugh Bradye, a godly minister of the Gospel and a good servant to your highness, who went from church to church himself and found that there are within his diocese 224 parish churches, of which number 105 are impropriated to sundry possessories and of your highness, and all leased out for years, or in for farm to several farmers, and great gain reaped out of them, above the rent which your Majesty receiveth. No parson or vicar resident upon any of them, and a very simple or sorry curate, for the most part appointed to serve therein.

This is an account of the effects produced by lay impropriation throughout Ireland:

There is not in one impropriation a preacher. This cometh chiefly by the wantonness of her Majesty's farmers, who, for the most part, allow not the minister above 40*s.* or 3*l.* the year, and therefore seeketh a priest that will serve his cure cheapest, without regard to the person or quality, and then this curate, to make his stipend as he may live upon, travelleth like a lackey to three or four churches in a morning—every church a mile or two miles asunder—and then once a week readeth them only a gospel in Latin, and so away.

The natural results of this gross neglect and coarse simony on the part of those who had been gorged with ecclesiastical wealth, were that the churches were deserted and in ruins, and that congregations did not exist. Andrew Trollope, an English lawyer, wrote thus in 1587:

There is no divine service in the country, that all the churches in the country are clean down, ruinous, and in great decay, and in those in cities and in walled towns is over-seldom any service said; and yet that negligently repaired unto. . . . A man told me that on the 27th of August, being Sunday, he was at Dundalk, one of the largest country towns in Ireland, and hearing the bell ring, went to church, and stareing there long could see nobody but the clerk, and at length asked him when the people would come to church, and he told them they should have no service there that day, for their minister had other benefices, and he used to say service there but seldom.

The bishops, however, and high dignitaries were not at all backward in the race of selfishness. Full of zeal to persecute in the interests of the Church, they did not scruple to waste her property, and to enrich themselves on revenues intended to be applied to religious uses:

Our bishops [says a report of 1586], cathedral churches, and clergy, make unconscionable long leases for 299 years, receiving small rents, which tendeth greatly to endanger the religion of our successors, when God shall call the country to the knowledge of his Word, and to the rule of civility. And, therefore, they should on their installations be enjoined not to lease above twenty years.

It is quite in keeping with this disregard of duty that we find the bishops in 1586 objecting to pay their contributions of the first fruits:

The bishops and clergy have been occupied in the Exchequer, and there impeached, for nonpayment of first fruits this term. They have, instead of payment, all demurred in law, and not one of them, Bishop Walsh excepted, who is now dead, that have paid or compounded according to the law and statute, saving such as have been pardoned; as my Lord-Chancellor Loftus for divers livings, and the Primate of Armagh for his bishopric, have been.

The Establishment, moreover, was full of the abuses inseparable from a secular institution, devoid of real spiritual life, and not a Church in any national sense. Its dignitaries carved out pluralities for themselves; its bishops indulged in nepotism at will; the morality of its clergy was in bad repute, and had declined, probably, since the Reformation had relieved them from the discipline of Rome, without inspiring them with self-control or piety. We find, indeed, in the Irish Establishment, from its very beginning, the characteristics which disgraced it almost down to this century. In 1581 benefices were filled up in this way in the Church:

I know not the ten thousandth thing that is amiss in Ireland, but among them I do know, I cannot forget the Commission of Faculties, which gives licences to some one to have three, perhaps four, benefices—not only to spiritual but to some temporal men; and by reason thereof, though there be not many churches, and fewer bells, in Ireland, some of them ring, but they neither call nor bring ministers or parishioners to serve God. I know but few ministers in Ireland, yet one of them, which is an Irishman—a common table player and ale-house haunter—which can scarce read the service, hath three benefices. . . . I was certified, and think it very likely to be true, that my Lord Bishop of Dublin is a partaker in the profits of the Commission of Faculties, and anything almost will be suffered in Ireland for gain and friendship.

We quote from a report of 1579:

The bishops have admitted to livings boys, kearns, laymen, and other incapable persons. Some of them were deprived by the Commissioners, as, for instance, George Cusack, a lay serving-man, usurper of Kentstown in Meath; and Lucas Plunket, prentice to a vintner in Dublin, who had Killany, a parish of which the Baron of Slane was a patron, and Robert Nugent, a horseman of the Baron of Delvin's retinue, who held Galtrim, and John Barnewall, a young boy of Dublin, who had Kilmessan.

Spenser thus described the Church generally; his account probably may be over-coloured, but it is, we doubt not, in part correct:

Whatever disorders you see in the Church of England, ye may find in Ireland many more, usually gross simony, greedy covetousness, fleshly incontinency, careless sloth, and generally ill-disordered life in the common clergyman. And besides all these they have their particular enormities; for all Irish priests which now enjoy the Church livings, they are in a manner mere laymen, saving that they have taken holy orders, but otherwise they do go and live like laymen, follow all kinds of husbandry and other worldly affairs as other Irishmen do. They neither read the Scriptures nor preach to the people, nor administer the Communion.

He lays much of the blame of this on the bishops:

Yea, and some of them whose dioceses are in remote parts, somewhat out of the world's eye, do not at all bestow the benefices, which are in their own donation, upon any, but keep them in their own hands, and let their own servants and horseboys to take up the tithes and fruits of them, with which some of them purchase great lands and build fair castles upon the same. For the clergy, excepting the grave fathers which are in high places about the State, and some few others which are lately planted in their new college (1593), are generally bad, licentious, and most disordered.

To complete the picture, no attempt was made by the heads of the Establishment to procure clergy capable of teaching the natives in their own tongue—the only chance of winning the Irish to Protestantism. The bishops would have scorned such expedients as derogatory to themselves, and even reactionary—suppressing Irish nationality and the language was their notion of the way to 'promote the Word'; and it was left to Sydney to point out the wisdom of a policy unhappily never tried, and now more than three centuries too late:

> In choice of ministers for the remote places where the English tongue is not understood, it is most necessary that such be chosen as can speak Irish. For which search would be made first and speedily in your own universities. If there be no such there, or not enough, then I do wish, but this most humbly, under your Highness's correction, that you would write to the Regent of Scotland, where, as I learn, there are many of the Reformed Church that are of this language, that he would prefer to your Highness so many as shall seem good to you to demand.

A Church such as this, with its evil associations of foreign conquest and alien rule, with its persecuting prelates and its moral worthlessness, was hardly likely to succeed in its mission of evangelising the mass of the Irish people. Meanwhile a new spirit was by degrees being infused into the old Celtic Church, which if it did not quicken it into a better faith, brought it into closer communion with Rome, and made it more hostile than ever to England. The discipline of this, as of other Churches that had remained obedient to the Papal See, had been improved after the Reformation; and it was soon discovered by the enemies of England that this Church could be made a card in their hands in the game they were playing against Elizabeth. Jesuits, seminary priests, and emissaries of the Pope invaded Ireland and made the Church more Romanist than it had ever been; and a religious cry was aroused to embitter the animosities of the Irish against the Saxon. We see what the effects were of this kind of teaching in such passages as these:

> The students of Ireland that are in Louvain, and come from thence, are the merest traitors and breeders of treachery that liveth, by whose means I doubt not James Fitzmaurice hath much favour in Rome. Whereof there are in these parts about Waterford four principal prelates. The first is called John White, who is worshipped like a god between Kilkenny and Waterford and Clonmel. He suborneth all the dwellers of these parts to detest the true religion stablished by her Majesty. He is a chief preacher to the contrary, an arrogant enemy to the gospel, and one that denieth all duties to her Majesty. If he were not, and his auricular teaching were not, one nobleman, to the comfort of a great number, should be converted from this popery. He said once in Bristol, that he would he were inquisitor in England to burn a thousand in England for religion. The second is James Archer, of Kilkenny, a detestable enemy to the Word of God. He did swear against her Majesty's jurisdiction in Louvain, and to read not in no English book. He arrived the last March, and came then out of Louvain. The third is Doctor Quemeford, of Waterford, also of late come out of Louvain. He and all the rest taught all the way betwixt Rye and Bristol against the religion, and caused numbers to despair. The fourth is chaunter Walsh, of Waterford, one that hath procured dispensation of the Pope to use the English service, to receive benefits from the same, and to abjure himself without hurting his conscience. He came over last March. He preached praying to saints and going on pilgrimages. Belike, they all come over as reformators of living before the coming of that wicked limb James [Fitzmaurice].

The ordinary clergy doubtless remained as superstitious and ignorant as before; but the influence of Catholicism increased rapidly, as it became more and more associated with the cause of resistance to the Saxon, and was subjected more and more to persecution. If, however, we can believe such reports as the following, the Irish priests were not

examples of purity and the Christian graces:

> They will not be accounted ministers, but priests. They will have no wives. If they would stay thus, it were well, but they will have harlots, which they make believe that it is no sin to live and lie with them and bear them children. But if they marry them they are damned. And with long experience and some extraordinary trial of these fellows, I cannot find whether the most of them love lewd women, cards. dice, or drink best. . . . They tell the people a tale of our Lady, or St. Patrick, or some other saint, horrible to be spoken or heard, and intolerable to be suffered, and do all that they may to dissuade and allure the people from God and their prince, and their due obedience to both, and persuade them to the Devil the Pope.

The general influence of the Church on the nation is shown significantly in passages such as these:

> And how the people so much hear them, believe them, and are led by them, and have so little instruction to the contrary, as here is in effect a general revolt from God and true religion, our prince, and her Highness's laws. . . . The state is so far altered from former times, the hearts of the people are so much alienated from the Queen and our nation, and so greatly affected to foreign notions and papistry, as I fear she will lose even the Pale itself in a very short time.

The antagonism of the Churches in Ireland increased wofully the disorders of the country and the difficulty of bringing it into subjection to England. It is not easy to determine accurately to what extent religion was the cause of the terrible civil wars and rebellions which convulsed the island in the reign of Elizabeth. Undoubtedly, even if there had been no Reformation, the sixteenth century would have witnessed the subjugation of Ireland by England; and bearing in mind the state of each nation, and the relations long subsisting between them, this consummation must have been attended with much oppression, calamity, and wrong. Whether England had continued Catholic or not, her rulers would have endeavoured with success to annex an island, inferior in strength, and necessary to the greatness of the monarchy; they would have put down barbarous Irish feudalism and reduced the Celtic tribes to submission; and this result could not have been obtained without considerable violence and suffering. But religious dissension protracted and aggravated the evils inseparable from this change; it introduced a new element of discord which exasperated the hostility of race already dividing the Saxon and the Celt; it made England and Ireland enemies in the great struggle that split Europe in sunder. The reformation of the Church of the Pale, and the attempt to extend its influence by persecution, made many even of the old settlers disloyal, and provoked the great feudal lords and chiefs; it promoted widespread bitterness and ill-will, and quickened the general spirit of disaffection. On the other hand, the increasing power of Catholicism in Ireland gave a new point of union to all foes of the English name; it turned the mass of the nation and its leaders to look to the Catholic Powers for aid; it rallied under the banner of religion the broken forces of Irish nationality. The threads of most of the conspiracies in Ireland that marked the close of the reign of Elizabeth were held and directed by hands in Rome. The following letter from the famous Dr. Sanders shows how the great Desmond war of 1580 was inaugurated in the name of the Church:

> Nowadays the heretics, violently opposing God's honour in this world, abandon his vicar, and by false pretence of God's Word, cut off and wipe away whole books of the Holy Scripture. We fight against them by the authority of the Head of the Church. If it please you to join with us in this holy quarrel, you shall be under the protection of that prince whom God shall set upon the place of the usurper, and of God's vicar, who will see every man rewarded for his

service to the Church; you shall deserve also well of your country.

This was the manifesto of the rebel earl:

We desire you take part with us, as you are bound by conscience and by nature. We took this matter in hand with great authority, both from the Pope's Holiness and from King Philip, who do undertake to further us in our affairs as we shall need.

The fanaticism of Sanders was necessary to stir up the retainers of the earl to revolt; and when beaten, they blamed the champion of the Church. Sir William Pelham wrote to the council thus:

The earl's followers would gladly forsake him if they might be received. I do not receive any but such as come in with bloody hands, or execution of some better person than themselves. One that this day brake from them has declared the miserable estate of the earl's followers, and that lately he saw the people ready to kill Dr. Saunders with stones, reviling him before the earl, as the ruin of them and all Munster; and hardly could the earl appease them from killing of him.

There was a rising of the Catholics of the Pale, and another of the De Burghs in the west, at the same time as the Desmond rebellion. Catholicism was, in a greater or less degree, the bond that united the confederates; and the insurrection grew to the most formidable proportions. Lord Baltinglass, the leader of the Catholics of the Pale, put religion forward as the cause of revolt:

Questionless it is great want of knowledge, and more of grace, to think and believe that a woman, incapax of all holy orders, should be the supreme governor of Christ's Church—a thing that Christ did not grant to his own mother. If the Queen's pleasure be, as you allege, to minister justice, it were time to begin; for in this twenty years past of her reign, we have seen more damnable doctrines maintained, more oppressing of poor subjects, under pretence of justice within this land, than ever we read or heard, since England first received the faith, done by Christian princes.

This extract, from an examination, shows that the Earl of Kildare, the head of the Geraldines, although a courtier of Elizabeth, was deep in the councils of this rebellion, and that its real centre was Rome:

The archbishop said, that he thought the earl never promised that he would take arms. Then the cardinal chafed, and said, 'Wilt thou tell me?' and then he went into his study, and fetched out two writings, the one a great writing, whereunto the bishop said, 'the most part of the lords and gentlemen of Ulster, Munster, and Connaught had subscribed;' the other was a letter for the Earl of Kildare alone, which the Cardinal showed the archbishop as rebuking him for not believing him. All this, the examinate said, was expounded to him both by the said bishop and Richard Eustace; and he saith further, that the cardinal, at the end of the conference, said, 'Do you think that he would have trusted to James Fitzmaurice and to Stewkeley, or to all those lords which subscribed the great *letter*, unless he had received this *letter from* the Earl of Kildare?

This insurrection, which shook the power of the queen in Ireland to the centre, was attributed by the Government to Catholicism. Sir Nicholas Malby wrote thus to the council:

This late rebellion, sprung up so near the English Pale, is very perilous. This realm was never so dismembered, owing to the quarrel upon religion. Heretofore much dissension has arisen upon private quarrels, but now they have converted all their private quarrels to a general quarrel of religion. This rebellion is so general that the best cannot be made do anything against the rebellious Papists.

After causing frightful bloodshed and confiscation, the rebellion of 1580 was suppressed; but there was no end to the religious war in Ireland, and 'Holy Church' was inscribed on the standards of Tyrone in the desperate struggle he maintained long with the power of Elizabeth. It is unnecessary to pursue the melancholy tale, or to point out how Ireland has ever since been rent asunder by religious animosities, and is still a weak

point at the heart of the empire. An impartial person who dwells on the history of the Church in Ireland in the sixteenth century will, perhaps, incline to these two conclusions—that it is worse than foolish to make a comparison between the Church of England and the Irish Establishment; and that the 'association of religion with authority' which, it is now pretended, is the first condition of the unity and prosperity of these kingdoms, has been a fruitful source of calamity to Ireland and of difficulty and peril to Great Britain.

OATNESSIANA.

PART I.—CAPTAIN ORD'S RETURN.

CHAPTER XIX.

CAPTAIN ORD was dining that very evening with the Wedderburns, who had returned at the same time with himself, not only alone as a guest, but almost as a member of the family in the near prospect of his marriage. But he was still kept in order, prevented from asserting himself in his height and breadth, from speaking unpalatable, rude bits of his mind, being domineering, quarrelsome, insolent, as it was on the cards he might be, by Mrs. Wedderburn's strong will. If Captain Ord was domineering Mrs. Wedderburn was haughty, and she had all the advantages of the finer-edged weapons which her superiority in education, and long familiarity with and perfect ease in her position, supplied, against the comparatively brute force of hard cash, that he was, as yet, at least, restrained from using in its full power, in the face of her sex and nurture.

Mrs. Wedderburn could put down her intended son-in-law when he waxed rampant, and keep him in his proper place. But the pressing sense of a continual obligation showed that there was a change in the minds of the lady and the gentlemen with reference to each other. There was an alteration of opinion to the extent that Captain Ord—who had begun by judging Mrs. Wedderburn correctly as his friend in the house—had grown restive under her curb and turned upon her in ingratitude for her services; while Mrs. Wedderburn feared that Captain Ord was not going to improve as she had hoped. It went no farther at present than that Captain Ord, in private, dealt less flattering adjuncts to Mrs. Wedderburn's name, and vowed vengeance due upon her when he got the cards into his own hands; and that Mrs. Wedderburn like many another schemer found that a goal attained was sometimes surmounted by the apples of Sodom. Captain Ord now turned for his satisfaction more to Charlotte, whom he had come to look upon as a harmless, spiritless, good sort of well born, well bred lassie, for whom he had a tolerable amount of regard, whom he might hector and bully, but whom—so that she gave him no provocation—it was not in him wantonly to maltreat.

Another change in the social atmosphere was occasioned by the appearance of Louisa and Laura Wedderburn, too much of an age to be separated, at the dinner-table, in the earliest announcement of their taking their places as the young ladies of the house in the room of Charlotte promoted and transferred to Dalgordon. Miss Murdoch was left behind in the dull peace of the school-room which that lady so little appreciated, that but for the approaching gay interlude of the marriage, she would have moped herself so far as a summer sore throat, or an autumn influenza.

As if to warrant Charlotte's removal from the stage of young-ladyhood and transplantation to that of matronhood, it was remarkable how old she began to look at this epoch of her life, so that common acquaintances had already come to the surprised but comfortable conclusion that there would not look the disparity of years which really existed between Captain Ord of Dalgordon and Charlotte Wedderburn; the Captain was such a fine hale man in his prime,

and Charlotte already appeared quite staid and matronly. It was particularly noticeable because one of the charms of Charlotte's face, on first growing up, had been the exceeding youthfulness almost child-likeness which lingers in some girls' faces, bright, intelligent faces otherwise, and recalls the guileless, unconscious beauty of a baby's face. The transformation was not an effect of ominous wanness and haggardness; it was more a rapid, premature development into such maturity, that overleaping summer it touched upon early autumn. Charlotte was hardly past girlhood in years; Boswell Erskine, who was two years older and a married woman now, retained a great deal, not only of the fawn and pheasant-like slenderness of proportion, but of the elasticity, buoyancy, and vehement mobility in expression, of a girl. Charlotte Wedderburn, with her softly rounded face in its fair and delicate tinting which coming pain and perplexity might waste and drag, and distress and despair dim and darken, but which was at this moment placid and serene, had a quiet settled look, a look from which all excitability, light of expectation, desire for progress, had departed: a look which many a woman's face, however faded and lined, does not wear at thirty or forty. Charlotte's face was not faded or lined, but it wore that look altogether womanly, which might have been—not only wifely, motherly, but that of a widow who had undergone and outlived the first shock of her loss, and grown resigned, almost reconciled, to the inevitable will. Charlotte's jasmine face might have been surrounded by a widow's cap, instead of crowned by a bridal wreath, sadly, but not altogether inappropriately with regard to its expression. Charlotte's dress was far enough removed from widow's weeds. Girls in a lower rank are given to the thrifty practice of wearing up their old clothes just before marriage, but Mrs. Wedderburn—herself a perpetual triumph of native dignity over turned silk and washed blonde, stooped to nothing so low for her bride elect, who had dearly bought every grace. Mrs. Wedderburn distinguished Charlotte, in anticipation of the glories of Mrs. Ord of Dalgordon, with lace capes over, and silk slips under her cloud of muslin, with elegant little touches of pearl combs in her hair, a little watch set with pearls hung out in the fashion of the day by her side, the freshest and daintiest of shoes and gloves, all of which set off and enhanced the girl's refinement and undiminished beauty. It might have been in self-defence that Mrs. Wedderburn thus decked her lamb with ribbons and garlands to afford herself some counter-balancing pleasure in looking at Charlotte, while it irked Mrs. Wedderburn to listen to Captain Ord.

The conversation fell flat at the Park table, when Mrs. Wedderburn, who was its life and spirit, was preoccupied. But there was no more fear of a deluge or an earthquake there, than there was on that breezy autumn morning when all things were so different, so different to Charlotte—when Tommy Spens' letter arrived announcing his attainment of his captaincy, and his immediate arrival to receive the family's congratulations and to unfold his simple proposal.

Louisa Wedderburn, falsely conceiving that she was responsible for the pause in the conversation, took it upon her to show her fitness for society by starting a new subject. As if to show the opposite results produced by what was red-tapeism in Mrs. Wedderburn's training of youth, Louisa and Laura Wedderburn were as unlike as possible to the elder sister of whom they were so fond. They were two dauntless, decided girls who only stopped

short of being fast young ladies, because that modern genus was yet in its infancy at Oatness so many years ago; but who did not hesitate at starting topics in the silence of a dinner-table, or at doing much else which came in a well brought up young lady's way. They agreed very well, or very ill, as it happened, with their future brother-in-law. Sometimes the representatives of two totally different orders played with, sometimes they plagued each other. Louisa and Laura were the only people in the universe who thought of calling, and called when the fancy struck them, Captain Ord —Tom.

On the whole the girls amused the great man, but it was an amusement not unmixed with irritation, and combined with a firm promise to himself to clip their wings should they ever come under his control. They ought to take an example by their sister if they wished to secure husbands. Mrs. Ord of Dalgordon would prove an obedient complacent wife.

'Captain Ord,' Louisa addressed the gentleman, who was knitting his brows a little over an innocent custard, 'what sort of curiosity is the queer demented Indian woman, who has come with her child to lodge at Jael Cairns'? You must know her, for she is always asking for you, and says she has come all the way on purpose to see you. What service have you rendered her to make her so attentive? Why have you not spoken of her to us? Laura and I are wild to make her acquaintance, and hope that you are not keeping her up for Chatty's benefit. Now that you have all come back, you must introduce us, after I took the trouble to get Miss Murdoch to walk into Oatness several times, and when I made half a dozen turns before Jael's door, on my own account, to catch a glimpse of the lady—I am sorry to say in vain.'

'You might have been better employed, Louisa, the woman is a vile impostor.'

It was strong language.

If the Indian woman was not a vile impostor, Captain Ord was not an accomplished hypocrite. It might be that he was composed of too coarse material to form the fine point of a hypocrite, but his big red face was purple with confusion, hatred and malice, as he was attacked a second time that day, without warning, on a far off, crushed, half forgotten danger, which had risen like an armed man and confronted him the moment he had put his foot in Oatness again. His face presented such a spectacle that even Louisa was discomfited, though she was incapable of comprehending the harm she had done, or of drawing any conclusions approaching to the truth, from the inferences before her.

Charlotte, the soul of generosity and charity, could put no more forbearing construction on the look and the tone, than that Captain Ord must have some very painful association with the person of whom he had spoken.

Mr. Wedderburn's white forehead flushed a painful crimson; the blue veins stood out like cords on his temples, and he spilt his wine with a shaking hand, as a ghastly dread of dishonour near him, crossed his mind.

Mrs. Wedderburn kept an unaltered front, and watched and waited with admirable presence of mind and self-control, but with a creeping feeling of intense disgust, and the quaking, through her courage, of an infinite dismay.

'Dear! why don't you have her arrested?' demanded Louisa, recovering herself, and speaking with all the coolness in the world, 'why do you let her live on with Jael Cairns? We all know Jael, even mamma knows her, and takes an interest in her—a picturesque *old*

woman—because she comes about the place with cream and butter from the Misses Quhair of Sandycroft. Jael will not lose the money for her lodging, will she?'

'My dear Louisa,' Mrs. Wedderburn called her daughter to order with elaborate, artificial smoothness and blandness for a quick, lively woman, and with only a breath of ice cutting through her manner, and chilling the audience to the backbone. 'I have no doubt that Captain Ord has done everything that he ought to have done with regard to this troublesome beggar or petitioner,—a troublesome business altogether, I have no question, but one with which you and I have not the slightest concern. I may add, my dear Louisa, since we are sufficiently *en famille* for me to be at liberty to take you to task, that you will force me to regret having to bring you out in the world, if you will persist in chattering like a child in the nursery.'

'What mischief have I been about?' protested Louisa in the height of injured feelings as she walked out of the dining-room arm in arm with her sympathetic sister Laura, in the train of Mrs. Wedderburn and Charlotte. 'And what is the good of being come out, if one is not to open one's mouth? I had rather be with Miss Murdoch. I am sure they want us badly to make conversation for them, too. Has Tom robbed the woman, and has she pursued him to recover the plunder? What do you say, Laura?'

Charlotte, who was most deeply interested, interested to life and death, in the news, small as it was, sat down and played the classic sonatas which came into this portion of the daily routine she followed still—to the last, a mechanical refuge, a set fettered movement of the fettered being. She had a puzzled, slightly disturbed air and no more, like an ignorant dove not recking of, not guessing the profanation that had defiled the altar on which its virgin purity was to be laid.

Mrs. Wedderburn groaned inwardly as she stood at one of the windows looking out on the summer terrace and tasted the fruit of her devices, which she had little dreamt would have been so bitter between her teeth. Here was part of her wages for which she had worked hard, in the page which she had been compelled to read clearly, the legible page of Captain Ord's lowering agitated face with its tale of guilt and haunting retribution. It was too late to save her cherished child, the gentle darling of the family who had sold herself for them, though the Indian woman should prove no impostor, and miserable consequences, blasting exposure be apprehended from her appearance. Too late after Charlotte had been brought down to Captain Ord's level, laid out for him, granted to him, to think that her prospects would not be haplessly compromised, hopelessly ruined by the marriage, which had been unequal in the beginning, being broken off at the last moment by a disgraceful scandal. Too late when the additional mortgage over the Park was effected in Captain Ord's name, and its recall without mercy would be instantaneous, irretrievable destruction; when for the sum spent on Charlotte's wedding clothes, on some of the very accessories of her dress to-night, Mrs. Wedderburn might cry like the son of the prophet in respect to his sunk axe, 'Alas, master, for it was borrowed.'

Mrs. Wedderburn did not groan aloud, but her Roman-nosed, fine, scarlet-lipped face grew grey in its unwavering, petrified smile, and her shapely hands sharpened as she pressed them together in bootless penance and atonement.

'I have a piece of news, better worth your attention than a con-

temptible stupid old scandal, Louisa,' asserted Captain Ord, swaggering into the drawing-room, 'and you see I am a good-natured sinner. I am not going to punish you by keeping it all to myself,' he went on, not perceiving that every word betrayed that he had cause of offence against Louisa, and drawing a letter out of his letter-case. 'A fellow in Calcutta writes me of an event with which an Oatness man had something to do, at least he is a man connected with Oatness, whom you all know very well, and who must have had some pluck for a land-lubber (forgive me, Mrs. Wedderburn), and he has not lost all by his pluck.'

'Oh! if it is none of our boys, it is Tommy Spens, yes, it is Tommy Spens,' cried Louisa and Laura enthusiastically, hurrying up to Captain Ord, pressing upon him, almost putting the climax upon their enormities by taking him by the cuff and the collar. 'Read it out to us, pray do, Captain Ord, like a good soul, like a gallant gentleman.'

'Hands off, girls; so I suppose you can trust me now?'

'Ah! what of my young cousin Tommy Spens? Let me know if there has anything good come to Tommy—but what save good should come to him? There was always something nice about that lad, and it was nice to have to do with him,' reflected Mr. Wedderburn, with the solitary gleam of pleased, proud excitement which had flashed out of his downcast eyes, for a long time.

'Of course, we shall all be glad to hear of anything to Tommy Spens' credit or advantage,' confirmed Mrs. Wedderburn formally, smothering a sigh.

Miss Murdoch, who had joined the family with Matilda and tea, was not so lost to recollection of the past, that she did not think she would faint while she watched Miss Wedderburn narrowly. The account which that full and accurate reporter gave afterwards, was, that Miss Wedderburn said nothing. She raised herself slightly and opened her lips slightly, as if to drink in the news. Her eyes had the eager covetous expression of a thirsty soul, while her fair, healthily pale complexion became so brilliantly vivid, it was as ardent as fire. Captain Ord coughed, cleared his throat, began to read, stopped, and began again, with all the airs of an amateur singer. He read at last in a rattling bluster the brief narrative which his correspondent on indigo and opium had vouchsafed to tack on to the business part of his epistle, with the hankering that the most prosaic man has, more or less latent, after the wonderful, and the sympathy the most selfish man feels in a degree, with the heroic. In addition, the writer had the happy conviction that, though the public might be acquainted with similar adventures, the incident which he recorded at the end of his ordinary catalogue of ordinary sales and prices, was news, and would create a fine ferment in the native place of the hero.

A detachment of a regiment stationed in Burmah under a major, a captain, two lieutenants, four non-commissioned officers, &c., with a surgeon attached to it, had been injudiciously sent on a march up the country through an unhealthy locality at a bad season of the year. On the third day's march cholera broke out in the party, and by the sixth day the major, one of the lieutenants, and nineteen of the men, were dead and buried by their comrades. On the eighth day the mortality had reached to thirty, and included the remaining lieutenant and the surgeon. A panic seized the company; they had no hope that every man would not perish in the valley of death: they were on the eve of succumbing without an effort, of stopping the march and lying down to die, in

mortal pangs, by scores. The single captain, a young untried man, had stood between them and destruction. He had exerted his authority and commanded the continuance of the march out of the pestilential district. He had stepped into the dead surgeon's shoes and doctored the men, supplying them with medicine and stores, and soda-water and brandy from his own tent, till every drop was exhausted. He had represented the chaplain without his gown, and read the service over the men's graves to calm the sorrow and the fears, and raise the faith of the survivors, and to call down the mercy of Heaven. He had taken a baby from the arms of the dying wife of a dead sergeant, and, heavy laden and in a sore strait as the young man was, he had cumbered himself with the strange, helpless burden in his tent, in the most desperate attempt of all to preserve the orphan mite and fraction of human life. Thus he had braced his companions with the magnanimity and the courage of his own unselfish undying duty and charity, until he sent new fire into their freezing veins and the plague was stayed; he had rescued the remnant of his men and arrived with them —the wonderful baby, fed on a diet of soaked biscuits, sugar and water, and all—in solemn grave triumph at their place of destination.

It seemed a small matter afterwards that the captain had been gazetted major within the space of time which it took the news to reach head-quarters, and that he was to rejoice in a paragraph in the *Times* all to himself and his glory.

It was hardly right to rejoice in a calamity which must have darkened many a hearth and left many a mourner, but all his friends in the Park drawing-room were glad with glistening eyes for Tommy Spens, though Louisa and Laura turned off their emotion with the affected hard-heartedness of a particular order of young girls, and would own to nothing but the absurdity of Tommy Spens dandling a baby, and dabbling in an impromptu pap-boat. But Mrs. Wedderburn, an older and a wiser woman, while she writhed with rue and envy, cried openly over the brave, thoughtful fellow who had been saved and had saved others, by his presence of mind and dauntlessness, out of the jaws of death; who had no father or brother to boast of his achievement, no mother or sister to exult over and thank God for himself.

Even Captain Ord warmed, brightened, and forgot himself as he described what he knew had been every turn of the trial. For he himself had been a leader in peril, not only when all hands were ordered aloft to reef, and the sea was dashing over the bulwarks and into the lee-scuppers, but when yellow fever was down on the ship, and shotted hammocks were cast into the sea in every watch. Captain Ord had then dropped his vulgarity, his arrogance, his selfishness even, and stood a brave man among his fellow men, a faithful captain at the head of a loyal crew.

But, if Tommy Spens had neither father nor mother, brother nor sister, to delight to honour him in his noble deed, was not Charlotte Wedderburn there to honour him before all?—not shrinking from it, not frightened to do it; in her innocence with no heart to spare for her mother's rue and envy, with sparkling eyes, with lips wreathed in smiles. In the secret chamber of her heart she was falling down and worshipping God there for His goodness in the outer world of men and women. Quiet Charlotte was speaking faster than Louisa or Laura, joining in their merriment at 'Tommy Spens' baby,' wishing desperately at the same time that she could do something for that baby (perhaps Captain Ord's obliging correspondent could get at it), to help to provide for it,

make a man of it, if it was a boy, that he might enter Tommy Spens' regiment, be Tommy's own man in time, stand by Tommy Spens and pay him back in a day of danger for a ransomed life. Charlotte was putting her shy hand on Captain Ord's arm, clasping it, patting it, because he had brought her that letter, read that letter to her; he had even given the letter into her hands, so hungry and thirsty had she looked for it. It was only then that she felt pitiful, not for herself, but for Captain Ord, returned the letter, stopped in her eager talk, and grew still at his side with a long, wistful, quivering sigh.

'Charlotte dearest,'—her mother, rallying, took an opportunity to remind her daughter aside,—'how this catastrophe vindicates the correctness of our judgment! What a scene that would have been for you if you had accompanied Tommy Spens! You must have given way, without resistance, probably the first stricken. How we would have been lamenting this day, if we had yielded to that fine lad—I grant he was a fine wilful lad, and his reckless suggestion!'

'Mamma, do you think he would have let me die?' asked Charlotte incredulously, almost giddily; 'or else he would have died with me, we should both have died together; or if he could not die because of his duty to God and his men, do you think I could not have died for him easier than lived for another? And he is a major already, mamma, as young as Major Edwards, only think of that!'

'Do you reproach me, Charlotte?' asked her mother in a low tone of constraint and pain.

'Reproach you?—no, I could not reproach anybody to-day; and how could I reproach you, mamma, who did everything for the best, and always loved me better than any body else ever loved me, unless—unless he did? For you know, mamma, though you treated his love as a boy's fancy, he must have been able to love like a man and a hero,' finished Charlotte with such pride that at that moment it was her triumph.

'Who would ever have thought that he would have gained his majority so soon?' murmured Mrs. Wedderburn.

'He thought his captaincy was a little thing, of itself, the night when we first heard of it. Oh! mamma, mamma, why have you put that into my head, and made me wonder whether it is even a small thing for him to have acted like a hero—as I always knew he would act, one day—to be called a hero because one thing is denied him?' When Charlotte glided away like a swift, scared ghost after the last speech, Mrs. Wedderburn felt that Charlotte was crying heart-brokenly in her own room, because Tommy Spens was denied the one thing on which he had set his heart—and with which, poor as his treasure was, and altogether his as it had been, she would never, never now content and reward him.

Mrs. Wedderburn followed Charlotte to witness the complete reaction, to receive the despairing commission, 'Mamma, when there will come a letter soon to papa and you, if there be another to me, intercept it, mamma, whether it be enclosed in yours or not, and destroy it; you have my consent to do so. I could not read it, dear, not now; save me from that. And write to him kindly, mamma, very kindly, and say from me—it is my only request, and you will not refuse to grant it—that I was not worth the waiting for, when I could not wait, and allowed myself to be over-borne (I am not blaming you there, mamma, he did not love *you*), but I was very sorry—that I could have broken my heart for his sorrow.'

Mrs. Wedderburn, proud and

stern as she could be, groaned aloud when nobody could hear, that her punishment was more than she deserved, more than she could bear.

CHAPTER XX.

Suffie Quhair did not sleep that night, laid in her own quiet bed by unquestioning Eelen, who was never disturbed at night except by the restlessness of the kye. Suffie never closed her eyes, but thought all night of the morrow and its infamy to Captain Ord, little knowing what the morrow would bring forth.

Suffie laboured industriously to dispose of her share of the day's work, to enable her to fulfil her secret mission to the Park, not wavering in it or blenching from it, full of it, though she followed the Scripture injunction not to think beforehand what she should say, only concerned to speak the truth to the Wedderburns.

It was a good day for a walk, fair and fine, and with a mottling of high flecks of fleecy cloud in the blue sky, which served as a veil between the wayfarer and the beating sunbeams, and afforded a welcome light shade.

Suffie was at the open door of Sandycroft washing the churn while Eelen made up the butter, and Jean cooked the dinner within the house. Jael Cairns came up the road, breathless and white for Jael—though Jael had always a cut ivory face within the setting of her unbordered linen cap—in spite of the cool balminess of the morning.

'Miss Suffie, afore he gaed aff the face of the earth, I said it would be seen on him; I telled you, and I have come out express to call it back to your mind, and bid ye acknowledge the righteousness of the Lord, and praise Him, praise Him,' announced the visitor in a succession of gasps; and Jael, with her white ivory face, her straight back and hollowed out front, was now like an ancient prophet in his hairy garment, as Suffie looked at her, now like a raven as Suffie listened to her.

Suffie had no thought but that there had been a grand, sudden exposure of Captain Ord's treachery, that as triumphantly as he had reigned so he was ignominiously deposed, that it was the talk of the town, and every ear was ringing with it, and Jael, feeling no farther obligation to be silent, had come out to speak of it to Suffie, and absolve her from the hard task of going to the Park to bear witness against Captain Ord. For if, on the other hand, Captain Ord had murdered the black lady, Jael would have had other authorities to apply to, would have been otherwise engaged than walking out to Sandycroft to call on Miss Suffie to praise the Lord. Suffie permitted a sensation of relief to relax the tension of her spirit.

'What is it, Jael? Has the black leddy gone out to Dalgordon and established her footing there? I've looked for her ettling at that, but I thought she didna daur,' and Suffie paused in her washing.

'What for suld she gang out to Dalgordon, and him lying at Mrs. John's?'

'Who's lying, Jael?' Suffie laid down the churn and dried her hands.

'Captain Tammas Ord. He who rode a big camsteerie brute of a horse that he kenned nae mair about, may be a hantle less, than he kenned about a camel, and was flung mony a time, and came to no harm, to whom the inconstant water was the natural element, he out with the flory-boat this morning to go up with the boat and come down again at night, though he only came back yesterday. The flory-boat that never met with a misfortune since it began to row, now that it had a Joney for a passenger, ran into the trough of the big boat, and was sookit in and

down before they could pull her out. Ilka auld flory-man was gotten up and none a hair the waur, but swearing like a Sawtan before the water was out of his throat; but the man who had been at the other side of the world, and won hame without a clour, was dashed against the side of the boat and smashed by the paddle-wheel. He was carried ashore and up to Mrs. John's, and the doctor has seen him, and says he's as gude as a dead man. There, Miss Suffie, you're no minding that he's gotten his deserts. Eh! what's this, o't?' for Suffie was sick to 'swarfing' for the first time in her life, and was not better till water was thrown in her face, and burnt feathers held under her nose, and Jean had flyted on her for making a rout about the hurt of a man who had 'lichtlied her twa years syne,' and was all but married to another woman. But Suffie did not care for Jean at this moment, or for Bell or Aikenhead, had either of them come on the carpet.

'Has the black lady gotten word?' was the first thing Suffie asked, faintly.

'Ay, has she. I tried to break it to her mysell, but what's the use of breaking a blow to a fule like her? She burst off from me, and flew through the streets with her bairn, but her bonnet, skirling as if she wanted the very birds of the air to ken what had been her connection with him. The whole town has it now to divide with his disaster, and is like to rise in an uproar. He may as well dee, for the Park family canna pass it ower now, though they would. Mrs. John was frichted out of her seven senses—first at the black lady, and syne at the captain, for it seems he maun have the gift of the gab to the fore yet, and he ordered the black lady out of his sicht and to his chamber door, the minute his een lichted on her.'

'I maun gang untill the town, Jael, and see till't,' declared Suffie, rising.

'Hooly! Miss Suffie, Miss Wedderburn's sent for. The doctor did that the first thing, without telling Captain Ord. The doctor despatched a messenger to the Park with tidings of the accident on his own account, so sune as he saw there was something far wrang. Miss Wedderburn had gone awa early, on a long drive with her mamma, to make a fare-weel call, but the laird himsell had ridden after them, and thought he would overtake them.'

'I'll no be in Miss Wedderburn's way. I'll no take a bite of her, or her of me,' protested Suffie, almost fractiously. 'We need not be so blate now. And it's no Miss Wedderburn but the black leddy that should keep me out, and I trow I suld be as glad a sicht as she ever saw. But I'm thinking, the day, there's neither of them had so muckle wark with Tam Ord as I've had mysell. Ye forget, kimmer, that we were promised to ilk other for nigh a score of years, and that, but twa simmer gane, I was looking for his coming hame my bridegroom.'

'Weel, a weel,' Jael gave in reluctantly; 'but, Miss Suffie, did I not tell ye it would be seen on him afore he gaed off the face of the earth?' she returned to her charge, not without an awed expression on her keen face.

'Awa' with you, woman,' cried Suffie angrily; 'what was Tam Ord's lie to her that he should pay for it with his life? She had not desired such a forfeit, and was she more merciful than God?'

It was to no purpose that Jean maintained Suffie should not stir a step, and Eelen shook her head. Suffie had mastered them now, and pleased herself in her acts, as Jean said, but not frowardly or defiantly, not thinking of them at all, indeed, but obeying the law of her higher nature, awakened late, asserting its

prerogative, dominant over all that was met and conquered by a higher law; and though Jean and Eelen objected, somehow they could not oppose violently.

Suffie had been parted for many months from Tam Ord, far wider than when seas first rolled between them. But she felt a strong bond of union drawing her towards him again. It was not love—love to the black lady's man, or to Miss Wedderburn's promised husband. Suffie would have spurned and shuddered at the idea. It was not love, it was death. Death, like the Lord of death, is no respecter of persons, and while it sunders all ties, it breaks down all barriers. If life in that great strong body were to go out before sundown, Suffie could no more help going in to Oatness and asking after the sufferer, than if he had been the young Tam Ord who had called her his ain lassie, and had hesitated whether to induce her to marry him and begin life with him in a single room—he sailing with his brother, the skipper of the Baltic sloop—or to part from her for a season, in order to bring her gold and gear from beyond the seas.

But Suffie did it decently. She did not run about it like a demented woman, greeting and wringing her hands as she had seen poor women do—as Lily Ann had done. Suffie did not mean to dispute for places with Lily Ann or Miss Wedderburn, if the young lady came in time, at the call of the doctor, to the lover to whom she was condescending in thinking of marrying him. Suffie put on her bonnet and shawl almost as primly as usual, and prepared to walk into Oatness, before the noon milking, and the leeven hours at Sandycroft. She meant to do more if she were permitted—she prayed to be permitted—but were she only able to ask for herself how he was doing, if he was suffering, if he knew anybody, or wanted anything, and to send in a brief word that Suffie Quhair was speering for him, and was grieved for his misfortune, she thought even that would be something to be thankful for in the years to come.

When Suffie walked along the Greens which she had crossed in yesterday's gloaming with thoughts thronging upon her, memories coming back upon her like dissolving views, her mind made up as she had held in her human conceit and short-sightedness beyond the power of alteration, it was with an altogether different experience from all that had gone before it, as the period of the day was different. Then the time had been that of the subdued low light and the lengthening shadows, when a working woman like Suffie, her household work accomplished, was most accustomed to do her errands abroad. Now it was a fresh morning walk which Suffie associated with the rest and the worship of the Sabbath day. The sun still rising in the horizon, and only drying up the glittering sward and dissolving the mist—silver yet, not golden on the sea, lent to the mottled mother-of-pearl cloudlets and the sea-birds' wings snowy edges, and promised fulness and gladness of life to the long summer day. The very kye could hardly settle to the serious business of feeding on tender rye grass and clover, for which there were so many hours before them, but butted each other with their heads and horns like halflin calves, and reached up to pull sapless wreaths of purple vetch and white convolvulus from the film-hung hedges. Only the birds were warbling, warbling in the tempered glory of the sky, like a reverent rejoicing choir that could not give up their music.

The world was so pleasant, so sweet, so young this morning, that Death the destroyer—a skeleton with a scythe such as Suffie had

seen him on tombstones—not Death the renovator, a solemn, beautiful angel—seemed more remote and discordant than in the weary resigned close and fall of the day.

When Suffie had walked there the evening before, not twelve hours earlier in her history, her whole life had presented itself to her in fitful broken lights, difficult to realise and piece together. Now all was being rounded and completed by the conclusion of the whole matter suddenly come to pass and about to be put into her hands. Now Suffie saw scene after scene clearly and as if of yesterday—from Tam Ord's courtship to what she had alluded in her conversation with Jael, its promised culmination in her douce middle-aged self of two summers gone, shading her eyes with her hand, and looking out undoubtingly for her bridegroom—down to a few hours back, when she was bent on denouncing him as a traitor and villain. Suffie saw the scenes and lived them over again with intelligence and appreciation like a person who has had to do with a troublesome puzzle, to which he is privileged all at once and for ever to apply the key.

Never did such a day broaden over Oatness as the June day, just two years and two weeks after the gala day of Captain Ord's return. The town was, as Jael had hinted, in a wild state of commotion and clamour. The claim of the black lady and the child lodging at Jael Cairns', the possibility of the crime of bigamy being yet brought against the new laird of Dalgordon, had only filtered out, and shaken the town's nerves and raised its hair from Miss Henny Wood's ample crop low down on her forehead, to the stray locks at the nape of Dr. Spottiswoode's neck, when the town's levity and grossness in hero worship were in a fashion atoned for by the swift, sharp atonement of their hero for his sins, and the veil thrown over them by his miserable end. The rapid turns of fortune's wheel, the sledge-hammer blow upon blow of destiny, were more than Oatness could stand with equanimity. It was as if an abduction had been fast followed by a murder, or a forgery by a committal of suicide. Oatness was to be pitied, with its plethora of wonder, horror, and a little shame, speeding its flying callers from house to house, causing every listener to hold up his or her hands and groan as if it were his or her private calamity.

The town was far too much appalled to relish the scandal, although there were groups gathered before noon, in the very busiest season of the day, as if the day itself were something abnormal, and there were no need for anybody in Oatness keeping up his or her ordinary occupation—groups at doors and corners, groups both of gentlemen and men, ladies and women, groups deserting the post-office, Prentice the stationer's, and for once in a century the sea-wall, so that the ships might sail by unnoted and unwatched (and truly telescopes were of no avail to scan this mystery and misery). They were comparatively quiet, respectable groups through which Suffie Quhair threaded her way unmolested. Familiar as her homely face was, and easily penetrated her business, in the rude town of Oatness which had held her up to open derision, there were enough manliness and womanliness to shield Suffie as sacred that day. Even Bell Aikenhead turned back into her shop with no more severe comment than 'There's Suffie gaun with the lave. She was aye a saft fule;' and Aikenhead confirmed the leniency. 'It was no in the bargain that she should wait upon him, but death breaks bargains.'

Suffie arrived at Mrs. John Ord's cottage, with its sweet-briar hedges between which Suffie had entered

the day that Captain Ord would not see her, but bade Mrs. John tell her she was not for him now. But it was not that loud, scornful, properous Captain Ord who lay there this afternoon, but young Tam Ord who might have got a stroke from an oar, or a fall from the craigs, and who was surely sighing for a sight of quiet Suffie Quhair. The little gate was wrenched wide open, the sweet-briar was torn, broken by the agitated men who had pushed in with their burden. The blind of the parlour window at which Captain Ord had sat, basked in the sunshine and studied his plans, was drawn down, though the window was open.

Mrs. John herself answered Suffie's tremulous tap; Mrs. John as white as a sheet, walking as if on egg shells, her light grey eyes dilated, and her widow's cap, too large to begin with, drawn as if for comfort far over her thin, pock-pitted, wide-mouthed face. She did not dismiss Suffie to-day, or marvel at her appearance, or take her off demurely. She said the captain was very bad, but not in pain; the doctor said he was past pain; and the poor woman's voice died away at the statement. It was his back that was hurt, and he could not stir hand or foot, though he could speak mostly as well as ever. And oh! she wished the Wedderburns were come, for she might say she was her lane. There were just the doctor, and Dr. Spottiswoode, and Tib Deuchar, waiting in the kitchen in case of a change (Suffie knew well what change was implied, and shivered a little at the thought), and the black lady, who behoved to be an old friend—and Mrs. John in the middle of her distress darted a glance out of the corner of her eyes at Suffie—and was very huffy at being kept out of the gate with Tib; but what could Mrs. John do, when the captain would not hear of her stopping in the room with him? Mrs. John's own bairns were sent out of the house, and it was most awful lonesome.

'That's Suffie Quhair's tongue: bid her come in and speak to me,' a scarcely subdued voice ordered within the darkened room; and the two women fell apart and shook like aspens, proving that in broad day and in company there was something of awful lonesomeness in the situation, though the lonesomeness was neither with Mrs. John nor Suffie.

When Suffie obeyed Captain Ord's bidding, Mrs. John retreated into the kitchen to bear the reproaches which the black lady was able to heap upon her, and to be reduced to the lowest ebb of nervousness and superstition by the callous official minutes of 'straikings' with which Tib Deuchar thought fit to lighten the tedium of her attendance.

Dr. Dudgeon and Dr. Spottiswoode quitted the parlour at the same time and went, till they were wanted, out of ear shot, to the farthest off corner of the hedge. Dr. Dudgeon had laid aside the buckishness which had offended Boswell Erskine and pleased Miss Margaret Rogers, and showed himself a sensible, skilful, active young man, sober and sad because he could do no good here. Dr. Spottiswoode stood with his hands behind his back and his head bent forward, very thoughtful and as subdued in his way as Dr. Dudgeon. On the first blush of the accident, Mrs. John in her distraction had sent for Mr. Young also, as more to the point, more strictly evangelical than her parish minister. But the Captain had found strength to resent the liberty and to express very forcibly that he had 'no trade' with dissenters, to the degree that Dr. Spottiswoode had been compelled to stand up for his reverend brother

and to remind the unmanageable patient that Mr. Young too was a gentleman and a clergyman. 'Though I wonder I found the heart to do it, Jamie Proudfoot,' Dr. Spottiswoode confided afterwards to his crony, 'for I had clean forgotten the blustering nabob captain, and convicted sinner, and could see only the bauld curly headed lad, who ran at my knee with my bait, as I went a-fishing when I was young myself, and Oatness was all summer and sunshine, lying there in his prime to die, and me to the fore—bald-headed and widowed, but like to live my threescore and ten.'

Suffie went in alone, where on a bed made up on the floor Captain Ord had been laid never to rise again. There was no outward injury, but the massive figure was utterly still, and like a tree that had been felled. Over the great brown face, with the strong thick curls swept from the narrow brow, such a wanness was stealing, there was such a falling in of the framework of the features, such a clamminess of the surface of the skin, that without stain of blood, or sign of agony, Suffie had a distinct perception that she was in the presence of swift, victorious, relentless death. The eyes of the man looked at Suffie with the old deprecating, solicitous glance of Tam Ord when he needed Suffie, and not with the self-sufficing autocracy of Captain Ord.

'I'm done for, Suffie,' he said with bitterness; 'this is all that it has come to, dying in Jock's house, like Jock, in my manhood. I might as well have been content with a berth in his sloop as I once intended;' and if that had been, he and Suffie Quhair would have been man and wife, it might have been with sons and daughters growing up around them these many years.

'You'll may be get over this hurt,' hesitated Suffie, too sincere a woman to speak the subterfuge steadily.

'It's not possible, woman,' he replied, with his natural promptness and hardihood. 'My back was crushed between the boats like a whaler between icebergs. To think that the sea which I sailed on so long and so far, should have turned a false jade and finished me at the door! I tell you I'm done for, Suffie. You've got the better of me, lass, at last. Dalgordon and the world may be nothing to me now.'

'Oh! if it be sae, lad,' exclaimed Suffie, not without a fear that he would even then mock her for sanctimoniousness or taunt her with hypocrisy, 'put this world behind you, and think of the next.'

But he did not mock or taunt her—he only answered, with a hard metallic ring in his voice, 'That's easier said than done. It's a light thing for you to speak of putting the world behind you, you who have no scores to wipe out.'

'Wipe them out then, Tam,' pleaded Suffie. 'If you've been a great sinner, make the mair amends, and syne turn to a Saviour.'

'I mean to make amends,' he said with some remains of his energy, 'I meant it from the moment I saw it was all up with me and my hopes. Help me, Suffie.' He claimed her services, not so much because they two were quits, but as Lily Ann had seized them on no pretext whatever, unless in such as lay in that Bible text on which Mr. Callender had preached that it should not be interpreted too literally: 'Whosoever hath taken your cloak, let him have your coat also.'

Suffie did not resist him, but promised to do her best.

'Jock's widow is a chicken-hearted creature,' he told Suffie; 'she would not harm a fly; but she must provide for her bairns, and it belongs to her kind to provide for them by wiles. I've watched her

this morning keeking out behind the apron at her een at whoever comes near me. I see she thinks there's a chance I may have made my will years syne in Jock's family's favour. At the same time it was me who told her to send away that other woman, because I cannot bear the sight of her, Suffie, and I made the doctor forbid her being here'—he broke off, exhausted by the passion which he was no longer fit either to contain or pour forth.

'But if she thinks she's your wife,' Suffie urged timidly, and then went on incoherently—'oh! man, she's hameless and friendless, a stranger among strangers, and the poor weeny bairn is yours.'

'I ken that, Suffie Quhair,' he acknowledged hastily, 'I ken that to my cost, though how you came to ken't it I cannot fathom, and I've neither the time nor the breath to waste on fathoming it. I take you to witness, I desire nothing more than to do justice before I depart. Yet I quitted my own place of Dalgordon this morning to go in private with the boat to the next town and consult a man of business there, for I would not have that piet George to pry into this story, and find whether I could not dare the woman who had disobeyed me, (what made her come here with her claiks?) and throw her over and have done with her. It has been otherwise ordered, and I've sent for George to make my will, only I fear it is too late for that to serve'—he finished with an impatient sigh.

'Own your marriage, Tam Ord. The minister's here; let him buckle you ower again, beyond dispute!' Suffie advised bravely.

Suffie knew that the minister was not indispensable to the establishment of a marriage, but in her eyes he gave the sanction of the kirk and its grace to the reluctant atonement of the repentant sinner.

Captain Ord lay breathing hard. 'You do not mind, woman,' he said at last with anguish in his eye, 'that Spottiswoode's services were bespoken for a different concern:' and there flashed before the unhappy man the last fleeting vision of his ambitious dreams. He saw his place of Dalgordon in its summer pride, with the triumphal arches for the laird and his bride, the proud prestige of the Park, the troops of the Wedderburns' friends—magnates of the district, assembled to do honour to the old sailor lad and his choice, Charlotte Wedderburn, in what was more esteemed by Captain Ord than her sweetness and goodness, what appeared to him her aristocratic beauty and elegance—all blotted out at a stroke.

'Besides, I tell you I cannot bear the sight of that woman. What made her follow me hame to bring disgrace on me here? and it was her sent me out to the boat this morning to get my death untimely'—he declared sullenly, with a spasm of hate and rage convulsing his face.

'Whisht, whisht!' besought Suffie; 'you had a main hand in making her what she is. Make her an honest woman again, and your bairn a lawful son, before you go to meet your Maker and Father in Heaven.'

Captain Ord lay silent again a long time, with the life and strength in him ebbing like the tide, the sand running fast out in the glass while there was so much for him to do and to undo, before the last grain fell.

'You're a gude lass,' he said at last, feebly enough, for the struggle was sore upon him; 'you were aye a gude lass, and I think I'll do your will, partly because I see no other way left—I tell you that plainly—but partly because I think it must be the right thing to do in the end, and I want to do right in the end. I called Lily Ann Martin my wife to save a deal of trouble,

though I had better have borne the double, and the silly quean believed it was a Scotch marriage. But my wife she shall be, if I'm spared long enough to make her so. For all that, it's a terrible affront to me; and if I consulted my own feelings, by George! I would rather die hard. Yet I have been wondering if I had married you, Suffie, when we were young things together, if I would have been another man, and wanted to do right in the beginning? But that's neither here nor there to-day. You may tell Spottiswoode, Suffie, and fetch that woman.' He roused himself at this, and added more in his old tones, 'And you'll make her behave herself. You'll tell her she's to have none of her hysterics and antics here. She's neither to greet ower me, or to flyte ower me, or I'll not have a gift of her yet—I'll refuse her to the minister's face; and, Suffie, if you ever think of your own wrong, that I paid for, but I misdoubt me—not quite; think, too, what it must be for a man like me to make up his mind on his death-bed to marry a woman he laughed at in his licht love, when he forgathered with her first, and had a mortal scunner at when he saw her last.'

Dr. Spottiswoode, like many Scotch clergymen, was not unacquainted with such mournful righteous marriages, where all the attributes of joy and honour are reversed into those of sorrow and shame—where the bridegroom lies a man stricken alike in body and conscience, unable to do more than give his right hand and say the conclusive 'I will,' and the bride crouches a fallen woman, whether betrayed or betrayer, and the ceremony is not to link together two lives in love and hope, but in rue and regret, to secure to sinless, suffering children the name, the inheritance, the place in society, of which they would otherwise be deprived. Dr. Spottiswoode acquiesced in and approved of Captain Ord's intention the moment it was expressed to him. Indeed, he reflected upon himself strongly afterwards in the ear of Jamie Proudfoot for not suggesting the poor reparation. 'An ordained priest like me to leave that to a common woman, who had spent the most feck of her life tending kye, and took damages off a man for breach of promise of marriage; but I'll tell you what, Jamie, my man, for as sair as we laughed at her, I'm thinking there's more of the righteousness and the meekness of the saints in Suffie Quhair than in Robin Spottiswoode and Jamie Proudfoot, as they'll find some day to their loss.'

Before any step could be taken Dr. Dudgeon tapped at the parlour door, and announced, not without flurry and trepidation, doctor as he was, that the Wedderburns were come.

Captain Ord was not overwhelmed: perhaps he was in some respects past feeling as well as past past pain. He looked doubtfully at Suffie. 'I suppose I must see them with the rest. I suppose I must make amends to them too. I'll do what you think best, Suffie,' he concluded, to Suffie's marvel, and sending a pathetic thrill through her heart, 'and you'll bide and see me do it.'

But it was significant that it was only Mr. Wedderburn whom Captain Ord thought of or saw, though Charlotte Wedderburn entered with her father.

Captain Ord's liking for Charlotte Wedderburn was a thing of thistle-down, born of pride and vanity, despotism and arrogance, and had been clean blown away by the first breath of adversity, so that he did not even notice her standing in the background for a few minutes on the day and in the scene of his death.

Dr. Spottiswoode had felt himself bound to go out to the Park phaeton so soon as it drove up, and inform Mrs. Wedderburn of the complication of matters and the altered aspect of affairs; and Mrs. Wedderburn had very properly decided, in wrath which eclipsed her horror, that there was no call for Charlotte's alighting and entering where she was not wanted, when it had become an insult to her to remember that there had ever been an obligation on her to appear. But Charlotte's days of passive obedience, like those of Suffie Quhair's, were gone, never to return. 'Mamma, I must see the man who was to have been my husband in a little month, for a single moment, to assure him of my forgiveness, else I shall never forgive myself,' Charlotte had insisted, with her cheeks on fire and all the tears there scorched up.

When Charlotte described the interview to the only person to whom she ever spoke of it, it was to tell of going in—full of herself and her forgiveness—to find herself one too many, and her forgiveness not even asked for—to sink into the cipher which she deserved to be. She had stood there shrinking and incapable—she who had been the right hand of her family, and Captain Ord in the simple dread reality of these moments had never looked at her, never spoken to her or mentioned her name. She was removed from him not by his sin but by the slight and artificial nature of the tie which had bound them together. For he was not so much the Indian woman's, though he was going to wed her with his last breath, as he was poor despised Suffie Quhair's. Charlotte recognised how utterly apart she would have stood from the man she had been about to marry, in life—in its length, by standing utterly apart from him in the shortness of death. She realised with sharp sudden conviction what would have been the falseness of the union, and the baseness of the barter into which she had consented to enter, and recoiled shame-stricken and sorrow-smitten from the wickedness of her weakness.

Captain Ord tried to expiate his great offence to Mr. Wedderburn. 'Mr. Wedderburn, sir,' he strove to say in a formal speech, 'I confess I have sinned deeply against you and yours, but I did not wilfully deceive you, at least not so badly as you may think. I did not know how far I was bound—faith! I do not know rightly to this hour, though I must tie myself hand and foot before I depart, because it is all that is left me to do in order to make up.'

Mr. Wedderburn, not merely with the blue blood of hundreds of years boiling in his veins, but with all the feelings of a father outraged, rose to some dignity and firmness. 'Say no more, Captain Ord,' he negatived gravely. 'Thank God, it has not come to the worst. You have been arrested, by God's wonderful mercy, on the verge of committing a great crime—that of breaking the heart of an innocent woman and bringing her to ruin, and casting dishonour on an honourable family. God has been very merciful to you already; I hope He may be merciful to you in the time to come. It is to Him that you have to account, and not to me. I forgive you freely. We are glad that you purpose to make what atonement you can. Come, Charlotte.'

'That was spoken like a gentleman,' observed Captain Ord, when Mr. Wedderburn was gone: 'who would have thought there was so much spunk in the Laird of the Park? I am sorry I galled him. If George can manage it, that bonded sillar shall lie on the Park and never fash the family till my heir's a man. I owe them that reparation, at least, but I dared not

have evened him to it to-day. I wonder, Suffie, if it be true that dying men see clearer than other folk, for I see some things that I never saw before.'

The black lady could not understand why a Scotch marriage should be ratified by a second celebration, more than half a dozen years after the first; but she had a greedy grasp on all that concerned her own interest, so far as she could see it, and in the middle of her headstrong folly would make any submission to secure it. After all, the most prominent affront to her was still that she was no better provided with a wedding costume than on the first occasion, and that she was not even suffered to go or send to Jael Cairns to procure what trinkets she had in beads and bangles to set herself out with. She was disposed to accuse Providence of continuing to persecute her on this account, but she was under wholesome restraint. For the man whose violence and doggedness she had defied in his high health, terrified and scared her when he lay at the point of death. To act on a woman of Lily Ann Martin's temperament, a dead dog was of more avail than a living lion. With an antipathy to and apprehension of all chill and gloom, of sickness and distress, akin to the shrinking and shrivelling of tropical beasts and birds in cold and cloudy regions, she was not only helpless and useless where care and pain reigned, she quailed and shuddered before them, and longed to flee from them.

Captain Ord could not turn to the wall when Lily Ann Martin came to his side, but he looked away from her, and she did not create any disturbance to provoke him to livelier demonstration.

Then the ceremony began, where there were no approving parents, no sympathising kindred, no attendant maids and grooms, no bridal banquet, no wedding attire, no gifts of good will, no wishes of joy, no merry jests when men do well to be merry, any more than at the mock Scotch marriage in the Captain's cabin on the other side of the globe. And here there was no rocking ship straining at its anchor as if it responded to the couple's necessity, and was eager to bear them away from the punishment of their wanton recklessness —no passion, no fool's mirth, no riotous, animal strength of life, no hope, nothing but ghastly retribution and the dark shadow of death. The bridegroom lay a grim, stony giant, with the stiffness and rigidity of each limb rising with every beat of the wave upon the shore to his failing heart. And the bride was a craven woman of a craven race, the more abased that she was unabashed. The friends were the middle-aged, work-worn woman whom Thomas Ord had forsaken and scorned; and Mrs. John feeling, as she described it, that the ground was a second time knocked out beneath her and her Johnnie's feet, and an ettercap of a natural bairn, the son of a slave woman (Mrs. John was not particular in her classification), elected the heir of Dalgordon in her bonnie, decent laddie's room. But in due attendance certainly were the representatives of divinity, physic, and law, who wait alike on so much of human good and ill. Dr. Spottiswoode to unite the pair, nominally; Dr. Dudgeon to watch and replenish the sinking man's forces; and Mr. George, brushing his mouth with his hand, pulling up his jagged shirt collar still further to excruciate his ears, arrived in time to make the dying man's will. Captain Ord was sensible with full appreciation of the fact that not the poorest of his townspeople who had called him so lucky, wondered at and applauded him, and covered him with coarse, careless acclamation, would

have changed places with him, and stood in his stead that day.

Dr. Spottiswoode left out the nuptial benediction to pray for a sinner's pardon, and commit a departing spirit to Him who gave it; and the rite was concluded.

Captain Ord did not seek to embrace his wife, but he asked for his son: 'Now let's see the bairn;' and there was a manifest softening to his own flesh and blood, though the child could not recognise him, and only pointed a skinny finger at him before it began to wail a peevish protest at the spectacle which he presented.

'Onny, you sprite, will you ever grow up into a strapping man?' his father questioned. 'If you live, you'll be the Laird of Dalgordon after all. Your father worked many a day's darg for that lairdship: you'll have him to thank for it at last,' with a mixture of compunction and congratulation.

Mr. George was left alone with Captain Ord in spite of the feeble resistance of Lily Ann. 'La! Captain Ord, nobody can deny my title *now* to sit by your pillow' (pillor she called it when off her guard). 'I'll be as still as a mouse.'

'You'll be as still as a mouse at the back of the door, madam, till I give you leave, or it will be the worse for you,' suggested Captain Ord pointedly, the piping treble of age making itself audible in the voice where the deep bass of manhood had prevailed yesterday; and with a nervous start, a 'Good gracious, Captain, don't agitate yourself,' and a handkerchief applied to her eyes, the woman hastened to obey him.

'We'll no say fare-ye-weel yet, Suffie my joe,' Captain Ord addressed Suffie as she quitted the room; 'you mind you gaed with me to the pier head ance, when I sailed before.'

Captain Ord was in his sound mind when he dictated his will, and continued conscious to the last. After he had dismissed George, and summoned back Suffie Quhair and Dr. Spottiswoode—

'I've minded them all but you, Suffie,' he told her in a whisper; 'but your name's there. I had minded you already, and I've confirmed that with a last word.'

'Thanks to you, Tam,' she acquiesced quietly.

He had caused Mr. George to insert in lawyer phrase, 'and I give and bequeath to Suffie Quhair the four hundred pounds which were paid down to her, with my dying blessing.'

'That was the best bequest of all,' Suffie said when she heard the words, feeling a load lifted from her heart, and letting Bell Aikenhead clamour to the winds.

'Suffie,' said Tam Ord to Suffie once more when she had to put her ear to his mouth and wait for his labouring breath to complete the sentence, 'I've nothing left to do now save to heave up the anchor; but ere I'm aff on that long, dark voyage—it looks long and dark from here—instead of abiding at Dalgordon, do you think that the being cut down in a moment, at the height of my prosperity, as I have been, and the submitting to it manfully, as I have done, and the striving to make the best of a bad job at the eleventh hour, is anything of an atonement?'

'I dinna ken, Tam. There's Ane has made an atonement for us all: trust to Him.'

'So I do, lass. I'm no a heathen, though it might have been better for me that I had been. But will the t'ane not help the t'other? It was all I could do at last.'

'I dinna ken, lad; "she did what she could;" that's written in Scripture. I'll speer at the minister,' proposed Suffie, deeply exercised in her mind.

'Hout, no!' he forbade her; 'what can he ken more than you?'

Notwithstanding, Dr. Spottiswoode watched with Suffie, like divine grace keeping company with woman's pity; and the sign that all was over in this world for Captain Ord was the appearance of Dr. Spottiswoode walking home with Miss Suffie Quhair to Sandycroft in the last rays of the sunset. 'Eh! Gude guide us that I should swear at sic a time as this!' cried the quietest gossip; 'there's Dr. Spottiswoode arming out Miss Suffie Quhair! The Captain maun be gone sure enough for the minister to do that.' But nobody envied Suffie her promotion, and not even Miss Henny Wood ventured for many a day to raise the old hollow objection and excuse—that if poor Captain Ord had not entered into an early engagement with a common woman whose life was taken up with tending kye, he might not, when he was beginning to rise in the world, have been tempted to forget himself and driven to sin.

Suffie's strength was so spent that she took the arm which Dr. Spottiswoode offered her without being conscious of what she did, and without making any demur. Thinking of the last gloaming and of gloamings of other days, and of lang syne, she could not tell sometimes whether she had not one foot in the other world following Tam Ord in his voyage. Dr. Spottiswoode walked beside her deferentially and tenderly, saying a reverent, gentle word now and then, in keeping with the circumstances; and when the two reached Sandycroft he took off his hat, and bent his high bald head to Suffie as if she had been a queen.

CHAPTER XXI.

'We must brave out and live down that wretched man's story,' Mrs. Wedderburn was observing before Charlotte.

'Mamma, he is dead,' said Charlotte.

'Yes, my dear, and I would not reflect on him, but his shameful conduct to you——'

'Mamma, I did what was so far wrong myself, that I cannot judge him or any man.'

'At least, my love, you will do what you can to forget this miserable business, and be our own good, happy darling again.'

'Mamma, I hope I shall be good, and then I dare say I may be happy again, some day; but I shall not forget—do not think of it;' and looking into her daughter's face, whence all the tender immaturity, the clinging weakness had passed prematurely away, and the soft fresh face was no longer a girl's, but a woman's steadfast, enduring face for all time to come, Mrs. Wedderburn could not choose but believe Charlotte.

Mr. Wedderburn constantly falling back in the world, never making hits by which to mend his shattered fortunes, wanting all the elements of success, with the times and seasons against him, had yet good stuff in him. He could not come prominently forward, but he moved behind back, and helped Dr. Spottiswoode to get Onny served heir to Dalgordon, and to provide for him, by the law of Scotland, guardianship in its chief court, which was better qualified to train up a young laird in the way he should go than was the black lady.

This court allowed Mrs. Thomas Ord a suitable provision and the keeping of her son in his infancy. She took up her residence at Dalgordon immediately, and was very demonstrative (to make up for former omissions) in crape, jet, and copious tears on her churching after her 'shocking bereavement.' Mrs. Thomas Ord remained at Dalgordon

about twelve months, partly spent in lying in bed, partly in rattling about in her carriage and flaunting her other splendours. Mrs. Ord's visitors might have been counted on her fingers—Drs. Dudgeon and Spottiswoode officially for the care of her body and soul; Suffie Quhair, Mr. George, Mrs. John, once, for the sake of peace; and Mrs. Captain Peter Clephane, once, for the gratification of unscrupulous curiosity. Mrs. Ord professed the utmost contempt for the aboriginal lodging-letting ladies, whose morals were without reproach, but she was not the less enraged by their cutting her. There was some report of a marriage between Mrs. Ord and Mr. George. But either Mrs. Ord thought she could do better in the land of merchants and military, though black blood is at its lowest discount there, and it might be true, as she gave out barefacedly, that she had done to Mr. George what she had done to so many other gentlemen, administered to the poor man's bashful advances an absolute, unconditional refusal. Or, Mr. George's statement was correct,—he had discovered in time, that though it would be a very fine thing to be the step-father of the young Laird of Dalgordon, and though he had easily acquired a taste for curry and chutnee, Mrs. Ord's own income was hardly so great as to render marriage with such a very fine lady, who made away with such quantities of pale ale, pickles, and preserves, altogether a desirable step. Either way the marriage came to nothing, and at the end of a year Mrs. Thomas Ord was very weary of Dalgordon, Oatness, and Scotland, and longing to return to the old Eastern life with its savage laziness and barbaric show, only broken by demoniac fits of passion and demoniac tragedies. She was persuaded that her health was affected by the cold, and was determined to go back to her luxurious, gorgeous India. She wanted to carry Onny with her, and she might have carried Onny to the world's end for aught that the world would have cared; but the young Laird of Dalgordon and the Court of Session were of another opinion. When she was maliciously and monstrously, as she considered it, prevented from bearing her own child beyond the seas, she gave him up, and Dr. Spottiswoode was appointed his custodian in one of the manses which used to be, not injudiciously, selected as safe refuges for orphan lairds. On holiday afternoons the young laird, or 'the lairdie' in Oatness parlance, was fond of visiting Sandycroft, Miss Suffie Quhair, her kye and calves—an inclination in which he was not discountenanced by his guardian. As the boy outgrew under the combined influence of the minister and the dominie of Oatness the evil effects of his first up-bringing, he passed into a not unlovable or unloving urchin in whose dark eyes there was not more mischief than in those of other children of his age; and Tam Ord's orphan boy became intertwined with Suffie Quhair's heart-strings, without provoking a protest from Aikenhead or her two more active-minded sisters; for was not the loon, besides being the lad of the man who had slighted her, the future laird of Dalgordon?

On a summer holiday afternoon, when years had deadened and dimmed the impressions of the events here recorded, but Oatness had not quite forgotten the day of Captain Ord's return and the day of his death, Suffie was pressing her cheese in the unshaded sunshine at Sandycroft door, with the boy, in his little gentleman's blouse and cap, flying his kite and chattering on the door step beside her, Eelen and Jean at their seams in the window, and the kye feeding in

the background. Charlotte Wedderburn came along the Greens bringing Tommy Spens to see Suffie Quhair. The slight lieutenant had filled up like Onny into a sufficiently broad-shouldered young major; but he was very young-looking still, in spite of his bronze; and although there was no longer an exaggerated juvenile gravity and cynicism in his blue eyes and bearded lip, he was younger-looking than Charlotte, whose face had never lost the set and staid matronliness into which its beauty had ripened in one brief season, and which had always a wistful, thoughtful, humble expression when it was in company with that of Suffie Quhair, as if Charlotte weighed herself in the balance with Suffie and found herself wanting.

'I am going to follow his regiment, Miss Suffie, but I am not a bit frightened,' the younger woman told the elder, while Major Spens spoke to the boy, 'not because he can take care of me, for I rather feel as if I might take care of him. Is that little Onesiphorus Ord? I am glad that I have seen him here with you before I go.'

When the couple were gone Onny was full of ambition to become a man like the young major, and of admiration for the lady, 'who was a stunner of a beauty, Miss Suffie.'

'Ay, laddie, he deserves what he has won, folk say, and so he wears it with grace,' Suffie answered in order; 'and I do not wonder that you are fond to praise Miss Wedderburn. To my mind she is the flower of the flock at the Park. But oh! so composed she is, as douce as an auld maid like me—ane would think she had been married a dozen of years. She is no more like the blushing, trembling lassie who was wont to come here with her mamma, than I am. I wonder how the captain, or whatever he is, tholes the change. I fancy, laddie, that he is one of that kind—if it is but she, he is content.'

AMERICAN TORPEDO WARFARE.[1]

WHATEVER may be found to be the relative values of iron-clad ships and forts in a determined contest between them, there can be no question that the introduction of steam as a motive power enables ships to pass forts with great facility, and thus, in certain cases, to nullify to a considerable extent their defensive utility. Given a clear channel, a position of impunity beyond, with a sufficient object to be attained, and no British officer would be justified in hesitating to take his ship past the strongest fortress. It was shown by recent experiments at Shoeburyness that, whilst a target, placed on wheels at a distance of 1,000 yards from a battery, is being drawn at the rate of ten miles an hour across the interval intercepted by the 70° angle of training included within the embrasure, six 250lb. shot propelled by 30lb. charges can be fired at it with tolerable accuracy from a 9-inch rifle gun of 12 tons weight; and that, under similar conditions, three 600lb. shots propelled by 50lb. charges can be projected from an 11-inch rifle gun of 22 tons weight. It is, however, to be observed that such experiments bear a somewhat faint resemblance to what might reasonably be expected to take place on actual service. At Shoeburyness the distance, which was unvarying, was accurately ascertained beforehand, and the artillerists, who were familiar with their ground and their weapon, had also a special training in aiming at moving objects. As a rule, the means for rapidly determining an ever-varying distance are not furnished to coast batteries, nor are the artillerymen practised in firing at targets in motion. A ship endeavouring to pass a fort would naturally endeavour to baffle the aim of the hostile guns by varying the distance and bearing as much as the channel would permit, and the probabilities of being hit would be proportionately reduced. It is improbable that each gun would, under such conditions, succeed in hitting the ship more than once; those hits which were of a glancing character would have their penetration materially reduced, and the force of the more direct shot being expended on the topsides, no injury of a vital character would be sustained, unless a chance shot should impair the efficiency of the motive or steering powers.

The Royal Defence Commissioners appear to have had these probabilities before them, when, on October 26, 1859, they asked Rear-Admiral R. S. Hewlett, C.B., a distinguished artillerist,—'Do you consider that forts of any size or description would prevent the passage of iron-plated ships through a clear channel?' To which that officer replied,—'Most certainly not.' A somewhat similar question being put, on November 16, 1859, to Rear-Admiral B. J. Sullivan, C.B., an officer of some special experience in this matter, he replied: 'I am convinced that any system of fortification at the entrance of a port which, if passed, allows ships to bring-up out of range inside, is useless, unless combined with a strong boom or barrier closing the passage. . . . I doubt whether a single vessel, although a wooden ship, could be stopped, even in the

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[1] *The Reports of the Secretary of the Navy to the President of the United States, for* 1862, 1863, 1864, *and* 1865.

A Treatise on Coast Defence. By Lieutenant-Colonel Von Scheliha. 1868.

daytime, by the heaviest batteries which could be built there' (i.e. at the eastern entrance to Spithead).

The Royal Commissioners accordingly reported in 1860:

> We are, however, convinced that no practicable amount of fire from batteries can be depended upon to stop the passage of steamships, if the channel be sufficiently clear to allow of their proceeding at great speed. On the other hand, there is no reasonable probability of a fleet attempting such a passage, unless it can, by continuing its course, arrive at a space where it would be comparatively unmolested, and be free to carry out some object of importance, such as the destruction of a fleet or dockyard.

Wherever, then, an anchorage ground uncovered by an efficient gun-fire exists within the line of batteries, it is an essential to their utility that the channel should be obstructed by either natural or artificial obstacles. The most obvious obstruction to the passage of an enemy's ship is the formation of artificial shoals, either by the sinking of stones enclosed in cribs of timber, as at the entrance to the Neva, on the north side of Cronstadt in 1855, or the scuttling of ships, as at Sebastopol. These expedients can only be resorted to, however, in comparatively shallow waters, and, being inimical to the passage of friendly ships, are objectionable. They are likely, also, to lead to an accumulation of silt which might permanently destroy the channel, and are difficult of removal when their defensive object is no longer required. For these reasons, obstructions with strong buoyancy floating upon the surface have been frequently employed. If these latter obstacles be of a rigid character, their construction and mooring must be enormously expensive if they are to be made capable of resisting the impact of large ships. Hence resilient structures formed of chain and other cables, floated across the channel upon pontoons, masses of timber, or small ships, have been amongst the most effective obstructions employed. It was to an obstacle of this kind that the ships of the allied squadrons at Obligado, in 1845, owed the heavy losses sustained by their detention under batteries which could not be turned until Admiral Sir James Hope sawed through the cables and opened the passage. A similar obstacle in the Peiho, in China, in 1859, led to severe losses in men and ships, and our ultimate defeat by the Chinese defences.

The North American Continent is intersected by many large navigable streams which, if undefended, lay open the heart of the country to hostile ships-of-war. The advantage thus open to a naval power did not escape the observation of the Government of the United States during the civil war of 1861–5. They consequently made large use of ships, not only to blockade the Confederate harbours on the sea-board, but also to conduct warlike operations in the inland waters. These naval campaigns were frequently of considerable importance in determining the results, by rendering assistance to the army in maintaining its own communications, and in intercepting those of the enemy. In the course of these operations it frequently became necessary to pass and to repass the enemy's batteries, or even his ships at anchor; and when no obstacles to the free navigation of the channel existed, the passage was generally accomplished without material loss. On two such occasions—viz., in passing the Confederate batteries at Port Hudson on March 14th 1863, and the forts at the entrance to Mobile Bay on August 6th 1864, a ship ran aground under fire and was destroyed; whilst in passing the latter forts on the previous day, an iron-clad ship was destroyed by a torpedo. Slightly-built blockade-runners passed and repassed the blockading squadrons without serious injury, and about

7 a.m. on July 16th 1862, the Confederate iron-clad *Arkansas*, surprising Admiral Farragut's squadron at anchor above Vicksburg, with low fires but no steam up, passed very slowly through their midst, taking the broadsides of the whole fleet without sustaining material injury, and escaped.

In a bend of the Mississippi river near New Madrid, below Columbus, is Island No. 10, then a Confederate strategical post of some importance, the strength of which may be understood when it is stated that it successfully resisted a bombardment of twenty-three days, beginning March 16th 1862, by the squadron of gunboats and mortar-boats under flag-officer A. H. Foote. For a distance of three hundred yards along the embankment heavy batteries defended the channel. It was essential that Federal vessels should pass these batteries for the purpose of cutting off the enemy's communication from below, and of covering the passage of the Mississippi by the army under General Pope. One gunboat passed the batteries at 11 p.m. on April 4th 1862, being a dark tempestuous night, and though forty-seven heavy guns were firing at her, not a shot hit. Another gunboat passed in similar weather at 2 a.m. on April 8th, fifty-four guns firing at her, but not making a single hit. The Confederate communications were thus cut off, and General Pope's army having been escorted across the Mississippi, attacked Island No. 10 in the rear, and captured the place. Five Federal batteries scattered over five miles of the right bank of the Mississippi, below Tiptonville, near Island No. 10, were passed successfully by Confederate steam-vessels thirty times in twenty-one nights, the breadth of the river being about one mile.

New Orleans was defended seawards by Forts St. Philip and Jackson on either bank of the Mississippi, with a boom extended across the river below them, consisting of a chain cable supported by a raft of logs, and eight hulks moored abreast, from 50 to 80 yards apart. Two Confederate iron-clads and thirteen gunboats also assisted in the defence. Both forts were bombarded, at a distance of 2,850 to 3,680 yards, by mortar-boats, and by some ships under the command of Admiral D. G. Farragut, from the 18th April 1862 for six days and nights. At 4 a.m. on the 24th April the Federal squadron passed the defences under a heavy fire both from the forts and ships, a party having boarded one of the hulks, cast off the chains, and opened a passage in the boom. Eleven of the Confederate vessels were destroyed in the fight, whilst the Federal flagship *Hartford* (a wooden frigate) received thirty-two shot. These injuries did not, however, deter the admiral from pursuing his advantage, for at noon on the following day his squadron attacked, silenced, and passed two batteries which they found between Fort Jackson and New Orleans. In consequence of the passage of the forts, the city was evacuated by the Confederate army, and the communications of Forts St. Philip and Jackson being cut off, they were surrendered on the 28th, four days after they were turned.

Vicksburg, on the left bank of the Mississippi, was defended riverwards by guns spread about in earthworks, which, being difficult to distinguish and still more difficult to hit, were regarded as impregnable to the fire of ships, yet this fortress was repeatedly passed by Federal vessels. On the 28th June 1862, Admiral D. G. Farragut's squadron passed the batteries at 4 a.m., at the slowest speed, sustaining a loss of 7 killed and 30 wounded. A mortar flotilla of 16 vessels which were engaged in

bombarding the forts at the same time, had in addition 8 men killed and 10 wounded. Admiral Farragut writes:

> The department will perceive from my report that the forts can be passed, and we have done it, and can do it again as often as may be required of us. It will not, however, be an easy matter for us to do more than silence the batteries for a time, so long as the enemy has a large force behind the hills to prevent our landing and holding the place.

His flag-captain reports:

> It would have been easy to have passed the batteries under full steam and speed with much less risk from the enemy's fire; but then our object would not have been gained in driving them away from their guns.

On the evening of the 16th July 1862, Admiral Farragut's squadron re-passed Vicksburg to defend his transports, &c. below, from the Confederate iron-clad *Arkansas*, which had passed through his fleet the same morning. A single ship, the small ram *Queen of the West*, ran the gauntlet of the Vicksburg batteries early in February 1863.

Port Hudson is a fortified place on the left bank of the Mississippi, below Vicksburg, defended by batteries and other works, much superior to those at Vicksburg. The river here is about a mile wide, but there is a sharp bend in the channel, and a strong current, and as the ships received directions to fire grape when within 400 or 500 yards of the batteries, the navigable portion of the channel probably took the ships within that distance of the Confederate guns. Between 11 and 12 p.m. on the 14th March 1863, Admiral D. G. Farragut led the way in the wooden frigate *Hartford* past the forts; the mortar-boats, &c. firing on the batteries when they, at 11.20 p.m., opened fire on the ships. The squadron which should have followed the admiral appear to have succeeded in passing the batteries, but they then got into confusion at the bend of the river. Two vessels having had their rudders rendered unserviceable by shot, grounded, but were again floated and, drifting with the current, re-passed the batteries. A third vessel, having successfully reached the bend of the river, also grounded, and was set on fire by the enemy's shell; being got afloat again, the current drifted her past the batteries, when she finally blew up. The remaining vessels returned to their anchorage below Port Hudson; the cause of their failure to follow the admiral is not given in the published despatches. This is the only unsuccessful attempt to pass through an unobstructed channel recorded during the civil war, but the want of success may be attributed in a great measure to the difficulties of the navigation.

It was, then, stern necessity arising from the bitter experience of adverse war, which sharpened the natural acuteness of the Confederate officials, and led to the application of manifold novel expedients, such as their very limited resources could supply, to prevent the Federal navy from setting their fortresses at defiance and from using their magnificent rivers as undisputed highways for the invasion of their territory. The Confederate navy being inconsiderable in number, and quite unable to cope with the powerful fleet opposed to them, the permanent obstruction of the channels was not fraught with much inconvenience to themselves, though there were some positions in which it was necessary to leave open channels of approach for the use of blockade-runners and other friendly vessels. So effectually was this mode of defence resorted to, that the Federal navy were unable to effect the passage of the batteries at Charleston, Mobile, Wilmington, Savannah and the James River below Richmond, until, on the capture of these places by the military forces, the obstructions could be searched for and removed. But for the obstruction to navigation in

the James River nothing could have prevented the squadron under Federal Admiral S. P. Lee penetrating to Richmond and taking Confederate General Lee's position in reverse. The same cause induced General Butler to undertake the laborious but fruitless construction of a ship canal at Dutch Gap. The formidable character of the obstructions at Charleston added considerably to the defensive powers of the nest of batteries which surrounded that harbour, and which would alone have made it difficult for ships to reach a safe anchorage out of gunshot on the inner side. Rear-Admiral S. F. Dupont, in reporting his unsuccessful attack on Fort Sumter, Charleston, with 9 iron-clads and a reserve squadron of 5 wooden vessels, on 7th April 1863, states that the obstructions prevented his ships taking the fort in reverse, and adds:

> Any attempt to pass through the obstructions I have referred to would have entangled the vessels, and held them under the most severe fire of heavy ordnance that has ever been delivered; and, while it is barely possible that some vessels might have forced their way through, it would only have been to be again impeded by fresh and more formidable obstructions, and to encounter other powerful batteries, with which the whole harbour of Charleston has been lined.

The entrance to Mobile Bay is 3½ miles wide, and was defended by Forts Morgan and Gaines on either side. Between these, a row of piles, driven into the channel, extended from Fort Gaines to within a mile of Fort Morgan; a natural shoal then formed a substantial obstruction, leaving a navigable channel, 1,300 yards wide, between it and Fort Morgan. This latter space was defended by torpedoes until within 500 yards of Fort Morgan, where a gap was left open for the use of blockade-runners. The defence was further assisted by the iron-clad *Tennessee*, and some gun-boats, under the command of Confederate Admiral Buchanan. Admiral D. G. Farragut led his squadron of four iron-clads and fourteen steam-ships through the gap in the obstructions, within 500 yards of Fort Morgan, at 7 a.m. on the 5th of August 1864, and fought Admiral Buchanan's squadron for three hours, capturing or destroying them all. No ship was obliged to quit the action, nor was any vessel totally damaged, except the iron-clad *Tecumseh*, which was destroyed by a torpedo! The Federal squadron lost many more men in the subsequent contest with the ships than from the fire of the batteries. Fort Morgan, thus turned, did not fall until eighteen days afterwards, under a combined bombardment from both land and sea, which lasted twenty-four hours. The further progress of the squadron was stopped by obstacles in Spanish River channel and Choctaw Pass, in the Upper Bay of Mobile, about three miles below the city, of which the Admiral reports:

> We discovered that the rebels had sunk the *Nashville*—the vessel intended for an iron-clad—across the channel, completely obstructing it, with the addition of a row of piles guarded by forts. Until these obstructions can be removed, there will be no possibility of our reaching Mobile with any of our light-draught vessels.

Doubtless Admiral D. D. Porter stated the general opinion of the American officers when he wrote on February 1, 1865, as the result of his own experience, that:

> The running past a battery is a very easy thing where there is a straight channel and sufficient depth of water; and there is no fort in any of the waters of the North that cannot be safely passed and the position turned; and no forts now built can keep out a large fleet unless the channel is obstructed. . . . I doubt if any work could be erected that would prevent vessels, wooden or iron, from running by, without obstructions in the channel.

The use of torpedoes, as a means of obstructing a channel, and deterring ships from making a dash past batteries, recommended itself to the Confederates, not only on the score of economy and of easy appli-

cation, but also of combining with the character of an obstruction that of an active destructive agent. They could also be employed not only as an important outwork to sea-coast batteries, but also, though to a less successful degree, for the defence of channels unprovided with artillery protection.

The employment of gunpowder in water-tight cases capable of explosion when submerged, for the destruction of floating and other bodies, is almost as old as gunpowder itself. Great difficulties had, however, been experienced in devising means by which the explosion could be brought about at the desired moment. Many projects for effecting this purpose have been, from time to time, proposed, and various methods actually adopted on service at different periods. At the beginning of this century an Anglo-American gentleman, Mr. Fulton, brought to the knowledge of the British Government an organised system of warfare, with submerged charges, to which he gave the name of 'Torpedo,' in which ignition was effected by the agency of clock-work. Several successful experiments were tried, in the presence of Mr. Pitt and other members of the Government; but it is said that the whole thing was discountenanced by the then First Lord of the Admiralty, the Earl of St. Vincent, who thought the invention calculated, if successful, to enhance the power of other states at sea, without contributing proportionately to the already undisputed sway of this country upon that element. During the war of 1854–6, the Russians employed torpedoes, in which ignition was effected by the collision of a passing ship, either by the liberation of a well-known igniting acid, or by an ingenious self-acting electric contact-maker. The amount of gunpowder employed in the Russian torpedoes (8 to 12lb.) was much too small to be effective, so that though two of our ships were much shaken by their explosion, no serious damage was sustained, and, being planted in undefended positions, many of the others were picked up by the boats of the Allied Fleet. To the Americans belong the credit of first employing this destructive weapon with marked success. Twenty-five Federal vessels are known to have been sunk or destroyed, and nine others more or less injured by torpedoes, 'which,' the Secretary of the United States Navy, in his report for 1865, remarks, 'have been more destructive to our naval vessels than all other means combined.' The Confederate navy had also one ship destroyed by Federal torpedoes, and three, accidentally, by their own weapons. The success which thus resulted from their employment induced all the leading powers of Europe to investigate the best mode of igniting and applying torpedoes to the purposes of war, and arrangements are being made to introduce the new arm not only for defensive but offensive purposes.

Whatever mystery may attach to torpedoes is chiefly to be attributed to the name, the novelty of which has led many to form very erroneous conceptions of their organisation. A torpedo is simply a charge of gunpowder, guncotton, or other explosive agent, enclosed in a water-tight envelope, either of glass, india-rubber, wood, or metal, the latter being generally preferable. The igniting arrangements employed by the Confederates consisted in some cases of common guntubes enclosed in the charge and attached to long trigger lines, to be pulled by an operator on shore, or by the interception of a passing ship. In a more advanced stage of their experience a metal fuse enclosing a small glass vessel imbedded in chlorate of potash and filled with sulphuric acid, was inserted in the case containing the powder charge, in such a manner that the collision of a passing ship

might break the glass vessel, thus combining the acid with the chlorate and producing ignition. This again was superseded by fuses charged with a sensitive fulminate, which ignited with a very gentle blow, or even with a predetermined pressure. Various other modes of effecting ignition by chemical means were employed, but they all had the character of being equally dangerous to friend and foe, and could only be applied in waters which were not likely to be used by their own ships. Great care was necessary to prevent accident when placing them in position; and their removal was likewise a somewhat dangerous operation. Nevertheless, many hundreds of these charges were successfully submerged, a great many of which, being planted in undefended positions, were carefully removed or exploded by the enemy, whilst many others were rendered inoperative by the injurious effect on their fuses of long-continued immersion; the residue, however, did good service, either in destroying hostile ships, in impeding their movements, or in deterring their advance altogether.

The difficulties which attended the application of chemically exploded torpedoes in waters occasionally required for the use of their own vessels, and the likelihood of the enemy turning to advantage any passage left between them for the use of friendly ships, as Admiral Farragut did at the entrance to Mobile Bay, led to the employment of electricity as the igniting agent. One vessel, the *Commodore Jones*, is certainly known to have been destroyed in the James River, on May 6, 1864, by a torpedo so ignited. The electrical arrangements were of the clumsiest kind, the resources of the Confederacy being at that time very limited, and their electrical information equally so. The torpedo which injured the *Commodore Barney* in the previous year is supposed to have been exploded by similar agency. Later in the war, more suitable electrical fuses and apparatus were procured from this country, but though placed in position, no opportunity was afforded for their destructive action.

The chemically exploded torpedoes contained from 50lb. to 150lb. of powder, and, being self-acting, were necessarily buoyant vessels moored at such depths beneath the surface as would ensure the collision of passing ships. The ignition of the electric torpedoes being effected at the will of operators on shore, when the enemy's ship was judged to be immediately over one of them, these latter were placed on the ground. Larger charges, varying from 400lb. to 2,000lb. of powder, were inserted in these ground-torpedoes under an exaggerated idea of the saving influence of the increased distance between them and the vessels they were intended to destroy, and also with a view to giving a slightly wider horizontal area of destruction, which would allow for errors of judgment on the part of the observers. No means were adopted to impart to the electric igniting arrangements a self-acting character. Nor was the state of electric science sufficiently advanced to enable the operators to ascertain the electric condition of the fuses and wires after the submersion of the charge, without bringing about the explosion. The first electric torpedo over which a Federal ship took up her position, was a charge of 2,000lb. of gunpowder placed on the ground a mile to seaward of Fort Wagner, Charleston. Over this charge the *New Ironsides* anchored for an hour during the attack of April 7, 1863; but it was found impossible to explode the torpedo, no means then existing whereby its defective electrical condition could be ascertained until the moment when the explosion was desired.

It is no discredit to the Americans that their great progress in the art of torpedo ignition has chiefly taught us what to avoid. Their resources were extremely small, little previous experience existed, and experiments had to be rapidly conducted and inventions hastily adopted in the heat of a fratricidal war which would brook no delay. If, however, they have not taught us how best to construct a torpedo which shall be at once formidable to the foe, innocuous to its friends, and yet a self-acting weapon independent of the precarious judgment of a distant operator, they have at least shown how such a weapon can be effectively applied, both as a defensive, and as an offensive arm.

Twenty-nine United States' vessels were destroyed or injured by torpedoes defensively employed, and five were attacked with various degrees of success by torpedoes projected from boats or steam-vessels. In the former case, the absence of indications of their presence, and the suddenness, completeness, and celerity of their destructive action, are said to have had a very demoralising influence on the crews of ships frequenting waters which were supposed to have been so defended. Nor was the danger entirely removed when the enemy had been dislodged and some of the torpedoes taken up, even though extreme caution and the greatest care was adopted by advancing ships. It will be seen by the official despatches, that, even with the most careful preliminary searching by boats, surrounding the vessels with projecting fenders and nets, and the most cautious navigation, ships were repeatedly lost.

The following extracts from the official despatches may serve to indicate the naval experience of these weapons. Admiral D. G. Farragut, reporting the successful attack made by his fleet on the defences of Mobile on the 5th August 1864, after mentioning the passage of the forts, adds:

> At 7.40 a.m. (5th August), the monitor *Tecumseh* was struck by a torpedo and sunk, going down rapidly, and carrying down with her all the officers and crew, with the exception of the pilot and eight or ten men.
>
> Regular discipline will bring men to any amount of endurance, but there is a natural fear of hidden dangers, particularly when so awfully destructive to human life as the torpedo, which requires more than discipline to overcome. . . .
>
> A moment after, I saw the *Tecumseh*, struck by a torpedo, disappear almost immediately beneath the waves, carrying with her her gallant commander and nearly all her crew. I determined at once, as I had originally intended, to take the lead; and after ordering the *Metacomet* to send a boat to save, if possible, any of the perishing crew, I dashed ahead with the *Hartford*, and the ships followed on, their officers believing that they were going to a noble death with their commander-*in-chief*. I steamed through between the buoys, where the torpedoes were supposed to have been sunk. These buoys had been previously examined by my flag-lieutenant, in several nightly reconnaisances. Though he had not been able to discover the sunken torpedoes, yet we had been assured by refugees, deserters, and others, of their existence; but believing that, from their having been some time in the water, they were probably innocuous, I determined to take the chance of their explosion.

He subsequently reports:

> The rebels had planted a great number of torpedoes to guard the channel into Mobile Bay, leaving only that portion clear which is immediately adjacent to Fort Morgan. After the surrender I ordered the gradual removal of these obstructions. On the first day five of them were taken up and safely removed to the shore, and of these four were found to be so injured by immersion as to be perfectly harmless, one only being dry. On the second occasion five more were taken up and towed on shore, but becoming entangled with the ropes, the men having grown careless, collected round, and pulling and hauling them different ways, caused the explosion, which resulted in the killing and wounding of fourteen persons.

The Secretary of the United States navy, describing in his report the losses sustained at the capture of Mobile by Admiral Farragut, says:

The most serious of these was the destruction of the iron-clad *Tecumseh*, one of his most formidable vessels, by a torpedo, early in the action, and the loss of her gallant commander, T. A. M. Craven, and nearly all of her brave officers and crew. . . . To obstruct naval operations, the bay had been strewn with torpedoes, and as late as the 13th September (1864) Rear-Admiral Farragut wrote the department that he was still engaged in removing them. One hundred, it was reported, had been placed in the bay by the rebels.

The destruction of the United States steamers *Otsego* and *Bazley*, during the progress of a small squadron up the Roanoke River from Plymouth to Rainbow Bluff, on the 9th and 10th December 1864, is thus reported by Commander W. H. Macomb:

After steaming slowly up the river we arrived at a sharp bend just below Jamesville, where I came to anchor for the night. . . . I made signal for the other vessels to do so also. In obedience to this order the *Otsego* had stopped her engine and was just about to let go her anchor when a torpedo exploded under her on the port side, and shortly afterwards another torpedo exploded under her forward pivot-gun, which was thrown over on the deck by the concussion; the two explosions injuring her so badly that she sunk in a few moments, her spar-deck being about three feet under water. . . . The *Otsego* had spars rigged out ahead of her, to which was fastened a net for the purpose of catching the torpedoes, and two were found in the net after she sunk. She must have stopped directly on the top of a line of these infernal machines. . . . In the morning I determined to send the *Bazley* to Plymouth. . . . When the *Bazley* had got within a few yards of the *Otsego* another torpedo exploded under her, and she went down right alongside the *Otsego*. . . . The boats returned this morning with intelligence . . . that the river was full of torpedoes, there being as many as forty in one place in the river.

I forgot to mention that after the destruction of the *Bazley* we had the river dragged all round, and six more torpedoes were picked up, all right by the *Otsego*. . . . In the meantime we will continue up the river, though our progress will be very slow, for we shall have to drag all the way before us with small boats, that being the only way we can proceed with vessels with any safety.

When we advance any further, it will be necessary that we have more vessels; otherwise we will be unable to patrol the river below us, and, consequently, the rebels will be able to lay more torpedoes, and *blow us up on our return*.

The danger attending the navigation of channels defended by torpedoes is well illustrated by the destruction of the iron-clad monitor *Patapsco*, off Charleston, on the 15th January 1865. With a view to a naval demonstration to assist the designs of General Sherman upon Charleston, Rear-Admiral J. A. Dahlgren issued a confidential order, in which he directs that the following precautions are to be taken:

As the impression of commanders of monitors is that a range of obstructions extends from Sumter, these will be the first object, and the commanders of the advance monitors of the 15th, *Patapsco* and *Lehigh*, are charged with this duty for the night, and so on in succession. The scouts, all boats, tugs, &c., will report to them to assist. The preliminary to removal will be by explosion. Torpedoes may be used, and boats filled with powder floated up with the tide. Floats with grapnels or hooks attached may be floated up to catch and mark objects below water. To protect against floating torpedoes, long, slender pine poles, 30 to 50 feet, may be lashed in pairs in the middle so as to form an X, into which enters the bow at one end, heels secured, and from the other depends a net, the whole to float. Captain Scott will see to the prompt and sufficient supplies of men, boats, tugs, poles for torpedoes, powder, and other requisitions to carry out the above.

Whilst obeying these instructions, the *Patapsco*, the picket-monitor for the night, was destroyed about 8 p.m. on the 15th January 1865, 600 to 800 yards outside Fort Sumter, by 100lb. of powder enclosed in a wooden cask, provided with percussion fuses, which had been placed there, with sixteen similar torpedoes, a week before. The admiral reports that:

At the time of the occurrence this vessel was the picket-monitor of the night, and was under weigh, engaged in covering the scout and picket-boats that were searching the channel for obstructions and torpedoes.

. . . . The *Patapsco* got under weigh and proceeded up the harbour about dark, for duty as picket-monitor of the night, and passed on to the usual station. . . . . Here she rounded to, head down stream and to the flood tide, ... to drift with the tide. . . . . Three scout-boats with grapnel-drags were now slowly pushed on, while two tugs steamed about the bows of the *Patapsco*, and six or seven picket-boats were pulling on her quarters or beam.

Thus she drifted into a line between the forts, and then steamed out again repeatedly. When near Sumter, Lieut.-Commander Quackenbush steamed down once more and for the last time. While approaching the Lehigh buoy there was a shock—a sound of explosion—a cloud of smoke on the port side, and in less than half a minute the *Patapsco's* deck was under the surface. . . . . Five officers and 38 men were saved; 62 officers and men are missing. . . . The explosion occurred on the port side under the ward-room, blowing it up so as to drive up the table and three officers who were sitting about it. . . . . There was no disrupture of the vessel at the berth-deck, nor further aft; no water came in there save at the hatches, as the *Patapsco* settled in the sea. . . . . The berth-deck ladder was dislodged by the shock, ... hence no men there were saved. The top of the *Patapsco's* smoke-pipe is seen above the water. . . . . The *Patapsco* had her torpedo-fenders and netting stretched, as usual, around her. Three boats with drags had preceded her, searching to some depth the water they had passed over; while steam-tugs and several boats were in different positions on the bow, beam, and quarter. . . . . Nothing more can be done to bar the chance of accident save permanent torpedo-catchers, substantially made and attached to the bows, so as to be entirely submerged, and thus not to be exposed to shot in action. . . . . Four torpedo-boats are said by deserters to be ready for service, and upon them, in the confusion of action, as well as the torpedoes in the water and at the bows of the ironclads, the rebels are said to rely chiefly.

Notwithstanding this experience, the admiral's own flagship was destroyed six weeks later on the 1st March 1865. The story is thus briefly told in Admiral Dahlgren's report:

The *Harvest Moon* had been lying near Georgetown until yesterday afternoon, when I dropped down to Battery White, two or three miles below, intending to look at the work and leave the next day. Accordingly, this morning early the *Harvest Moon* weighed anchor and steamed down the bay. She had not proceeded far when the explosion took place. It was nearly 8 o'clock (a.m.), and I was waiting breakfast in the cabin, when instantly a loud noise and shock occurred, and the bulkhead separating the cabin from the ward-room was shattered and driven in towards me, and a variety of articles lying about me were dispersed in different directions. My first impression was that the boiler had burst, as a report had been made by the engineer the evening before that it needed repair badly. The smell of gunpowder quickly followed, and gave the idea that the magazine had exploded. There was naturally some little confusion, for it was evident the vessel was sinking, and she was not long in reaching the bottom. As the whole incident was the work of a moment, very little more can be said than just related. But one life was lost, owing to the singularly fortunate fact that the action of the torpedo occurred in the open space between the gangways and between the ladder to the upper deck and the ward-room. . . . A large breach *is* said to have been made in the deck just between the main hatch and the ward-room bulkhead. It had been reported to me that the channel had been swept, but so much has been said in ridicule of torpedoes that very little precautions are deemed necessary, and if resorted to, are probably taken with less care than if due weight were attached to the existence of these mischievous things.

Speaking of the last successful attack on Mobile in April 1865, the Secretary of the United States navy reports that:

The Confederates did succeed in sinking two of the monitors and four wooden gunboats at the entrance to Blakely river, by these submarine implements of destruction, although the river had been thoroughly dragged and many torpedoes were removed before the vessels went over the bar. Beyond the sinking of these vessels and the loss of a few lives, no serious consequence attended the approach to and capture of Mobile.

Acting Rear-Admiral H. K. Thatcher reporting the above losses, says:

Before sending the monitors over the shallow bar into the river I had it thoroughly dragged for torpedoes, and many were removed. We continued to drag until no more could be found, and it was believed that we could successfully advance upon the forts, but the result proves the impos-

sibility of doing so without endangering the loss of all our light-draught vessels. These hidden instruments of destruction abound everywhere in these shallow waters. The tin-clad steamer *Rodolph* was also sunk by a torpedo on the 1st instant, whilst towing a scow to the sunken vessels with implements for the purpose of raising the *Milwaukie*. These vessels will probably be lost. . . . The sunken vessels are so badly broken that they cannot be raised. . . .

No casualties occurred on board the *Milwaukie*. On board the *Osage* four men were killed and eight wounded. On board the *Rodolph* one man was killed, eleven were wounded, and three are missing.

Again, on April 9th 1865, after the capture of Fort Alexis and Spanish Fort on the previous night, the admiral says:

Eighteen large submerged torpedoes were taken by our boats from Apalacha or Blakely River last night, in the immediate vicinity of our gunboats. These are the only enemies that we regard.

And on April 12th he writes:

I am also much indebted to Commander Crosby, who has been untiring in freeing the Blakely River of torpedoes, having succeeded in removing over 150—a service demanding coolness, judgment, and perseverance.

Again, writing on April 15th 1865, he says:

Our naval forces are now engaged in blowing up and removing the obstructions in the main ship-channel, which have proved to be very formidable and full of torpedoes, although we are removing them rapidly. . . . The tug *Ida* has been destroyed by a torpedo whilst engaged in this work, as well as a launch of the *Cincinnati*, and the tug *Althea* was destroyed in dragging for torpedoes in Blakely river; also the gunboat *Sciota* was sunk yesterday, whilst under weigh, running across the bay, in 12 feet of water. There is a prospect of raising this last vessel and repairing her damages.

Again, on May 3rd 1865, he writes:

It was the belief of the enemy that it would be impossible for our monitors and gunboats to cross the Blakely River bar, but should we succeed in doing so, their hope rested in our entire destruction by the innumerable torpedoes with which they had filled the river, combined with the marsh batteries; and they well knew that our success in overcoming these obstacles would be fatal to them; but by great exertions, night and day under fire, we succeeded.

The extraordinary care and caution displayed by the commanders of these vessels up to the moment of their destruction, is well shown in the report made by the lieutenant-commander of the iron-clad *Milwaukie*, who writes:

I had proceeded up the Blakely River, and was dropping with the current to resume my former position, keeping the bows of the vessel headed up stream . . . to avoid, in turning, the accident that caused the sinking of the *Milwaukie*. I had returned within 200 yards of the U.S. iron-clad *Kickapoo*, then lying at anchor, and supposed the danger from torpedoes was past, as I was where our boats had been sweeping, and also exactly in the same place where the U.S. iron-clad *Winnebago* had turned not ten minutes before, when I felt a shock, and saw at once that a torpedo had exploded on the port side of the vessel, abaft the after-turret, and . . . about forty feet from the stern. . . . . The stern of the vessel sank in about three minutes, as near as I can judge, but the forward compartments did not fill for nearly an hour afterwards.

It is said that a vessel navigating these waters two years after the termination of the war, was destroyed by a torpedo which had escaped discovery.

These may be taken as representative cases, illustrative of the fate experienced by the other vessels which were sunk, destroyed, or injured by stationary torpedos exploded by chemical agency of a self-acting character. We have already said that one vessel, the *Commodore Jones*, was destroyed by a ground-torpedo containing 2,000 lb. of powder, and ignited by voltaic electricity, at the moment when, in the judgment of an observer secreted on the river bank, the ship was immediately over the charge. The moral effect of this loss was sufficient to deter Admiral Lee's squadron from ascending the James River until the banks were

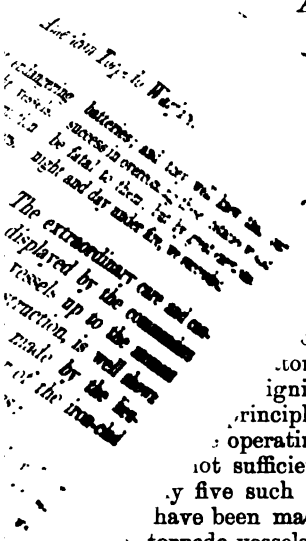
in possession of the United States army, and measures could be taken for the removal of torpedoes and other obstructions. We must, however, hasten on to describe a still more important development of the torpedo art, which was employed with some success by both the belligerents, and which will probably prove a valuable auxiliary in offensive naval war.

To the Americans belong the credit of first applying the torpedo as an offensive weapon to be employed by ships against one another. The principle on which this operation is conducted is based on the ascertained limited destructive area of given charges of gunpowder, exploded at given depths. If a charge be held at a distance from one ship more than equivalent to its destructive area, and at the same time another ship be within that area, the latter vessel will be destroyed and the former uninjured. In the otherwise excellent compilation edited by Lieutenant-Colonel Von Scheliha on *Coast Defence*, is a chapter on experiments conducted, it is not said where or by whom, but resulting for the most part in the most extravagant and untrustworthy conclusions. There is one conclusion, however, which agrees more nearly with our own experience, and which well illustrates the principle to be observed in torpedo-ships in regulating the length and submersion of the outrigger to be employed for the projection of the torpedo. Von Scheliha states that:

> It was found that torpedoes loaded with from 50 to 80 lb. of powder should not be placed at a less depth than seven feet; in a depth of twelve feet their effect appears to be greatest. Torpedoes containing 150 lb. of powder should be sunk to a depth of 15 feet. Torpedoes attached to the spars of torpedo-boats should be lowered to depths corresponding to these data.

It is difficult to discover from Von Scheliha's record of supposed experiments, at what *distance* the latter charge would prove effective, for whilst in one page destructive effects are stated to have been produced at the distance of 27½ feet, at another page, so large a charge as 1,000 lb. of gunpowder submerged 18 feet, and in a position only 4 feet distant from the vessel, is said to have produced hardly any effect whatever! Probably 11 feet will be found the principal destructive horizontal range of a 150 lb. charge, when submerged 15 feet. The effect of vertical distance upon the results of an explosion beneath a vessel is small; and the depth at which it would cease to act destructively upon a ship immediately over it has yet to be ascertained.

The object, then, to be attained by a torpedo-ship, is to project, by means of an outrigger spar, an effective charge of powder, *suitably* immersed, to a safe distance from the operating vessel, and then to explode the torpedo when it is within destructive range of the hostile ship. The means adopted by the Confederates for bringing about the explosion was conceived on an erroneous principle. The fuses were of a self-acting character, and to ensure their action, it was necessary that the end of the outrigger, which projected some ten to twenty feet from the bows should, under all circumstances, strike the enemy's ship. This object is not always easy of attainment when attacking the bow or stern. It was, therefore, found necessary to attack the hostile ship on the broadside, and thus to expose the torpedo-vessel to the full view and fire of the enemy. The Federals, perceiving this great disadvantage, discarded self-acting fuses for torpedo-ships, and adopted a trigger-line arrangement, which admitted of the explosion of the torpedo at the will of the operator, without waiting for contact; but they made a somewhat dangerous addition to the contrivance by providing an apparatus for disconnecting the torpedo from



...ition. The ...eration ...nedo ...out- ...team- ...an only ...enterprise ...on, by sup- ...tors had little igniting appli- ...rinciples on which ...operating vessel is ...ot sufficiently under- ...y five such attacks are have been made by Con- ...torpedo-vessels upon Fe- ships, of which only one was ...pleted successful.

The Federals had less opportunity for the employment of this weapon, inasmuch as the seas were swept of Confederate ships before the torpedo became an established offensive naval armament. Nevertheless, the Federal navy had the credit of making the first attack with an outrigger torpedo-ship upon a Confederate iron-clad under weigh, and although the attempt failed from what looks somewhat like want of confidence in the weapon, yet on a second occasion, when success crowned the effort, the United States had reason to be proud of the gallantry which distinguished the achievement.

The first attack was made at 10 p.m. on October 5, 1863, by the small Confederate steam-vessel *David*, a cigar-shaped boat, 50 feet long, and about 6 feet diameter, so far submerged that only about 10 feet in length of the hull was visible 2 feet above the water. From the bow a 60 lb. charge of gunpowder, immersed 6 feet, was projected on an iron bar to a distance of 10 feet; ignition being effected by an acid fuse, dependent on concussion. We have in these details all the elements of failure. A charge destructive enough if exploded in actual contact, but innocuous to a strongly built ship, if from any cause the explosion should take place at a greater distance than six or seven feet; yet held near enough to the operating vessel to place her in imminent danger, either from the direct action of the explosion on her thin sides, or from being swamped by the falling column of water; self-acting fuses, which necessitated the most exposed direction of attack, viz. the enemy's broadside; and an acid composition sluggish enough in its action to allow time for the rebound of the boat after collision, to the distance of the few feet required to render the explosion harmless. As a consequence to these objections, a want of confidence in the safety of his vessel was engendered in the conductor of the enterprise, who, dreading the effect of the explosion on his own vessel, jumped overboard before it took place, leaving the crew to their fate. The ship attacked was the United States iron-clad *New Ironsides*, of 3,486 old American tons, carrying twenty guns, which was the most formidable of the blockading squadron then at anchor off Charleston. The captain thus describes the event:

> About a minute before the explosion a small object was seen by the sentinels, and hailed by them as a boat, and also by Mr. Howard, officer of the deck, from the gangway. Receiving no answer, he gave the order, 'Fire into her;' the sentinels delivered their fire, and immediately the ship received a very severe blow from the explosion, throwing a column of water upon the spar-deck and into the engine-room. The object fired at proved to be (as I subsequently learned from one of the prisoners) a torpedo-steamer shaped like a cigar, 50 feet long by 5 feet in diameter, and of great speed, and so submerged that the only portion of her visible was the coamings of her hatch, which were only two feet above the water's edge and about ten feet in length. The torpedo-boat was commanded by Lieut.-Commanding Glassell, formerly a lieutenant in our navy and now our prisoner. He states that the explosion threw a column of water over the little craft, which put out the fires and left it

without motive power, and it drifted past the ship.

The crew, thus deserted by their officer, relighted the fires, and brought their little vessel safely into harbour.

The next attack made by the Confederates, though successful, was mutually destructive. The little torpedo-vessel being probably furnished with too short an outrigger, was 'hoisted with her own petard,' and none of the crew returned to tell the tale. Manned by six men, and commanded by Lieutenant Dixon, the little torpedo-vessel issued from Charleston harbour to attack a detached blockading ship, the U. S. corvette *Housatonic*, of 1,240 American tons, and carrying 13 guns, which lay at anchor. The story is thus told by Rear-Admiral J. A. Dahlgren:

The U.S. steam-sloop *Housatonic*, on the blockade off Charleston, S.C., was torpedoed by a rebel, *David*, and sunk on the night of the 17th February (1864), about nine o'clock. From the time the *David* was seen until the vessel was on the bottom, a very brief period must have elapsed; so far as the executive officer (Lieutenant Higginson) can judge—and he is the only officer of the *Housatonic* whom I have seen—it did not exceed five or seven minutes. The officer of the deck perceived a moving object on the water quite near, and ordered the chain to be slipped; the captain and executive officer went on deck, saw the object, and each fired at it with a small arm. In an instant the ship was struck on the starboard side, between the main and mizen-masts; those on deck near were stunned. The vessel began to sink, and went down almost immediately. Happily the loss of life was small (five lives in all). Boats were sent immediately on hearing of it, and took off the crew (150 persons) who had ascended the rigging. . . . . The department will necessarily perceive the consequences likely to result from this event; the whole line of our blockade will be infested with these cheap, convenient, and formidable defences, and we must guard every point. . . . . I have attached more importance to the use of torpedoes than others have done, and believe them to constitute the most formidable of the difficulties in the way to Charleston. Their effect on the *Ironsides* in October, and now on the *Housatonic*, sustains me in this idea.

Lieutenant Higginson's report makes the time which elapsed after sighting the torpedo boat less than that given by the admiral. He says:

About 8.45 p.m. (17th instant) the officer of the deck . . . . discovered something on the water about 100 yards from, and moving towards the ship. It had the appearance of a plank moving in the water. It came directly towards the ship; the time from when it was first seen till it was close alongside being about two minutes. During this time the chain was slipped, the engine backed, and all hands called to quarters. The torpedo struck the ship forward of the mizen-mast on the starboard side, in a line with the magazine. Having the after-pivot gun pivoted to port, we were unable to bring a gun to bear upon her. About one minute after she was close alongside the explosion took place, the ship sinking stern first, and heeling to port as she sank. Most of the crew saved themselves by going into the rigging, while a boat was despatched to the *Canandiagua*. This vessel came gallantly to our assistance, and succeeded in rescuing all but (five persons).

The exceedingly limited distance through which objects are visible at night can be rapidly traversed by vessels under weigh, whose course may be determined by the known position of the ships at anchor, as well as by the lights they display. Hence the necessity for the harassing vigilance and exciting watchfulness which these and subsequent torpedo boat attacks caused amongst the blockading squadron. The nature of these precautions may be understood from the following extract from an order issued by acting Rear-Admiral S. P. Lee on this subject:

Three tugs are assigned to certain ships. These tugs are to be kept under weigh from sunset to sunrise, and during thick and foggy weather by day, with a good head of steam up (a regular watch of officers and men; battery clear and provided), from 50 to 100 yards astern of these steamers respectively, all ready for ramming and running down, without your waiting for further orders, any *David* or torpedo, or other suspicious vessel or boat approaching the vessel to which the tug is assigned. These tugs to be kept for this special service, and to do no other duty, and they are to have bold and trustworthy officers in charge of them, and

faithful engineers. . . . . No boat is allowed to leave or be absent from any vessel of this squadron in James River from sunset to sunrise.

Booms and other timber obstructions are understood to have been employed to surround the several ships whilst at anchor. They were projected from the ships themselves so as to swing with the vessels to the tide, and were designed to prevent boats approaching within some fifty feet or more.

A raft with a self-acting torpedo attached, had been affixed to the bows of the U. S. iron-clad monitor *Weehawken* off Charleston, in April 1863, for the purpose of blowing up the obstructions and impediments placed at the entrance to the harbour. But as the officers of the fleet thought that more danger was to be apprehended by friends than by foes, from the weapon as fitted, and as it was clearly useless for the intended object, the contrivance was very properly removed.

It was not then until the 5th May 1864, that an outrigger-torpedo was fitted to a Federal ship-of-war. The occasion is noteworthy for other reasons also. The Confederate iron-clad casemated ram *Albemarle* descending the Roanoke River had attacked and beaten off the Federal squadron there, contributed to the fall of Plymouth, and obtained the control of the waters of Albemarle Sound. Captain Melancton Smith, U. S. N. with eight steamers proceeded to recover the loss, and, failing to plant the stationary torpedoes with which he was provided, at the entrance of the river to prevent her exit, the *Albemarle* with two unarmoured consorts issued forth, on the 5th May 1864, to the fight.

A well contested action ensued, in which it was vainly attempted to destroy the invulnerable ram by running her down, and to impair her motive power by fouling the screw propeller with nets laid in her track. The U. S. paddle-wheel steam-ship *Miami*, of 730 American tons, armed with 12 guns, was fitted with a torpedo projected from the bow, which the commander was ordered to attempt to explode under the *Albemarle*; but, says Captain M. Smith, 'for some cause yet unexplained, it was not done.' The failure may have arisen in some degree from want of confidence in the weapon, though the commander of the *Miami* attributes it entirely to the unwieldy and unhandy character of the vessel, which was known to be so difficult to manœuvre that it seems strange such a ship should have been selected for the duty.

The only subsequent opportunity the Federals had of applying this weapon offensively was in the destruction of this same iron-clad whilst fastened alongside the wharf in Plymouth, and protected by booms, &c. The attack will be best described in the language of Lieutenant W. B. Cushing, U.S.N., who conducted the operation, and whose heroism in this and other marvellous exploits during the civil war is very remarkable. He reports:

On the night of the 27th (October 1864) having prepared my steam-launch, I proceeded toward Plymouth with thirteen officers and men, partly volunteers from the squadron. The distance from the mouth of the river to the ram is about eight miles, the stream averaging in width some 200 yards, and lined with the enemy's pickets. A mile below the town was the wreck of the *Southfield*, surrounded by some schooners, and it was understood that a gun was mounted there to command the bend. I therefore took one of the *Shamrock's* cutters in tow, with orders to cast off and board at that point if we were hailed. Our boat succeeded in passing the picket, and even the *Southfield*, within twenty yards without discovery; and we were not hailed until by the look-outs of the ram. The cutter was then cast off and ordered below, while we made for the enemy with a full head of steam. The rebels sprang their rattles, rang the bell, and commenced firing, at the same time repeating their hail, and seeming much confused. The light of a fire ashore showed me the iron-clad made fast to the wharf, with a pen of logs around her, about thirty feet from her side. Passing her

closely, we made a complete circle, and went into her, bows on. By this time the enemy's fire was very severe, but a dose of canister at short range served to moderate their zeal, and disturb their aim. . . . In a moment we had struck the logs just abreast of the quarter port, breasting them in some feet, and our bows resting on them. The torpedo-boom was then lowered, and by a vigorous pull I succeeded in driving the torpedo under the overhang, and exploded it at the same time that the *Albemarle's* gun was fired. A shot seemed to go crashing through my boat, and a dense mass of water rushed in from the torpedo, filling the launch and completely disabling her. The enemy then continued his fire at fifteen feet range. . . . The most of our party were captured, some drowned, and only one escaped besides myself, and he in a different direction. . . . The ram is now completely submerged, and the enemy have sunk three schooners in the river to obstruct the passage of our ships.

The fall of Plymouth was the immediate result of this hardy enterprise, and the report of the captain of the *Albemarle* being amongst the spoils, we find that he says:

The night of the 27th inst., a dark and rainy night, I had the watch on board doubled, and took extra precaution. At or about 3 a.m. on the 28th, the officers of the deck discovered a small boat in the river; hailed her; received an unsatisfactory answer; rang the alarm bell, and opened fire on her with the watch. The officers and men were at their quarters in as quick time as possible under the circumstances, but the vessel was so close that we could not bring our guns to bear, and the shot fired from the after gun, loaded with grape, failed to take effect. The boat, running obliquely, struck us under the port bow (running over the boom), exploded a torpedo, and smashed a large hole just under the water-line. Under a heavy musketry fire, the boat surrendered, and I sent Lieutenant Roberts to take charge of her. Manned the pumps, and ordered to fire up the donkey pumps. The water gained on us so fast that all our exertions were fruitless, and the vessel went down in a few minutes, merely leaving her shield and smoke-stack out of water.

'The destruction of so formidable a vessel,' writes the Secretary of the Navy, 'which had resisted the combined attack of a number of our steamers, is an important event touching our future naval and military operations.' And in his report to Congress, the Secretary says:

Lieutenant W. B. Cushing, a young officer who had on previous occasions gained the admiration of the department by his daring and adventurous heroism, was selected to destroy the *Albemarle* by a torpedo properly arranged in a light picket-boat, to be placed at his disposal. The torpedo is the invention of Chief-Engineer W. W. Wood, and possesses extraordinary power. It was arranged and applied to the picket-boat at the suggestion and under the direction of Rear-Admiral F. H. Gregory and his able assistants. Lieutenant Cushing was directed to have the means for carrying out the views of the department prepared, and when these were completed it was quickly and brilliantly executed. With 14 naval officers and men who volunteered for the service, he, on the night of October 27, ascended the Roanoke to Plymouth, assailed the ram at her wharf, though guarded by a military force on shore as well as by her crew, and sunk her. Only himself and one of the party escaped death or capture. This daring and successful exploit removed the reliable defence of Plymouth. Commander Macomb, senior officer in the sounds, promptly availed himself of the advantages of Lieutenant Cushing's achievement, ... and on the 31st October took possession of the place.

Hazardous as these enterprises undoubtedly were, they were not attended with more danger than was experienced in the cutting-out expeditions of former times. The practicability of the general employment of torpedoes as an offensive weapon of war was considered demonstrated by the results, and in addition to a vessel specially constructed for the purpose, six small iron-clads were provided with torpedoes, and the boats of the larger United States ships-of-war were ordered to be fitted with them. But the conclusion of the civil war put an end to such enterprises, and the subject became in time of peace a matter for careful experimental research: (1) as to the best means of bringing about the explosion at the right moment, and (2) as to the minimum charge which would prove destructive at the greatest distance commensurate with the necessarily limited immersion (eight to ten feet)

which could be conveniently given by an outrigger. At the same time every considerable maritime state in Europe instituted similar experimental investigations, which have advanced our knowledge of both these important points far beyond the experiences of the American civil war. That any ship of any size or build could safely employ torpedoes in this manner is now plainly evident, and there can be little doubt but that future naval actions will be greatly influenced, if not actually decided, by the skill displayed in manœuvring the hostile ships so as to bring their torpedoes within effective range. To run into or ram a vigilant enemy so as to sink his ship is a delicate operation necessitating a blow nearly at right angles to the broadside; but the process of torpedoing can be accomplished whilst alongside of or astern of the enemy, and is not to be easily eluded by the action of the helm. It can only be escaped by superior speed. If, for example, the Austrian fleet had been so equipped at Lissa, the attempt to ram the Italian ships, which was only in one case successful, might have been succeeded by explosions whilst passing through the line, which might have destroyed many of the opposing fleet.

The lessons which we may gather from the torpedo warfare in America show,—1st. That without this auxiliary agency, no system of fortification will prevent an enterprising foe from passing through an easily navigable channel, if a sufficient object is to be attained by doing so, and if a point of safety exists beyond the batteries. 2nd. That the torpedo is a powerful weapon of offensive war, which may be employed not only by steam-vessels of the mercantile marine for their own defence, or that of our seaports, but also by ships-of-war of all classes in actions at sea.

The position of future blockading squadrons will be by no means agreeable, for whilst they can send their boats into the blockaded port at night to blow up the enemy's ships, the besieged can, with even greater facility, send forth torpedo-ships or boats at night, which would render it impossible for the blockaders to remain at anchor.

Whether regarded in their defensive or in their offensive character, torpedoes must henceforth form an essential object of naval and of military study. Even if we did not employ this weapon ourselves, all civilised nations are arming with it and will employ it in any war against us, and it must form a subject of study how to counteract its action. We have seen what precautions were taken by the Federal squadrons for defence against them, and how impossible it was found to advance over waters so defended without the destruction of the advancing vessels. This should teach circumspection in risking valuable ships in suspected waters even after careful search; whilst it should teach the necessity of gaining experience in time of peace in the best modes of operation both with and against torpedoes. Without such practical experience our soldiers and sailors may, at the outbreak of a war, find themselves furnished with strange weapons, the use of which may be vaguely understood, and in which they will have no confidence. Their first lessons may then have to be learnt in the face of a more far-seeing enemy, and British pluck be sorely taxed to make amends for administrative sluggishness. As short and sharp wars appear to be the order of the day, it is to be hoped that we shall not await the outbreak of hostilities before fitting any of our ships-of-war with this inexpensive weapon, or furnishing our engineers with all the requisite apparatus for the defence of our principal seaports.

'LANDOWNERS, LAND, AND THOSE WHO TILL IT.'

By the Rev. Edward Girdlestone, M.A.
Canon of Bristol and Vicar of Halberton.

WHEN I first ascertained as a matter of fact, that in many parts of the west of England, North Devon in particular, the wages of able-bodied, well-conducted agricultural labourers were sometimes only 7*s.* and seldom more than 8*s.* a week, I immediately asked, How can these men live? How is it possible for a man out of 18*l.* 4*s.* or 20*l.* 16*s.* per annum to house, feed, and clothe himself, his wife and children, provide shoes, fuel, light, pay school fees, the doctor, the midwife, the undertaker, and other demands too many to be enumerated, but, nevertheless, as much matter of fact as that wages are only 7*s.* or 8*s.* a week? I called to mind the old nursery rhymes:

> Multiplication is vexation,
> Addition is as bad;
> The rule of three doth puzzle me,
> And practice makes me mad;

and came to the conclusion, that to ponder over the problem of keeping a wife and family on 7*s.* or 8*s.* a week was much more likely than anything else to consign me to a madhouse. Full of hope I carried this problem to the meeting of the British Association at Norwich. These doughty men of science, said I, will crack this hard nut, if no one else can. It was all in vain. Some of the philosophers said one thing and some another. There was a good deal of talk about education, emigration, the franchise, the repeal of the law of primogeniture, the re-distribution of land, and about my having said many things which I never did say, and being an enthusiast and ignorant of political economy, and such like. But when the plain practical home question was put, how to keep a wife and family on 7*s.* or 8*s.* a week, astronomers, geologists, chemists, the advocates of the Darwinian theory, and even the members of the economic section, all shook their heads and passed by on the other side. Accordingly in the true sense of the word 'life' I give up the matter of living altogether. I take it for granted that these people do not live, they exist, they vegetate, they don't die, and that is all.

The following is a correct detailed account of the condition of an agricultural labourer in North Devon. Till within the last year the wages were seldom more than 8*s.*, in some cases only 7*s.* a week. Nine shillings a week are now usually given, though in some cases still only eight. Each man has in addition his three pints or two quarts of cider a day. The horse-keeper and the shepherd have also a cottage and good garden rent free. In some cases also an agreement is made, that the wages should be partly paid at a price per bushel fixed at the commencement of the hiring in grist or tailing, being the wheat which is too small in grain to find purchasers in the market. This when wheat is high is an advantage to the labourer; but when wheat is low very much the reverse. The labourer must be at his work at seven o'clock in the morning, having breakfasted before he starts. He has half an hour for 'forenoons,' a kind of luncheon, an hour for dinner, and leaves off work nominally at five, or in some cases half past five o'clock. The day's work therefore consists nominally of ten hours or ten hours and a half, with an hour and a half for meals deducted. In reality, however, the labourer is often kept to a much later hour, without any addi-

tional pay for overtime, sometimes from six in the morning till eight or nine at night. In hay and corn harvest, when he is not unfrequently kept till nine o'clock in the evening, he gets his supper in return, but seldom any additional wages. Horse-keepers and shepherds make much longer hours than ordinary labourers regularly, and have in consequence house and garden rent free, in addition to their 9*s*. a week. Piecework is not very general in North Devon. But in cases in which the cutting and harvesting either of hay or corn or any other sort of work is taken by the labourer at a fixed price per acre or yard, he can of course make additional wages, but still—which ought to be carefully borne in mind—only, since the price of piecework is very low, by additional and very hard work. Women have sevenpence or eightpence a day. This scarcely pays for wear and tear of clothes, and not at all for the consequent neglect of household duties, and in reality adds nothing to the welfare of a family. Many women are so well aware of this, as to decline outdoor work, unless, as in some instances, which is a great hardship, forced to do it by the agreement between their husbands and the farmers, who, in some cases, will not give employment on any other condition. In general then the agricultural labourer in the west of England, unless he be a horse-keeper or a shepherd, has but 9*s*. a week in money to pay everything, including house rent for self, wife, and family, and with no privilege except the very questionable one of three pints of very sour and often very weak cider a day, and the contingent and fluctuating advantage of a portion of his 9*s*. being paid in the shape of grist. Fuel is seldom supplied, except at a cost for getting it by grubbing up old hedges and such like which is fully equal to its value. Potato ground is almost always paid for at a high rate. In many cases the labourer is forbidden to keep pigs or poultry, which is a great disadvantage: for fear, since his wages are so low, he should feed them on his master's property. Much injury has been done to the cause of the labourer by persons, who are practically ignorant of the matter, or who are interested in propagating misstatements, making a great talk about the low wages of the agricultural labourers in the west of England being compensated by privileges which do not in reality exist.[1] Equally fallacious is it to say that the labourer is not bound to any particular locality, but can migrate where he pleases. As a matter of fact, a married labourer with a family is as fast bound to his home as if there were not a railway

[1] At a ploughing match dinner at Halberton on October 28th last, a farmer present made the following statement: 'The canon had said that the labourer earned 8*s*. or 9*s*. a week. Now he had gone through his labour book, and taken out the amount paid to one of his labourers from Lady-day 1867 to Lady-day 1868. Although this man received nominally 8*s*. a week, he actually received, taking all the year round, 10*s*. a week in money, and with grist corn, convenience for pig, and other things, he received as much as made up the wages to the value of 14*s*. a week—(hear, hear). The labourer was not, therefore, in the poverty-stricken and degraded state which had been represented'—(hear, hear). This is a fair specimen of the way in which the wages of an agricultural labourer are calculated from a farmer's point of view. The wages of 8*s*. a week are calculated at 10*s*. a week by adding the receipts for over work, when a hard day's work has been already done, while on the other hand, no deduction is made for wet days with no work and no wages. The grist has been already explained. The convenience for a pig either means a stye which ought to be annexed to every cottage, or an occasional run for the pig in an adjoining field, which not one farmer in a thousand allows. These, together with other things, which are not named, and which in reality do not exist, are calculated from a farmer's point of view at 4*s*. a week!!!

within a hundred miles, unless some one better informed than himself points out to him where and how to go, inspires him with energy to undertake the heavy responsibility of removal, and money to carry it into effect. Under the circumstances above stated, it is not wonderful that the labourer's breakfast consists usually of nothing better than teakettle broth, which is made of slices of bread soaked in a pint and a half of hot water, with a pinch of salt, sometimes an onion or two, and half a teacupful of milk or buttermilk when it can be got, which is not often; his forenoons or luncheon of bread and skim-milk cheese hard and dry; his dinner of the same; and his supper, the best meal in the day, of potatoes and cabbage flavoured with a very small piece of bacon, if he is permitted to keep a pig. Never, except on a Sunday, and then very seldom and in very minute quantities, is butcher's meat seen unless given by some one in better circumstances. Neither is it wonderful that on such fare the west of England labourer, —who, when transplanted to places where better wages are given and fed on good beef, can do, as has lately in many instances been proved, as good a day's work as any Yorkshireman bred and born, is in his best days but feeble, at the age of forty-five or fifty is crippled up with rheumatism; and having had all his life long scarcely enough to keep body and soul together, and consequently no means of laying by or insuring against old age, has nothing but parish pay and the union to look to. Much might be said in addition, of the want, with here and there a noble exception, of sympathy on the part of employers with their labourers; the many days' wages which are lost in consequence of no indoor work being provided for bad weather; in case of sickness also the nonpayment of any wages at all, and the refusal of any assistance, even to the extent of a little milk in instances, not only of an ordinary kind, but even when the bones of the labourer have been broken in his master's service; the abusive language in which the labourer is addressed, and other forms of oppression scarcely conceivable, and which would not be ventured on save in the case of men depressed and made dependent to the extent that these labourers are. For instance, a shepherd, an old and faithful servant of a man who farmed upwards of 800 acres, had several of his ribs broken by one of his master's horses. He was confined to his bed for many weeks. Not only did he receive no wages or any other sort of assistance from his master during the whole of the time he was disabled, but the rent of his house, which as a shepherd he had free, was deducted from his son's wages as long as he was unable to look after the sheep. Another man, a carter, also in the service of a well-to-do farmer, saved a valuable team of horses and a waggon from being dashed to pieces, but in doing so was severely injured. In this case great interest was made with the farmer, but in vain, to give if only a little milk for the wife and family. This description of the condition of agricultural labourers in North Devon is not based upon information obtained from interested parties or at second or third rate, or upon a hasty personal visit. It is the result of the experience of a six years' residence in a parish of 7,600 acres and 1,663 people, in every farmhouse and cottage of which the author has been many times a year at almost every hour of the day, and with the habits and circumstances of whose inmates he is nearly as familiar as with those of his own household, and it is notorious that this is a fair average of the whole district. Can any one in such a condition be said to live?

There are, however, even in the west of England many exceptions to the above state of things. In the neighbourhood of large and flourishing towns, such as Exeter, Torquay, Brixham, and other such places, and wherever mines have been opened as in Cornwall, wages are always higher, and the agricultural labourer is more independent and better cared for. There is the same result wherever there is an intelligent resident landowner. So that it not unfrequently happens, that in two contiguous parishes, the condition of the labourer is very different. The conduct of the landowner in such case gives a tone to that of the farmer, and the labourer reaps the benefit. In other parts of England the rates of wages and the position of the labourers are very various, always higher and better than in the west of England, and usually highest in the vicinity of mines, manufactories and large towns. The author has himself sent labourers from North Devon into Bedfordshire at 12*s.* a week, with house and garden rent free, and an allowance of beer: into Cheshire at from 13*s.* to 18*s.* a week: into Derbyshire at 15*s.* a week, with house and garden rent free and potato ground ploughed and manured by the employer: into Durham at 12*s.* a week with house rent free: into Glamorganshire at 12*s.* a week, with house and garden rent free: into Hampshire at 12*s.* a week: into Hertfordshire at 13*s.* a week and 20*s.* a week in harvest time: into Kent at 13*s.* a week with house and garden rent free: into Lancashire at from 16*s.* to 20*s.* a week, and single men from 6*s.* to 8*s.* a week, with board, lodging, washing, and mending: into Shropshire at 12*s.* a week, with house and garden rent free: into Surrey and Sussex at 14*s.* a week, with house and garden rent free: into Yorkshire at 12*s.* a week, with house and garden rent free, harvest wages, and fuel carted. Into all the above places labourers, altogether more than one hundred in number, have been sent for purely agricultural employment at the wages above named, and there is every reason to believe that they are the current wages of the different localities. The author is at this present time sending a married labourer into Flintshire at 18*s.* a week, with house and garden rent free. In parts of Westmoreland also, he knows by personal inquiry that the rate of wages is 18*s.* a week, and in the neighbourhood of Tunbridge in Kent 15*s.* and 16*s.* a week with house and garden rent free, at Christmas fuel or 2*l.* in place of it, and very profitable piece work at hay and corn harvest, at hopping and barking times. Thus in the parts of England of which the author has had practical experience the wages of the agricultural labourer (the west of England, including parts of Somersetshire and Wiltshire, the counties of Dorset, Devon, and parts of Cornwall being excepted) range from 12*s.* to 20*s.* a week with, in almost all cases, the addition of a house and garden rent free and occasionally fuel and other advantages. Norfolk is famous as a great agricultural county, and most indignantly rejects any statement which implies that the agricultural labourer has not fair treatment within her limits. It is true that wages are better there than in the west, but yet not nearly so good as in many other parts of England above mentioned. Mr. Reade, one of the members for the county, stated at the conference in Willis's Rooms, that the wages of a labourer might be reckoned at 12*s.* a week, made up into 13*s.* a week by the additional money paid at harvest time. Upon inquiry, however, it will be found, that in many parts of Norfolk wages are not as high as 12*s.* a week; that in winter many days' work and wages are lost, and that

in some cases the men are discharged for several weeks together in winter, all which will bring down the average of wages for the year much below 12*s.* a week. Mr. Reade, known in the House of Commons as the farmers' member, and himself a tenant farmer, is often looked up to as a great authority on the condition of the agricultural labourer. So he no doubt is from a farmer's point of view. At a meeting of the Norfolk Chamber of Agriculture on Saturday, October 11th, 1867, Mr. Reade said: 'The employment in which women and children employed in agriculture are occupied was light, and the hours during which they were employed were not long. A great deal of what might be called sentimental twaddle had been talked on this subject. Some gentlemen said that when a poor girl went to field work she was contaminated and spoiled, but he contended that in all probability she was contaminated and spoiled before she got there. He thought a girl of eleven or twelve years was as strong as a boy of about that age, and he contended that there was no good farming without this juvenile and female labour. There were certain fiddling operations on a farm, for which the nimble fingers of children were particularly adapted. With regard to the educational part of the question, he knew that some thought it desirable that children should not be employed in work before nine years of age. He was sure, however, that unless a boy went to work when he was nine or ten years of age, he would not make a good labourer.'

Since Mr. Reade is so often quoted as an authority on the treatment of labourers, it is well that he should speak for himself, and that his philanthropic and enlightened views about women and children, and education and morals, and the necessities of good farming superseding every religious, moral, and social consideration, should be stated in his own words. It is well that Mr. Reade had no power in influencing legislation in the agricultural gang system, and it is to be hoped that he will be equally without weight in future debates on the subject of education for the agricultural classes. A landowner in Norfolk was some little time ago calling on one of his tenant farmers. He saw a flitch of bacon hanging up, and said he should like to have some. 'That bacon is not good enough for you or me,' said the farmer. 'That is what we give our men a slice of first, and then a lump of bread a week old, and that shuts them up.' Very much against the will of the farmer who employed him, a youth in another part of Norfolk went with the rector of his parish, and in company with the other young people of the village, to be confirmed in the church of a neighbouring town. He was of course absent a whole day. His wages were sevenpence a day. At the end of the week his master deducted one shilling from his wages. On what principle he calculated this deduction, except on that of a farmer being at liberty to do what he pleases with his labourers, it is not easy to see. But the above instances, lately accidentally brought to the author's notice, tend towards the conclusion, that it is not only in the west of England that the agricultural labourer is regarded as a serf, and that in some parts of the east at least we must not take for granted all that is boasted about either their wages or treatment.

From the above statement it is clear that the position of the agricultural labourer is very different in different parts of England, and sometimes even in different parts of the same county. In scarcely any part of England however is he in the condition in which he ought to be. Even where it has been most improved his position has lagged far

behind that of other classes. As compared with the manufacturing and mechanical classes, or even with trade labourers, such, for instance, as those attached to masons, bricklayers, and joiners, his wages have not been proportionately raised. It is true, that clothing is cheaper. But on the other hand every kind of food is dearer. Bread and flour are dear. Butcher's meat, except in some highly favoured districts, is wholly out of reach. Milk, the most wholesome and nutritious of all food, as testified by the most eminent medical men, especially in the case of young children, and which till of late years was easily attainable at a small cost, and was much used and valued in every labourer's family, can now in rural districts, strange to say, scarcely be got. The labourer cannot afford to buy it at the price for which it would remunerate the farmer to undertake the risk and trouble of retailing it in small quantities, instead of making it wholesale into butter and cheese. Except in the coal districts fuel also has become more scarce and dear in proportion as enclosures have been enlarged, hedges thrown down, hedge-row timber felled, and woods cleared for the plough. Education moreover, which half a century ago was little thought of by the agricultural labourer, but which every thoughtful parent now wishes for his children, is what may be called a new though voluntary tax, morally, at least, almost necessitating an expenditure which out of his already too small pittance he can ill afford. Thus, while the rate of his wages has been but little increased, the expenses of the agricultural labourer have been multiplied and his advantages at the same time diminished in number. He is always in low water, generally in debt to the shop and the shoemaker, is precluded consequently from buying in the open market, has often, if his club does not become bankrupt and desert him, to forfeit the advantages of his club from want of means to keep up the monthly payment, is always struggling with but never able to extricate himself from his helpless and hopeless condition. His family, instead of being a blessing and a joy to him, only add to his perplexities. For lack of knowledge, enterprise, and money, and in consequence of his spirit being almost quenched within him by his overwhelming difficulties, generally speaking he has but scantily availed himself of those advantages of ready and comparatively inexpensive locomotion which the railway offers to all, and through the instrumentality of which almost every other class has more or less bettered itself.

On such a subject as this, as on that of the education of the labouring classes generally, nothing is more deceptive than figures and statistics, which are often so carelessly collected as to be wholly at variance with the facts on their being a true representation of which their whole value depends. Thus in the House of Commons last session a minister of the Crown almost electrified his hearers by drawing from a long array of figures, which he set before them, a conclusion plainly opposed to commonly known matter of fact, namely, that as regards the education of the labouring classes there is scarcely anything more wanted. It is in the same way that theorists often make out the condition of the agricultural labourer to be so perfect as to need no improvement. Mr. Bailey Denton, himself a large employer of agricultural labourers in drainage, and therefore looked up to as an authority on such matters, did this to such an extent in a paper which he read last spring before the Society of Arts, as induced another gentleman, Mr. Howard, to remark with as much truth as courtesy, 'that there were so many excellent points

in the paper, that he was very reluctant to take exception to anything, but he certainly thought that rather too bright a picture of the condition of the rural population had been painted.' Farm-houses and homesteads well kept, and cottages trellised with roses and honeysuckles, like many other outsides, are apt to deceive those who look no further. It is only they who have been in the habit of penetrating inside these at all hours and becoming familiar with the lives and habits of the inmates, who are qualified to paint a correct picture of the indifference to anything but self which often reigns in the one, and the misery, poverty, and abject dependence which are by the other not unfrequently concealed from common observation. This sort of personal experience, the amount to which the country is taxed for agricultural paupers, the multitudes of marks in place of signatures in the marriage registers of the rural districts, the large proportion of recruits from the same districts who can neither read nor write, the number of persons from the same districts committed to prison, and, above all, the general conviction in the minds of even the most advanced reformers that, as a class, agricultural labourers are at present wholly unfit for the exercise of the franchise: these are the most reliable evidences of the real condition of the agricultural labourer. These are facts. Facts are stubborn things. They often reduce a very pretty picture to a very rough and uninviting sketch. It is much to be wished that the facts were otherwise. But far the best hope of improvement rests, not in disguising the truth with pretty colours, but in so looking the truth steadily in the face and so changing the things themselves, as that the colours in which they are represented may be as true as they are pretty. In order to this the causes of the existing evil must be inquired into and the best remedies ascertained.

The state of things above described cannot be traced to any declining interest in land. Notwithstanding the rapid growth and extension of manufacture in all its branches during the last half century, Great Britain still maintains, and will, as far as can be seen, to the end maintain, its character as an agricultural country. Cotton and iron, so far from extinguishing or weakening the landed interest, or even lessening the value of land, have a directly opposite tendency. The cultivation of the soil still remains, and is likely to remain, the staple business of the country. Manufacturers no sooner make their fortunes than they invest it in land. No sort of property is so much coveted, or so eagerly sought after, as landed property. Upon the improvement of landed property much, not only of the profits of trade and manufacture, but even of the mechanical skill and habits of invention acquired in manufacturing and mercantile pursuits, are expended. Hence, everything connected with the landed interest commands as much or more attention now, than it did before the first power loom was set up in Lancashire or Yorkshire, or the first furnace heated in Staffordshire. 'There is nothing like land,' is unequivocally the feeling of all who have accumulated capital at their command. In truth, there is no class in this country which is so much and so generally looked up to as landowners. The ancient aristocracy are all landowners. It is from that class chiefly that lord-lieutenants, deputy-lieutenants, county magistrates, grand jurymen, and all other influential officers are chosen. Hence, the power of the landed interest is almost overwhelming, and land and all which appertains to it is as much prized as ever.

Though the condition of the la-

bourer is certainly therefore not traceable to any diminished interest in or care for land, it is, without doubt, to a certain extent dependent on the influence and example of the landowners. Generally speaking and considered as a class, landowners are much improved in information and habits. Public opinion, the reform of the universities and public schools, the universal march of intellect, the facility of foreign travel, and the substitution by purchase of many of the more enlightened members of the commercial classes for the ignorant and prejudiced yeomen, and, as in the north of England they are called, statesmen of former times; the infusion, in short, of a large amount of new blood, has done much for the improvement of landowners as a class. There is still, no doubt, especially in the west of England, a considerable number of hereditary landowners who, in their tastes, habits, and pursuits, are in no wise very different from their fathers or grandfathers before them.[1] Such men deem of the land as that which furnishes their income, breeds foxes, hares, pheasants, partridges, and alas rabbits also, and entitles its possessor to a certain amount of social privilege and rank, but not as entailing any corresponding amount of responsibility. They think of the farmer chiefly as of the man who pays the rent and preserves the game, and who the less he partakes of the general improvement the fewer will be his demands for costly alteration of premises, or the introduction of expensive machinery, and the greater the servility with which he will give his vote exactly as directed. As for the labourer, such sort of landowners call him Hodge. They think of him as Hodge. They treat him as Hodge. In their eyes the labourer is a serf, and ought to remain a serf. He must be content with a cottage, in comparison of which a barn or a stable is a palace; wages barely enough when he is at work every day and all day long to keep body and soul together, not by any means enough to clothe a wife and family decently, with no margin for bad weather, sickness, or old age; with nothing then in prospect but parish pay and the union. This, coupled with a dislike of all but the smallest modicum of education, is the hereditary creed about labourers of this class of landowners. Such men look coldly on any one who endeavours to open the mind of the labourer and lead him to aspire to a more independent position, and upon the labourer himself, if he dares to profit by such sort of lessons. In many parts of Great Britain this sort of landowner is happily nearly, if not quite, matter of history. In the west of England it is not by any means an extinct species. Not a single landowner so far in the west of England has come forward publicly to support any movement for the improvement of agricultural labourers; many have thrown all possible obstacles in the way of such movements. In proportion as such sort of landowners are anywhere found, in the same proportion almost invariably is the labourer depressed. If all landowners all over the country would only exercise the same salutary influence, and set the same good example which many are already doing, wages would rise, and the condition of the labourer would be improved. For though the rate of wages must in the main be regu-

[1] This, at least as far as Devonshire is concerned, is in great measure owing to the very strong clan feeling which exists, and which by restricting society very much to those families which are connected and interconnected with each other, excludes the salutary influence of a wider and less prejudiced circle, and keeps up an exclusive and narrow-minded estimate of all things.

lated by the law of demand and supply, the influence and example of an intelligent and benevolent landowner will, without doubt, give a fillip even to that law.

The condition of the farmer likewise exercises considerable influence on that of the labourer. Now farmers also, as well as landowners, are in many parts of the country an improved class of men. Large farms are the fashion of the day. In order to produce this result a number of small farms as they fall vacant are massed together into one, and the small farm houses are turned into perhaps two or three labourers' cottages. This leads to men of much greater capital, and such as are better educated as well generally as specifically taking to farming as a business. In many parts of England the farm-house is replete with comfort and every refinement, and after a long day spent on the land or in the dairy, the evening finds the male part of the family occupied in the pursuit of general literature, or studying the best treatise on the cultivation of land, and the women busy with embroidery or music. This description applies but in a very limited degree to the west of England. There, often the farmer is but very little improved, is ignorant, prejudiced, and averse to change. It is with difficulty that he is reconciled to the use of machinery, artificial manures, or any of the various improvements for the cultivation of land for which we are indebted to the application of science to this particular business. Still, even in the west of England, notwithstanding the very heavy burden of the parochial rates—which, for the sake of the tenant-farmer, it is to be hoped the reformed Parliament will cause to be levied on all kinds of property instead of upon land exclusively—the great injury done to crops by hares, pheasants, and rabbits, and various other drawbacks, farming is a profitable business, and in the long run farmers are prosperous men. Though its conclusiveness is sometimes called in question by those whose interest it is to make the contrary appear, the surest proof of this is to be found in the fact, that for every farm as soon as it becomes vacant there are innumerable candidates. Thus rents keep up, and yet tenants are never wanting.

Just as the improvement of the condition of landowners and tenant farmers exercises a considerable influence upon that of the labourers, so also does that of the land itself. Wherever the land is better cultivated, the condition of the labourer is generally proportionately improved. Now, the land itself without doubt shares in the above described improvement of both the landowner and the farmer. It cannot be doubted but that the acreage of the whole country is much more productive than it used to be. The acreage itself has been much increased by reclamation from the sea, the enclosure of commons, and the cultivation of waste lands and roadsides. By improved drainage, the use of machinery and artificial manures, the application of science, and the employment of larger capital, every acre also has been made much more productive. As already stated in the case of landowners and farmers, so also in that of the land itself, the improvement has been less in the west than in any other part of England. By improved farming, the western counties might be made to produce much more largely than they do. But in order to improved farming, there must be an improvement in the landowners and farmers. It would in many cases be hard to persuade a western squire or farmer that any improvement is needed. This is, to a great extent, attributable to an absence of locomotion,

and the consequent ignorance of what is going on in other parts of the country. Unless in the case of those whom business summons to London, or who, being of a more enterprising character than their neighbours, go about to see the world, the squires and farmers of the western counties seldom move from home, and live consequently in a very circumscribed and prejudiced atmosphere. They will not believe the accounts of improved farming which are given by those who have travelled with their eyes open all over the country, and have no confidence in their criticism, or respect for their advice. The only exception is Cornwall. Cornwall is full of mines and smelting works. The landowners, farmers, and labourers there are brought into daily contact with mechanical skill, enterprise, and ingenuity. As always happens in such cases, those engaged in the cultivation of the land by that contact, themselves become more enterprising and skilled. This is to such an extent the case as regards Cornwall in comparison with Devonshire, that the Cornishmen are reported to say that, if it were not for Devonshire stopping the way, Cornwall would be in the world. Land in Cornwall is much better cultivated than in Devonshire. In some parts it is highly cultivated for the production of early broccoli for the London and other large markets. Wages are consequently higher, and the condition of the labourer better.

A want of education has much to do with the depressed condition of the agricultural labourer. There is, generally speaking, no want of schools. There are plenty of these and well taught, and, thanks both to the personal exertions and pecuniary sacrifices, not of the landowners whose duty it is, but of the rural clergy, in all respects efficiently conducted.[1] Many of the older labourers have of course derived no benefit from these, which are comparatively of recent institution. But they are calculated to produce a marvellous change in the rising generation of agricultural labourers, if there were only some security for the children being sent to them and kept in them for a sufficient length of time. Additional inducement might, no doubt, be held out to the parents by some slight variation in the subjects taught. This would conduce also to the advantage of the children. The author's own schools, which are under inspection, and as testified by the reports of the Committee of Council and the amount of grant made, in good condition, have been much better filled since a practice was introduced of teaching the children to write such a letter as, if they left home, would really inform and interest their parents and friends, instead of the miserable scrawls so often communicating no further news than 'this comes, hopping that it will find you all well, as thank God it leaves me.' A further inducement also and advantage might be found in some specific instruction, such as would fit the labourer for the use of expensive machinery, and the carrying out improved systems of agriculture. But there would still remain the strong counter inducement for keeping the children at home—namely, the saving the school pence, and at the same time gaining a few pence by their employment. A penny a child is nothing, says the educationist. A penny a child, replies the man who has lived among agricultural labourers, is a large sum in the case

[1] The author last year paid 33*l.* 7*s.* 11*d.* towards the support of the parish schools, while the landowners of the parish, 7,600 acres in extent, contributed altogether only 30*l.* 11*s.* This is a fair example of what happens every year and in a great many places.

of a large family, for a man who has not more than 10*s*., or even 12*s*. a week, and often not so much, to provide rent, food, clothing, and medicine for them all. The mechanic, the miner, and the mill-hand can afford to pay the school fees, but the agricultural labourer often really cannot. It is wonderful that educationists cannot be brought to see that the much complained of absence from school of the children of the agricultural labourer is, in most instances, not the result of indifference to education, but far more frequently of the inability of the parent to spare the price of the child's labour, and at the same time to pay the penny school fee, which theorists who have never tried to bring up a family on nine shillings a week, and would be sorely perplexed how to set about it, think so little of. As long as wages are as low as they still are in many parts of the country, so long many of the children of the agricultural labourer will be deprived of the good education which, close at their doors often, is ready prepared for them, by the inability of the parent to make the necessary payment, small though it is. Nor will anything short of some legal provision, as in the case of factories, either for half time or non-employment of children up to a certain age, or till they are certified as able, at least, to read and write with ease, and have some knowledge of the first rules of arithmetic, prevent farmers from holding out to the labourer the irresistible temptation of a few pence for frightening birds and doing other children's work, or even making, as in some cases is done, the employment of the children a condition of that of the parents. Even with an eye to nothing more than farming, the more machinery is introduced for the culture of land, and science applied in the use of artificial manures, the choice of a succession of crops, and other novelties, the more necessary is education for the labourer. Nor is it likely that the labourer will be more temperate, moral, provident, enterprising, and in a word independent, till he can at least read with ease and pleasure, and so have it in his power to inform himself of what is being done in other countries, as well as in different parts of his own.

A part payment of wages in beer or cider is another very fertile cause of evil to the agricultural labourer. It is a fallacy to defend this system by saying that the labourer would rather have the liquor than the money. Of course some would rather have it. But these are chiefly the dissipated and unthrifty, who are stimulated by the amount of liquor allowed them to crave for and obtain more at the public-house, or beer and cider shop. The wives and families of such men suffer not only by the loss of that part of the wages which is allowed to the men in drink, but of that additional portion also which is afterwards squandered at the public house. Home is thus made uncomfortable, and an uncomfortable home is in every sense of the word, both physically and morally, ruinous to the labourer. The sober, steady, and thrifty men would much rather have the money for beef and mutton for themselves and their families, and would thrive on it. And, though part payment in liquor may be a very good way for the farmer to get rid of cider which is not saleable, or beer which costs less than the money it is supposed to represent, such a system is at the root of that intemperance which all thinking men, even among the labourers themselves, are agreed is one of the main causes of their depressed and dependent condition.

The kind of house in which he is forced to live has also a great influence upon the character of the labourer. How can he be other-

wise than depressed and lowered in his own esteem, when he sees, as is often the case, his master's horses and cattle better housed than his own wife and children? It is only in exceptional instances that any great progress has been made in the reconstruction, enlargement, and general improvement of labourers' dwellings in the rural districts. For the most part they remain only so far different from what they were at the beginning of the century, that every year that they are just secured from tumbling down, they in the natural course of events become worse and worse. Good, airy, well drained, well ventilated cottages, with not less than three or four bed rooms at the least, with all proper appliances for decency, a plentiful supply of water, and a good garden, are indispensable. How can chastity be looked for amongst the young women, or self-respect amongst the men, when both sexes, as is often the case, are like swine crowded together, to dress, undress, and sleep in the same room? Nature will not be trifled with. And if those whose duty it is, irrespective of a direct return for the outlay, to provide decent house accommodation for peasantry on their estates, will, with their eyes open, thus persevere in forcing them to be regardless of those safeguards which she has provided, Nature is sure to retaliate upon society at large by a loss of character and an increase of profligacy and crime. It would make the labourer much more independent, and insure the cottage being kept in better repair and not overcrowded, if it were to be rented not from the farmer but from the landowner. In rural districts the worst cottages are those which are let with the farm to be kept in repair by the farmer, and by him underlet to the labourer, who is moreover, under such circumstances, completely in the farmer's power, may be, and often is, turned out of house and home at a moment's notice, or is kept in a state of abject dependence by the threat of such harsh treatment being held over him.

Hirings, statutes, or mops, as they are variously called, have a very depressing effect on the character of the agricultural labourer. Let any one read the account which is given in the *Cumberland and Westmoreland Advertiser* of a hiring fair of this sort, which was held in Penrith on the second day of June last, and he will not be surprised that the editor of that paper states that 'there is evidently a growing desire amongst the more thoughtful servants to obtain engagements by means of respectable characters and trustworthy recommendations, rather than by seeking a premium for their labour in the objectionable arena of a hiring market.'[1] In Chipping Sodbury, as witnessed about six years ago, and as was probably witnessed on September 25th last, the main street was lined on both sides by men and women waiting to be hired. They were looked over by those who wanted servants, just as if they were slaves or beasts of burden. The young women were often subjected to rudeness, if not worse, to which no modest maiden ought to be exposed. The evening was signalised by a perfect saturnalia, and many a girl dated her ruin from Sodbury mop. These things tend greatly to destroy all sense of self-respect in the agricultural labourer, and ought not to be tolerated in a civilised and Christian land. In place of this,

[1] In the *Bristol Times* of last September 26th, the following paragraph appeared: 'Chipping Sodbury mop or statute fair took place yesterday, and there was a large attendance. In the hiring, both of male and female servants, a good deal of business was done, and wages ruled high.'

let a good system of registration be adopted in every county. If the result of such a system were from time to time made public all over the country, not only would mops, with all their degrading accompaniments, die a natural and most deserved death, but demand and supply would find each other much more easily than they now do, and there would be in consequence less inequality of wages in different counties for the same amount and quality of work. Why does not some one of the London daily penny papers take this matter up, and increase its circulation by becoming the medium of communication all over England on the subject of agricultural labourers' wages? Why do not the agricultural labourers themselves set up a registration office and agent?

As regards, however, the independence of the agricultural labourer, there is nothing which has had such a prejudicial effect as the poor law. As at present administered this law is a curse and disgrace to the country. While on the one hand it weighs down the farmer heavily, on the other it pauperises the labourer. If there had been no poor law at all in this country, there would have been much less poverty and much more independence among agricultural labourers. Wages would have been higher, so as to allow of saving or insurance against sickness and old age, and there being no other alternative, habits of foresight would have prevailed, while early improvident marriages and intemperate habits would have received a salutary check. At the same time cases of real and unavoidable distress would have been cheerfully and generously relieved by wealthy neighbours and considerate employers. Happy will it be for the agricultural labourer if the poor law be altogether abolished, or at least administered by a central instead of a local board. In rural districts the poor law is chiefly administered by farmers, than whom it is scarcely possible to conceive any persons less qualified by education or habit for the discharge of such a duty. The relieving officers and masters and matrons of unions are too frequently elected, not on account of their fitness, but because they are the favourites of this or that party in the district. And those with whom it rests to decide on the amount of relief to be allowed in each individual case, and whether it is to be given out of doors, or within the four dreary walls of the union, are the very men who have all their life long oppressed the applicant, crippled him up with hard work and low wages, lessened his self-respect by abusive language, reduced him in short to the degraded position of a pauper, and are now ready enough and in a position, at his expense, to save their own pockets. The clergy, who know more about the poor than any one else, and have not like reason for being more partial to one family than another, though ex-officio guardians of the poor, are virtually excluded. The tendency of the poor law is to crush every feeling of independence in the mind of the labourer, check the flow of generosity on the part of the wealthy, shut up the heart of the employer from doing the duty of a kind master to a servant in distress, and thus to loosen the bond by which the various classes ought to be harmoniously and happily united. 'The parish must support me if I fall sick and when I am old,' says the labourer, and marries much earlier than his employer would venture to do, refuses to leave his native village or county to better himself, perhaps idles and drinks. 'You must go to the Board,' says the farmer to the labourer when he is sick or past work, 'for I pay a heavy poor-rate and cannot afford to give.' It is doubtful whether the poor-law, however well admi-

nistered, could fail to pauperise the peasantry. But at any rate it certainly requires for its administration a much more enlightened, impartial, and unprejudiced set of men than farmers usually are. But no local board, however carefully formed, can in such a case be compared with a system more centralised and free from local prejudices.

Landowners then, not sufficiently alive to their responsibilities, farmers wanting in intelligence and in a proper appreciation of their own real interests, land badly cultivated, neglected education, part payment of wages in beer and cider, insufficient house accommodation, mops and hirings, and above all a poor law bad in principle, and made still more damaging in its effects by maladministration, must to a certain extent, all more or less, be considered as exercising a depressing influence on the character of the agricultural labourer by keeping him down in his present dependent position. Wherever this influence is most in the ascendant, as for instance in the west of England, there both the wages of the agricultural labourer, and himself and family, are at the lowest ebb. All this was and is plain enough. Nothing can be more sure than that, in proportion as improvement in all or any of the above particulars should be made, in the same proportion would the condition of the agricultural labourer be improved. It was equally clear, however, that such sort of improvement would take time, and that in order to its being even begun some sort of impulse must be given. The stagnant waters must be stirred, and those who were fast asleep must be awakened. Meanwhile labourers in the west of England had only seven or eight shillings a week to keep their families on, and no one could tell them how to do it. So, though fully alive to the fact that nothing short of improvement in the above particulars would permanently raise the character and condition of the labourer, yet on the other hand, equally sure that all things must have a beginning, and that water which had been stagnant so long would never move unless some one gave it a good stir and made an outlet; having, moreover, frequently but in vain tried private remonstrance, and feeling that surrounded as I was with half-starved labourers, and being in a position to help them, it was my duty to do so, I determined, after much deliberation, to make a move, even though it might turn out a forlorn hope.

An opportunity offered in connection with the cattle plague pest in the spring of 1866. On that occasion I preached from Exodus ix. 3—'Behold the hand of the Lord is upon thy cattle.' It was suggested in the sermon that the visitation of the cattle plague might possibly have been sent in order, by the sight of their favourite cattle mysteriously and hopelessly dying before their eyes, to wean people from the sin of neglecting their labourers while they housed, fed, and fattened their cattle to excess. It was a plea for at least as much care and attention for the human servant, as for the brute. This sermon raised a violent storm. What right, asked some of the farmers, had the parson to preach about masters and servants? Let him mind his own business, and they would mind theirs. The Devon cattle had not been touched by the plague, and that was a proof that God found no fault with the Devon farmers. Then followed anonymous letters in a scurrilous local paper. Falsehoods of every sort respecting the amount of wages paid to the labourer, the additional privileges enjoyed by him, his food, clothing, and condition generally, were freely circulated. At the tithe dinner the intention was that, on the vicar's health being given, the glasses in-

stead of being filled should be turned down,—which was frustrated however by the vicar, who had been apprised of the intention, leaving the room before his health was proposed at all. Every effort was made to smother the truth and stop the mouths of those who were telling it. It then become necessary to make the truth publicly known. A letter from the author appeared in the *Times*. This, which contained a plain statement of the labourer's wages and condition in parts of North Devon and other counties, and challenged contradiction—a challenge which was never accepted—attracted much attention. The post-bag was filled every morning with provincial papers containing letters and comments, and, what was much more to the purpose, letters containing offers from gentry and farmers in all parts of England and, strange to say, from Ireland also, of places with good wages and comfortable homes, cheques from some for the whole expense of removal, offers from others of the removal being paid partly by gift and partly by loan, to be gradually repaid out of wages, and sums of money also placed entirely at the author's disposal, and which, till they were exhausted, were devoted to the part-payment of expenses of removal in cases in which no offer was made to pay them. Now began the tug of war. First there was a large amount of *vis inertiæ* on the part of the labourers themselves to be overcome, of home-sickness, fear of a long journey for wife and children by rail, uncertainty as to how they might like a new place and new habits, a general disinclination in short to move. So strong was this feeling, that, in several instances, when all arrangements had with infinite trouble been made, the route by rail settled, and the journey money received, the heart failed, and actually from lack of nerve to make a start to 12*s*., 14*s*., or 16*s*. a week with a comfortable house into the bargain, the poor depressed serf begged off his agreement, returned the journey-money and clung to his 8*s*. a week and his wretched hovel. Then next, when the labourers were willing, the farmers put every possible obstacle in the way of removal, one of the most unfair and perplexing of which was the refusal to give any sort of character. To overcome all these and many other obstacles required no little amount of courage, patience, and perseverance, and occupied, together with the correspondence entailed, a large amount of time and attention. In due course of time however all obstacles were overcome, and, as above described, more than one hundred labourers, some married and with families, others single, were removed to various parts of England, at wages ranging from 12*s*. to 20*s*. a week with house and garden rent free. Of these some few have been discharged for misconduct, of whom only two or three have returned to Devonshire, others have found still better places for themselves, but the greater part are still in the places to which they were first removed, and are doing well and have no wish to return. Thus the stagnant water has been stirred. An outlet has been made for it. It has begun to flow, and is gradually finding its level. Labourers are still on the move, and others will follow. Those who have removed are sending for their friends. For those who remain wages have been raised a shilling a week, and will rise still higher, and the treatment is generally better. Through the instrumentality of the metropolitan and provincial press public attention has been directed to the subject, and the claims of the agricultural labourer are not likely to be soon forgotten or his condition to remain long unimproved. It is all very well to say that wages are a matter of demand and supply, that they

will find their own level, and cannot be forced. This is quite true. But it is equally true that, in order to this level being really found, the demand must be made known in the places where the supply exists, and facilities for the supply meeting the demand must be given.

No one will be surprised to hear that this novel migration was not effected without bringing down a large amount of indignation upon the mover of it. The extent to which this has been the case is a fair index of the determination of the employers to resist any attempt to improve the condition or raise the wages of the labourer. The united action by which these parties have given effect to their views is a fair plea for union among agricultural labourers, as well as a proof that without union they are never likely to make men of themselves. The parish vestry, composed exclusively of farmers, and almost exclusively of churchmen, refused a church-rate. The churchwarden specially selected by the farmers as their representative, in open vestry and before an applauding audience, told the author of the movement to his face, that he was not fit to carry offal to a bear, a scene which has been immortalised by *Punch*. Next followed a claim to appoint both churchwardens, which has issued in a suit in the Court of Queen's Bench, instituted on the most frivolous grounds, and forced upon the vicar in order to protect the rights of his successors. In every point raised, judgment has been so far given against the promoters, who have been saddled with heavy costs, such as it is hoped may prove a salutary lesson to them. One farmer, who had been brought to his confession that a good deal of what he had stated in the local papers was false, absolutely justified himself by saying, that it was impossible to arrest such a movement except by telling lies. An attempt was made by some of the opposing farmers to get up a brawl in church in connection with the distribution of the charity bread. They were disappointed in their plans, however, by the police, whose presence in church was made a subject of complaint at the Exeter Quarter Sessions by some of the opposing squires. The complaint, however, was summarily dismissed, and those who made it entirely failed in their attempt thus to throw their influence into the scale against an advance of wages. Others of the farmers, though churchmen by profession, have ceased to attend church altogether. They went to the meeting-house, till the Wesleyan minister, a Christian and faithful man, plainly told them that they had no business there. Since that time it is supposed that they have generally spent their Sundays at home, and are not likely to enter the parish church again, as long as an advocate for better times for the labourer occupies the pulpit. There are no greetings in the road for such an atrocious character as this, nor even for the ladies of his family. It is more than doubtful whether a good number of the neighbouring squires and farmers who have a partiality for foxes and pheasants, and quiet times and things as they have always been and are, and who, having never been reduced to the experiment of living on eight shillings a week, cannot conceive that Hodge who is trying to do this has any real ground of complaint, would not be thankful to be rid of such a mover of sedition. At a ploughing match dinner in the village at which a large number of the opposing farmers were assembled, a squire, who had already signalised himself in the local papers by some letters on the subject as conspicuous for want of grammar as for want of sense, was brought from a distant part of the county and put in the chair. There was no measure to the abuse he uttered or the false representations he

made about the vicar in his own parish, and within a few hundred yards of his house. It was said that this was intended as a Tory trap to catch the farmers for electioneering purposes. If so, as far at least as the person who made it is concerned, the attempt has signally failed, since in the addresses from candidates for the various divisions of the county the name of this wonderful squire and would-be M.P. is nowhere. It was threatened that the church should be empty, no bells rung, no organ played, no psalms sung, no schools maintained, that an attempt to raise wages in short should bring the whole parochial system to a dead lock, and even consign the vicar to an untimely grave. It is needless to say, that none of these threats have been realised. The church is as well attended as ever, the bells ring merrily, the organ and the voices of a large congregation, led by an excellent unpaid choir, pour out God's praises loudly and harmoniously every Sunday. The Sunday school was never before so large, nor the day schools, which are open to all denominations, ever better filled or higher in the Report of the Committee of Council. And worst of all, so at least say the advocates of low wages, the vicar is still living and up to any amount of mischief. Seriously speaking, this most violent and unscrupulous opposition has only helped the cause it was intended to destroy. Some persons may be intimidated by such threats and deterred by such sort of daily petty persecution from a discharge of duty. In the present case these things have had no such effect. Mention of them has only been made here, in order to show that no effort at improvement, especially when the pocket is concerned, can be made without opposition, and that in the matter of improving the condition of the agricultural labourer the opposition is very determined, and calls for a corresponding amount of energy in those who would overcome it. No opposition however, well organised though it be, can for any length of time avail to resist the dissemination of truth and the correction of abuse. On the other hand it is very pleasant to be able to record, that there are many farmers who, so far from opposing this movement, are fully aware, that it is as much for their advantage as for that of the labourers. The opposition is confined to a party, but a strong and united party.

It is this fact, that those who are opposed to the improvement of the condition of the agricultural labourer are so closely united, which makes it very doubtful whether the labourers will ever be able to help themselves to rise from their present most dependent condition to that independence which is what they really need, and so obtain for themselves improvement in those various particulars which, as above suggested, have largely contributed to their present depressed condition, except they themselves also are united. The farmers are too strong for them single-handed, and it is even doubtful whether they are not so strong as to be able successfully to resist the formation of labourers' unions. One has already—but not without great difficulty owing to the intimidation of the men by the farmers and their threats to turn them out of their houses and gardens as well as dismiss them from work—been formed in Kent, of which Maidstone is the centre, and there

[1] There is perhaps nothing in which the determination of some of the farmers to oppose this movement has been more strongly shown than in their continued absence from the vicar's tithe audit dinners. When a Devon farmer who, after having paid his tithe, might have a good dinner of roast beef and plum pudding, with two glasses of grog, at the vicar's expense, returns home dinnerless, or dines at another inn at his own cost, his opposition may be said to have reached its climax.

are already six branches. This is called the Kent Agricultural Labourers' Protection Association, but such is the tyranny and intimidation of the farmers that its continuance is doubtful.

In Lincolnshire there is an attempt at the present time being made to form a society of the same description. There can be no doubt that, though not without much difficulty, agricultural labourers' unions of a strictly protective and defensive character, might be formed with, at least in some places, very good results. Nothing can be more unfair than the sort of general crusade which has been waged against trades unions, simply because, out of the whole very large number of these most valuable institutions, a few at Sheffield, Manchester, and other places, have undoubtedly lost all claim to character by tolerating the most abominable crimes. No institution whatever could possibly escape condemnation if judged on such partial and petty principles. Any one who studies attentively and without prejudice the rules and proceedings of trades unions in general, cannot fail of coming to the conclusion that with some few deplorable exceptions they have been the means of a large amount of good. They have raised and improved the character of workmen by making them more independent. They have prevented rather than encouraged strikes. They have made employers more reasonable, and workmen more thrifty and temperate, and content to be paid in proportion to the quantity and quality of the work done. In his paper before referred to, and read last May before the Society of Arts, Mr. Bailey Denton expressed 'dismay' at the proposal of agricultural labourers' unions, and was betrayed into the fallacy of supposing that the object of unions generally is to carry out the idea 'that the labourers of one district are as good workmen as the labourers of another, and that for the services of each when applied to the same object the same money should be paid.' Mr. Reade, M.P. for Norfolk, at the same meeting avowed his conviction, that 'the main object of unions was to do the least amount of work and receive the largest amount of pay.' The chairman very quietly observed, 'that it appeared to him that Mr. Reade was not sufficiently informed about trades unions when he made that remark.'

The representative of the tenant farmers of England, as Mr. Reade at the conference in Willis's Rooms was called, and who, as we have seen above, considers boys and girls of the same age to be equally strong and competent for field work, and women's and children's work in the fields light and the hours not long, and no risk to morality involved in the way in which the work is managed, and prefers the claims of field work to those of education, is not perhaps very likely to look with a favourable eye upon anything which has a tendency to make the agricultural labourers independent, and consequently not so likely as now to fall in with his views about female labour and education. There is however no profession, whether church, law, medicine, or anything else,—there is no trade which has not its union. Even men of science have recognised the value and the power of union in the British Association.

Employers as well as employed are united. Mr. Reade no doubt is himself a member of some Chamber of Agriculture. And what are these Chambers of Agriculture but gigantic unions of landowners and tenant farmers, in which their own claims and interests, but never those of the agricultural labourer, are discussed? Why are agricultural labourers—instead of being united as in all other professions and trades both masters and servants, and as even in their own business their

own employers now are, in one stout strong well twisted coil—to be condemned to struggle for ever ineffectually as single threads, such as are easily broken and cast aside? Those who wish really well to the agricultural labourer, have no patience with the 'sentimental twaddle,' to use Mr. Reade's words at the Norfolk Chamber of Agriculture already referred to, which is talked by those who are themselves united, respecting the danger of labourers being united. Only let agricultural labourers cease to be timid and afraid, as too many now are; let them be up and stirring, and pull well together, and they will soon make themselves heard. Such unions might lead to the employment at the common expense of an agent, whose business it would be to collect and circulate information as to places for which labourers are wanted, and labourers who want places. This might lead also to the establishment of co-operative farms and co-operative village shops, both of which if well managed would be great boons to the labourer, and assist him much in his pursuit of independence. The agent above referred to, at the same time that he was collecting and circulating home information, might also inform himself of and make known the rate of wages and cost of living in the colonies and the United States, the comparative advantages of these as places for the emigration of the agricultural labourer, and the price of passage. For without doubt nothing would so surely tend to improve the position of the agricultural labourer remaining in England, as the emigration of surplus hands, while these themselves in the new country would find themselves speedily raised to a condition of independence. Nothing but want of information as to the where and the how to emigrate, and such advice and assistance as will rouse them from their depressed dependence and almost desponding condition, stands between many single and even young married men now starving on eight or nine shillings a week, and plenty and independence in countries easily reached and ready to give them a hearty welcome. In all these various ways and many others which if there were time might be mentioned, agricultural labourers' unions might be of essential practical service. Whereas nothing is more likely to retard the progress of the agricultural labourer towards independence, throw dust in people's eyes, and divert attention from practical and practicable modes of proceeding, than the mixing up with this question such wild visionary questionable schemes, as a redistribution of land and the repeal of the laws of primogeniture. It is not by upsetting the basis on which the social system of this country is built, but rather by the amendment of certain particulars in which that system has not quite kept up with the spirit of the times and the rapid rate at which all things are advancing, that the reformation above indicated will be effected. When theorists more imbued with abstract principles than with the sound results of personal experience, with intentions however friendly, whisper into the ear of the agricultural labourer, that he will never be what he ought to be till land is equally divided amongst all, he may well exclaim, 'Preserve me from my friends.' 'Self-help' is the watchword for the agricultural labourer. The words of Miles Standish must be his motto:

> That's what I always say; if you wish a thing to be well done,
> You must do it yourself, you must not leave it to others!

It has been shown, that the condition of the agricultural labourer is scarcely in any part of the country satisfactory; that in the western counties it is simply dis-

graceful. Inquiry has been made into some of the causes of this lamentable state of things, and some remedies suggested. There is no class of the population of this country which has not an interest in endeavouring to effect this improvement. The higher and middle classes generally have a great interest in the improvement of all the working classes, inasmuch as just in proportion as the base of the pyramid is sound, the summit and other portions are secure. Landowners over and above this general interest have one especial and peculiar to themselves. Since it is clear that the best hope of improvement in the cultivation of the land lies in the improvement of those who work upon it. The farmer also has the same special interest with this in addition, namely, that the more able the workman is the better in quality and the larger in amount will be the work done, and the more independent, sober, temperate, industrious and thrifty the labourer, the less will be the demand on the poor rate and union. Better wages means less poor rate: and who does not know that it is not wages but rates which weigh down the farmer? All bread-winners, whether in factories, foundries, or mines; whether employed in stone, wood, brick, or iron, must, as a matter of course, have a strong sympathy with the agricultural labourer, and do their best to help him to attain to the same independent position to which they have themselves attained. Scientific men, by the remarkable interest which was taken in the discussion of this subject at the late meeting of the British Association at Norwich, and by the appointment of a committee to make inquiry and report to the Association next year, have at once acknowledged its importance, and placed on record the noble avowal that scientific acquirements are never of greater value than when they are practically applied to the promotion of the happiness of mankind. The clergy also have a special interest in this subject, and by taking it up boldly would much increase their influence over the working classes. It is a common proverb, that 'when poverty walks in at the door, love flies out of the window.' Has not religion the same fly-away tendency? Is there any minister, whether Churchman or Dissenter, who has had real personal experience in such matters, who will not confirm the statement, that into a crevice which is blocked up by abject poverty, it is very difficult to get in even the thinnest edge of the gospel wedge? It is almost in vain to preach to bare backs and empty bellies, or to discourse of the soul to those whose every energy is consumed in an almost ineffectual attempt to keep the body alive. Whether therefore in a religious, moral, social, or scientific aspect, the question of the improvement of the agricultural labourer is of great importance, and one in which all classes of the community have more or less a great interest and responsibility. This is peculiarly true at the present time, if the question be viewed in a political aspect. Who dare define how long it will be after the meeting of the next Parliament before the franchise is bestowed upon the agricultural labourer? Who dare deny that the franchise is his right as much as it is the right of the mechanic? At the same time, what reformer however advanced, is there, who does not feel that the agricultural labourer—'the worst paid class of the community,' as Mr. Bailey Denton, in a letter to the *Daily News*, has lately described him—requires, as the same gentleman acknowledges, to be much less 'dependent' before he is worthy of a trust so liable to be forced from a man by undue influence or bought with gold?

VIKRAM AND THE VAMPIRE; OR, TALES OF INDIAN DEVILRY.

ADAPTED BY

RICHARD F. BURTON,

Vice-President, Anthropological Society, London.

THE VAMPIRE'S TENTH STORY.[1]

OF THE MARVELLOUS DELICACY OF THREE QUEENS.

THE Baital said, O king, in the Gaur country, Varddhman by name, there is a city, and one called Gunshekhar was the raja of that land. His minister was one Abhaichand, a Jain, by whose teachings the king also came into the Jain faith.

The worship of Shiva and of Vishnu, gifts of cows, gifts of lands, gifts of rice balls, gaming and spirit drinking, all these he prohibited. In the city no man could get leave to do them, and as for bones into the Ganges no man was allowed to throw them, and in these matters the minister, having taken orders from the king, caused a proclamation to be made about the city saying, 'Whoever these acts shall do, the raja having confiscated, will punish him and banish him from the city.'

Now one day the Diwan[2] began to say to the raja, 'O great king, to the decisions of the Faith be pleased to give ear. Whosoever takes the life of another, his life also in the future birth is taken: this very sin causes him again and again to be born upon earth and to die. And thus he ever continues to be born and to die. Hence for one who has found entrance into this world to cultivate religion is right and proper. Be pleased to behold! By love, by wrath, by pain, by desire, and by fascination overpowered, the gods Bramha, Vishnu, and Mahadeva (Shiva) in various ways upon the earth are ever becoming incarnate. Far better than they is the Cow, who is free from passion, enmity, drunkenness, anger, covetousness, and inordinate affection, who supports mankind, and whose progeny in many ways give ease and solace to the creatures of the world. These deities and sages (munis) believe in the Cow.[3]

[1] This story is perhaps the least interesting in the collection. I have translated it literally, in order to give an idea of the original. The reader will remark in it the source of our own nursery tale about the princess who was so high born and delicately bred, that she could discover the three peas laid beneath a straw mattress and four feather beds. The Hindus, however, believe that Sybaritism can be carried so far; I remember my pandit justifying the truth of the story.

[2] A minister. The word, as is the case with many in this collection, is quite modern Moslem, and anachronistic.

[3] The cow is called the mother of the gods, and is declared by Bramha, the first person of the triad, Vishnu and Shiva being the second and the third, to be a proper object of worship. 'If a European speak to the Hindu about eating the flesh of cows,' says an old missionary, 'they immediately raise their hands to their ears; yet milkmen, carmen, and farmers beat the cow as unmercifully as a carrier of coals beats his ass in England.'

The Jains or Jainas (from ji, to conquer; as subduing the passions) are one of the atheistical sects with whom the Brahmans have of old carried on the fiercest religious controversies, ending in many a sanguinary fight. Their tenets are consequently exaggerated and ridiculed, as in the text. They believe that there is no such God as the common notions on the subject point out, and hold that the highest act of virtue is to abstain from injuring sentient creatures. Man does not possess an immortal spirit: death is the same to Bramha and to a fly. Therefore there is no heaven or hell separate from present pleasure or pain. Hindu Epicureans! 'Epicuri de grege porci.'

'For such reason to believe in the gods is not good. Upon this earth be pleased to believe in the Cow. It is our duty to protect the life of every one, beginning from the elephant, through ants, beasts, and birds, up to man. In the world righteousness equal to that there is none. Those who eating the flesh of other creatures increase their own flesh shall in the fulness of time assuredly obtain the fruition of Narak;[1] hence for a man it is proper to attend to the conservation of life. They who understand not the pain of other creatures, and who continue to slay and to devour them, last but few days in the land and return to mundane existence, maimed, limping, one-eyed, blind, dwarfed, hunchbacked, and imperfect in such wise. Just as they consume the bodies of beasts and birds, even so they end by spoiling their own bodies. From drinking spirits also the great sin arises, hence the consuming of spirits and flesh is not advisable.'

The minister having in this manner explained to the king the sentiments of his own mind, so brought him over to the Jain faith, that whatever he said so the king did. Thus in Brahmans, in jogis, in janganis, in sevras, in sannyasis,[2] and in religious mendicants, no man believed, and according to this creed the rule was carried on.

Now one day, being in the power of Death, Raja Gunshekhar died. Then his son Dharmadhwaj sat upon the carpet (throne) and began to rule. Presently he caused the minister Abhaichand to be seized, had his head shaved all but seven locks of hair, ordered his face to be blackened, and mounting him on an ass, with drums beaten, had him led all about the city, and drove him from the kingdom. From that time he carried on his rule free from all anxiety.

It so happened that in the season of spring, the king Dharmadhwaj taking his queens with him, went for a stroll in the garden, where there was a large tank with lotuses blooming within it. The raja admiring its beauty, took off his clothes and went down to bathe.

After plucking a flower and coming to the bank, he was going to give it into the hands of one of his queens, when it slipped from his fingers, fell upon her foot, and broke it with the blow. Then the raja being alarmed, at once came out of the tank and began to apply remedies to her.

Hereupon night came on and the moon shone brightly: the falling of its rays on the body of the second queen formed blisters. And suddenly from a distance the sound of a wooden pestle came out of a householder's dwelling, when the

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[1] Narak is one of the multitudinous places of Hindu punishment, said to adjoin the residence of Ajarna. The less illuminated Jains believe in a region of torment. The illuminati, however, have a sovereign contempt for the Creator, for a future state, and for all religious ceremonies. As Hindus, however, they believe in future births of mankind, somewhat influenced by present actions. The next birth in the mouth of a Hindu, we are told, is the same as to-morrow in the mouth of a Christian. The metempsychosis is on an extensive scale: according to some, a person who loses human birth must pass through eight millions of successive incarnations, fish, insects, worms, birds, and beasts, before he can reappear as a man.

[2] Jogi, or Yogi, properly applies to followers of the Yoga or Pátanjala school, who by ascetic practices acquire power over the elements. Vulgarly, it is a general term for mountebank vagrants, worshippers of Shiva. The Janganis adore the same deity, and carry about a Linga. The Sevras are Jain beggars, who regard their chiefs as superior to the gods of other sects. The Sannyasis are mendicant followers of Shiva; they never touch metals or fire, and, in religious parlance, they take up the staff. They are opposed to the Vairagis, worshippers of Vishnu, who contend as strongly against the worshippers of gods who receive bloody offerings, as a Christian could do against idolatry.

third queen fainted away with a severe pain in the head.

Having spoken thus much the Baital said, 'O my king! of these three which is the most delicate?' The raja answered, 'She indeed is the most delicate who fainted in consequence of the headache.' The Baital hearing this speech went and hung himself from the very same tree, and the raja having gone there and taken him down and fastened him in the bundle and placed him on his shoulder, carried him away.

THE VAMPIRE'S ELEVENTH STORY.

WHICH PUZZLES RAJA VIKRAM.

There is a queer time coming, O Raja Vikram!—a queer time coming (said the Vampire), a queer time coming. Elderly people like you talk abundantly about the good old days that were, and about the degeneracy of the days that are. I wonder what you would say if you could but look forward a few hundred years.

Brahmans shall disgrace themselves by becoming soldiers, and being killed, and Serviles (Shudras) shall dishonour themselves by wearing the thread of the twice-born, and by refusing to be slaves; in fact, society shall be all 'mouth' and mixed castes.[1] The courts of justice shall be disused; the great works of peace shall no longer be undertaken; wars shall last six weeks, and their countries shall be clean forgotten; the useful arts and great sciences shall die starved; there shall be no Gems of Science; there shall be a hospital for destitute kings, those, at least, who do not lose their heads, and no Vikrama——

A severe shaking stayed for a moment the Vampire's tongue.

He presently resumed. Briefly, building tanks; feeding Brahmans; lying when one ought to lie; suicide; the burning of widows, and the burying of live children, shall become utterly unfashionable.

The consequence of this singular degeneracy, O mighty Vikram, will be that strangers shall dwell beneath the roof tree in Bharat Khanda (India), and impure barbarians shall call the land their own. They come from a wonderful country, and I am most surprised that they bear it. The sky which ought to be gold and blue is there grey, a kind of dark-white; the sun looks deadly pale, and the moon as if he were dead.[2] The sea glistens when it is not dirty green with yellowish foam, and as you approach the shore, tall ghastly cliffs, like the skeletons of giants, stand up to receive or ready to repel. During the greater part of the sun's Dakhshanayan (southern declination) the country is covered with a sort of cold white stuff which dazzles the eyes; and at such times the air is obscured with what appears to be a shower of white feathers or flocks of cotton. At other seasons there is a pale glare produced by the mist clouds which spread themselves over the lower firmament, and even the faces of the people are white. The men are white when not painted blue, the women are whiter, and the children are whitest: these indeed often have white hair.

'Truly,' exclaimed Dharma Dhwaj, 'says the proverb, "Whoso seeth the world telleth many a lie."'

At present (resumed the Vampire, not heeding the interruption), they run about naked in the woods, being merely Hindu outcastes. Pre-

[1] The Brahman, or priest, is supposed to proceed from the mouth of Bramha, the creating person of the Triad; the Khshatriyas (soldiers) from his arms; the Vaishyas (enterers into business) from his thighs; and the Shudras, 'who take refuge in the Brahmans,' from his feet. Only high caste men should assume the thread at the age of puberty.

[2] Soma, the moon, I have said, is masculine in India.

sently they will change—the wonderful white Pariahs! They will eat all food indifferently, domestic fowls, onions, hogs fed in the street, donkeys, horses, hares, and (most horrible!) the flesh of the sacred cow. They will drink what resembles colocynth gourd, mixed with water, producing a curious frothy liquid, and a fiery stuff which burns the mouth, for their milk will be mostly chalk and pulp of brains; they will ignore the sweet juices of fruits and sugar-cane, and as for the pure element they will drink it, but only as medicine. They will shave their beards instead of their heads, and stand upright when they should sit down, and squat upon a wooden frame instead of a carpet, and appear in red and black like the children of Yama.[1] They will never offer sacrifices to the manes of ancestors, leaving them after their death to fry in the hottest of places. Yet will they perpetually quarrel and fight about their faith; for their tempers are fierce, and they would burst if they could not harm one another. Even now the children, who amuse themselves with making puddings on the shore, that is to say, heaping up the sand, always end their little games with punching, which means shutting the hand and striking one another's heads, and it is soon found that the children are the fathers of the men.

These wonderful white outcastes will often be ruled by female chiefs, and it is likely that the ignoble habit of prostrating before a woman who has not the power of cutting off a single head, may account for their unusual degeneracy and uncleanness. They will consider no occupation so noble as hunting, running after a jackal; they will dance for themselves, holding on to strange women, and they will take a pride in playing upon instruments, like young music girls.

The women of course, relying upon the aid of the female chieftains, will soon emancipate themselves from the rules of modesty. They will eat with their husbands and with other men, and yawn and sit carelessly before them, showing the backs of their heads. They will impudently quote the words, 'By confinement at home, even under affectionate and observant guardians, women are not secure, but those are really safe who are guarded by their own inclinations;' as the poet sang—

Woman obeys one only word, her heart.

They will not allow their husbands to have more than one wife, and even the single wife will not be his slave when he needs her services, busying herself in the collection of wealth, in ceremonial purification, and feminine duty; in the preparation of daily food and in the superintendence of household utensils. What said Rama of Sita his wife? 'If I chanced to be angry, she bore my impatience like the patient earth without a murmur; in the hour of necessity she cherished me as a mother does her child; in the moments of repose she was a lover to me; in times of gladness she was to me as a friend.' And it is said, 'a religious wife assists her husband in his worship with a spirit as devout as his own. She gives her whole mind to make him happy; she is as faithful to him as a shadow to the body, and she esteems him whether poor or rich, good or bad, handsome or deformed. In his absence or his sickness she renounces every gratification; at his death she dies with him, and he enjoys heaven as the fruit of her virtuous deeds. Whereas if she be guilty of many wicked actions and he should die first, he must suffer much for the demerits of his wife.'

But these women will talk loud,

[1] Pluto.

and scold as the braying ass, and make the house a scene of variance, like the snake with the ichneumon, the owl with the crow, for they have no fear of losing their noses or parting with their ears. They will, O my mother! converse with strange men and take their hands; they will receive presents from them, and, worst of all, they will show their white faces openly without the least sense of shame; they will ride publicly in chariots and mount horses, whose points they pride themselves upon knowing, and eat and drink in crowded places—their husbands looking on the while and perhaps even leading them through the streets. And she will be deemed the pinnacle of the pagoda of perfection, that most excels in wit and shamelessness, and who can turn to water the livers of most men. They will dance and sing instead of minding their children, and when these grow up they will send them out of the house to shift for themselves, and care little if they never see them again.[1] But the greatest sin of all will be this: when widowed they will ever be on the look-out for a second husband, and instances will be known of women fearlessly marrying three, four, and five times.[2] You would think that all this license satisfies them. But no! The more they have the more their weak minds covet. The men have admitted them to an equality, they will aim at an absolute superiority and claim respect and homage; they will eternally raise tempests about their rights, and if any one should venture to chastise them as they deserve, they would call him a coward and run off to the judge.

The men will, I say, be as wonderful about their women as about all other matters. The sage of Bharat Khanda guards the frail sex strictly, knowing its frailty, and avoids teaching it to read and write, which it will use for a bad purpose. For women are ever subject to the god[3] with the sugarcane bow and string of bees, and arrows tipped with heating blossoms, and to him they will ever surrender mind, wealth, and body (man, dhan, tan). When, by exceeding cunning all human precautions have been made vain, the wise man bows to Fate, and he forgets, or he tries to forget, the past. Whereas this race of white Pariahs will purposely lead their women into every kind of temptation, and, when an accident occurs, they will rage at and accuse them, killing ten thousand with a word, and cause an uproar, and talk scandal and be scandalised, and go before the judge and make all the evil as public as possible. One would think they had in every way done their duty to their women!

And when all this change shall have come over them, they will feel restless and take flight, and fall like locusts upon the Aryavarta (land of India). Starving in their own country, they will find enough to eat here, and to carry away also. They will be mischievous as the saw with which ornament makers trim their shells, and cut ascending as well as descending. To cultivate their friendship will be like making a gap in the water, and their partisans will ever fare worse than their foes. They will be selfish as crows which, though they eat every kind of flesh, will not permit other birds to devour that of the crow.

In the beginning they will hire

[1] Nothing astonishes Hindus so much as the apparent want of affection between the European parent and child.

[2] A third marriage is held improper and baneful to a Hindu woman. Hence, before the nuptials they betroth the man to a tree, upon which the evil expends itself, and the tree dies.

[3] Kama, Cupid.

a shop near the mouth of mother Ganges, and they will sell lead and bullion, fine and coarse woollen cloths, and all the materials for intoxication. Then they will begin to send for soldiers beyond the sea, and to enlist warriors in Zambudwipa (India). They will from shopkeepers become soldiers: they will beat and be beaten; they will win and lose; but the power of their star and the enchantments of their Queen Kompani, a daina or witch who can draw the blood out of a man and slay him with a look, will turn everything to their good. Presently the noise of their armies shall be as the roaring of the sea; the dazzling of their arms shall blind the eyes like lightning; their battle-fields shall be as the dissolution of the world; and the slaughter-ground shall resemble a garden of plantain trees after a storm. At length they shall spread like the march of a host of ants over the land. They will swear, 'Dehar Ganga!'[1] that they hate nothing so much as being compelled to destroy an army, to take and loot a city, or to add a rich slip of territory to their rule. And yet they will go on killing and capturing and adding region to region, till the abode of snow (Himalaya) confines them to the north, the Sindhu-haddi (Indus) to the west, and elsewhere the sea. Even in this, too, they will demean themselves as lords and masters, scarcely allowing poor Samudradevta[2] to rule his own waves.

Raja Vikram was in a silent mood, otherwise he would not have allowed such ill-omened discourse to pass uninterrupted. Then the Baital, who in vain had often paused to give the royal carrier a chance of asking him a curious question, continued his recital in a dissonant and dissatisfied tone of voice.

By my feet and your head,[3] O warrior king! it will fair badly in those days for the rajahs of Hindusthan, when the red-coated men of Shaka[4] shall come amongst them. Listen to my words.

In the Vindhya Mountain there will be a city named Dharmapur, whose king will be called Mahabul. He will be a mighty warrior, well skilled in the dhanur-veda (art of war),[5] and will always lead his own armies to the field. He will duly regard all the omens, such as a storm at the beginning of the march, an earthquake, the implements of war dropping from the hands of the soldiery, screaming vultures passing over or walking near the army, the clouds and the sun's rays waxing red, thunder in a clear sky, the moon appearing small as a star, the dropping of blood from the clouds, the falling of lightning bolts, darkness filling the four quarters of the heavens, a corpse or a pan of water being carried to the right of the army, the sight of a female beggar with dishevelled hair, dressed in red and preceding the vanguard, the starting of the flesh over the left ribs of the commander-in-chief, and the weeping or turning back of the horses when urged forward.

He will encourage his men to single combats, and will carefully train them to gymnastics. Many of the wrestlers and boxers will be so strong that they will often beat all the extremities of the antagonist into his body, or break his back, or

[1] An oath, meaning, 'From such a falsehood preserve me, Ganges!'
[2] The Indian Neptune.
[3] A highly insulting form of adjuration.
[4] The British Islands, according to Wilford.
[5] Literally the science (veda) of the bow (dhanush). This weapon, as everything amongst the Hindus, had a divine origin; it was of three kinds, the common bow, the pellet or stone bow, and the crossbow or catapult.

rend him into two pieces. He will promise heaven to those who shall die in the front of battle, and he will have them taught certain dreadful expressions of abuse to be interchanged with the enemy when commencing the contest. Honours will be conferred on those who never turn their backs in an engagement, who manifest a contempt of death, who despise fatigue, as well as the most formidable enemies, who shall be found invincible in every combat, and who display a courage which increases before danger, like the glory of the sun advancing to his meridian splendour.

But King Mahabul will be attacked by the white Pariahs who, as usual, will employ against him gold, fire, and steel. With gold they will win over his best men, and persuade them openly to desert when the army is drawn out for battle. They will use the terrible 'fire weapon,'[1] large and small tubes which discharge flame and smoke, and bullets big as those hurled by the bow of Bharata.[2] And instead of using swords and shields, they will fix daggers to the end of their tubes, and thrust with them like lances.

Mahabul, distinguished by valour and military skill, will march out of his city to meet the white foe. In front will be the ensigns, bells, cows'-tails, and flags, the latter painted with the bird Garura,[3] the bull of Shiva, the Banhinia tree, the monkey-god Hanuman, the lion and the tiger, the fish, an alms-dish, and seven palm trees. Then will come the footmen armed with fire-tubes, swords and shields, spears and daggers, clubs and bludgeons. They will be followed by fighting men on horses and oxen, on camels and elephants. The musicians, the water-carriers, and lastly the stores on carriages, will bring up the rear.

The white outcastes will come forward in a long thin red thread, and vomiting fire like the Jwalamukhi.[4] King Mahabul will receive them with his troops formed in a circle; another division will be in the shape of a half-moon; a third like a cloud, whilst others shall represent a lion, a tiger, a carriage, a lily, a giant, and a bull. But as the elephants will all turn round when they feel the fire, and trample upon their own men, and as the cavalry defiling in front of the host will openly gallop away; Mahabul, being thus without resource, will enter his palanquin, and accompanied by his queen and their only daughter, will escape at night time into the forest.

The unfortunate three will be deserted by their small party, and live for a time on jungle food, fruits and roots; they will even be compelled to eat game. After some days they will come in sight of a village, which Mahabul will enter to obtain victuals. There the wild Bhils, famous for long ears, will come up, and surrounding the party, will bid the rajah throw down his arms. Thereupon Mahabul, skilful in aiming, twanging and wielding the bow on all sides, so as to keep off the bolts of the enemy, will discharge his bolts so rapidly that one will drive forward another, and none of the barbarians will be able to approach. But he will have failed to bring his quiver containing an inexhaustible store of arms, some of

[1] It is a disputed point whether the ancient Hindus did or did not know the use of gunpowder.

[2] It is said to have discharged balls, each 6,400 pounds in weight.

[3] A kind of Mercury, a god with the head and wings of a bird, who is the Vahan or vehicle of the second person of the Triad, Vishnu.

[4] The celebrated burning springs of Baku, near the Caspian, are so called. There are many other 'fire mouths.'

which, pointed with diamonds, shall have the faculty of returning again to their case after they have done their duty. The conflict will continue three hours and many of the Bhils will be slain: at length a shaft will cleave the king's skull, he will fall dead, and one of the wild men will come up and cut off his head.

When the queen and the princess shall have seen that Mahabul fell dead, they will return to the forest weeping and beating their bosoms. They will thus escape the Bhils, and after journeying on for four miles at length they will sit down wearied, and revolve many thoughts in their minds.

They are very lovely (continued the Vampire), as I see them with the eye of clear-seeing. What beautiful hair! it hangs down like the tail of the cow of Tartary, or like the thatch of a house: it is shining as oil, dark as the clouds, black as blackness itself. What charming faces! likest to water-lilies, with eyes as the stones in unripe mangos, noses resembling the beaks of parrots, teeth like pearls set in corals, ears like those of the red-throated vulture, and mouths like the water of life. What excellent forms! breasts like boxes containing essences, the unopened fruit of plantains or a couple of crabs; loins the width of a span, like the middle of the viol; legs like the trunk of an elephant, and feet like the yellow lotus.

And a fearful place is that jungle, a dense dark mass of thorny shrubs, and ropy creepers, and tall canes, and tangled brake, and gigantic gnarled trees, which groan wildly in the night wind's embrace. But a wilder horror urges the unhappy women on; they fear the polluting touches of the Bhils; once more they rise and plunge deeper into its gloomy depths.

The day dawns. The white Pariahs have done their usual work. They have cut off the hands of some, the feet and heads of others, whilst many they have crushed into shapeless masses, or scattered in pieces upon the ground. The field is strewed with corpses, the river runs red, so that the dogs and jackals swim in blood; the birds of prey sitting on the branches, drink blood from the stream, and enjoy the sickening smell of burnt flesh.

Such will be the scenes acted in the fair land of Bharat.

Perchance, two white outcastes, father and son, who with a party of men are scouring the forest and slaying everything, fall upon the path which the women have taken shortly before. Their attention is attracted by footprints leading towards a place full of tigers, leopards, bears, wolves, and wild dogs. And they are utterly confounded when, after inspection, they discover the sex of the wanderers.

'How is it,' shall say the father, 'that the footprints of mortals are seen in this part of the forest?'

The son shall reply, 'Sir, these are the marks of women's feet: a man's foot would not be so small.'

'It is passing strange,' shall rejoin the elder white Pariah, 'but thou speakest truth. Certainly such a soft and delicate foot cannot belong to any one but a woman.'

'They have only just left the track,' shall continue the son, 'and look! this is the step of a married woman. See how she treads on the inside of her sole, because of the bending of her ankles.' And the younger white outcaste shall point to the queen's footprints.

'Come, let us search the forest for them,' shall cry the father, 'what an opportunity of finding wives fortune has thrown in our hands. But no! thou art in error,' he shall continue, after examining the track pointed out by his son, 'in supposing this to be the sign of a matron. Look at the other, it is much longer; the toes have scarcely

touched the ground, whereas the marks of the heels are deep. Of a truth *this* must be the married woman.' And the elder white outcaste shall point to the footprints of the princess.

'Then,' shall reply the son, who admires the shorter foot, 'let us first seek them, and when we find them give to me her who has the short feet, and take the other to wife thyself.'

Having made this agreement they shall proceed on their way, and presently they shall find the women lying on the earth, half dead with fatigue and fear. Their legs and feet are scratched and torn by brambles, their ornaments have fallen off, and their garments are in strips. The two white outcastes find little difficulty, the first surprise over, in persuading the unhappy women to follow them home, and with great delight, conformably to their arrangement, each takes up his prize on his horse and rides back to the tents. The son takes the queen, and the father the princess.

In due time two marriages come to pass: the father, according to agreement, espouses the long foot, and the son takes to wife the short foot. And after the usual interval, the elder white outcaste who had married the daughter rejoices at the birth of a boy, and the younger white outcaste who had married the mother is gladdened by the sight of a girl.

Now then, by my feet and your head, O warrior king Vikram, answer me one question. What relationship will there be between the children of the two white Pariahs?

Vikram's brow waxed black as a charcoal-burner's, when he again heard the most irreverent oath ever proposed to mortal king. The question presently attracted his attention, and he turned over the Baital's words in his head, confusing the ties of filiality, brotherhood, and relationship and connection in general.

'Hem!' said the warrior king, at last perplexed, and remembering, in his perplexity, that he had better hold his tongue—'ahem!'

'I think your majesty spoke?' asked the Vampire in an inquisitive and insinuating tone of voice.

'Hem!' ejaculated the monarch.

The Baital held his peace for a few minutes, coughing once or twice impatiently. He suspected that the extraordinary nature of this last tale, combined with the use of the future tense, had given rise to a taciturnity so unexpected in the warrior king. He therefore asked if Vikram the Brave would not like to hear another little anecdote.

This time the king did not even say 'hem!' Having walked at an unusually rapid pace, he distinguished at a distance the fire kindled by the devotee, and he hurried towards it with an effort which left him no breath wherewith to speak, even had be been so inclined.

'Since your majesty is so completely dumbfoundered by it, perhaps this acute young prince may be able to answer my question?' insinuated the Baital, after a few minutes of anxious suspense.

But Dharma Dhwaj answered not a syllable.

Conclusion.

At Raja Vikram's silence the Baital was greatly surprised, and he praised the royal courage and resolution to the skies. Still he did not give up the contest at once.

'Allow me, great king,' pursued the Demon, in a dry tone of voice, 'to wish you joy. After so many failures you have at length succeeded in repressing your loquacity. I will not stop to inquire whether it was humility and self-restraint which prevented your answering my last question, or whether it was mere

ignorance and inability. Of course I suspect the latter, but to say the truth your condescension in at last taking a Vampire's advice, flatters me so much, that I will not look too narrowly into cause or motive.'

Raja Vikram winced, but maintained a stubborn silence, squeezing his lips lest they should open involuntarily.

'Now, however, your majesty has mortified, we will suppose, a somewhat exacting vanity, I also will in my turn forego the pleasure which I had anticipated in seeing you a corpse and in entering your royal body for a short time, just to know how queer it must feel to be a king. And what is more, I will now perform my original promise, and thou shalt derive from me a benefit which none but myself can bestow. First, however, allow me to ask you, will you let me have a little more air?'

Dharma Dhwaj pulled his father's sleeve, but this time Raja Vikram required no reminder: wild horses or the executioner's saw, beginning at the shoulder, would not have drawn a word from him now. Observing his obstinate silence, the Baital, with an ominous smile, continued:

'Now give ear, O warrior king, to what I am about to tell thee, and bear in mind the giant's saying, "A man is justified in killing one who has a design to kill him." The young merchant Mal Deo, who placed such magnificent presents at your royal feet, and Shanta Shil the devotee-saint, who works his spells, incantations, and magical rites in a cemetery on the banks of the Godaveri river, are, as thou knowest, one person,—the terrible Jogi, whose wrath your father aroused in his folly, and whose revenge your blood alone can satisfy. With regard to myself, the oilman's son, the same Jogi, fearing lest I might interfere with his projects of universal dominion, slew me by the power of his penance and has kept me suspended, a trap for you, head downwards from the siras tree.

'That Jogi it was, you now know, who sent you to fetch me back to him on your back. And when you cast me at his feet he will return thanks to you and praise your valour, perseverance and resolution to the skies. I warn you to beware. He will lead you to the shrine of Durga, and when he has finished his adoration he will say to you, "O great king, salute my deity with the eight-limbed reverence."'

Here the Vampire whispered for a time and in a low tone, lest some listening goblin might carry his words if spoken out loud to the ears of the devotee Shanta Shil. At the end of the monologue a rustling sound was heard. It proceeded from the Baital, who was disengaging himself from the dead body in the bundle, and the burden became sensibly lighter upon the monarch's back.

The departing Baital, however, did not forget to bid farewell to the warrior king and his son. He complimented the former for the last time, in his own way, upon the royal humility and the prodigious self-mortification which he had displayed —qualities, he remarked, which never failed to ensure the proprietor's success in all the worlds.

Raja Vikram stepped out joyfully, and soon reached the burning-ground. There he found the Jogi, dressed in his usual habit, a deer-skin thrown over his back, and twisted reeds instead of a garment hanging round his loins. The hair had fallen from his limbs and his skin was bleached a ghastly white by exposure to the elements. A fire seemed to proceed from his mouth, and the matted locks dropping from his head to the ground were changed to the colour of gold or saffron by the rays of the sun. He had the beard of a goat and the ornaments of a king; his shoulders

were high and his arms long, reaching to his knees: his nails grew to such a length as to curl round the ends of his fingers, and his feet resembled those of a tiger. He was drumming upon a skull, and incessantly exclaiming, 'Ho, Kali! ho, Durga! ho, Devi!'

As before, strange beings were holding their carnival in the Jogi's presence. Monstrous asuras, giant goblins, stood grimly gazing upon the scene with fixed eyes and motionless features. Rakshasas and messengers of Yama, fierce and hideous, assumed at pleasure the shapes of foul and ferocious beasts. Nagas and Bhutas, partly human and partly bestial, disported themselves in throngs about the upper air, and were dimly seen in the faint light of the dawn. Mighty daityas, bramha-daityas, and pretas, the size of a man's thumb, or dried up like leaves, and pisachas of terrible power guarded the place. There were enormous goats, vivified by the spirits of those who had slain Brahmans; things with the bodies of men and the faces of horses, camels, and monkeys; hideous worms containing the souls of those priests who had drunk spirituous liquors; men with one leg and one ear, and mischievous blood-sucking demons, who in life had stolen church property. There were vultures, men that had violated the beds of their spiritual fathers, restless ghosts that had loved low-caste women, shades for whom funeral rites had not been performed, and who could not cross the dread Vaitarani stream,[1] and vital souls fresh from the horrors of Tamisra, or utter darkness, and the Usipatra Vana, or the sword-leaved forest. Pale spirits, Alayas, Gumas, Baitals, and Yakshas,[2] beings of a base and vulgar order, glided over the ground, amongst corpses and skeletons animated by female fiends, Dakinies, Yoginis, Hakinis, and Shankinis, which were dancing in frightful revelry. The air was filled with supernatural sights and sounds, cries of owls and jackals, cats and crows, dogs, asses, and vultures, high above which rose the clashing of the bones with which the Jogi sat drumming upon the skull before him, and tending a huge cauldron of oil whose smoke was blue fire. But as he raised his long lank arm, silver-white with ashes, the demons fled, and a momentary silence succeeded to their uproar. The tigers ceased to roar and the elephants to scream; the bears raised their snouts from their foul banquets, and the wolves dropped from their jaws the remnants of human flesh. And as they disappeared, the hooting of the owl, the ghastly 'ha! ha!' of the curlew, and the howling of the jackal died away in the far distance, leaving a silence still more oppressive.

As Raja Vikram entered the burning-ground, the hollow sounds of solitude alone met his ear. Sadly wailed the wet autumnal blast. The tall gaunt trees groaned aloud, and bowed and trembled like slaves bending before their masters. Huge purple clouds and patches and lines of glaring white mist coursed furiously across the black expanse of firmament, discharging threads and chains and lozenges and balls of white and blue, purple and pink lightning, followed by the deafening crash and roll of thunder, the dreadful roaring of the mighty wind, and the torrents of plashing rain. At times was heard in the distance the dull gurgling of the swollen river, interrupted by explosions, as slips of earth-bank fell headlong into the stream. But

[1] The Hindu Styx.

[2] From Yaksha, to eat; as Rakshasas are from Raksha, to preserve. See Hardy's *Manual of Buddhism*, p. 57.

once more the Jogi raised his arm and all was still: nature lay breathless, as if awaiting the effect of his tremendous spells.

The warrior king drew near the terrible man, unstrung his bundle from his back, untwisted the portion which he had held, threw open the cloth, and exposed to Shanta Shil's glittering eyes the corpse, which had now recovered its proper form—that of a young child. Seeing it, the devotee was highly pleased, and thanked Vikram the Brave, extolling his courage and daring above any monarch that had yet lived. After which he repeated certain charms facing towards the south, awakened the dead body, and placed it in a sitting position. He then in its presence sacrificed to his deity the White[1] all that he had ready by his side—betel leaf and flowers, sandal wood and unbroken rice, fruits, perfumes, and the flesh of man untouched by steel. Lastly, he half filled his skull with burning embers, blew upon them till they shot forth tongues of crimson light, serving as a lamp, and motioning the raja and his son to follow him, led the way to a little fane of the Destroying Deity, erected in a dark clump of wood, outside and close to the burning-ground.

They passed through the quadrangular outer court of the temple, whose piazza was hung with deep shade.[2] In silence they circumambulated the small central shrine, and whenever Shanta Shil directed, Raja Vikram entered the sabha, or vestibule, and struck three times upon the gong, which gave forth a loud and warning sound.

They then passed over the threshold, and looked into the gloomy inner depths. There stood Smashana-Kali,[3] the goddess, in her most horrid form. She was a naked and very black woman, with half-severed head, partly cut and partly painted, resting on her shoulder; and her tongue lolled out from her wide yawning mouth;[4] her eyes were red like those of a drunkard; and her eyebrows were of the same colour: her thick coarse hair hung like a mantle to her heels. She was robed in an elephant's hide, dried and withered, confined at the waist with a belt composed of the hands of the giants whom she had slain in war: two dead bodies formed her earrings, and her necklace was of bleached skulls. Her four arms supported a scimitar, a noose, a trident, and a ponderous mace. She stood with one leg on the breast of her husband, Shiva, and she rested the other on his thigh. Before the idol lay the utensils of worship, namely, dishes for the offerings, lamps, jugs, incense, copper cups, conchs and gongs; and all of them smelt of blood.

As Raja Vikram and his son stood gazing upon the hideous spectacle, the devotee stooped down to place his skull-lamp upon the ground, and drew from out his ochre-coloured cloth a sharp sword which he hid behind his back.

'Prosperity to thine and thy son's

[1] Shiva is always painted white, no one knows why. His wife Gauri has also a European complexion. Hence it is generally said that the sect popularly called 'Thugs,' who were worshippers of these murderous gods, spared Englishmen, the latter being supposed to have some *rapport* with their deities.

[2] The Hindu shrine is mostly a small building, with two inner compartments, the vestibule and the Garbagriha, or adytum, in which stands the image.

[3] Meaning Kali of the cemetery (Smashana); another form of Durga.

[4] Not being able to find victims, this pleasant deity, to satisfy her thirst for the curious juice, cut her own throat that the blood might spout up into her mouth. She once found herself dancing on her husband, and was so shocked that in surprise she put out her tongue to a great length, and remained motionless. She is often represented in this form.

for ever and ever, O mighty Vikram!' exclaimed Shanta Shil, after he had muttered a prayer before the image. 'Verily thou hast right royally redeemed thy pledge, and by the virtue of thy presence all my wishes shall presently be accomplished. Behold! the Sun is about to drive his car over the eastern hills, and our task now ends. Do thou reverence before this my deity, worshipping the earth through thy nose, and so prostrating thyself that thy eight limbs may touch the ground.[1] Thus shall thy glory and splendour be great; the Eight Powers[2] and the Nine Treasures shall be thine, and prosperity shall ever remain under thy roof-tree.'

Raja Vikram, hearing these words, recalled suddenly to mind all that the Vampire had whispered to him. He brought his joined hands open up to his forehead, caused his two thumbs to touch his brow several times, and replied with the greatest humility,

'O pious person! I am a king ignorant of the way to do such obeisance. Thou art a spiritual preceptor: be pleased to teach me and I will do even as thou desirest.'

Then the Jogi, being a cunning man, fell into his own net. As he bent him down to salute the goddess, Vikram drawing his sword struck him upon the neck so violent a blow, that his head rolled from his body upon the ground. At the same moment Dharma Dhwaj, seizing his father's arm, pulled him out of the way in time to escape being crushed by the image, which with the sound of thunder fell upon the floor of the temple.

A small thin voice in the upper air was heard to cry, 'A man is justified in killing one who has the desire to kill him.' Then glad shouts of triumph and victory were heard in all directions. They proceeded from the celestial choristers, the heavenly dancers, the mistresses of the gods, and the nymphs of Indra's Paradise, who left their beds of gold and precious stones, their seats glorious as the meridian sun, their canals of crystal water, their perfumed groves, and their gardens where the wind ever blows in softest breezes, to applaud the valour and good fortune of the warrior king.

At last the brilliant god, Indra himself, with the thousand eyes, rising from the shade of the Parigat tree, the fragrance of whose flowers fills the heavens, appeared *in his* car drawn by yellow steeds and cleaving the thick vapours which surround the earth—whilst his attendants sounded the heavenly drums and rained a shower of blossoms and perfumes—bade the king Vikramajit the Brave ask a boon.

The raja joined his hands and respectfully replied, 'O mighty ruler of the lower firmament, let this my history become famous throughout the world!'

'It is well,' rejoined the god; 'as long as the sun and moon endure, and the sky looks down upon the ground, so long shall this thy adventure be remembered over all the earth. Meanwhile rule thou mankind.'

Thus saying Indra retired to the delicious Amrawati.[3] Vikram took up the corpses and threw them into

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[1] This ashtanga, the most ceremonious of the five forms of Hindu salutation, consists of prostrating and of making the eight parts of the body—namely, the temples, nose and chin, knees and hands—touch the ground.

[2] 'Sidhis,' the personified Powers of Nature. At least, so we explain them; but people do not worship abstract powers.

[3] The residence of Indra, king of heaven, built by Wishwa-Karma, the architect of the gods.

the cauldron which Shanta Shil had been tending. At once two heroes started into life, and Vikram said to them, 'When I call you, come!'

With these mysterious words the king, followed by his son, returned to the palace unmolested. As the Vampire had predicted, everything was prosperous to him, and he presently obtained the remarkable titles, Sakaro, or foe of the Sakas, and Sakadhipati-Vikramaditya.

And when, after a long and happy life spent in bringing the world under the shadow of one umbrella, and in ruling it free from care, the warrior king Vikram entered the gloomy realms of Yama, from whom for mortals there is no escape, he left behind him a name that endured amongst men like the odour of the flower whose memory remains long after its form has mingled with the dust.[1]

[1] In other words, to the present day, whenever a Hindu novelist, romancer, or tale writer seeks a peg upon which to suspend the texture of his story, he invariably pitches upon the glorious, pious, and immortal memory of that Eastern King Arthur, Vikramaditya, shortly called Vikram.

THE GREAT NEBULA IN ARGO.

By R. A. Proctor, B.A. F.R.A.S.,
Author of 'Saturn and its System,' &c. &c.

IN the southern heavens there is a region of the sky in which stars of all magnitudes are strewn more richly than in any other portion of the celestial sphere. This region extends from the feet of the Centaur over the Southern Cross, and along the jewelled hull of the ship Argo, merging into the splendid band of stars belonging to the constellations Canis Major, Orion, and Taurus. Across the southern part of this region the Milky Way shines with a lustre so far exceeding that which it has along its northern semicircle, as to suggest the impression of greater proximity. The whole region is so splendid that it strikingly impresses those who are accustomed to the comparative uniformity of our own nocturnal skies. Travellers in the southern hemisphere fully confirm the extraordinary statement made by the late Captain Jacob (a careful astronomer and observer), 'that the general blaze from this portion of the sky is such as to render a person immediately aware of its having risen above the horizon, though he should not be at the time looking at the heavens, by the increase of general illumination of the atmosphere, resembling the effect of the young moon.'

But this region of the skies is remarkable on other accounts.

The Milky Way, which is commonly described as a zone of cloudy light, circling the whole heavens, is in reality discontinuous. Across its brightest portion—that which traverses the brilliant region we are considering—there is a dark rift, not only free altogether from milky light, but unilluminated by a single lucid star. Where the rift is narrowest its width is about equal to ten times the apparent diameter of the moon, the length of the rift being four or five times as great. On either side of the gap there extend two fan-shaped expansions of the Milky Way, the wider end of each being turned towards the gap, so that, in fact, the rift extends across one of the widest portions of the Galaxy.

The southernmost of these two fan-shaped expansions springs from a remarkably narrow, brilliant, and sharply defined portion of the Milky Way, on the other side of which the Milky Way again expands, enclosing within the widest part of this new expansion the singular pear-shaped vacancy called the Coal-sack. Close to this vacancy are situated the four bright stars which compose the Southern Cross.

Midway between the two last-named expansions, and not very far from the narrow neck which connects them, is situated the singular object which I now propose briefly to describe, and respecting which two remarkable communications have lately been addressed from southern observers to our astronomers in the north.

But before describing the nebula itself, we must say a few words respecting a very singular star which marks the place of the object. This is the star called Eta Argûs, and the nebula itself is commonly known among astronomers—not by the name which heads this paper, but as 'the nebula surrounding Eta Argûs.' It will be seen presently that a description of the star is not out of place in this paper, though a year or two ago he would have been considered a bold theoriser who should have suggested the possi-

bility that any connection existed between the nebula and the stars around which it seems to cling.

The star Eta Argûs is by far the most singular variable in the whole heavens. In our northern skies we have some remarkable variables. There is the star Mira, or Wonderful, in the Whale, which shines out for about a fortnight as a star of the second magnitude, decreases during three months until it is invisible, and reappearing after five months, gradually resumes its original splendour. There is also the star Algol, or the Demon,[1] usually of the second magnitude, but at regular intervals of about three days, shining for twenty minutes or so as a fourth-magnitude star. But Eta Argûs exhibits far more remarkable changes than those presented by the Demon-star and the star Wonderful. Marked in the old catalogue of Halley as a fourth-magnitude star, and in Lacaille's as of the second magnitude, at the present time it is scarcely visible to the naked eye. Yet in 1843 it was shining with twice the splendour of the most brilliant of our northern stars, and even rivalled Sirius itself in brilliancy. No simple law has been recognised in the variations of this star. It does not pass by a regular gradation from its most brilliant to its dimmest phase, and *vice versâ*. For instance, in 1838 it was shining as brilliantly as the southern star Canopus, whose lustre exceeds somewhat more than two-fold that of the most brilliant of our northern stars. From that time it began to diminish in splendour until it scarcely exceeded Aldebaran. This process did not long continue, however, nor did the star ever descend below the first magnitude at this epoch, but again increasing soon began to rival even Sirius in splendour.

While Sir John Herschel was at the Cape prosecuting that long and laborious survey of the southern heavens by which he brought to completion the labours begun by his father half a century before, he directed a large share of attention to the remarkable nebula in which the star Eta Argûs appeared involved. The instrument he made use of was a reflecting telescope having a mirror eighteen inches in diameter. It was with a similar instrument that his father had surveyed the northern heavens, and Sir John rightly conceived that it was important to complete the survey of the celestial sphere without any change of optical power. Otherwise it would, perhaps, have been more satisfactory if he had availed himself of the superior defining qualities of refracting telescopes, and especially of such instruments as have been supplied from the leading English and foreign opticians during the past half-century. But although Herschel's mirror may suffer somewhat in comparison with such instruments as these, or with the carefully executed reflecting telescopes now finding their way into general use, it far exceeded in power any instrument that up to this time had been directed to the survey of the southern heavens. Moreover, the great skill and remarkable observing powers of the astronomer who made use of it, leave us no room to question the accuracy of the recorded results.

We have made these preliminary remarks, because the news which has been received respecting the nebula in Argo is so remarkable as to render it very necessary that the evidence, both as to the past and as to the present state of the nebula, should be carefully examined.

Herschel describes and figures the nebula as a diffuse mass of cloudy light, extending over a space about

[1] May we not infer from this name that the Arabian astronomers anticipated Goodricke in the discovery of this strange variable?

six times as large as the apparent surface of the moon. The light is chequered by branches and cloudy streaks, presenting scarcely any indications of law in their conformation and distribution. In the middle of the brightest part of the nebulous light, there is a dark vacancy of a singular and somewhat regular figure, resembling that of a *key-hole*. Around this aperture the light of the nebula is not uniform. The star Eta Argûs lies exactly at the brightest part of the condensed light surrounding the vacancy. Distributed over the nebula are thousands of stars belonging to the Milky Way. Sir J. Herschel counted no less than twelve hundred stars projected upon a small portion of the nebula. He did not consider that the cloudy matter was really intermixed—as it seemed to be—with these stars. On the contrary, he held, that in looking at the nebula, we see 'through and far out beyond the Milky Way.'

Two circumstances connected with Herschel's observations on the nebula remain to be noticed. In the first place, he remarked that the nebula could not be distinguished by the naked eye, even on the darkest night. In the second place, he saw no reason to suspect that any changes of place were taking place among the fixed stars which are strewn over the nebulous background. As he actually marked in the places of no less than twelve hundred stars, it is unlikely that any changes of this sort—and especially any considerable changes—should have escaped his notice.

But now news have reached us from a reliable source that the nebula has been undergoing a remarkable series of changes during the past few years. The observer from whom the news has come is Mr. Abbott of Hobart Town, who has been for many years in the habit of sending valuable and interesting communications to the Astronomical Society respecting objects in the southern heavens. The instrument he has made use of is a five-feet equatorial by Dallmeyer (a first-rate optician); and though the powers of so small a telescope are scarcely comparable with those of Sir J. Herschel's great reflector, yet the fact that a series of observations made with the same instrument (and therefore fairly comparable *inter se*) give evidence of the occurrence of changes fully as remarkable as those exhibited when a comparison is instituted between Abbott's and Herschel's observations, seems to render it permissible to conclude that the nebula is really variable to a very remarkable extent.

In the first place, a great increase has taken place in the brightness of the nebula. Instead of being invisible on the darkest night to the naked eye, it can now be clearly distinguished in twilight so strong as to obliterate all stars below the third magnitude. 'On a clear fine night,' says Mr. Abbott, 'the object gives out fully as much light as that of the Greater Magellanic Cloud, and about three times as much light as the Less, irrespective of size. In twilight it appears as soon as a star of the second or third magnitude, the light being white and more diffuse, very like a small white woolly cloud on a blue sky, seen in sunlight.'

This change is sufficiently remarkable, but the changes which have taken place in the figure of the nebula are still more startling. Mr. Abbott supplies two pictures, one representing the appearance of the nebula as seen in 1863, the other (less complete) drawn on February 13, 1868. Neither of these pictures resembles Sir J. Herschel's drawing in the slightest degree, nor do the two pictures in any way resemble each other! And Mr. Abbott remarks that a series of drawings taken at comparatively short intervals of time would afford even stronger evidence of the mutability

of the nebula's whole structure. As Sir John Herschel remarks—commenting on Abbott's drawings—'The question is not one of minute variations of subordinate features, which may or may not be attributable to differences of optical power in the instruments used by different observers, as in the case of the Orion nebula, but of a total change of form and character—a complete subversion of all the greatest and most striking features—accompanied with an amount of relative movement between the star and the nebula, and of the brighter portions of the latter *inter se*, which reminds us more of the capricious changes of form and place in a cloud drifted by the wind, than of anything heretofore witnessed in the sidereal heavens.'

Not only has the nebulous matter thus drifted about, but the stars strewn over the nebula would seem also to have undergone a change of place. On this point our information is not quite clear, because it is not certain that the stars which appear in Mr. Abbott's drawings have really been copied from the view given by his telescope. He may have satisfied himself by indicating the conformation of the nebulous masses, and have merely *sprinkled* a number of stars over his drawing at random. Some time will elapse before we can hear again from him, and in the meantime we must not assume too positively that the stars seen by Sir J. Herschel have flitted from their places. But it seems very unlikely that an astronomer, in making a communication of such importance, would have contented himself by leaving unnoted the configuration of the fixed stars which are dotted over the nebula. Herschel himself clearly supposes that Abbott's drawing is meant to indicate the true arrangement of the stars. He has been at great pains to try all possible means of reconciling his own splendid drawing of the nebula, so far as the distribution of the stars is concerned, with Mr. Abbott's pictures. Carefully reducing his drawing to the scale of the latter, he has marked in all the principal stars on tracing paper. Then bringing the star Eta Argûs in his drawing to coincidence with the same star in Mr. Abbott's, he has turned the tracing paper completely round—first, when laid *face upwards*, and then *face downwards*. (This was done in order to prevent the possibility of misconception having arisen through some optical inversion, or through an inversion of the drawings in printing.) Yet he was unable to find a situation of the tracing paper in which 'any tolerable coincidence of the stars' in the two drawings could be noticed.

The full significance of the strange variations exhibited by the nebula will be better appreciated when the probable magnitude of the object is considered. The nearest of the fixed stars has been shown to be upwards of four hundred thousand times farther from us than the sun, whose distance is about ninety millions of miles. Now, the star Eta Argûs is probably very much farther off than this, since it does not present the usual evidence of proximity—a large *proper motion*; but, on the contrary, holds an almost fixed position in the celestial vault. The nebula has been always supposed to lie far out in space beyond the star Eta Argûs. Now, indeed, that nebula and star have been shown to be singularly variable—each in its own way—the probability is suggested that the two objects are connected. Certainly, the nebula may be looked upon as lying at least as far from us as the stars which appear strewn over it. Assuming, then, that the nebula is no farther from us than the nearest of the fixed stars (a highly improbable supposition), it will yet appear that the apparent

breadth of the nebula requires us to assign to it a real breadth exceeding nearly eight thousand times the sun's distance from the earth. Assigning a roughly globular figure to the nebula's mass, we obtain for it a surface of about fifty millions of millions of millions of square miles, and a volume of about seven thousand million times as many solid miles! It is within a space at least as enormous as this that changes have been taking place so rapidly and fitfully as to suggest the comparison of the vast nebula to 'a light cloud drifted about by the winds.'

But by a strange coincidence, the same month which brought us this singular intelligence respecting the great nebula, brought equally interesting news from another quarter.

Lieut. Herschel, Sir John's son, had been sent out at the head of a party of scientific men to view the great eclipse of August 18. The party had been provided with spectroscopic apparatus, and it was suggested by an eminent physicist that Lieut. Herschel might at once find useful employment for this apparatus, and acquire practice in its use, by observing the spectra of southern stars and nebulæ. This has accordingly been done, and among the objects observed is the very nebula whose capricious changes have been recorded above. The result of the observation is very interesting. Before proceeding to describe them, let me remind the reader that the spectroscope has the power of revealing in many instances the substance and nature of an object which is a source of light. If such an object presents the ordinary rainbow-coloured spectrum, we know that the object consists of incandescent matter, either solid or fluid. If the spectrum is crossed by dark lines, we know that the light, before reaching us, has passed through certain vapours whose nature may be determined from the position and arrangement of the dark lines. But if the spectrum consists, not of a rainbow-coloured streak crossed by dark lines, but of a few bright lines, we know that the source of light is luminous gas or vapour.

The spectrum of the great nebula in Argo is of the last named species: so that we learn that this strange object, whose motions have suggested a comparison to vapours blown about by the wind, does really consist of luminous gas. But how enormous the dimensions of those flocculent light-mists which form the milky background on which so many thousands of stars are seen projected! By what strange sympathy are these stars associated with the nebula, that as it varies in figure they vary in their distribution? And how shall we account for the waxing and waning light of the nebula, and the accordance which these changes exhibit with the waning and waxing light of the star Eta Argûs? Lastly, what are the forces under whose influence the enormous masses of vapour which constitute the nebula are wafted to and fro, like clouds before a shifting wind?

Certainly, astronomers have seldom had so strange a problem presented to them as is furnished by the peculiarities of the great nebula in Argo. We seem compelled to give up many of the views formerly entertained respecting sidereal space. Instead of a multitude of stars distributed, with varying density, throughout space, we have to conceive of a variety of strange forms of matter: luminous vapours surrounding stellar systems, stars which interchange their light with the nebulous matter surrounding them, flocculent masses subject to strange motions as if in obedience to the gusts of great cosmical windstorms; and all this on a scale in

comparison with which the dimensions of the solar system sink into absolute insignificance.

It is also interesting to notice that the peculiarities of the Argo nebula have a meaning in connection with many of our northern nebulæ. Numbers of these have been shown to be in reality mere masses of luminous gas. The great nebula in Orion,[1] for instance, and the celebrated Dumb-bell nebula, are gaseous. If it should appear, therefore, that the great nebulous masses in Argo are really aggregated around the fixed stars which are seen in the same field of view, then we shall have an argument from analogy for the supposition that the fixed stars seen in other gaseous nebulæ are really associated with the nebulous masses amidst which they seem to be involved. For example, we may learn to account in this way for the fact that the strange dark gap within the Orion nebula—the *jaw* of the monstrous head to which the nebula has been compared by astronomers—lies exactly within the space enclosed by four lucid stars.

We trust that southern observers, armed with suitable instruments, will soon set to work upon the Argo nebula, and by a rigid comparison of several hundreds of stars with those marked down by Sir John Herschel in his splendid map of the nebula, will enable astronomers to form a decided opinion respecting the changes of place which these stars may be undergoing. All who are interested in the progress of astronomy must agree with Sir John Herschel in the opinion that 'there is no phenomenon in nebulous or sidereal astronomy that has yet turned up presenting anything like the interest of this, or calculated to raise so many and such momentous points for inquiry and speculation.' He adds that the questions raised by Mr. Abbott's communication '*must* be settled.' Certainly, if it shall appear that the changes going on within this vast nebula correspond in extent and importance to those which are indicated by the comparison of Mr. Abbott's drawings with Sir John Herschel's picture of the nebula, it will result that the Argo nebula is very different in character from any object which has yet been observed upon the celestial sphere. In the Orion nebula changes have, indeed, been suspected; but they are of so very doubtful a character that it has not been found possible as yet to pronounce certainly whether they are not merely apparent—due, for instance, to changes in the circumstances under which the nebula has been observed at different times, or to the increased defining power of the telescopes which have been made use of during the past half-century. With such minute or doubtful variations, we cannot for a moment compare the sweeping changes which would seem to have passed over the nebula in Argo. There is only one phenomenon, perhaps, which is fairly comparable with the variations of this object. We refer to the circumstance that nebulæ have been known to disappear altogether from the face of the heavens. If we accepted the view which has been held by so many eminent astronomers, that the nebulæ are in reality galaxies of suns removed to so enormous a distance from the earth as to appear as faint cloud-like specks of light, it would be indeed startling to find that in a few brief months such a universe should have been either extinguished altogether, or swept away so far beyond its original position as to be no longer visible to our astronomers. But now that new views are being accepted re-

[1] See *Fraser's Magazine* for February 1868: 'The Great Nebula in Orion.'

specting the structure and conformation of the nebulæ—now that we are compelled to admit the gaseity of many of these objects—we need no longer consider the extinction of a nebula as a phenomenon of such astounding significance as we had supposed it to be; for the faintness of many of these objects may be due rather to a real want of illumination than to excessive distance. But this reasoning will not apply to the Argo nebula, since we have every reason for supposing that this object is connected with the star around which it appears to cling, and therefore that its dimensions really are as enormous as we have seen that this connection implies them to be. We have, in fact, no choice but to conclude that changes of the utmost importance are going on throughout regions whose extent it is utterly beyond the powers of the human mind to conceive. This conclusion involves the expenditure of an amount of force or 'working power' which probably exceeds many hundred-fold the aggregate of all the forms of force now in action within the bounds of the solar system. We can only form vague speculations as to the meaning and object of all this cosmical vitality. That it is not meaningless or objectless, we may, however, feel fully certain. For aught we know, a region of space may be here being swept and garnished, under the action of physical forces incomprehensible to us (at present, at any rate), in order to become, at some future time, the seat of a system as orderly and beautiful as our own solar system, and far more extensive.

PRISON LABOUR.

By R. Arthur Arnold,
Late Government Inspector of Public Works.

IN writing upon this subject I have a double object in view,—to effect a reduction from the heavy cost of prisons, and to make the period of sentence more useful to prisoners. But, before I state and explain the plan by which, in my opinion, this may be accomplished, it is advisable to consider the capabilities of the persons whose liberty and labour has by misconduct become forfeited to the State for periods of differing length, and also to regard the existing system of employment in prisons.

Generally speaking, convicts do not belong to the manual labour class, a fact which suggests the wholesome moral influence of work. They are drawn for the most part from that lowest stratum of society, whose profession is crime, and from that 'floating' section of the population whose physical infirmities, whose errant tastes, or whose neglected education, have left them without settled occupation, and who, for want of a better, employ their wits, often very considerable, in preying upon society. From these two classes—if I may so distinguish them—come the great majority of the criminals whose custody at present involves a very heavy charge upon the working members of the community.

A reference to the number of reconvictions, and to the educational registries of convicts during the past year, will confirm the general accuracy of this definition. In the Government Convict Prisons, where only those are removed who are sentenced to lengthened terms of penal servitude, out of 1,808 convicts—excluding those condemned for treason-felony—there were 464 males and 125 females, together 589 persons, who had previously received similar condemnation. With reference to Chatham Prison, the Chaplain reports:—'Of the 758 prisoners received here during the year, 189 are noted as having been before sentenced to penal servitude once, twice, and in two instances, three times. Thirty of them had been inmates of some reformatory, and 370 had been summarily convicted for minor offences ranging from once to 28 times.' These facts show how large a number of the convicts belong to the criminal class—to that portion of the population which is unacquainted with honest labour and is lowest in the order of society.

On the other hand, prison statistics will show that a large number of the convicts belong to a class possessed of much more education. In Millbank Prison, out of 950 convicts confined there during the year 1867, not less than 557 could read 'tolerably' and 'well'; all 'with profit to themselves'; while out of the 393 who were 'practically unable to read,' only 47 could be described as 'entirely ignorant.' Upon reception, 503 of these prisoners could write a letter, and only 142 were 'entirely ignorant' of writing; while in arithmetic considerably more than half understood 'simple addition,' and nearly half comprehended the 'simple rules' of the science. In Portland Prison, another very large establishment, out of 661 prisoners received, 266 were 'sufficiently educated to be exempted from school,' and only 20 'could neither read nor write.' From Portsmouth Convict Prison, also a Government establishment, the Chaplain reports that, 'of the 588 prisoners received in 1867, 460

were found able to read and write tolerably, 80 imperfectly, and 46 not at all.'

As to the physical condition of convicts, this is generally much improved during imprisonment; but what I wish to press upon this point is that improvement is always proportioned to the suitableness of their employment, and to the encouragement which is given them to exert themselves in their compulsory labour. The figures which I shall quote in support of this will abundantly prove that convicts live under better sanitary conditions than the average of the population, and will show that their mode of life under punishment is by no means prejudicial to health or ability for work.

In Pentonville Prison, where 1,007 prisoners were admitted during 1867, there was no death in the course of the year. In Portland Prison, where the daily average number of convicts throughout the year was 1,434, there were eleven deaths, three of that number being caused by 'fatal accident upon the public works.' Other large prisons show a similarly low death-rate. It may be said that this test is not fair, because the sick and unhealthy convicts are sent to Woking Prison Hospital. But when we find that during the last seven years the average number of invalids at Woking has been 799, and the deaths 35 annually, we have conclusive proof that convicts are not an unhealthy class, and that their treatment is not detrimental to existence. This hospital death-rate is only 43 per thousand, which is not nearly equal to twice the ordinary death-rate of Manchester or Liverpool, and is less than two thirds of the mortality which at one time, regularly and unchecked by sanitary reform, was permitted to diminish the ranks of the Anglo-Indian army.

For such a body of men, generally healthy and not destitute of education, it would seem easy to provide remunerative employment, so that their cost to the country should be much reduced, and if possible, turned to an advantage. But so great are the difficulties attending endeavours to make compulsory labour of unskilled men profitable, that this latter possibility has scarcely ever been regarded by those charged with the care of criminals but as extravagant and unattainable. That it is practically so in most of the existing prisons I have no doubt, because, for the most part, the prisoners received are without skill in any kind of labour. In a recent communication addressed to me on the subject of prison labour, the Governor of Portland Prison wrote: 'Only a few mechanics are now received into this prison;' and throughout all the gaols of the kingdom, the 'hard labour' undertaken is of the least remunerative character, and is frequently what may be called 'idle labour,' by which I mean entirely unproductive labour, a waste of strength exerted upon compulsion and with no object but the punishment of the labourer.

In or near to every assize town, and in two or three towns of several counties, there are prisons, and all of these establishments are managed upon the same system, the average cost of the prisoners varying very much according to the number in each gaol. In Abingdon Prison, the average annual cost of each inmate is 55*l.* 12*s.* 3*d.*, while in Swansea Prison, this charge is only 21*l.* 19*s.* The average annual cost of each prisoner in the borough and county gaols may be fairly assessed at the medium between these two amounts, which are taken after the deduction of any profit derived from the prisoners' labour. In Abingdon Prison, the total net profit so obtained during the year was 5*l.* 6*s.* 5*d.*; in Poole Gaol the

labour of all the prisoners only produced a net profit amounting to *1l.* 5*s.* during the twelve months; and in Cold Bath Fields Prison, where there were 1,585 prisoners 'employed at profitable labour,' the net profit on their work for the year 1867 was considerably less than *1l.* per head!

It seems to be a matter of great difficulty to invent prison labour, for in all the English prisons the labour adopted is of a similar and, in my opinion, equally improper character. The treadmill—which it is high time should be broken up, one specimen only being retained for the British Museum—is still in general use and, indeed, in growing favour. At Cold Bath Fields there is a treadmill constructed to employ 342 convicts, the power being usually devoted to grinding wheat. This is the biggest 'mill' in the kingdom, and there are comparatively few of which the power is so usefully bestowed. The most recent reports from the governors of county and borough gaols show that a majority of the treadmills at work have no other use than providing hard labour.

But prisoners may be ignorant whether the power of their tread is or is not producing flour or lifting water; degrading and unsuitable as the work is, there appears to be at least a fiction of useful labour about the treadmill which does not exist in the employment of 'shot drill,' with one exception the most wanton waste of human labour that ever entered the mind of a gaoler. Many of the prison yards are 'arranged for shot drill,' and 'shot drill about to be introduced' occurs in many of the reports from the minor prisons. Thus hard labour is to be accomplished by making the convicts roll and carry round shot about a yard, the prisoners knowing all the while that their labour is wasted.

But even the shot drill does not appear to me so wicked an invention as the 'hard labour machines,' of which there are ten in use at the Bedford County Prison, and hundreds throughout the kingdom. Can anything be more demoralising, more devilish, than such a waste of power? Of the inhabitants of gaols, most are there because they neglected to labour and wished to eat and drink without making payment in work. With such men, the obvious duty of the State is to teach them the honour and the worthiness of labour; the only justification for holding such men to hard labour, is to give them habits of industry, to enforce work, and by the compulsion to create a habit. If it be not this — if work be made hateful and degrading to the man who has wronged the commonwealth by neglecting to labour—how can good results be looked for from our prison system? Is not the State most false to its duty when it thus degrades labour in the eyes of prisoners? Suppose a man of the working class imprisoned and compelled to abuse the strength which has provided his family with food and clothing and many comforts—suppose such a one set to work a hard labour machine—would not this be moral prostitution of the most shameful character?

Or suppose him, with insult to the trained skill of his fingers, employed upon that very common prison labour, picking oakum, at which a man, beginning with bleeding finger-ends and broken nails, may earn *3s. 6d.* in a calendar month, during which time he will have picked about a hundredweight; such a man is degraded in his own estimation far more than by his crime or his condemnation. His education, bad as it may have been, has however not left him ignorant of the value of good work: in prison he is taught that his skill cannot be better employed than in working a hard

labour machine or in picking oakum. He is daily trained to idleness by this bad prison system, because without some encouragement to labour no man will fully exert his strength. And when he leaves the gaol it is more than probable that his skill in his own trade is nearly lost, and that the only career which seems open is one that will quickly return him to the treadmill and the oakum.

I well know the difficulty of providing suitable labour for unskilled men, and am quite willing to admit that it is hardly possible to abolish such degrading work while the prisoners are dispersed in so many small prisons. A part of the reform I intend to propose would be the disuse of these prisons for any persons undergoing punishment, and the concentration in every circuit of all the prisoners at one large establishment. Under the worst system, the cost of supervision is reduced by aggregation. This may be seen from the reports of two of the county prisons I have previously mentioned. In Abingdon Prison, where the average number in confinement is 10, the annual cost of each prisoner is more than 55*l.*, and in Swansea Prison, where the average number in custody is 116, the annual cost of each prisoner does not amount to 22*l.* The average cost to the counties of the thousands of persons who are confined in the local gaols and prisons exceeds for each prisoner the wages of an agricultural labourer, and, outside the prison, would be held to be sufficient for the maintenance of a man with his wife and family of young children!

Prisoners sentenced to penal servitude are sent to the convict depôts at Millbank and Pentonville, to be drafted off from thence to the Government establishments at Chatham, Portland, Portsmouth, or elsewhere, there to be employed upon public works; and the results of their labour in these great establishments are most satisfactory and encouraging. But men do not like compulsory work, especially when they do not receive the value of their labour. Even in these large prisons it was found impossible to get the convicts to exert their full strength without hope of reward, and lately a system of marks has been introduced by means of which the convicts earn gratuities, paid to them on their discharge, and much valued privileges within the prison. Under the same system, they are permitted by persevering labour to work off some portion of their sentences; so that, without the payment of wages, they are encouraged by rewards bearing but a very small proprotion to the value of their labour, to exert themselves and lessen or entirely recompense the cost of their maintenance.

Of this mark-system, Mr. Clifton, the Governor of Portland Prison, says, 'The majority of officers and prisoners understand it; the former exercise discretion in awarding the marks, and the latter appreciate their value and strive by willing industry and good conduct to earn daily the maximum number in order to reap the advantages of being promoted from the lower to the higher classes at the minimum periods, and thus be placed in possession of the additional privileges and gratuities belonging thereto.'

The most signal result of this mark-system is the balance sheet of Chatham Prison for the year 1867, where, for the first time in prison history, the inmates have more than earned their food and paid the heavy cost of their clothing and supervision. The estimated expenditure of Chatham Convict Prison for the year ending March 31, 1868, was 35,315*l.* 18*s.*, of which no less than 13,382*l.* 13*s.* 3*d.* was for salaries and wages of officers, clerks, and servants. The value of the prisoners' labour, of whom there

was a daily average of 990 engaged upon the works, was 40,898*l.* 7*s.* 0½*d.*, which is 5,582*l.* 8*s.* 11½*d.* in excess of the total expenditure. At Portland Prison, under the same system of labour, the result is almost equally encouraging. A daily average of 1,213 men performed work valued at 40,601*l.* 13*s.* 2*d.*, the total expenditure in reference to the prison for the year being 45,724*l.* 7*s.* 8*d.*

It does not lessen the value of these facts, nor their importance as showing what may be done with prison labour, that all this work was devoted to the construction of fortresses and the enlargement of naval and military arsenals. At Chatham, during the season, more than 17,000,000 bricks were made by the convicts, and at Portland, the work generally consisted of quarrying and dressing stone for Portsmouth and Chatham dockyards. The value of the convicts' labour was taken upon schedules approved by the Admiralty and the War Department at prices which appear to my experience fair and customary.

This mark-system is a reform in the right direction which aims at keeping hope alive in the prisoner's breast, and using that hope as the means to secure his improvement and maintenance while he is in the custody of the State. The convict from whose mind hope is excluded is beyond the reach of reform; therefore, I think this mark-system should be extended even to those under life sentence, allowing some remission of penal servitude. It has been suggested to me by a thoughtful and charitable lady, that a life sentence should be held to imply servitude only for the natural expectation of life according to authorised government tables, and I think the suggestion is well worthy of consideration as a humane endeavour to avoid the defeat of hope. It is interesting to observe how the improving moral sense of the public has practically abolished life sentences. In 1833, no less than 783 persons were sentenced to transportation for life; in 1867, there were only three persons out of a greatly increased population who received sentences of penal servitude for that indefinite period. With the year 1867, transportation has ceased after a usage of eighty years. Since 1787, the English Government have shipped to Australia and Tasmania 124,201 convicts, an outlet for our criminals henceforth and for ever closed. During the past year, 451 convicts formed the conclusion of a deportation which has nearly amounted to 5,000 a year.

There is one great moral advantage in being forced to retain our 'black sheep' at home, and that is in the compulsion it puts upon us to adopt a reforming system with criminals. According to the Directors of Convict Prisons, there are 24,107 male, and 3,752 female convicts 'at large' in our society at the present time, and regarding the subject in the light of self-preservation only, it must be of vast importance to the community in what frame of mind, and with what fitness for employment, this army of criminals is poured from our gaols.

A great many estimable people are fearful of what they call 'maudlin sentimentality' in regard to the treatment of prisoners. In advocating the extension of the mark-system and the organisation of suitable labour for all prisoners, I do not think there is any reason to fear that liberty will become less attractive by comparison with compulsory servitude. Even under the mark-system, hard work is not loved by all. Last year, in Portland Prison, R. J. No. 5,719, obtained a knife while he was in hospital and divided the *tendo achilles* of both legs, in order that he might be long kept to bed with lameness. The poor wretch succeeded in his object, and has pro-

bably lamed himself for life. Think of the horror of work this man must have had, and of his cruel resolution! Touch the thick cord-like muscle above your heel, and think what would induce you to sever, not one only, but both, before you denounce the mark-system as making the position of convicts too advantageous!

The Surgeon of Woking Invalid Prison reports concerning another prisoner whose conduct also denotes that public works, even under the mark-system, are not made too agreeable. This convict, with the same object, 'nearly lost his leg by producing sores around the knee-joint, and keeping up a great degree of swelling and inflammation by means of rag and thread pushed into the wounds; that being discovered, he afterwards tried *lime*, and *again* a bandage was found firmly bound round the thigh, producing extensive swelling and lividity of the leg. A large piece of gutta percha made to envelop the limb having failed to check his tampering, it was exposed outside the bedclothes day and night to the view of the officer, and soon improved.'

Humane as the English system is compared with that which I have seen in Spain and other countries, where crowds of prisoners, without employment, are huddled together with little better accommodation than would be afforded to so many sheep, there will be no danger in advancing yet more in the direction of reforming prisoners by teaching them the habit and the value of useful labour. My experience with men has taught me that there is nothing the incorrigibly bad dislike more than a wholesome reformatory system. If a man can be brought in prison to perform useful labour by the promise of receiving a twentieth part of its value in money upon the expiration of his sentence, he will certainly count the weeks of his confinement with an impatience to be earning its full value, which would never have moved within him under the system of crank and treadmill labour.

If liberty had no other meaning to a convict than a pipe of tobacco when he pleased, it would have all-powerful attraction for the great majority of prisoners. The Chaplain of Millbank Prison reports that during 1867 he received no less than 109 applications from prisoners who expressed a wish to change the religion which had been registered as their creed; of these, 93 were from prisoners who on entry had been booked as Roman Catholics, and who desired to be registered as Protestants. The reverend gentleman does not ascribe these sudden and wholesale conversions to the effect of his ministrations, but to a defeated desire on the part of these prisoners to be sent to Portsmouth Prison, where, according to convict traditions, there is most probability of getting tobacco, the dockyard labour affording great facilities for obtaining the forbidden luxury from the free *employés*. It has been usual to send Roman Catholic convicts to Portsmouth, and the Chaplain of Millbank believes that prisoners frequently profess Roman Catholicism in the hope of getting sent there, and then revert to their original Protestantism when they find the design unsuccessful.

To further the progress of such a reform of prison labour as has been inaugurated at Chatham and Portland, I would propose that the smaller gaols should be used only as places of detention and not of punishment, the prisoners undergoing sentence being concentrated in large establishments where all would be employed in productive labour, the skilled hands in their own trade, and the unskilled subjected to training by a permanent

staff of labour instructors. No labour should be allowed which did not admit of being valued according to printed schedules of prices. The Governor of Portland Prison, writing to me on the subject, says, 'that all work performed by the convicts is done under the immediate supervision of six instructing warders, one belonging to each trade,' and such a system of employment would certainly attain the double object with which I commenced:—'to effect a reduction from the heavy cost of prisons and to make the period of sentence more useful to prisoners.'

In circuit gaols, each with capacity for a thousand prisoners, it would be easy to establish and maintain an organised system of labour. Whatever work could be executed for the Government with a view of reducing the cost of military, naval or other establishments, should be first taken in hand. During the summer months, gangs of convicts might be sent with tents to the shores or estuaries, where harbour and river works could be beneficially undertaken.

The Governors of the Convict Prisons report that few convicts are without at least a little knowledge of some trade or work, but even if they are quite destitute of such skill they can be profitably employed, and a month's training will make them skilful. In superintending the administration of the Cotton Famine Public Works Act, I had large experience of unskilled labour. No employment could be more strange and uncongenial to prisoners than the trench-work of sewering was to the voluntary hands of the cotton operatives of Lancashire. Yet, after one month's training, more than 4,000 of such men earned good wages upon the public works, and handled their implements with such an appearance of practice, that many of them were quite the equals of the skilled men, while their health and strength were greatly improved by the change of labour.

The directors of such large prisons might engage in the production of any commodities which would be most profitable. But it would be necessary they should abandon the notion that they are restricted to the basest forms of labour. I would almost go so far as to prohibit such employment as stone-breaking, oakum-picking and mat-making, which degrade most prisoners and render prison life of no use to the remainder. It is far better that a man should be engaged in abortive efforts to make a pair of shoes, than in picking oakum, an employment which might be retained as a punishment for misconduct in prison.

In the work of prisoners and the sale of their manufactures it should especially be remembered that the authorities are not encompassed by the difficulties which beset the employment of the poor by Boards of Guardians. Prisoners have forfeited their claims to wages, such as would be given to working men outside the walls, and if goods of prison manufacture are sold for a third of their cost in labour, valued at the outside rate of wages, the community profits by the reduction of prison expenses and industry is not deranged; because, if proper severity of treatment is maintained within the prison, the manufacture and sale will not attract free labour.

If Boards of Guardians undertook to pay wages and to manufacture salable commodities, confusion would soon follow, because in their certain failure to manufacture at a profit, they must supplement the wages with relief from the rates. They must also, to prevent starvation, grant a minimum rate of relief alike for the idle and industrious, and by a process easily understood the earnings would exhibit a tendency to decline towards this

amount, while the aggregate sum of the supplement would be always increasing, the ratepayers being taxed in order to produce ill-made goods with the labour of persons encouraged to remain a burden upon them, until by the bankruptcy of the union the economic error was at length discovered.

Such disabilities, I repeat, do not apply to prison labour; and to employment upon the most useful and productive labour of which he is capable, every prisoner should be sentenced, this rule being accepted and made universal,—that the effect of the labour upon the prisoner is to be regarded, which cannot be good when he is deliberately taught the waste of power upon a useless treadmill or a hard labour machine, or when he is set to such work as can be better performed by steam or horses.

'CRIMINALS, IDIOTS, WOMEN, AND MINORS.'

By Frances Power Cobbe.

THERE was an allegory rather popular about thirty years ago, whose manifest purpose was to impress on the juvenile mind that tendency which Mr. Matthew Arnold has ingeniously designated 'Hebraism.' The hero of the tale descends upon earth from some distant planet, and is conducted by a mundane cicerone through one of our great cities, where he beholds the docks and arsenals, the streets and marts, the galleries of art, and the palaces of royalty. The visitor admires everything till he happens to pass a grave-yard. 'What is that gloomy spot?' he asks of his companion.

'It is a cemetery,' replies the guide.

'A—what did you say?' inquires the son of the star.

'A grave-yard; a place of public interment; where we bury our dead,' reiterates the cicerone.

The visitor, pale with awe and terror, learns at last that there is in this world such a thing as *Death*, and (as he is forbidden to return to his own planet) he resolves to dedicate every moment left to him to prepare himself for that fearful event and all that may follow it.

Had that visitor heard for the first time upon his arrival on earth of another incident of human existence—namely, *Marriage*, it may be surmised that his astonishment and awe would also have been considerable. To his eager inquiry whether men and women earnestly strove to prepare themselves for so momentous an occurrence, he would have received the puzzling reply that women frequently devoted themselves with perfectly Hebraistic singleness of aim to that special purpose; but that men, on the contrary, very rarely included any preparation for the married state among the items of their widest Hellenistic culture. But this anomaly would be trifling compared to others which would be revealed to him. 'Ah,' we can hear him say to his guide as they pass into a village church. 'What a pretty sight is this! What is happening to that sweet young woman in white who is giving her hand to the good-looking fellow beside her, all the company decked in holiday attire, and the joy-bells shaking the old tower overhead? She is receiving some great honour, is she not? The Prize of Virtue, perhaps?'

'Oh, yes,' would reply the friend; 'an honour certainly. She is being Married.' After a little further explanation the visitor would pursue his inquiry:

'Of course, having entered this honourable state of matrimony, she has some privileges above the women who are not chosen by anybody? I notice her husband has just said, "With all my worldly goods I thee endow." Does that mean that she will henceforth have the control of his money altogether, or only that he takes her into partnership?

'*Pas précisément*, my dear sir. By our law it is *her* goods and earnings, present and future, which belong to him from this moment.'

'You don't say so? But then, of course, his goods are hers also?'

'Oh dear, no! not at all. He is only bound to find her food; and truth to tell, not very strictly or efficaciously bound to do that.'

'How! do I understand you? Is it possible that here in the most solemn religious act, which I perceive your prayer book calls "The Solemnisation of Holy Matrimony," every husband makes a generous promise, which promise is not only

a mockery, but the actual reverse and parody of the real state of the case: the man who promises giving nothing, and the woman who is silent giving all?'

'Well, yes; I suppose that is something like it, as to the letter of the law. But then, of course, practically——'

'Practically, I suppose few men can really be so unmanly and selfish as the law warrants them in being. Yet some, I fear, may avail themselves of such authority. May I ask another question? As you subject women who enter the marriage state to such very severe penalties as this, what worse have you in store for women who lead a dissolute life, to the moral injury of the community?'

'Oh, the law takes nothing from them. Whatever they earn or inherit is their own. They are able, also, to sue the fathers of their children for their maintenance, which a wife, of course, is not allowed to do on behalf of *her* little ones, because she and her husband are one in the eye of the law.'

'One question still further—your criminals? Do they always forfeit their entire property on conviction?'

'Only for the most heinous crimes; felony and murder, for example.'

'Pardon me; I must seem to you so stupid! Why is the property of the woman who commits Murder, and the property of the woman who commits Matrimony, dealt with alike by your law?'

Leaving our little allegory and in sober seriousness, we must all admit that the just and expedient treatment of women by men is one of the most obscure problems, alike of equity and of policy. Nor of women only, but of all classes and races of human beings whose condition is temporarily or permanently one of comparative weakness and dependence. In past ages, the case was simple enough. No question of right or duty disturbed the conscience of Oriental or Spartan, of Roman or Norman, in dealing with his wife, his Helot, his slave, or his serf. 'Le droit du plus fort' was unassailed in theory and undisturbed in practice. But we, in our day, are perplexed and well nigh overwhelmed with the difficulties presented to us. What ought the Americans to do with their Negroes? What ought we to do with our Hindoos? What ought all civilised people to do with their women? It is all very easy to go on driving down the 'high *à priori*' road of equal rights for all human beings, but as it is quite clear that children and idiots cannot be entrusted with full civil and political rights, the question always resolves itself into the further one, *Where* shall we draw the line? *When* has a human being fairly passed out of the stage of pupilage and attained his majority?

At the head of this paper I have placed the four categories under which persons are now excluded from many civil, and all political rights in England. They were complacently quoted this year by the *Times* as every way fit and proper exceptions; but yet it has appeared to not a few, that the place assigned to Women among them is hardly any longer suitable. To a woman herself who is aware that she has never committed a Crime; who fondly believes that she is not an Idiot; and who is alas! only too sure she is no longer a Minor, there naturally appears some incongruity in placing her, for such important purposes, in an association wherein otherwise she would scarcely be likely to find herself. But in all seriousness, the question presses, Ought Englishwomen of full age, at the present state of affairs, to be considered as having legally attained majority? or ought they permanently to be considered, for all civil and

political purposes, as minors? This, we venture to think, is the real point at issue between the friends and opponents of 'women's rights,' and it would save, perhaps, not a little angry feeling and aimless discussion, were we to keep it well in view and not allow ourselves to be drawn off into collateral debates about equality and abstract rights. Let us admit (if it be desired) that the pupilage in which women have been hitherto kept has been often inevitable, and sometimes salutary. The question is, should it be prolonged indefinitely?

In the present paper we shall attempt to consider the most striking instance wherein the existing principle presses upon women, and where its injustice appears most distinctly,—namely, in the regulation of the Property of Married Women under the Common Law. We shall endeavour to do this with all possible fairness and equanimity. The acrimony which too often creeps into arguments on this subject is every way needless and mischievous. Of course it is not pleasant to women to be told they are 'physically, morally, and intellectually inferior' to their companions. The humblest individual is neither more contented, nor (we believe) much the better for being reminded of congenital defects which he can never hope to overcome; and for a proud and gifted woman to be told that she is in every possible respect inferior to the footman who stands behind her chair, can hardly be thought pleasing intelligence. Nevertheless, women are foolish to be angry with the man who in plain words tells them straightforwardly that in his opinion such is the case. After all he pays them a better compliment than the fop who professes to adore them as so many wingless angels, and privately values them as so many dolls. In any case all such discussion is beside our present aim. We shall endeavour, in these pages, neither to talk with one party, as if all instinct and feeling were the creatures of law, and could be altered by 'An Act to Revise the Constitution of Human Nature;' nor with another, as if the particular sentiment of our age and country about 'woman's sphere' were the only possible standard of legislation for all time. If, as Pope said, 'the world were inhabited by Men, Women, and Herveys,' we should endeavour to write like a Hervey, to do justice to both the other parties!

Mr. G. Shaw Lefevre has this summer carried through two readings in Parliament, and obtained a favourable report upon, 'A Bill to Amend the Law with respect to the Property of Married Women.' Let us briefly state what is the existing law which it is proposed to amend; what may be urged in its behalf; and what may be said against it.

By the common law of England a married woman has not legal existence, so far as property is concerned, independently of her husband. The husband and wife are assumed to be one person, and that person is the husband. The wife can make no contract, and can neither sue nor be sued. Whatever she possess of personal property at the time of her marriage, or whatever she may afterwards earn or inherit, belongs to her husband, without control on her part. If she possess real estate, so long as her husband lives he receives and spends the income derived from it, being only forbidden to sell it without her consent. From none of her property is he bound to reserve anything, or make any provision for her maintenance or that of her children. This is the law for all, but practically it affects only two classes of women, viz. those who marry hurriedly or without proper advisers, and those whose property at the time of marriage is too small to permit of the expense of a settle-

ment; in other words, the whole middle and lower ranks of women, and a certain portion of the upper ranks. Women of the richer class, with proper advisers, never come under the provisions of the Common Law, being carefully protected therefrom by an intricate system elaborated for the purpose by the courts of Equity, to which the victims of the Common Law have for years applied for redress. That system always involves considerable legal expenses, and an arrangement with trustees which is often extremely inconvenient and injurious to the interests of the married couple; nevertheless it is understood to be so great a boon that none who can afford to avail themselves of it, fail to do so.

What then is the principle on which the Common Law mulcts the poorer class of women of their property and earnings, and entails on the rich, if they wish to evade it, the costs and embarrassment of a marriage settlement? There is, of course, a principle in it, and one capable of clear statement. There are grounds for the law; first of Justice, then of Expediency, lastly (and as we believe) most influential of all, of Sentiment. Let us briefly describe them as best we can.

First, the grounds of Justice.

Man is the natural bread-winner. Woman lives by the bread which man has earned. Ergo, it is fit and right that the man who wins should have absolute disposal, not only of his winnings, but of every other small morsel or fraction of earnings or property she may possess. It is a fair return to him for his labour in the joint interests of both. He supports her, pays any debts she has incurred before or after marriage, and provides for the children which are hers as well as his. For all this, it is but just he should receive whatever she has to give. The woman's case is that of a pauper who enters a workhouse. The ratepayers are bound to support him; but if he have any savings they must be given up to the board. He cannot both claim support and keep independent property.

Then for Expediency. 'How can two walk together except they be agreed?' says the Bible. 'How can they walk together except one of them have it all his own way?' says the voice of rough and ready practicality. Somebody must rule in a household, or everything will go to rack and ruin; and disputes will be endless. If somebody is to rule it can only be the husband, who is wiser, stronger, knows more of the world, and in any case has not the slightest intention of yielding his natural predominance. But to give a man such rule he must be allowed to keep the purse. Nothing but the power of the purse—in *default* of the stick—can *permanently* and thoroughly secure *authority*. Besides, for the good of the whole family, for the children and the wife herself, it is far more expedient that all the resources of the family should be directed by a single hand, and that hand the one that can best transact business of all kinds. Equally then, as a matter of justice to the husband, and of expediency for the interests of the family at large, the law of England has decreed, as aforesaid, that all a woman's present and prospective property becomes on marriage the property of her husband.

But where women are concerned, English law ceases to be a dry system, regardful only of abstract justice and policy. Themis, when she presides at the domestic hearth, doffs her wig, and allows herself to be swayed by poetical, not to say romantic, considerations. We are rarely allowed in debating it to examine accurately the theory of conjugal justice. We are called upon rather to contemplate the beautiful ideal of absolute union of heart, life, and purse which the

law has provided for, and which alone it deigns to recognise. If it so happen that happy married couples do not want the law to provide for them, and that the troubles of unhappy ones are greatly aggravated by the law *not* providing for them, it is an inconvenience to be regretted; but it is counterbalanced to the minds of all sensible persons by the great public benefit of the existing system. That the legislative judgment of England should hold up before the world a perfect picture of what it understands that married life *ought* to be, is of much more consequence than that it should try to mend cases which must be bad at the best.

Now let us admit heartily that there is much sense in these arguments of justice and expediency, and much beauty in this ideal of absolute union of interests. In what may fairly be taken as typical marriages, where the man labours all day in the field or the office, and the woman provides for the household at home, the woman *has* no earnings independently of her husband, and what she has earned or inherited before marriage is employed for some purpose common to the family. There is no injustice here. When we remember the thousands of husbands and fathers who thus labour all their lives long for their wives and children—so commonly that it is only the exceptional selfishness we notice, never the rule of manly unselfishness—it may appear the plainest justice, that he on whom all depends (the 'houseband' as our ancestors well called him) should have all the power as well as the toil. True that men have other motives for work beside the love of their families; they have interest in their pursuits, ambition, and pride. Many a bachelor, with none to come after him to inherit his store, labours as sedulously to increase it as the most devoted of parents. But with how many hundreds and thousands is it otherwise! How many men long and pine to cast down the spade or the pen, to leave the bleak field for the fireside, the gloomy shop or office for the streets and the hills; and *could* do so in a moment and live in comfort with a quarter of their present toil, were it not for the thought of the wife who is sitting at home rocking the cradle, or the young daughters who are asking for all the luxuries and fripperies of fashion! We have heard a boy remark, that when he grew up he would never marry, because he noticed that when men married their wives enjoyed everything, and they had only to work harder than before. There was a good deal of truth in the remark—as doubtless the *Saturday Review* would readily corroborate. In the large sense and the common run of life, men are wonderfully unselfish towards women; and the general feeling of society has actually constituted it a rule that they should be expected to be so. Is it not, then, plainly just that he who plants the vineyard should eat—or at least have the distribution—of *all* the fruit thereof?

Then, again, for Expediency. How ignorant are most women in money concerns! How little they understand the commonest transactions, and how liable they are to be cheated, when they flatter themselves they do understand them! In the lower classes, as a general rule, women are more stupid than men; the feminine brain, such as it is, less well bearing rough usage, and the education of girls being inferior to that of boys. For the benefit of both husband, wife, and children, is it not every way expedient to make the wiser of the two keep the common purse?

Lastly, for the sentimental view. How painful is the notion of a wife holding back her money from him who is every day toiling for her

support! How fair is the ideal picture of absolute concession on her part of all she possesses of this world's dross to the man to whom she gives her heart and life! How magnificent in its unreserve is Portia's endowment of Bassanio, as quoted by Mr. Lefevre:

> Myself and what is mine, to you and yours
> Is now converted. But now I was the lord
> Of this fair mansion, master of my servants,
> Queen o'er myself; and even now, but now,
> This house, these servants, and this same myself
> Are yours, my lord!

And in the humbler ranks, how sweet is the corresponding idyllic picture! The young man and maiden, after years of affection, and careful laying by of provision for the event, take each other at last, to be henceforth no more twain, but one flesh. Both have saved a little money, but it all now belongs to the husband alone. He lays it out in the purchase of the cottage where they are henceforth to dwell. Day by day he goes forth to his labour, and weekly he brings home his earnings, and places them in his wife's lap, bidding her spend them as she knows best for the supply of their homely board, their clothing which her deft fingers will make and many a time repair, and at last for their common treasures, the little children who gather around them. Thus they grow old in unbroken peace and love, the man's will having never once been disputed, the wife yielding alike from choice and from necessity to his superior sense and his legal authority.

Surely this ideal of life, for which the Common Law of England has done its utmost to provide, is well worth the pondering before we attempt to meddle with any of its safeguards? Who will suggest anything better in its room?

Alas, there are other scenes besides idylls of domestic peace and obedience promoted by the law we are considering. We must look on the dark side as well as on the bright, before we determine that its preponderating influence is beneficial. But of these we shall speak hereafter. Before doing so we must traverse once more, and a little more carefully, the ground we have gone over. Is the Justice, is the Expediency, is the Sentiment of the Common Law all that appears at first sight?

What, in the first place, of the Justice of giving all a woman's property to her husband? The argument is, that the wife gets an ample *quid pro quo*. *Does* she get it under the existing law? That is the simple question.

In the first place, many husbands are unable, from fault or from misfortune, to maintain their wives. Of this the law takes no note, proceeding on reasoning which may be reduced to the syllogism:

A man who supports his wife ought to have all her property;

Most men support their wives;

Therefore, all men ought to have all the property of their wives.

Let us suppose the managers of a public institution to engage with a contractor, to pay him 1,000*l.* on the nail for the supply of the institution with provisions for a year. At the end of a month the contractor has spent the 1,000*l.* on his own devices and is bankrupt. The institution starves accordingly. What, in such case, do we think of the managers who gave the 1,000*l.* without security for the fulfilment of the contract, and what do we think of the contractor? But are not hundreds of husbands in the position of the contractor, yet rather pitied than blamed by public opinion? And is not the law in such cases precisely in the position of the reckless managers? When all that a woman possesses in the present and future is handed

over unreservedly by the law to her husband, is there the smallest attempt at obtaining security that he on his part *can* fulfil that obligation which is always paraded as the equivalent, namely, the obligation to support her for the rest of her life? Nay, he is not so much as asked to promise he will reserve any portion of her money for such purpose, or reminded of his supposed obligation. If he spend 10,000*l.* of her fortune in a week in paying his own debts, and incapacitate himself for ever from supporting her and her children, the law has not one word to say against him.

But waiving the point of the *inability* of many husbands to fulfil their side of the understood engagement, one thing, at all events, it must behove the law to do. Having enforced her part on the woman, it is bound to enforce his part on the man, *to the utmost of his ability*. The legal act by which a man puts his hand in his wife's pocket, or draws her money out of the savings' bank, is perfectly clear, easy, inexpensive. The corresponding process by which the wife can obtain food and clothing from her husband when he neglects to provide it—what may it be? Where is it described? How is it rendered safe and easy to every poor woman who may chance to need its protection? When we are assured that men are always so careful of the interests of the women for whom they legislate, that it is quite needless for women to seek political freedom to protect themselves, we might be inclined to take it for granted that here, if anywhere, here where the very life and subsistence of women are concerned, the legislation of their good friends and protectors in their behalf would have been as stringent and as clear as words could make it. We should expect to find the very easiest and simplest mode of redress laid open to every hapless creature thus reduced to want by him to whom the law itself has given all she has ever earned or inherited. Nay, seeing the hesitation wherewith any wife would prosecute the husband with whom she still tries to live, and the exceeding cowardice and baseness of the act of maltreating so helpless a dependant, it might not have been too much had the law exercised as much severity in such a case as if the offender had voluntarily starved his ass or his sheep, and the Society for the Prevention of Cruelty to Animals were his prosecutors.

But this is the imaginary, what is the actual fact? Simply that the woman's remedy for her husband's neglect to provide her with food, has been practically found unattainable. The law which has robbed her so straightforwardly, has somehow forgotten altogether to secure for her the supposed compensation. Since 1857, if the husband altogether forsake his home for years together, the wife may obtain from the magistrate a protection order, and prevent him from seizing her property. But, if he come back just often enough to keep within the technical period fixed as desertion, and take from her everything she may have earned, or which charitable people may have given her, then there is absolutely no resource for her at all. The Guardians of her Union, if she ask to be admitted into the workhouse, may, if they please, receive her and prosecute her husband at the petty sessions for putting the parish to the expense of supporting his wife. But the guardians are not obliged to admit her, and the trouble and cost of prosecution is an argument which frequently weighs with them against doing so. Then, as if to add insult to injury, when the poor wretch, driven from the shelter of the workhouse, and perhaps on the point of bearing a child to the wretch who

is starving her, goes to the magistrate to implore protection,—what answer does she receive? She is told that he cannot hear her complaint; that she cannot sue her husband, as he and she are one in the eye of the law.[1]

Again, the Common Law fails to secure justice to the wife, not only during her husband's life, but after his death. The following story was published many years ago in the *Westminster Review* as having then recently occurred. We cannot vouch otherwise for its veracity, and must quote from memory, but if it be only taken as a hypothetical case, what a lesson does it convey! A gentleman of landed estate in the north of England became involved in debt and finally ruined and reduced to actual want. His wife, a lady of ability and spirit, finding him incapable of any effort for their joint support, opened a little shop for millinery in the county town. Her old friends gave her their custom, and her taste and industry made it a thriving business. For many years she maintained her husband and herself, till at last having realised a little competency, and grown old and feeble, she sold her shop and retired to spend, as she hoped, in peace with her husband the remaining years of her life. After a short time, however, the husband died, duly nursed and tended to the last by his wife. When he was dead he was found to have left a will by which he bequeathed every shilling of his wife's earnings to a mistress he had secretly maintained. Either the wife had originally married without a settlement, or her settlements had not contemplated so singular a fact as her earning a fortune. The husband's will therefore was perfectly valid, *and was executed.*

So much for the Justice of the Common Law. What now shall we say to its Expediency? The matter seems to lie thus. Men are generally more wise in worldly matters; more generally able and intelligent, and their wives habitually look up to them with even *ridiculously* exaggerated confidence and admiration. Such being the case, it would naturally happen, were there no law in the case, that the husband should manage all the larger business of the family. The law then *when the husband is really wise and good* is a dead letter. But for the opposite cases, exceptions though they be, yet alas! too numerous, where the husband is a fool, a gambler, a drunkard, and

[1] A horrible instance in point occurred near Gainsborough, in Lincolnshire. The evidence given on the inquest was published in the *Lincolnshire Chronicle*, July 5, 1863.

The parish surgeon wrote thus to the clergyman of the parish, who was also a magistrate:—

'Dear Sir,—I have to-day seen Mrs. Seymour. I found her in a wretchedly weak state. She is nursing a baby, which office she is not able to perform effectually from her exhausted condition. Her husband, she says, does not allow her the necessaries of life, which he, in his position, could find if he liked. Without some means be taken to provide her with good diet, &c., or to make her husband do so, she must die of starvation at no very distant period. If you could, in your official capacity, help the poor creature, you would confer a great blessing on the poor woman, and oblige yours faithfully,

'J. C. Smallman.'

The clergyman found, however, that he had no power as a magistrate to take cognisance of the case, unless the guardians would give the wife relief, and prosecute the husband; and this they declined to do. In vain did the poor half-starved wretch appear before them, and pray to be admitted into the workhouse. She was refused admission on the ground that her husband earned good wages; and so she went home, and after lingering awhile, probably fed now and then by her neighbours, she died. The husband escaped without any punishment whatever. The jury who tried him [*men*, of course!] gave him the benefit of a doubt as to the cause of his wife's death, and acquitted him.—*Illustrations of the Operations of our Laws*, p. 8.

where the wife is sensible, frugal, devoted to the interests of the children,—is it indeed expedient that the whole and sole power should be lodged in the husband's hands; the power not only over all they already have in common, but the power over all she can ever earn in future? Such a law must paralyse the energy of any woman less than a heroine of maternal love. How many poor wives has it driven to despair, as one time after another they have been legally robbed of their hard won earnings, who can calculate?[1] One such hapless one, we are told,[2] when her lawful tyrant came home as usual, drunk with the spoils of her starving children, took up some wretched relic of their ruined household and smote him to death. She was a murderess. In former times she would have been burnt alive for 'petty treason' for killing her lord and master. But what was the law which gave to that reckless savage a power the same as that of a slave-holder of the South over his slave?

It is continually repeated *in this connection only* that laws cannot take note of exceptional cases; they must be laid down to suit the majority, and the minority must do as best they can. But is there any other department of public justice in which the same principle is applied? What else is law *for*, but to be 'a terror to evil doers'?—always, as we trust, in a minority in the community. The greater number of people are honest, and neither steal their neighbours' goods nor break into their houses. Yet the law takes pretty sharp account of thieves and burglars.

Setting up an ideal of perfect marriage union sounds very well. But what would it be to set up an ideal, say, between rich and poor, and to assume that what ought to be their relation in a Christian country actually is so? A new Poor Law based on the hypothesis that the Sermon on the Mount forms the rule of English life, to which the exceptions were too trifling to be regarded, would be at all events a novelty in legislation. Or rather, would it not correspond in spirit with the law we have been considering? The poor woman whose husband has robbed her earnings, who leaves her and her children to starve and then goes unpunished because the law can only recognise the relation of husband and wife as it ought to be, and he and she are one before the law,—that poor soul's case would resemble closely enough that of a pauper who should be told that the law can only recognise the relation of rich and poor as it ought to be, and that as every one who had two coats must be assumed to give to him who has none, and from him that would borrow nobody can be supposed to turn away, the striking of a Poor's Rate in a Christian land must be wholly superfluous.

It is one of the numerous anomalies connected with women's affairs, that when they are under debate the same argument which would be held to determine other questions in one way is felt to settle theirs in another. If for instance it be proved of any other class of the community, that it is peculiarly liable to be injured, imposed on, and tyrannised over (e. g. the children who work in factories), it is considered to follow as a matter of course, that the law must step in for its protection. But it is the alleged *helplessness* of married

[1] See the overwhelming evidence on this point given before the Parliamentary Committee this last session, by the Rev. S. Hansard, rector of Bethnal Green; J. S. Mansfield, Esq., police magistrate of Marylebone; Mr. Ormerod, president of the Co-operative Society at Rochdale; and Rev. Thomas Fowle, rector of Hoxton.—*Minutes of Evidence*, pp. 65–70.

[2] *Illustrations of the Operations of our Laws*, p. 13.

women which, it is said, makes it indispensable to give all the support of the law, *not* to them, but to the stronger persons with whom they are unequally yoked. 'Woman is physically, mentally, and morally inferior to man.' Therefore it follows —what?—that the law should give to her bodily weakness, her intellectual dulness, her tottering morality, all the support and protection which it is possible to interpose between so poor a creature and the strong being always standing over her? By no means. Quite the contrary of course. The husband being already physically, mentally, and morally his wife's superior must in justice receive from the law additional strength by being constituted absolute master of her property. Do we not seem to hear one of the intelligent keepers in the Zoological Gardens explaining to a party of visitors:

'This, ladies and gentlemen, is an inoffensive bird, the *Mulier Anglicana*. The beak is feeble, and the claws unsuited for grubbing for worms. It seems to be only intelligent in building its nest, or taking care of its young, to whom it is peculiarly devoted, as well as to its mate. Otherwise it is a very simple sort of bird, picking up any crumbs which are thrown to it, and never touching carrion like the vulture or intoxicating fluids like the maccaw. Therefore you see, ladies and gentlemen, as it is so helpless, we put that strong chain round its leg, and fasten it to its nest, and make the bars of its cage exceptionally strong. As to its rudimentary wings we always break them early, for greater security; though I have heard Professor Huxley say that he is convinced it could never fly far with them, under any circumstances.'

Such is the argument from the feebleness of women to the expediency of weakening any little independent spirit they might possibly found on the possession of a trifle of money. 'To him that hath shall be given, and he shall have more abundantly; but from her that hath not, shall be taken away even that which it seemeth she has a right to have.' The text is a hard one, in an ethical point of view.

But the great and overwhelming argument against the Expediency of the Common Law in this matter is the simple fact that no parent or guardian possessed of means sufficient to evade it by a marriage settlement ever dreams of permitting his daughter or ward to undergo its (supposed) beneficial action. The parent who neglected to demand such a settlement from a man before he gave him his daughter, would be thought to have failed in the performance of one of his most obvious and imperative duties. Even the law itself in its highest form in the realm (that of the Court of Chancery) invariably requires settlements for its wards. How then can it be argued that the same rule is generally considered expedient, yet invariably evaded by all who have means to evade it?

Again. There is the test of experience. Are married couples with settlements obviously less harmonious, are they less united in affection, are their children less well brought up than those who undergo the action of the law? When a woman has money of her own so settled that she really has it for her separate use, do we find her always opposing her husband, and do her children seem to suffer from parental dissensions? Nay, let us go to the countries where no Common Law like ours exists at all, or where it has been repealed. In Russia marriage makes no difference in a woman's possession of property, to which also are attached the same political and municipal rights as belong to male proprietors. All that we know of Russian households is their peculiar harmony and

mutual good feeling. And in the State of New York, where the Common Law was repealed in 1860, in Vermont, where it was changed in 1847, in Pennsylvania, where it was changed in 1848, and in Massachusetts, where it was changed in 1855, the report of the action of the new law, whereby the woman holds her own property and earnings, is entirely satisfactory. The following are some of the testimonies to the fact, collected by the Parliamentary Committee:

Mr. Washbourne, formerly Governor of Massachusetts, and now Professor of Law at Harvard University, and who allows that he viewed the change with apprehension that it would cause angry and unkind feelings in families, and open the door for fraud, now admits that he is so far convinced to the contrary, that he would not be one to restore the common law if he could. Any attempt to go back to it would meet with little favour at this day. 'The oral evidence we have received from members of the Vermont and Massachusetts bars, from Mr. Cyrus Field of New York, and from the Hon. J. Rose, Finance Minister of Canada, is to the same effect. They state that the change has given entire satisfaction; that it has not caused dissension in families; . . . . that the benefit has chiefly accrued to women of small means.' Mr. Wells, Judge of the Supreme Court of Massachusetts, says: 'That for which the law seems to me most commendable is the power which it gives to women of the poorer classes to control the fruits of their own labour. Many women of that class are left to struggle against the hardships of life, sometimes with a family of children, abandoned by their husbands, or, still worse, with a drunken, thriftless, idle vagabond of a man, claiming all the rights of a husband, and fulfilling none of the duties of the relation. When such men could take the hard earnings of their wives from service in the mills, and waste it upon their indulgences, no woman could have courage to struggle long in such a hopeless effort. In our manufacturing towns there are a great many women thus situated, who are saved from the most hopeless poverty and slavery by this most just provision, which gives them the right to receive and to hold the wages of their own labour. The misfortune has been, that the more ignorant and degraded men were, the more rigorously they insisted upon and exercised their marital rights. . . . . The law, by this change in the relative rights of husband and wife, has brought to the women of the poorer classes a relief which touches the spring of hope and energy.' Mr. Dudley Field says of it: 'Scarcely one of the great reforms which have been effected in this State have given more satisfaction than this.'[1]

With such examples before us it truly seems wanton to talk of Expediency.[2] The only persons for whom the existing law is expedient are fortune-hunters, who, if they can befool young women of property so far as to induce them to elope, are enabled thereby to grasp all their inheritance. Were there no such law as the cession of the wife's property on marriage, there would be considerably fewer of those disgusting and miserable alliances where the man marries solely to become possessed of his wife's money.

But, as we have said already, there is an argument which has more force in determining legislation about marriage than either considerations of Justice or of Expediency. It is the sentiment entertained by the majority of men on the subject; the ideal they have formed of wedlock, the poetical vision in their minds of a wife's true relation to her husband. Legislators talk in Parliament with a certain conviction that the principles of fairness and policy are the only ones to be referred to *there*. But whenever the subject is freely discussed, in private or in a newspaper, there is sure to burst out sooner or later the real feeling at bottom. Nothing can be more amusing than to watch such spontaneous outbreaks of the natural

[1] *Special Report of Parliamentary Committee on Married Women's Property Bill.*

[2] It is satisfactory to know that separate property and the right of contract has been accorded to married women by the new law of India, compiled by some of the ablest lawyers in this country: Lord Romilly, Sir W. Erle, Mr. Justice Willes, Sir Edward Ryan and Mr. Lowe.

man in the dignified columns of the *Times*, or the hard-hitting periods of a well-known writer in the *Pall Mall Gazette*. Let us try to fathom this sentiment, for till we understand it we are but fighting our battles in the dark. Is it not this—that a woman's whole life and being, her soul, body, time, property, thought, and care, ought to be given to her husband; that nothing short of such absorption in him and his interests makes her a true wife; and that when she is thus absorbed even a very mediocre character and inferior intellect can make a man happy in a sense no splendour of endowments can otherwise do? Truly I believe this is the feeling at the bottom of nearly all men's hearts, and of the hearts of thousands of women also. There is no use urging that it is a gigantic piece of egotism in a man to desire such a marriage. Perhaps it is natural for him to do so, and perhaps it is natural for a great number of women to give just such absorbed adoring affection. Perhaps it is a tribute to the infinite nature of all love, that for those who know each other best, as a wife knows her husband, there is no limit to human affection. At all events it seems a fact that the typical Man (if we may call him so), desires such love, and the typical Woman is ready to give it to him. He is impatient at the notion of a marriage in which this conception of absolute absorption of his wife's interests in his own shall not be fulfilled; and, so far as legislation can create such an ideal, he is resolved that it shall do so.

So far all is plain and natural, but the question is this: Supposing such marriages to be the most desirable, do men set the right way about securing them, by making such laws as the Common Law of England? Is perfect love to be called out by perfect dependence? Does an empty purse necessarily imply a full heart? Is a generous-natured woman likely to be won or rather to be alienated and galled by being made to feel she has no choice but submission? Surely there is great fallacy in this direction. The idea which we are all agreed ought to be realised in marriage is that of the highest possible Union. But what *is* that most perfect Union? Have we not taken it in a most gross commercial sense, as if even here we were a nation of shopkeepers? Let us go into this matter a little carefully. It is rather instructive.

Husband and wife, in the eye of the poet, the divine, and—shall we say, the Judge of the Divorce Court? are 'not twain, but one flesh.' I know not whether Mr. Darwin will sanction that theory concerning the Origin of Species, which tells us that

> Man came from Nothing, and by the same plan,
> Woman was made from the rib of a man;

or whether Dr. Carpenter and Professor Huxley have verified the anatomical doctrine instilled by our nurses, that in consequence of Adam's sacrifice of his rib, men have ever since had one rib fewer than women. Still, however learned physiologists may decide this obscure problem, we shall all agree that it is a noble Oriental metaphor, to describe a wife's relation to her husband as 'bone of his bone, and flesh of his flesh.' But the union of two human beings may, as preachers say, be considered three ways. Firstly, there is the sort of union between any friends who are greatly attached to one another; a union oftenest seen, perhaps, between two sisters, who each have full liberty to come and go, and dispose of their separate resources, but who yet manage commonly to live in harmony and affection, and not unfrequently to bring up a whole batch of little nephews and nieces in their common abode. Two such we know, who for many years have kept the same account

at their banker's, and say that they find only one serious objection to the plan—they can never make each other a present!

Secondly, there is the Union of the celebrated Siamese twins, who are tied together—not by Mother Church but by Mother Nature—so effectually that Sir William Fergusson and Sir William Wilde are equally powerless to release them. Each of them has, however, the satisfaction of dragging about his brother as much as he is dragged himself; and if either have a pocket, the other must needs have every facility of access thereto.[1]

Lastly, for the most absolute type of Union of all, we must seek an example in the Tarantula Spider. As most persons are aware, when one of these delightful creatures is placed under a glass with a companion of his own species a little smaller than himself, he forthwith gobbles him up; making him thus, in a very literal manner, 'bone of his bone' (supposing tarantulas to have any bones) 'and flesh of his flesh.' The operation being completed, the victorious spider visibly acquires double bulk, and thenceforth may be understood to 'represent the family' in the most perfect manner conceivable.

Now, of these three types of union, it is singular that the only one which seems to have approved itself, in a pecuniary point of view, to the legislative wisdom of England should be that of the Tarantula. Unless a man be allowed to eat up the whole of a woman's fortune, there is apparently no union possible between their interests. Partnerships, limited liabilities, and all other devices for amalgamation of property are here considered inadmissible. The way in which brothers and sisters settle their affairs when they reside under the same roof would never suffice, it seems, to keep things straight between those who hold a yet more tender and trustful relationship.

Englishmen have, perhaps beyond all men, generous hearts and chivalrous natures. They delight in such glorious lines as that of their own poet:

> Yet were life a charnel, where
> Love lay coffined with Despair;
> Yet were Truth a sacred lie,
> Love were lust—if Liberty
> Lent not life its soul of light,
> Hope its iris of delight,
> Truth its prophet's robe to wear,
> Love its power to give and bear.[2]

Is it possible that one of them, whose eye kindles over such words, seriously believes that his own mother, sister, daughter, is made of such different clay from himself, as that for *her*, abject dependence is calculated to create and foster love, while for *him* it would be gall and wormwood, turning his affection into bitterness and revolt?

Truly I am persuaded it is not *thanks* to the Common Law, but in *spite* thereof, that there are so many united and happy homes in England.

To sum up our argument. The existing Common Law is not *Just*, because it neither can secure nor actually even attempts to secure for the woman the equivalent support for whose sake she is forced to relinquish her property.

It is not *Expedient*, because while in happy marriages it is superfluous and useless, in unhappy ones it becomes highly injurious; often causing the final ruin of a family which the mother (if upheld by law) might have supported single-handed. It is also shown not to be considered expedient by the conduct of the

[1] Since the above was written it has been announced that even *this* Union is likely to be severed—by M. Nélaton!

[2] Shelley's *Hellas*.

entire upper class of the country, and even of the legislature itself in the system of the Court of Chancery. Where no one who can afford to evade the law fails to evade it, the pretence that it is believed to be generally expedient is absurd. Further, the classes which actually evade it, and the countries where it is non-existing, show in no degree less connubial harmony than those wherein it is enforced.

Lastly, it does not tend to fulfil, but to counteract, the *Sentiment* regarding the marriage union, to which it aims to add the pressure of force. Real unanimity is not produced between two parties by forbidding one of them to have any voice at all. The hard mechanical contrivance of the law for making husband and wife of one heart and mind is calculated to produce a precisely opposite result.

The proposal, then, to abolish this law seems to have in its favour Justice, Expediency, and even the Sentiment which has hitherto blindly supported the law. As the Parliamentary Committee report, they are strongly of opinion 'that the Common Law of this country, which gives the wife's property to her husband, should be repealed, and that the wife should have control over her property and earnings; and that her disability to contract and sue and be sued in respect of them should be removed.'

That certain difficulties must arise in carrying out so extensive a change is obvious, yet they are probably less than might be supposed; and a brief trial of the working of a new law would enable the legislature to find out the weak point (if any) of their present work. As the Committee remark:

> Questions of importance arise in settling details of such a matter. Whether, for instance, the poor law liability of the father for the maintenance of the children should be extended to the mother; whether the change should be confined to future marriages only, or should be applied to existing marriages where other property is acquired, &c.

One thing, however, was unanimously agreed upon, and it is an important point in question.

> It does not appear to be necessary to make any alteration in the liability of a husband to maintain his wife in consequence of such a change in the law with regard to the property of married women. A married woman living apart from her husband can only bind him for what is necessary, and the possession of property of her own *pro tanto* negatives the authority arising from necessity. A married woman living with her husband has an authority which, in spite of some fluctuations and uncertainty of judicial decisions, seems to be regulated by the general principle of the law of agency. Agency is a mixed question of law and fact, and the courts will give due weight to such a fact as the possession of property by a married woman without any express statutable direction.[1]

That such a change could not entail injurious consequences is guaranteed by two facts: first, there follow no injurious consequences to the richer classes in England, by whom the law is practically set aside; second, there have followed no injurious results, but very beneficial ones, to the lower classes in the American States, by whom the law has been repealed. We have already cited the testimony of the distinguished American lawyers, Mr. Dudley Field, Judge Welles, Governor Washbourne, and others, to this point (p. 787).

Justice, Expediency, a truly guided Sentiment, and such Experience as is yet attainable—all these then point unanimously to the repeal of the existing Common Law, as it touches the Property of Married Women.

But leaving this special, though

[1] *Special Report from the Select Committee on Married Women's Property Bill*, p. vii.

typical case of the property of married women, may we not for a moment try to answer, if it be but vaguely, the larger question in which it is involved: What ought to be the general tone of legislation, the general line of policy pursued in these days by English men towards English women? It is clear enough that we have come to one of those stages in human history which, like a youth's attainment of majority, makes some change in the arrangements of past time desirable, if not imperative. There is no use reverting, on the one side with pertinacious dogmatism, and on the other with scorn and indignation, to old Eastern, or classic, or feudal relations between men and women. Any one who has lived in southern and eastern lands can perfectly understand, from the nature of the women of those passionate races, how such states of things arose at first, and have been maintained ever since without blame or cruelty. In feudal times, also, the blended chivalry and tyranny of men towards women was rather to be admired, for the chivalry then condemned a tyranny which probably fell more lightly on women than on any inferior class of men in the social scale. But all these things are changed for us. Our Teuton race, from the days of Tacitus, has borne women whose moral nature has been in more than equipoise with their passions; and who have both deserved and obtained a freedom and a respect unknown to their sisters of the south. As the ages of force and violence have passed away, and as more and more room has been left for the growth of gentler powers, women (especially in England) have gradually and slowly risen to a higher place. It is indeed quite possible still to point out thousands who are unfit for any important exercise of freedom, who are mere dolls, or something worse. Half the discussions which go on about women would be stopped at the outset, if the speakers could settle *what* women they are going to talk of—the women of strong characters, or the women who have as little character as their own looking-glasses. One woman lives for affection, for duty, for elevated and refined pleasures of taste and intellect; not incapable of devoted love yet not living with love alone in her thoughts; pleased to adorn her person, yet not dreaming and chattering of dress from morning till night. Another woman lives for admiration and passion, for low pleasures of vanity and sense; having for her sole ambition to befool the men who surround her, and for her sole serious employment to deck herself for their gaze. To one the society of men and women is equally interesting, provided each be equally intelligent. To the other, the presence of a man, be he almost an idiot, is so exciting and delightful that every woman in company is forgotten, and the most ludicrous changes of tastes and opinions are effected at a moment's notice, to fall in with his pleasure, as if they were the furniture of a lodging-house, to be moved to suit a new lodger. As a French wit says; if the minds of such women have received any impression over night, it is carefully smoothed down next morning, like a gravel walk, *avec le rateau*, to be quite ready to receive a fresh impression from the next visitor.

Such are the differences, the contrasts rather, between two orders of women; and it is not unnatural that when 'women's rights' are under discussion and one interlocutor is thinking of one sort of woman and the other of the other, they should not readily agree to what is either just or expedient to be done for them. It seems equally out of question to withhold the franchise

from Florence Nightingale when she asks for it,[1] or to grant it to the 'Girl of the Period.' Unfortunately, as strong-minded women are apt to associate only with the strong of their own sex, and as men are apt to be a good deal more familiarised with the man-adoring type of women than with them, it is common when they argue for each to go on contradicting the other without the slightest hope of coming to an understanding.

But it must be granted, we think, that the numbers of those of whom Pope could affirm that

Most women have no characters at all,

has a tendency to diminish year by year; and the numbers of the women with characters to increase. How much faster the alteration will go on under improved education, if such splendid schemes as that of Miss Davies and Madame Bodichon's College can be carried out, is hard to judge. Already the classification of which we have already spoken, with the 'idiots' and the 'minors,' seems hardly such as the scientific intellect would be satisfied with in other departments of zoology. Shall we say it resembles the botanical scheme of the governess who informed her pupils that 'plants are divided into Monandria, Bulbous roots, and Weeds?'

We wish that we could persuade men more often to try and realise for themselves what is actually the life of a woman. Not as an appeal for compassion. It is very much to be questioned whether the warm affections and simple hearts of the better sort of women do not make life sweeter to them than to most men. 'Happiness,' says Paley, 'is to be found no less with the purring cat, than with the playful kitten.' Enjoyment is a hardy little plant which grows at all altitudes above the level of actual starvation. There are glories of the nursery and ambitions of the kitchen which fill human hearts no less than the contests of the senate and the triumphs of the battle field. To the majority of men the life of a woman with its narrow household cares, its small social emulations, and its slightly flavoured pleasures, seems dull and insipid to the verge of disgust. Very few would hesitate to repeat the thanksgiving of the Rabbins for 'being born of the human race, and not a brute; a Jew, not a Gentile; a man, and not a woman.' Yet happiness is quite sufficiently elastic to shrink into the narrow circle of domestic life even while it is capable of stretching itself to the wide bounds of imperial power. Maria Theresa, and Catherine *the* Great might have made themselves content, the one perhaps as the mistress of a well frequented inn, or the other as an actress at a provincial theatre. Women who are not utterly ground down by the sordid cares of poverty, are perhaps quite as cheerful and a good deal more resigned to the decrees of Providence than their lords. It is therefore with a pity not dashed with compassion, but partaking of the tenderness wherewith we watch a child pleased with its doll and its baby-house, that men usually regard the lives of those dearest to them in the world. Were they ever to ask themselves how such an existence would suit *them*, they might perhaps be startled at the reflections which would suggest themselves. Any way I believe they would thenceforth carefully endeavour that none of the little patrimony of woman's pleasures should be retrenched, none of the bounds of their interests and duties made

[1] As she has done, along with such women as Mrs. Somerville, Harriet Martineau, and Anna Swanwick, &c.

narrower than nature herself has drawn them by the laws of their physical constitutions and their domestic affections.

Last summer the *Times* remarked that 'when working men desired to have votes *they* threw down the park palings, but that women have not shown their wish for the same privilege by any such proceedings.' Were we not on that same enchanted ground whereon all arguments are turned topsy turvy, we should have supposed that the mob who attacked the police and spoiled the public park, and the women who stopped at home and signed Mr. Mill's petition, had respectively shown the one their *un*fitness, the other their fitness for the franchise of a law-respecting nation. But, in truth, women very rarely throw down *any* palings, either material or only imaginary; and they generally hurt themselves cruelly when they do so. Not for that reason ought men to refuse to them whatever rights may seem for them fairly established. Among these I trust, in the present paper, I have placed that of Married Women to the use of their own earnings and inheritances.

In conclusion, I would make one remark on the general question. Much time and more temper have been lost in debating the sterile problem of the 'equality' of men and women, without either party seeming to perceive that the solution either way has no bearing on the practical matters at issue, since civil rights have never yet been reserved for 'physical, moral, and intellectual' equals. Even for political rights, among all the arguments eagerly cited last year against extending the franchise, no one thought it worth while to urge that the class proposed to be admitted to them was, or was not, physically, intellectually, or morally inferior to the classes which already possessed it. As for civil rights—the right to hold property, to make contracts, to sue and be sued—no class, however humble, stupid, and even vicious, has ever been denied them since serfdom and slavery came to an end. If men choose to say that women are their inferiors in *everything*, they are free and welcome then to say so. Women may think that they are the equivalents if not the equals of men; that beauty is as great a physical advantage as the strength which man shares with the ox; that nimble wits and quick intuitions are on the whole as brilliant, though not as solid intellectual endowments as the strong understanding and creative imaginations of men; and finally, that for morality,[1] that

[1] It must be confessed that, to a woman, the claim of superior *morality* for men sounds supremely strange. Looking at the three most hateful forms of vice—cruelty, drunkenness, unchastity—are they most common in women or in men? Watch for the first—the devil-vice of cruelty—among children. See how the little girl tends her birds and animals, and, as Chaucer describes her, 'all conscience and tendre heart,' 'greting' when any one strikes her dog. See how her brother (brought up just as tenderly) begins in the nursery to pull flies to pieces, to worry the cat; then to terrify the sheep, to lay traps in the snow for sparrows. Observe how it is always his *mother's* soft words, his sister's tears, which win him at last, and make of him that really tender-hearted being, a perfect English gentleman. It is never his schoolfellows who correct him, rarely his master. Watch in the class below. Is it the poor wild street girls who persecute and stone to death the hapless lost dogs of London? Read the reports of the Society for the Prevention of Cruelty to Animals, and observe whether it be men or women who are commonly prosecuted for torturing domestic creatures. Would any *woman's* devotion to science (does the reader think) lead her to practise vivisection? Nay, but it is hard for a man to tell the misery and disgust, rising almost to revolt against the order of the world, which fills many a women's heart when she sees daily around her the instances of man's wanton and savage cruelty to the harmless creatures for whom she can only plead, and pleads usually in vain. As I have been actually

old man is happy whose conscience as he leaves the world is as void of grave offence as that of the majority of old women. But whatever a woman may think on these subjects, she has no need to argue, much less to grow shrill and angry about it. 'Granted,' she answers to all rebuffs; 'let me be physically, intellectually, and morally your inferior. So long as you allow I possess moral responsibility and sufficient intelligence to know right from wrong (a point I conclude you will concede, else why hang me for murder?) I am quite content. It is *only* as a Moral and Intelligent Being I claim my civil rights. Can you deny them to me on that ground?'

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writing these pages, some dozen young men of the labouring class have passed under my window, pursuing with volleys of heavy stones a hapless little canary, which had escaped out of its cage, and in its feeble flight was striving to find shelter among the trees below. Is it needful to say there was no woman among the gang, and that the appeal of other women beside myself to give up their cruel chase was unheeded? *'It ought to be killed!'* shouted one young ruffian in reply. A canary worthy of death! I sit down to pursue the theme of woman's moral inferiority. But where was I? Did I hear anybody say that women were more cruel than men?—or perhaps that cruelty is not the very crown of—shall we call it, Moral Superiority?

DEAN MILMAN.

THE loss which the death of the 'great Dean' will be to the thinking world is one difficult to measure precisely because of its depth and extent. His vocation was to vindicate the great principle of free thought beyond and independent of the religious controversies of the day, the heresy of one obscure parson, the fine clothes of another, or the power of colonial bishops to torment each other. These questions seemed almost petty to one whose mind comprehended the ranges of centuries, where he had seen them battled over again and again, varying only in the various dresses with which our different ages clothe the same thought.

In one sense a thousand years was in his sight a tale that is told. He seemed in his highest moods to be saying, 'Even you Liberals do not see how these questions come and go like the waves of the sea. I cannot care as much as you do for their small ins and outs; I know that the great tide is rising; I have done my best to help it on, and to show the world how in the course of ages it has been continually, if slowly, gaining ground. Now I am content to wait—I have finished my share in the work.'

Strife to that calm intellect of his was so essentially antipathetic that he could not enter cordially into the struggle, and this prevented his having the immediate influence on the combatants which very inferior men attained; on the other hand, it will always make his works a storehouse for those who believe that the world cannot be doomed for ever to do and to undo its work, but must be intended to benefit by the mistakes and the experience of those who went before us—a truth which we seem now somewhat in danger of forgetting. The past has weighed so heavily beforetime on the progress of the world, that we are tempted now to ignore its value.

The heresies of one generation become the commonplaces of the next; the *History of the Jews* is now called 'colourless.' It was considered of so vivid a hue when first published, that its author's career in the Church was stopped short at the mild repose of a deanery. He did not regret his fate; he was freer to speak what he thought. There was indeed but one post which he would have liked better than his own, and though he did not grudge to his younger and more successful friend the succession to the 'mitred abbots of Westminster' (a post which combines some of the power of a bishop with the freedom of a dean), yet he did not conceal that it would have pleased him for many reasons. 'I am the last learned man in the Church,' he is reported once to have said. 'Good parish priests, good men of business, with a fair knowledge of books and men, these there will be plenty of; no sinecurists; hard working pastors, but not learned;—indeed there is hardly room for the article.' If there were any doubt of the truth of his saying, let any one consider the impossibility of finding a successor to his varied knowledge. It was a curious illustration of the belief that learning is neither popular nor profitable, that the publisher of the *History of the Latin Church* (surely somewhat miscalculating the feeling of the reading public, who, if they bought the book at all, would certainly not be deterred by the addition of a volume), persuaded its author to compress his matter: which, as the series of facts could not be curtailed, deprived the world of an immense amount of valuable illustration and detail in the great work.

His mind was singularly judicial, impartial, and upright in its character. The credit which this most learned man desires to vindicate for himself in his modest preface, 'that his sole object is truth, truth uttered with charity,' coupled with a declaration, that 'where to him it has appeared unattainable,' he has 'given no opinion, unwilling to claim authority where there is not evidence.' His was one of the few minds which are content to remain respectfully in doubt, 'where the absence of materials, or of opportunity to use them,' deprives them of a secure standing point, 'whereas in general the native impatience of the human mind disdains that fortitude of resignation which is implied in rejecting all but verified facts and verified conclusions.'

In some cases the passionless flow of his history contrasts curiously with the picturesque account of the same scenes by a later historian, as, for instance, in that of the Council of Nicæa; but on the other hand, there is perhaps no finer instance of the noble eloquence to which the great Dean sometimes (although rarely) rises, of the grand impartiality, and yet of the deep feeling which formed so striking a combination in his mind, than is to be found in his account of the Trinitarian controversy in that very chapter. After describing how, for the first time, 'a purely speculative tenet agitated the populace of great cities, occupied the councils of princes, and determined the fall of kingdoms and the sovereignty of great part of Europe,' he proceeds: 'In morals, in manners, in habits, in usages, in church government, in religious ceremonial, there was no difference between the two parties which divided Christendom. The Gnostic sects inculcated a severer asceticism, and differed in their usages from the general bodies of Christians. The Donatist factions began, at least, with a question of church discipline, and almost grew into a strife for political ascendency. The Arians and Athanasians first divided the world on a pure question of faith. From this period we may date the introduction of rigorous articles of belief, which required the submissive assent of the mind to every word and letter of an established creed, and which raised the slightest heresy of opinion into a more fatal offence against God, and a more odious crime in the estimation of man, than the worst moral delinquency or the most flagrant deviation from the spirit of Christianity.'

He goes on to show how 'the controversy could hardly be avoided, when the exquisite distinctness and subtlety of the Greek language were applied to religious opinions of an Oriental origin. Even the Greek of the New Testament retained something of the significant and reverential vagueness of Eastern expression. This vagueness, even philosophically speaking, may better convey to the mind those mysterious conceptions of the Deity which are beyond the province of reason than the anatomical precision of philosophical Greek.

'The first Christians were content to worship the Deity as revealed in the Gospel; they assented devoutly to the words of the sacred writings; they did not decompose them, or with nice and scrupulous accuracy appropriate peculiar terms to each manifestation of the Godhead.'

Then follows a most interesting dissertation on the 'different ways in which the conception of the Deity suffers at the hands of men,' either by over subtlety removing him too far from us, or impersonating him into a merely human being. 'Among the causes,' he says, 'which contributed to the successful propagation of Christianity, was the singular beauty and felicity with which its theory of the conjunction of the divine and human nature,

each preserving its separate attributes, on the one hand enabled the mind to preserve inviolate the pure conception of the Deity, on the other to approximate it, as it were, to human interests and sympathies. But this is done rather by a process of instinctive feeling than by strict logical reasoning.'

He next gives an account of the extent to which a sort of Platonism, of a more oriental and imaginative cast than that of the Athenian sage, had become universal; the idea of the Logos, the connecting link between the unseen world and that of man, which had entered all the religions of the world; it had modified Judaism, it had allied itself to the Syrian worship. 'Alexandria, the fatal and prolific soil of speculative controversy, and where it was most likely to madden into furious and lasting hostility, gave birth to this new element of disunion in the Christian world. Different sects, the Sabellians, and the Patripassians, had put forward their heretical interpretations, but the question was now taken up by the intellectual masters of the age. The contest was no longer for mastery over obscure communities, but for the Roman world. The proselytes whom it disputed were sovereigns. It is but judging on the common principles of human nature to conclude, that the grandeur of the prize supported the ambition and inflamed the passions of the contending parties, that human motives of political power and aggrandisement mingled with the more spiritual influences of the love of truth, and zeal for the purity of religion.'

'The doctrine of the Trinity, that is, the divine nature of the Father, the Son, and the Holy Ghost, was acknowledged by all. To each of these distinct and separate beings, both parties attributed the attributes of Godhead, with the exception of self-existence, which was restricted by the Arians to the Father. Both admitted the antemundane being of the Son and the Holy Spirit. But, according to the Arians, there was a time, before the commencement of the ages, when the Parent Being dwelt alone in undeveloped, undivided unity. At this time, immeasurably, incalculably, inconceivably remote, the majestic solitude ceased, the divine unity was broken by an act of the Sovereign Will, and the only begotten Son, the image of the Father, the Vicegerent of all the divine power, the intermediate Agent in all the long subsequent work of creation, *began to be.*'

'Such was the question which led to all the evils of human strife —hatred, persecution, bloodshed. But, however profoundly humiliating this fact in the history of mankind, and in the history of Christianity an epoch of complete revolution from its genuine spirit, it may be fairly inquired whether this was not an object more generous, more unselfish, and at least as wise, as many of those motives of personal and national aggrandisement, or many of those magic words, which, embraced by two parties with blind and unintelligent fury, have led to the most disastrous and sanguinary events in the annals of man.'

Dr. Milman concludes by giving credit 'to the opponents of Arius for a vague, and however perhaps overstrained, neither ungenerous nor unnatural jealousy, lest the dignity of the Redeemer might in some way be lowered by the new hypothesis.' How many of the disputants who use the word as a sort of missile have any clear idea of what Arian means according to this definition?

Again, in a different line of thought, although it is somewhat singular how rarely the sense of humour which so strongly characterised the Dean's social intercourse found expression in his books, yet the quiet ironical touch which one

would expect from his hand comes out occasionally with wonderful force, as in his account of the condemnation at Sens of Abelard's religious heresies when he had himself appealed to Rome: 'The martial unlearned prelates on the council vainly hoped that as they had lost the excitement of the fray, they might escape the trouble and fatigue of this profound theological investigation; but Bernard would not spare them, and the objectionable parts were read aloud in all their logical aridity. The bishops, whose wits were quite unable to follow the flights of the audacious reasoner, still with unanimous chorus replied at the end of each proposition, "damnamus." As they grew weary they relieved their fatigue by wine; the wine and the weariness brought on sleep; the drowsy assembly sat on, some leaning on their elbows, some with cushions under their heads, some with their heads dropping on their knees. At each pause they murmured "damnamus," till at length some cut short the word, and faintly breathed "namus"'—their orthodox horror continuing unwearied to the end.

The world has made progress in the seventy-eight years of his career, and it was as a mark how far the tide had risen, quite as much as on account of any personal feeling, that he rejoiced in 1865 on having been asked to preach at Oxford, and to publish his sermon,—that Oxford in which he had been preached against, and in a manner ostracised, nearly forty years before, for his *History of the Jews*, and where his greatest work is now a text-book for the period to which it belongs.

'Why don't they attack me? that is *my* heresy,' he has been heard to say when the Holy Inquisitors of Convocation or Congresses or Synods have been worrying some helpless parson. But it was known that it would not answer to assault one so extremely well able to defend himself, and to set forth all reasons, historical, metaphysical, and moral, for the faith that was in him; one so little swayed by passion or prejudice, so correct, so learned, so patient and so wise.

Besides which, sheltered in such large and thick octavos from the observation of most of the reverend gentlemen who aspire to decide these questions for their brethren if not for the public, such expressions of thought seem to pass unnoticed. It might indeed be well so far to interfere with the liberty of the subject to be ignorant if he pleases as to institute an examination in the Dean's nine volumes of the *History of Christianity*, before any Pope (with the belief at least in his own infallibility), in or out of Convocation, presumes to offer an opinion on any matter therein discussed.

It is indeed a misfortune to have lost the man who had a right out of his own experience of both books and life to tell the rising generation of thinking men, whose minds refuse to run in the rut of Puseyism or Evangelism, that there is a philosophy of religion which has survived the contests of the Monophysites and Monothelites, the Nestorians and Eutychians, the heresies with strange names born of the contact of Christianity with the ancient faiths of the world both East and West, which he has described so well—a faith which is common to both the Trinitarians and the Arians, the monks of the Thebaid and the comfortable English rector. In recounting indeed that 'History of Human Error' (which he lived to complete, though 'Mr. Caxton' did not), one would fancy that he must have become nearly desperate if he could not have shown his conviction that there was a unity deeper than all the differences which those good men thought so important, a truth under all their blunders and blindnesses,

and shortcomings of intellect and heart, which lives and grows with the world's growth, though the progress may be slow to trace, which belongs to all time and all nations, as the human expression of the infinite —a true glimpse, though it must be a dim one, of that God who has not left us without a witness of Him at any time; or, as St. Augustine words the same idea, 'that matter which is now called the Christian religion was in existence among the ancients; and has never been wanting from the beginning of the human race.'

Again he was tolerant even of the intolerant, and loved to show how 'the beauty of Christianity could underlie even the most extreme opinions; the love of human nature which could survive Calvinism and Predestination in their most terrible shapes, Augustine and Luther, the Roman Catholic Jansenists, the Puritans, and the Methodists, showing that many of the best and noblest Christians could yet hold the most frightful and godless forms of faith. Such is the triumph of the Christianised heart over the logic of the Christian understanding.'

It must have been difficult with such evidence constantly before his eyes, to give even their legitimate value to the questions of vestments and candles, of discipline, and infinitesimally small heresies; of how far in short the mantle of the Church may be stretched in different directions by her discordant children. 'Have not these things been written' over and over again, 'in the Book of the Chronicles' of the religions of our race? Difficult perhaps for him even not to feel a touch of that contempt with which the great old communions of East and West regard the disputes of our most insular and most self-sufficient of Churches. Whenever the scattered portions of his work in the world of thought are collected, it will be seen, however, in how many different ways he vindicated freedom, as in his paper read before the Church Commission on getting rid of the subscription to the Articles, which was published in this Magazine, where he shows how 'the doctrines of the English Church are not only more simply but more fully, assuredly more winningly, taught in our liturgy and our formularies than in our Articles.' He goes on to trace how 'some of these were directed against opinions now entirely obsolete, that they are silent and ignorant inevitably about those which are new, and no safeguard or security against them,' that 'however justly and wisely it is said that the eternal truths of Christianity shall never pass away, religious thought and opinion, and above all religious language, are not exempt from the great law of universal progression and variation.' He then enters on the different controversies of the last thirty years to show 'the utter inadequacy of Articles written in the sixteenth century to meet the religious wants and necessities of the nineteenth.' 'I am an old man,' he winds up, with touching emphasis, 'and fully sensible of the blessings of a quiet life. Still I am bound not to disguise or suppress my judgment.' 'I stand absolutely alone in moving this resolution. I know that I speak the sentiments of a very large and I think increasing body even among the clergy. But all my life I have kept aloof from party, and this is no party move. *Liberavi animam meam.*'

As he began so he ended. The value of the spirit beyond the letter; of the substance above the form; the truth under divers forms of error, the error mingled with what we take to be the truth. The passage from one of his earliest works has already been given; in his latest published sermon he says: 'Orthodoxy of creed? has that insured the orthodoxy of the Christian

heart which breathes only Christian love? I am one of those who believe torturing our fellow creatures a worse heresy against the Gospel than the most perverse of those opinions of the miserable victims led by thousands to the stake.'

In the last chapter of his last work, he sums up with his characteristic calm impartiality the merits of Latin and of 'Teutonic' Christianity, as he calls the reformed faith, and shows, like himself, the exaggerations to which each is subject. 'Latin, the more objective faith, tends to materialism, to servility, to blind obedience or blind guidance, to the tacit abrogation if not the repudiation of the moral influence by the undue elevation of the dogmatic and ritual part. It is prone to become, as it has become, paganism with Christian images, symbols, and terms. . . .

'Teutonic Christianity, more self-depending, more self-guided, more self-wrought out, is not without its peculiar dangers. It may become self-sufficient, unwarrantably arrogant, impatient, not merely of self-control, but of all subordination, incapable of just self-estimation. It will have a tendency to isolate the man, either within himself, or as the member of a narrow sect, with all the evils of sectarianism, blind zeal, obstinate self-reliance, or rather self-adoration, hatred, contempt of others, narrowness, exclusiveness, fanaticism, undue appreciation of small things.'

He goes on to point out 'the deep irresistible insurrection of the Teutonic mind against the theory of intervention between itself and its God; the idea that the priest has absolute power to release from sin; without omniscience to act in the place of the Omniscient; this which, however softened off, is the doctrine of Latin Christianity, has become offensive, presumptuous; to the less serious, ludicrous. It will doubtless maintain its hold as a religion of authority, of outward form, an objective religion' (in another place he adds, 'a materialistic religion'), 'and so possessing inexhaustible powers of awakening religious emotion; . . . and as such it may draw within its pale proselytes of congenial minds from a more vague and subjective, more national faith. As a religion of authority, it spares the soul from the pain of thought, from the harassing doubt, the desponding scruple. . . . . Independence of thought, which to some is their holiest birthright, their most glorious privilege, their sternest duty, is to others the profoundest misery, the heaviest burthen, the responsibility from which they would shrink with the deepest awe, which they would plunge into any abyss to avoid. What relief to devolve on another the oppressive *question* of our eternal destiny!' He closes with a noble passage, which is indeed 'the conclusion of the whole matter,' and which shows how the scientific spirit of research into the facts of Christianity may be combined with the truest and deepest faith in its spirit. 'I pretend not to foretell the future of Christianity, but whoever believes in its perpetuity (and to disbelieve it were treason against the Divine Author, apostasy from his faith), must suppose that by some providential law it must adapt itself, as it has done with such wonderful versatility, but with a faithful conservation of its inner vital spirit, to all vicissitudes and phases of man's social, moral, intellectual being.'

'What distinctness of conception, what precision of language may be indispensable to true faith; what part of the ancient dogmatic system may be allowed silently to fall into disuse as beyond the proper range of human thought and language; how far the sacred records may without real peril to their truth be subjected to closer investigation; to

what wider interpretation, especially of the Semitic portion, those records may submit, and wisely submit, in order to harmonise them with the irrefutable conclusions of science; how far the eastern veil of allegory which hangs over their truth may be lifted or torn away to show their unshadowed essence; how far the poetic vehicle through which truth is conveyed may be gently severed from the truth,—all this must be left to the future historian of our religion. As it is my own confident belief that the words of Christ, and his words alone (the primal indefeasible truths of Christianity), shall not pass away, so I cannot presume to say that men may not attain to a clearer, at the same time more full, comprehensive, and balanced sense of those words than has as yet been generally received in the Christian world. As all else is transient and mutable, these only eternal and universal, assuredly whatever light may be thrown on the mental constitution of man, even on the constitution of nature, and the laws which govern the world, will be concentrated so as to give a more penetrating vision of those undying truths. Teutonic Christianity (and this seems to be its mission and privilege) however nearly in its more perfect form it may already have approximated, may approximate still more closely to the absolute and perfect faith of Christ; it may discover and establish the sublime unison of religion and reason, keep in tone the triple chorded harmony of faith, holiness, and charity, assert its own full freedom, know the bounds of that freedom, respect the freedom of others. Christianity may yet have to exercise a far wider if more silent and untraceable influence, through its primary all-pervading principles, on the civilisation of mankind.'

It is only by his own ideas, expressed in his own words, that such a mind as that of the Dean can be adequately given, and such 'concentrated essence' of thought cannot be condensed into an article. Where shall we now find a man so learned, so wise, so full of the best knowledge, so able and willing to use it for the service of man? in whom indeed

> Old experience did attain
> To something of prophetic strain?

When that grand old head, with the keen intellect in those eyes which age could not dim, the sense of humour about the mouth, and the feeling of power in the whole manner and expression came before one, it made that well hackneyed word, 'venerable,' seem fresh when applied to him; and when 'the very Reverend the Dean' was announced it appeared an appropriate title expressly invented to describe him.

The feeling which he inspired in his family and those privileged to enjoy his friendship showed how deep was the affectionate nature of the man in that portion of his life with which the outside world has no right to intermeddle; and his beautiful hymns, written long before hymns had become the fashion, and three of which at least are now part of the devotional expression of the nation, are a measure of that true piety which no one possessed in a higher degree.

His body rests under that great church which he did so much to improve and make useful to his people, and where that clear solemn voice, with its weighty utterances, was so often heard; his thoughts, his best self, have become part of the intellectual and moral inheritance of his race on both sides of the Atlantic.[1]

[1] His works have all been stereotyped in America.

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